

An Incident of '98.
There are soldiers in the market-place,
And Justice sternly stands handmaid, Law,
Now wears her darkest frown,
Tis the year of tears and troubles,
The year of blood and fire,
Of blackened hearths and roofless homes,
The year of Ninety-eight!

For the prisoners to the court-house
The soldiers sternly stand handmaid, Law,
Now wears her darkest frown,
Tis the year of tears and troubles,
The year of blood and fire,
Of blackened hearths and roofless homes,
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ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.
The Judge is seated—round the court,
Like statues, soldiers stand,
The two whose doom this day shall fix
Are fettered hand and foot;
Two noble youths, whose best gray eyes,
And glance that never quails,
Their lips are set and bloodless, but
Their courage and their faith are true,
And only when the Judge's friend—
Less calm by far than he—
Stands in the hall and faces them—
Do they at length give way—
Oh, then the memory of the past—
They curse the hour their friends—
Called that black traitor friend!

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liant talkers and writers have lost the
faith, and make light of what they no
longer have the grace to understand. Time
don't see what difference their disbelief
ought to make with us. But to come
back to St. Anthony.

In 1874 I was lost on a sandy desert
in a place that was a part of Old Mexico.
I had one companion with me, a mine
owner, who had taken me out to show
me a silver mine he wanted me to see.
We each had a mule; we took no provisions
or water to speak of, as it was a
ride of only thirty miles across a little
sandy desert. It was in the month of
August, and the sand was at a burning
heat. My companion had been a special
bearer of dispatches in the Confederate
Army, and you can understand that he
must have been a person of unusual
courage, strength and endurance to have
been chosen for that work. He was of
medium height, full round figure, rough
as a mule, and used to outdoor exercise.
We jogged along, he beginning the day
with incidents of his military service.
The mine we were making for was in a
ridge of mountains which showed in the
distance only as a long, vaguely defined,
bluish-looking outline.

We travelled on until dark, with the
strange result that we did not seem to
get any nearer to the mountain. All
along through the afternoon I noticed
that my friend would repeatedly lapse
into silence and look very intently at
the mountain, and sometimes turn in his
saddle, looking back. I would ask him
what was the matter. He would say,
"Nothing," I was only fixing my eyes
on the mountain in my mind," and then
he would begin talking again, and yet I
could see he had his eyes all the time on
the Mountain range in front of us. I
was satisfied he was lost and did not like
to admit it. I could not help in the mat-
ter, so I resolved to show no anxiety. I
had no fear that we were lost to any seri-
ous extent, just enough to joke him on
as a guide when we got home; but it
turned out to be no joking matter. When
it became dark we camped. That opera-
tion was performed by stopping near a
clump of sage-brush, unsaddling our mules,
tying them each to a bush, spreading
each his blanket on the ground, draw-
ing himself in the blanket and going to sleep.
We didn't have water enough to make tea
then, so we saved it for morning. At
day-break we gathered a few sage stems,
broke them with our hands, united a
cup from one of the saddles, and poured
from our canteen the little water we had
left. It did not quite fill the cup. We
heated it, threw in a few spoonfuls of
tea, waited till the leaves fell, and then
sipped it, turn about, munching a little
piece of biscuit, all we had left. Poor
providers! But we had contented
ourselves with a desert campaign.
We got started again about five o'clock.
By seven o'clock the sun was terrible hot,
hotter than you ever knew it in the
North. My guide admitted now, not that
he was lost, but that he thought he had
merely come a little far to the left. I
began to feel an intolerable thirst. Eight
yet ten o'clock mountain, with increase
of heat and increase of thirst, and no change
yet in that mountain except that a little
to the left of the point in front, or what
seemed to be in front of us, the mountain
seemed to slope off as if towards a valley
and the outline became a little more
tinct. We made for that point, reaching
it about eleven o'clock, and found we had
not expected. It was quite a depression
in the mountain range, still the ascent to
it was long and tedious. Our mules were
so weak that the work of urging them on
was done by hand, and we were nearly
exhausted. My companion urged me
forward until I was nearly blind with
great exertion. We even had trouble
keeping them in the direction we wanted
to go. We thought some one was ahead
of us, and pushed on trying to overtake
him. We passed the summit, and soon
got in the level plain on the other side.
Now it became intensely hot. It was
after twelve o'clock, and he was utterly lost.
He had been to the mine but once before,
was then guided by a native, and had not
noticed particularly the course. He was
sure the mine was in the range we had
just crossed, but whether on the side we
were then on, or the other, or whether to
the right or left, he did not know; but as he
crossed he had come too much to the left
in approaching the range he thought we
should skirt along the base to the right,
and we did so.

