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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CERONICLE. JULY 24, 1874.

Home, and every one you love and cherish there. Forward, my men, in the name of God, and to the honor of the Holy Scripture !"

Hardly had these exclamations of encouragement escaped his lips, when, suiting his word but stated that his present weakness would not alto the deed, like a furious tampest he burst forward and dashed, upon his rearing steed, into the very centre of the Musselmen ; right and left he swung his ponderous and trusty The host became pacified, gave the Veit a glass sword into the ranks of the infidels, every stroke of the best cider and invited him to take a place betelling its awful tale of instant death !

But soon, too soon, the strength of the Christian warriors relaxed, owing to the enervating effects of the opiate of which they had partaken. The men were paralized and unable to withstand the incessant attacks of the agile Turks. These were not slow to perceive and take advantage of the weakened condition of the Franks; they surrounded the inferior forces of the Christians, and the valiant Count who, with his trusty squire, was still bravely contending against his opponents, suddenly found himself a prisoner in the midst of the Saracens. The leader of the band mockingly cried :

"By the beard of the Prophet, you Christians have been defeated by the stratagem of a true believer. You have become intoxicated with the contents of a bottle which one of us dropped in order to take revenge for a wound received in a former skirmish. We knew that you do not refuse any kind of beverage, and, She remained and said : by Allah, you have been caught in the snare most beautifully." .

F He then turned deferentially to Count Walter, and in a tone of admiration addressed him:

"I admire your valor, Christian! But the Bashaw of Damascus, to whom we will conduct you, will not, surely, have much thanks for you. You have killed his only son."

The leader of the infidels then gave orders to bind the prisoners two by two upon the captured horses, and amid wild rejoicings the troop took its way through the desert towards Damascus.

The Bashaw, an old man of three score, with silvery white hair and beard, ordered the captured Franks to be brought before him.-He surveyed the stately form of the Christian warrior with a long look, and said, moodily:

"By Mahomet, our greas prophet, I might have you executed forthwith, wurderer of my only, dear son. But that would not be satisfying my revenge; you would be at rest in the grave while my heart is continually torstured by the remembrance of my beloved heir. Therefore, if you live, as my slave, you may feast your soul with thoughts of your home, your wife and child whom you never shall behold again as sure as I am a descendant of the great Prophet."

But with fearless candor Walter retorted :

"In the heat of the fierce combat who will ask for names and titles? And was not I moreover, the challenged party? Had I fallen who would have consoled my unhappy widow in far-off Suabia ?"

And the count relapsed into a dignified silence, frem which no questioning of the Bashaw could rouse him. The latter gave a signal, and with scornful mockery the retainers cast an old and worn garment over the shoulders of the noble count, thus dooming him to perpetual slavery. The Bashaw now turned his face towards Mecca to pray for his son .-This was a signal to remove the prisoners. The fc'lowers of Count Walter were led off to assist in the crection of the public buildings, but he himself and his page Kuno were led as slaves into a fearful dungeon,

CHAPTER XV.-THE GIPSIES.

The course of our simple narrative, gentle reader, again brings us into the silent and romantic valley of the Mindel, over which kind nature with a lavish d so many and varied attractions. If IS ENTP

dancer, a lurge bumper of the best applewine: Why, man what ails you? In former years you would always be one of the first to enter the ring in such a contest."

The Veit confirmed the landlord in his opinion, low him to participate; that a heavy snow storm had surprised him upon the highway, and that he felt in his system the early approach of a dangerous sickness.

neath the great fir. In the meantime the musical performance of the gipsies had been brought to a close ; the chief of the chestnut colored people entered, while singing a jovial song, the bar-room of the host, to have a carousal. Every one followed,

not even the host stood back. And if the music in the barn was intolerable, the noise, laughter and confusion in the room became perfectly unbearable. Only the little maid remained, and raising her

beautiful, clear eyes up to heaven, murmured :

