

OWEN ROE O'NEIL OF THE BLOW OF THE HAND

M. A. Munnick.

Concluded.

So absorbed was he that he never heard the creak of spurs or the opening door. The stranger undid his sword buckles and leaned the heavy weapon against the angle of the wall. The Owen looked up, but the deep shadows concealed the identity of the man. The Irish Chieftain bowed gravely and waved his hand to a heavy oak chair. When the stranger came within the light, Owen Roe recognized Cardinal Rinnucci. Hastily he advanced to greet the Nuncio, but Rinnucci stayed him with accents unusually soft and said: "I am here, General, not as the envoy of His Holiness, rather as one who, knowing the value of his friend, even though the knowledge came with lingering steps, would make some poor amends, though it be only to say farewell."

"Farewell! Surely my Lord Nuncio, you would never deem it right or honorable to leave us thus—now when—" "When the black shadow of failure has fallen upon you and me. Now when you are banned by your own kindred; the fruits of your victories plucked from you; when every man's hand is engaged in slaying his brother; when I, the ambassador of the Vicar of the Divine Master, must needs hurry hither and thither—fly like a bat through the night in mean disguise."

The Nuncio threw off his heavy cloak and stood before O'Neill in the uniform of a trooper. Owen marked the wasted figure, the gray hair, and the lines of sorrow and disappointment that had ridged his forehead and circled his eyes. Yet the uniform beamed him as his robes never did. Like Rinnellon, this Cardinal should have been a soldier.

"Your Eminence," said O'Neill, with some dryness, "might easily don a less honorable garb, certainly none more becoming."

"I have found it safer than my purple silk," returned the Nuncio, with a quick glance at O'Neill. "It is a shame to confess it so. Yet will I forget this shame and train the memories of days that were rosy with a great hope to linger in my thoughts. I would say farewell, O'Neill—but I would say more. Look you, you soldier of Ireland; your sun is set; darkness is creeping over this miserable land—its fate, destined. I spread my sail in Galway Bay before two days shall dawn. If you cannot accompany me, follow. There is brave work for you to do. Christian Europe groans beneath the sway of the Turk. It is Islam—or Christ!"

The Nuncio arose; his usual calm was abandoned. The trembling lip, and the clasping and unclasping of the nervous hands; making the stone on his fingers flash blood-red light, told how his feelings moved him.

"O'Neill, O'Neill," he urged, "the gamister leaves when the stake is lost or won; the soldier surrenders when all hope is abandoned. Why tarry here and eat out the heart. Ireland is doomed."

"Then, my Lord Cardinal," broke in Owen, "my place is here—here to live as best I may; to mend her poor fortunes as best I may, mayhap, if so it is willed by the good God, to center up a soldier's life into His safe keeping—a poor sacrifice for the Old Land."

The Nuncio would speak; but Owen, raising his tall figure erect, waved him to keep silence.

"I am O'Neill, descended from Niall King of Ireland—he who reigned over the land seven centuries back. It was Shane, of our house, who mocked the English might; it was my uncle, Hugh, who held the Yellow Ford; I have done my poor part. I have fought the fight; I have kept the faith. It may be that my son will come after me, and yield no better service to the old cause than his father hath wrought. Ours is the lot of destiny. We may all fall, but we will fall with the fallure of martyrdom. You cannot understand, perchance, for you are not of our blood. The stakes are lost" continued Owen, with bitterness, "hope is abandoned, no, but it is gambler or soldier you do wisely to flee."

"The stakes are lost! It were more seemly that you left the taunt to fall from another tongue. I playing a gambler's risk! Shame on you. Yet, maybe, I am over hasty, for they were my own words. Alas! Owen O'Neill, do you know how much I have lost—I, who let others take riches. Spies, that I might come on this service to Holy Mother Church? Have I not lost my private fortune, wasted years of my life, and now must I return to the steps of Peter's throne an old man, weary with defeat. I never looked to a dreamer awakened; prattle of loss; I have sorry patience with you."

"I blame you not," said Owen, gen-

tly, "that you do chafe at your undoing, but let not your resentment and ill-humor blind you to greatness in lesser men. The poorest crench who has followed my fortunes has given more than the Papal Nuncio—for he has given all. A drover of cattle, a wanderer from camp to camp, providing his store, asking no return, and, if needs be, carrying a pike when desperate fortune makes desperate men. The clansman of Tyrconnell leaves his wife and little ones, his heart's blood to battle at Benburb or give his life away at Clones. Oathbound, proscribed, stalked like the red deer, hunted like the wolf, what have you lost, my Lord Cardinal, when compared to these, my poor countrymen, whom you would ask me to abandon? Oh, shame, shame, that your tongue could wag so treacherously!"

Owen bowed his head, and with a trembling hand screened his eyes from the flaring lamp flame.