I was beginning to be very weak; my
tongue was swollen so I could hardly
speak, and I began to have a sensation of
heat I had never felt before. No longer
cared for the external heat, though the
brilliant rays felt hot, and I could not bear
to rest my hands on the pommel of the
saddle, but the heat about me did not now
seem so much trouble me, for I began to
heat internally in my body, as if the blood
in my veins were kindled fire. Hotter and
hotter became this internal heat, until I
called to my companion, who was leading
the way a few steps in advance. I told
him I must stop; that I was literally burn-
ing up, and must get some relief. He
helped me down from my mule and I
sat myself on a rock. I could not
stand there even a minute. The sand was
staying there in the shade of the rock.
Useless. I began to get wild. I
said, "We must go somewhere out of this
place, or I'll die." He assisted me to mount
and we pushed on again, but I was nearly
blind with heat. Oh, for a drop of water! Just one
drop, for even an instant of relief. Soon
I tried to get up, but I could not. I
said, "I don't suppose there is any water
here, but you may find it a little." We
went on. I got down and tried to lie in
the bottom of the creek; but the stones
were as hot as if they had come out of a
fire. I threw myself wildly from one
place to another, but I could stay still
nowhere, not even for a minute. I
mounted my mule, this time unaided, and
we moved on. It was hardly moving.
The mules could not be got out of a walk,
and it required continual urging to make
them even keep that pace. As I can remember,
I was on, as well as I could, for a
couple of hours, through this agony of
heat, this internal, consuming fire, and
then I no longer had any great sensation
of thirst. The feeling of heat abated so
that I was no longer crazy from it. I
was able to quietly endure it; but now
began to get so weak I could not sit my

mule—I would have to stop and be helped
down. My companion would spread the
blanket and I would stretch at full length
to rest. If you don't know it, let me
tell you that when you are greatly—excessively
fatigued—five minutes' full stretch
on the ground or anywhere will rest
you more than an hour's sitting in a
chair. My companion would force me to get up and go
on. Towards evening, I began to beg
him to let me alone; that it was no use,
I could not go further. He would urge
me and finally get me up again, but these
stops were becoming more frequent and
the stays of greater length. Finally, at
dark, I broke down altogether. We had
got to a little clump of trees—not
trees as you understand them, wavy with
boughs and leaves but dry stumps with
inert leaflets on them, though they
seemed like trees after this day in the
desert. I was utterly exhausted. I had
after resting for an hour, tried to get
up, but the utmost I could do was to
turn on my side, partly rise on my
elbow, and then I would fall back again.
I felt the end had come. My companion
began to have the same idea. He sat
down by me and we discussed the situa-
tion. I insisted on his leaving me, and
saying the mules their best, that let
them take their own course, riding one
and leading the other and changing when
necessary. If left to themselves they
find water somewhere, and thus refreshed,
if still left to themselves, they would go
home for food. After a long conference
he assented, though unable to understand
weakness, shyness, and could understand
and reason on the situation as well as now.
He was loth to leave me, as he had brought
me out on this trip, and said he would
rather die with me there than face my
wife without me. I laughed and told
him she would thank him very highly for
saying what he said under such circumstances;
that what he had to do was to go home
and send help. Then he said, "I'll tie
you to this tree then!" "The tree!" I
exclaimed, in surprise. I thought his
brain was getting confused. "No need
of that," I said. "I am not able to stir,
as it is, and of course I'll wait for you
here." "Oh, yes," said he, "you're all
right now; but to-morrow when the sun
comes out and the thirst comes on again,
you'll get delicious, and then you'll get
no one will ever find you." I saw it
was necessary to be tied. We arranged
then for that, and to have some bushes
brought near, that I could build a fire at
night if necessary to scare anything off.
He would take the two mules, and, if
necessary, kill one, and drink some of
the blood in lieu of water. It was now
more than an hour after dark.