"It may so befall that I shall repent me of my judgment—but I deem it all unlikely."

The Cardinal had noted Owen's fervor with an admiration he would not disclose, and his words were gentle as he spoke, half in reverie, looking into the darker shadows of the room.

"I remember me well my setting out on this mission; my stay in Paris; my crossing purposes with the English queen—a foolish stiff-necked woman, the wife of an arch-bishop. Then came my journey to Rochelle; the cankering waits there; the tricks of Mazarin to delay me. But it was Italian cut Italian, and Rinnucci laughed a low, soft laugh, for he had checked the other. At Kilkenny—the reception of me thought at the time these Catholic nobles wax too warm; they will melt their own purpose. And they did. Then the pain of waiting—always waiting, and the erasing away of the hope and desire of the common people by titled treachery. Oh! this Ormonde, this Ormonde! It may so fall out—for it is the custom of history to lie deeply, or to so turn away the current of truth that rogues live in honored memory—that this Ormonde will be exalted as estimable and noble. O'Neill, I tell you, and it is my last charge—Beware of this man!"

Owen had been watching the Cardinal with unending gaze. The Nuncio's rapid utterances and evident sincerity affected him strangely.

"All the days of plotting and counterplotting, like bewildered engineers; we were mining and countermining, but never wrought harm to the enemy—a wrought hurt only to ourselves. Ormonde with us to-day, against us to-morrow. Preston unstable as water, and the others—Oh, it sickens my soul. O'Neill, you will follow me?"

"My answer I have spoken. My duty is here."

"Your duty—and your ambition?"

"I know what you have left unsaid. My sin lies here, given it a thousand shapes. I hope to raise my house to its former greatness—to its Royal place!" Owen Roe laughed bitterly. So it is spoken of me, whose fault is so to obey, too meekly, this catiff, throng in Kilkenny. It was well told, for did I not receive from Rome, from His Holiness himself, the sword that Hugh, my uncle, flashed at the Yellow Ford? The gracious gift was but my due, yet did they bandy it about that I had, by this show of favor, secured the blessing of Rome upon my pretensions.

"And even though it were so," said Rinnucci, with measured slowness, "what of it? You a king the power of Rome behind you. Irish money and stores, your fleets upon the seas, your merchants trading to Catholic Spain and France. Mazarin would fain see England menaced; this land of your would be a perpetual danger as well as a menace to the here. In the days that are dead Erin was as a lamp of the Faith burning clear and bright in Western darkness. To-day—Oh! look at your Erin to-day. Owen, can this dream be ever fulfilled? Is it too late?"

"Too late, my Lord Nuncio, and my ambition is dead."

The Cardinal drew close to Owen, peered into his face, and saw inflexible purpose written there. With a sigh he buckled on his sword, gathered his heavy cloak around him, and then spoke his farewell—"Owen O'Neill, you come of a Royal house, and your nobility sits well upon you. It would have been better had Fate made us underlings and each other ere failure fell. Men, evil men, ever whispored in mine ear that you were as cunning as the serpent, and as selfish as you were able. Alas! I believed them. My confession is my humiliation and my repentance. Farewell! As a prince of the Church I crave God's blessing for you."

Owen knelt reverently. On the wall

he saw the shadow of the uplifted hand that waved and blessed him. There was a flash of blood-red light from the ring, and Owen was alone. A hot tear was upon his hand, but it had not fallen from his eyes.

XI.—THE DARKNESS AND NIGHT.

Yea, howso we dream,
Or how barely we do,
The end is the same,
Be we traitor or true,
And after the bloom
And the passion is past
Death cometh at last.

Owen is at Derry. He has relieved the garrison there under Cootes—a strange turn of the wheel of fate when he aids Cootes. There is rejoicing and a banquet is spread. There, it is said, the polished cup was handed him. Appears after appeals from the weather-cock Ormonde came to him. March south and save the people from the hate of Cromwell. With his death sickness upon him he breaks camp and turns his face to Munster for the last time. The shadow is falling, and disease is clutching the heart as they move by. He feebly thanks every regiment, a smile to the captain in each word to the men.

"Though they bore him to the shores of Lough Lurgner, a few only way come to the brink of the water. His wife awaits him at the Castle gates and men would be of little use in a death chamber."

So he says farewell. Strong men every one of them standing; there men who go south to battle once more for the old land; but they turn away, ashamed of their idle tears and womanish sorrow. Until the shadows wrap the bargo they watch, through a mist of tears, and mark break of the boat as it widens and widens and widens.

Across the waters of the lake they rowed the dying chieftain. He lay in the stern propped up by arms as gentle as a woman's in their office, although they had dealt many death blows. Over the lake, slowly, gliding, the ears muffled. Like the dusky bargo that brought the body of Arthur, the peerless Knight of the Round Table, to the land of rest, the boat moved, but there was no voice raised in lamentation, only silence, silence unbroken.

The shadow of the Castle falls across of him who never bowed to fear or failure. (The poison is doing its work surely. He reaches Cavan; he is by the shores of Lough Lurgner. Then he knows his strength is spent.

He would see his soldiers, his faithful followers, once again.

There is death in the circles that hollow his eyes, death in the wasted neck, death in the fever-glitter of the eye. Yet how the poor face softens as they march past, the men of Fermanagh and Cavan, Tyrone and Tyrconnell. Old fighters many of them, many of them the sons and younger brothers of poor cretches whose bones bleached on the battle plains of Tyrone and Fermanagh.

Past the stricken Prince of Ulster, the march, and salute the dying lion the water, the boat glides to the gateway. Owen is lifted in, and the iron door closes with a clang that appals the heart.

Inside the chamber was silence— that heavy, foreboding silence that reigns when Death stands at the door. A lamp burned feebly, the same was slanted by the night wind that entered through the open window. Its flicker dimly showed the heavy tapestries with their quaint figures wrought in threads that had lost their colors long since, battle pictures, and the cooling and going of pagan heroes. They hung in heavy folds against the stone walls, somdre, like coffin palls. The draperies of the bedstead made the couch seem like a bier.

The breathing from the man lying there was painfully labored. Two men were there, one kneeling, sobbing by the bedside; the other motionless, with a white, stricken face, as he fixed his eyes on the dying man. He was Owen's son, Henry.

Beyond the door a woman was crying as if her heart would break. She was Owen's wife, and before he sank back on his pillow, just now, he said to her—"You will go to France, my wife, and my son, Henry will go with you. Louis will remember the man who held Arras against his arms. He is a generous foe, the French king. Alas, there is no home for you in Ireland."

All she he never dreamed of his son's fate as he lay there a-dying.

His breathing was convulsive, but his face appeared to mirror the thoughts of the strong soul that kept back the life struggling to leave the stricken body.

"How is this, sir? Mark you, the glisten of steel amid the smoke yonder, there behind the broken wall. To the breach; every man who can bear arms. A lamp burns, feebly; the same was to the breach, my Ulster oxles, and

hold Arras for my lord the king." Silence for awhile, then—"Oh, what do they do in Kilkenny?—tis but idle waste of time. The enemies of our country are during, her friends are flock or false. My Lord Primate, give the blessing and the word."

"A deep moan, then some name that sounded like Rinnellon.
"Why, oh, why this haste? Rashness, my poor O'Callan, is a capital crime in one who would lead men. Look you at their white faces and clotched wounds as they lie there pale in the moonlight, every man of them dead for Ireland. Ah, Clones, Clones, and you might have been a Benburb, The pity of it, the pity—of it."

Outside the waters lapped the crags; the cry of the night-fowl sounded wildly as they settled in the sedges by the banks of the lake. The moon was, darkened by a drifting cloud as black as ink.

"We will free our country," raved the dying soldier, "free her from Lough Swilly to the strand of Kinsale—then we will—we will sweep the Dark-
forth—from Christian—Europe. Oh, Ireland, my beloved, my life—my—
"What means that awful wail?"
It comes from beneath the narrow window, rising and falling in woeful cadence. The sob of a dying soul—a voice from a land of dismal shadows. How it rises and swells, comes again, and fills the chamber of death with its sorrow and warning.

"Gentlemen, I would that you'd raise me up. My hour is come. 'Tis the ban-
ner—the spirit that has ever keened
wheer the soul of a chief of my house
may be unloosed. Farewell, Tell my
wife—"

He sank back, the lips rigid, the face drawn.

Once more the wall, the sad, awful death-song from the pagan spirit-land. Then it died away.

With the last strength of the dying, Owen Roe suddenly raised himself, leaned upon one trembling arm, and cried out in a voice firm and without a quiver—
"Mark you, gentlemen, that I die in the faith of Christ, and in the love of Ireland!"

Then the voice once more sang its kean. Owen bent forward, wrapt in yearning. Then the eyes flashed as his clenched hand, cried out in the same full voice as rang along the lines at Benburb—
"Forward the word is Sancta Maria, and in the name of God strike a blow for the Old Land!"

Outside the waters lapped the dark stones, and the night-fowl sped overhead. The moon made a sickly streak on the lake.

Within the hope of Ireland lay dead; The Great Shadow had fallen on the man who struck.

THE BLOW OF THE RED HAND.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A CATHOLIC.