Every little while during the discussion
of these arrangements he would get up
and look at every book within my reach,
as it was my custom. I suddenly exclaim-
ed, "Here is something I have long been look-
ing for; you must give me this book,
Father," I said. "The Chronicles of St.
Anthony of Padua." "Why so?" said he, amazed at my eagerness.
Then I told him the story above set
forth. He listened attentively. When I
finished he said: "I will give you the book
with pleasure, but allow me to make a
condition." "Name it," I said.
"That, some time," he replied "you will
write out this account, and give it to me
for publication in the Ave Maria."
I promised. I have been a little slow in
fulfilling it, I know; but this is the real
reason why I have written this account.
It was not originally from any other moti-
ve, but, a short time ago, the editor of a
Catholic paper asked me why I named my
colony here after St. Anthony. If he sees
this, he will understand. I have fulfilled
the condition; that is, I have given the
price demanded. The manuscript belongs
now to the editor, to be used or not, at his
pleasure.

THE IRISH QUESTION.
The London Correspondent of the Re-
public (Boston) says:
It is an extraordinary thing that the
wonderful Gladstonian land act of last
year, instead of bringing peace to the
country, as we were informed it would,
has only increased and expedited the evic-
tion of the peasantry. Exactly the same
result followed the enactment of the land
act of 1870; but the increase in the num-
ber of evictions at the present time sur-
passes anything known since the famine.
THE RETURN OF EVICTEDS.
show that 3415 families, comprising 17,
331 persons, were expelled from their
holdings. For the three months ending
March of this year, the number of families
evicted was 1317, comprising 7029 per-
sons. In April there were 519 families,
or 2734 persons, evicted; while last month
(May) the number for thirty-one days
alone rose to 690 families, or 3581 persons.
The total, therefore, of families evicted
for the first five months of the present
year is no less than 2534 families, com-
prising 13,235 persons. In addition to
these grim figures, Mr. Gladstone, as
I have stated, informed the House two
or three days ago, that the rate of evic-
tion now goes on at twenty families (or say
scarcely that the Lord lieutenant has, at
length, consented to annul the order of
Mr. Clifford Lloyd against the building
of huts for evicted families by the Ladies'
Land League. He has, however, also
given orders that, where these have been
put up, and the local residents manifestly
fear "intimidation," a police but is
likewise to be erected, and the expense
of the extra constabulary will, of course,
be charged upon the unfortunate locality.
THE LEAGUE TREASURY BEING DEPLETED.
The enormous strain which these evic-
tions are causing in the fund of the Le-

ague, must, at the present rate of expen-
diture, very soon exhaust the balance of
the amount raised at Chicago. The weekly
outlay varies from 800 to 810,000,
and there is in hands at Paris about 8180,
000. The executive are therefore doing
all they can to cut down the rate of ex-
penditure, in order to eke out as much
as possible the sum they can afford to
evict; but as the arrears bill will
give no help to many of the tenants now
evicted, the day of the final depletion of
the fund when it is exhausted cannot
be far off. The blending of political and
charitable objects in the disposition of the
receipts of the league, has at times been
a source of considerable embarrassment.
Money which is absolutely necessary to
carry on a vigorous campaign against
landlordism, is required to be spent in
relieving its victims, so that it is possible
that the temporary necessities of the league
may defeat its permanent objects.

A SPECIAL LEVY TO BE MADE.
Mr. Parnell, I believe, has it under con-
templation to renew any land movement,
which may be possible under the existing
bill, on the basis of a special levy upon each
farmer, at a subscription, at the rate of
five per cent. per annum on his valuation;
and if the government allow any scheme
like this to be carried out, a considerable
sum would be realized for national objects.
If out of door agitation be impossible, the
cut of war must be transferred to Par-
liament. But there is very great difficulty
in carrying on a constitutional movement
in Ireland, in obtaining able and trust-
worthy representatives in the House of
Commons. If, instead of a dozen or more
of reliable members, Mr. Parnell were at
the head of a party of fifty, he would
be practically irresistible against any
policy. It is hard to bring this
subject home to the minds of those who are
not familiar with the inside of par-
liamentary life, and the state of
English parties. The idea amongst
many men in America is, that, as we
more than five to one, our representatives
should always be voted down. It must not
be forgotten, however, that the British mem-
bers never are united; that they are divided
into two parties, who hate each other so fur-
iously that there is scarcely any conceivable
object upon which they would consent to
combine; and an Englishman has a well fitted
majority of any time of more than about
sixty, a solid phalanx of seventy or eighty
men, working as a unit, would make an
extraordinary difference. It is not merely
for the purpose of voting that an active
and powerful party would be chiefly
formidable. Their constant presence in
the House, their legitimate interference in
all business, their constant questions on
home and foreign affairs, their system of
moving motions and ruthlessly attacking
the government whenever possible, would
be a powerful, disturbing element, indeed
it is well known that English statesmen,
on both sides of the House, look forward
with consternation and horror to the pos-
sibility of the formation of such a party at
the next general election.