The really remarkable thing about this was given by Rev. Louis A. Theran, of Cincinnati, state trustee of the in duty bound, he takes the greatest interest in its spiritual and material Catholic Knights of Ohio, on the occasion of the annual convention of that organization, in the course of an eloquent sermon delivered to the delegates. It was as follows: "Now I ask, what is to be a Catholic? Go read the answer in the lives of men and women who for 1000 years have trod the ways of heroic virtue in the footsteps of the Crucified. Go study it in the calm and peaceful heroism of the early Christian martyr, who laughed at the threats of tyrants, and prayed for his executioners as his life went out beneath the horrors of the tortures which he bore with joy rather than betray his God. Seek it up and down the ages, in every rank and station, from the monarch on the throne to the peasant in the field. Seek it in the hearts of nature's noble men and women, where it shines with a beauty and lustre all its own and elevates their hearts above the ties of kindred and country, even to the Eternal God Himself—the centre and source of true Catholicity. Seek it and find it in the supernatural lives of men and women living, to-day, living not alone in cloistered solitude, not alone at the foot of God's altar in constant adoration, not alone in priestly robes, but even in the busy world of noise and wild distraction, in the marts of trade and in domestic cares, where the lot of most of you are cast.

What is it to be a Catholic? It is to rest secure in the possession of eternal truths in the certainty of being right in the precious privilege of not being blown about by every wind of doctrine. It is to live with the sunshine of divine hope warning the human heart, and enlightening the human soul, to be a Catholic is to love God above all things and your neighbor as yourself. It is to live in a disposition at least, of the highest charity toward our neighbor; charity that stops not at a mere theory, not a mere speculation or profession, but that works itself out in

act—high, noble, Godlike acting. Think it is to be a Catholic, faith, hope and charity, these are as the faculties of his soul to a Catholic."

NEW HEAD FOR THE JESUITS.

The General of the Society has appointed the Rev. Thomas J. Gannon, the Provincial or head of the division known as the Eastern Province of the United States. This includes New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and the New England States. In this Province there are twelve colleges and foundations of the Order, and some eight hundred members—priests, scholars, novices and lay brothers. Father Gannon succeeds Father Edward I. Parke, who left three months ago for England. Father Gannon is forty-five years old and comes from Cambridge, Mass. He has been a Jesuit for the last twenty-five years, during which time he has served as Professor of Philosophy at the College and Training School of the Order at Woodstock, Md., and has been twice the "Socius," or Lieutenant, to the Provincial. He has also been president of St. John's College, Fordham, N.Y., which office he left, four years ago, to enter on his second term as "Socius." The total number of Jesuits in the whole world is now about 15,000.

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KING EDWARD VII
THE NEW RULER TAKES THE OATH.

A special issue of the Gazette announces the death of the Queen, and then goes on with the proclamation of Edward VII, the acknowledgment of allegiance by the Privy Council, and the King's speech at his accession, as follows:—"Your Royal Highnesses, my Lords and Gentlemen—This is the most painful occasion on which I shall ever be called upon to address you. My first and melancholy duty is to announce to you the death of my beloved mother, the Queen; and I know how deeply you and the whole nation, and I think I may say, the whole world, sympathize with me in the irreparable loss we have all sustained. I need hardly say that my constant endeavor will be always to walk in her footsteps."

"In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional Sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and so long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people."
"I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors. In doing so I do not undervalue the name of Albert, which I inherit from my over-to-be-lamented great and wise father, who, by universal consent is, I think, deservedly known by the nation as Albert the Good, and I desire that his name should stand alone."
"In conclusion, I trust to Parliament and the nation to support me in the arduous duties which now devolve upon me by inheritance, and to which I am determined to devote my whole strength during the remainder of my life."

Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Strathcona, and Mount Royal, and a host of the most prominent personages in the land were there to receive the King's formal oath, binding him to govern the kingdom according to its laws and customs, and hear him assume the title of King Edward VII. of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India.

The ceremony was interesting, and according to precedent. The King was in a separate apartment from the Privy Counsellors. To the latter the Duke of Devonshire formally communicated the death of Queen Victoria, and the succession of her son, the Prince of Wales, to the throne. The Royal dukes and certain lords of the Council were then directed to acquaint him with the terms of the Lord President's statement.

Shortly afterwards His Majesty entered the room in which the Counsellors were assembled, and addressed them in a brief speech, in which he said he had decided to assume the title of King Edward VII. in accordance with the wish of his beloved mother, who "united the virtues of a supreme domestic guide with the affection and patriotism of a wide, peace-loving monarch." He had a respectful desire to leave "to memory" of his father's name, Albert, the exclusive treasure of his beloved mother. Notwithstanding his personal desire he could not hope to do justice to the renown and virtues associated with Prince Albert's name, but he would do his utmost to be worthy of his great position.

The Lord Chancellor (Lord Halsbury), then administered the oath to the King, and afterwards to the various members of the Council. Commencing with the Lord in Council, they took their respective oaths of allegiance, and they then passed in turn before His Majesty as at a levee, except that each passed, and kissed hands before passing out of the chamber. This brought the ceremony to a close.

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