**THE FORMATION OF SUCH A PARTY AT
THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION.**
The obstacles, however, to its forma-
tion are very great. There are doubtless
plenty of able men in Ireland, and many
of them are of a high order of ability,
but they are not united. At present, few but
the wealthy can become members of Par-
liament. Representatives are not paid as
in the states, preliminary expenses of an
election contest have to be found, and
then a man must be sufficiently well off
to give up his business and business in Ire-
land to live in London for six or seven
months out of every twelve. Now
there are very few men on the popular
side who can afford this. We could no
doubt get rich men to serve, but we
would either be aristocrats with little
sympathy in the movement, or they
would be elderly persons, who had made
a little money, and from their age would
be either unable, or too careless to take
an active share in public affairs. The
three requirements which a candidate
must, therefore, unite, for the part of an
"active" Irish member are: youth, talents
and the ability to live in London half
the year, through wealth or otherwise.
It is true that most of the men of Mr.
Parnell's party, who have achieved any
reputation, are notoriously the reverse of
wealthy. But these like Messrs. Sexton,
O'Connor, McCarthy and O'Kelly are men
who maintain themselves in London by
their pen; and their lives can scarcely be
considered pleasant with the drudgery of
Parliament added to the drudgery of
eviction. It may be said why not em-
ploy the funds of the League for Parlia-
mentary purposes? There is a general idea
in England that this is done, but as a
matter of fact, it is ridiculously untrue.
The laborious duties, which some of
them display in public service, might well
give grounds for the belief amongst un-
thinking Englishmen that they do not
work for nothing.

REGISTRATION FOR MEMBERS.
The constituencies in many parts of
Ireland, however, are becoming alive to
the fact that they cannot get advances to
plend their cause in the high court of Par-
liament any more than they do at petty
sessions for nothing, and the question of
the payment of members is being taken
up with spirit in several popular journals.
Indeed, I believe, a beginning has been
made in the matter in the county of
Sligo, whose brilliant and able representa-
tive, Mr. Sexton, has so often recalled the
palmist days of Irish eloquence. Mr.
Sexton, whose frame is very fragile, and
whose health hangs on a mere thread, has
been foremost during the present session
in his efforts in the cause of Irish nation-
ality, and his constituents have already
contributed a sum of 7500 or 85000, which
they intend to present to him in recogni-
tion of his valuable services. Unless
some vigorous effort in the same direction
is generally made the future of the move-
ment will remain in doubt. No
coercion bill must remain in doubt. No
legislation that the government will tol-
erate in the shape of public agitation in the
country, and if public expression outside
of Parliament is put down and inside
becomes languid, through sheer weariness
and overworked members, all work the
sacrifices of the last three years will
have been made in vain. Public atten-
tion will be equally divided between the
work of the assassin and the thespian. M. P.

"ROUGH ON RATS," clears out rats, mice,
flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chip-
munks. 15c.

A NEW LANDLORD PLOT.
The Dublin Freeman's Journal has, to
its honor, dragged into the light of day a
hideous plot, which for some months has
been kept "secret and confidential," and
has never been placed before the public by
its promoters. It aims at a repetition of
the old "Hell or Connaught" doctrine of
the savage Cromwell. It seems that a
gigantic land company is to be formed,
with a capital of three-quarters of a million
sterling, and that this company has for its
object to wage war upon the Land League.
"The landlords," says the honorable sec-
retary, Mr. Kavanagh, "must be driven
from the country, or the Land League
must be abolished." The plan is that
the company shall take up and work the
farms from which tenants have been
evicted for non-payment of rent, which
farms are now lying waste and derelict.
Money is to be lent to work some farms,
and other farms are to be taken on lease
by the company, but the company must
be allowed to take the whole townland.
Old rents will be demanded without dis-
count, and evictions cannot be said,
there will be a wholesale clearance of the
old inhabitants, to be followed by the in-
troduction of what are called "loyal farm-
ers from other countries." It appears
that nearly 2130,000 have been subscribed
by rich landlords, and that the remainder
of the money is expected to come in rapidly.

So a new civil conflict may be looked for
in Ireland, and we see, with regret, that
some Catholic names (for instance, those
of Lord Kenmare, Lord de Freyne, and
the O'Connor Don) are on the list of the
enemies of Ireland. This is a declaration
of war to the hilt against the Irish farm-
ers, and it will tend greatly to revive the
Land League, which people thought
had begun to lose some of its vigour. The
people of Ireland have most properly been
told to resist the attack without delay.
The English and Scotch farmers are to be
injured, and the Irish tenants should
not be made to feel that unless they boldly
combine for their own protection, the en-
emy will win his game, and will thus
inflict a deep wound upon Ireland. It will
be a new "plantation." The Irish people
will be turned out, and Ireland will be
flooded with English and Scotch tenants.
The spirit of Cromwell and James I. seems
to breathe through all the proceedings, and
the extinction of the Irish people is plainly
the object to be attained. The landlords
seem able to find plenty of money for per-
secution, and yet the other day we had a
fashionable bazaar to assist the ladies who
have lost so much on account of the non-
payment of rents. Let not the Irish peo-
ple fear. They have conquered worse en-
emies. But let them not lose time, for a
nation has to be preserved. A bold stand
must be made against a project tending to
expel the flower of the Irish people from
their native land. If the enemy is bold-
ly met it will soon be found that money-bags
avail nothing against resolute and deter-
mined millions, who only seek to defend
the right.

The landlords' company had an innings
on Monday night in Parliament, and a very
rough time of it too. All that Mr. Gil-
son, the chief batsman, could say for the
company was that it was "tolerably feasi-
ble." The "demom" bowling of Messrs.
Sullivan, Sexton, T. P. O'Connor, and
Dillon, soon brought down the landlord
wickets. It is not likely that those who
allowed their names to be paraded as sub-
scribers of £1000 will be called upon to
pay more than their share on account of Ire-
land. There was a MacMurrough brought
invalers to Ireland seven hundred years
ago, but we don't think that Mr. MacMur-
rough Kavanagh will entice foreigners to
Ireland now. A Whig Protestant (Mr.
Dickson) denounced the new Landlord
League as forbidding the new Prayer-
Book. "That is truth, and we need add
no more."—London Universe.

Bishop Ireland was invited to open with
prayer, the first session of the American
Protestant association. The Boston Press-
reports as a party of the future, warrior with
a heavenly unguent for his last dire combat,
and enable him, in defiance of earthly
calculations, to elude the hold which the
unseen powers of evil lay upon him in
that hour. If we ever need help, will it
not be in that dreadful agony, for neither
earthly love nor earthly power can help
us then. With many, doubtless, the battle
has gone hard, though they who stood
around neither heard nor saw the mortal
wrestle; and with many it was the secret
strength of that holy oil, the hidden opera-
tion of that sacramental grace, which
turned the scale, and consigned to the Good
Shepherd's arm that sheep which is now
His own for ever.—Father Faber.

Love is the foundation-stone upon
which the universe rests. Without it all
is void, both the material and the
physical worlds.

Honored and Blessed.
When a band of eminent physicians and
chemists announced the discovery that
by combining some well known valuable
remedies, the most wonderful medicine
was produced, which would cure such a
wide range of diseases that most all other
remedies could be dispensed with, many
were skeptical; but proof of its merits by
actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and
to-day the discoverers of that great medi-
cine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed
by all as benefactors.—Democrat.

Don't die in the house. "Rough on
Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches,
bed-bugs. 15c.

Death too with its unknown necessities,
must have a sacrament which it can call
its own, as well to finish the demolition of
evil, as to amend the falling warrior with
a heavenly unguent for his last dire combat,
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