"Oh God, give help to this poor, forgotten child." The Veit saw the maiden kneel down, and heard a most fervent childish prayer break from her lips. The words were so full of niety and sublime innocence, that tears stood trembling in the eyes of the old Veit. He moved noiselessly forward and accosted the maid. She became very terrified and tried to escape; but Veit took hold of the child's arm and said :

"Fcar me not, little innocent, and remain. You have moved me to tears and I am very much surprised to find such a picus being in a wild horde of

gipsies." The open-hearted words gave the child courage.-

"That prayer is beautiful and reminds me of golden times. Mother dear, taught it to me, and I recollect that I had to pray it daily; but since I have lost my mother, I can only pray it when I am alone. They laugh at me and even mock me." And the child's eyes filled with tears, but the stranger consoled her and said :

" Poor little one will you always remain with these people ? Their minds are wicked and their deeds are bad. Come with me."

The child hesitated. "With you? Why? Ah, I remember-a man like you-a dark dressed man it was who carried me away and sold me to these gipsics 'Let me fly. Your intentions are bad." But the man tried all his persuasiveness to win

the girl: "You hear only curses and shameless ter and the woman returned by the highway to the speeches. In the end you'll even forget God; but rustic residence of the old witch. I'll conduct you to a place where you'll learn to henor and love God every day more and more. And many a neat work will be learned by your hands, and you will grow up to become a good and handsome lady, as the Lord wills it and as it pleases all good men."

Then the child whispered with a pleading eye: " Why, good old man, will you not lead me back to my mother ?"

"Oh, if I only could, my dear child," he returned what a joy it would bring to my heart. But I know not where your mother is. Be consoled, my darling, we may ere long find her and then how happy she will be to press her long lost child to her joyful heart. Ha, the band has ceased its noisy carousing; will you follow me? you must decide quickly, or they will be upon us, and you will be lost for all cternity.

The maid gazed with innocent eyes deep into the face of the man who appeared to be so interested in her flight, and asked with a clear voice :

" May I trust you, strange man ?"

"As I hope for mercy at the hands of the Almighty," replied the Veit openly, and accompanied the truth of His speech with a solemn gaze to heaven. "Well, then," said the child resolutely, "I surrender myself to your charge and that of my guardian angel. Take the poor waif, dear old man, and conduct it to good people."

"Come, child, quick," whispered he of Costnitz, and lead the way. The maiden followed, a little lute under her arm.

A few weeks passed, and one early morning the Fish Veit, with the child on his hand, stood before and rang the bell. A veiled sister appeared at the iron grating and asked the wanderer :

is a place of refuge for the persecuted and oppressed. upon the grave of the old Witch of Oakdalerhte

leading from the bills of Oakdale to the village of Nettershausen. It was the same form as of old ; we know the old woman, she is the dreaded Witch Trude. With a heavy step she crossed the threshhold of the shop and entered.

"God's greeting," spoke the witch to the workmen "Can you tell me, good men, where I might find Master Hans? I have to order a full suit of armour for which, if it suits, he will be paid in solid coin." Hainz, the foreman, stepped forward, put his rusty cap under his arm and said, while a certain uneasiness at the presence of the witch made his voice

trembie "Master is gone to Ursberg, to pay his yearly rent; Hans Netter is expected to return every moment."

Gertrude took the proffered seat and soon the stout figure of Master Netter darkened the entrance. He appeared not a little surprised to receive such an early visit from the old woman.

"You must have left Oakdale at an early hour, he addressed her, as she advanced to meet him. " Not earlier than it behooves a good, healty body

to rise," was the reply. After a pause, Master Hans asked,

"What is your wish in Hans Netter's sooty forge ?"

And Trude returned in short and curt words : "Weapons I want, Master Hans."

The eyes of the black man dilated, and with an open mouth he brought out the words :

"Weapens, weapons, and for Gertrude of Oakdale ?"

The brown face of the old woman became distort ed with a grinning smile:

"What think you, Master Hans of the iron-hammer? Has my boy not become a stout young man? I'll wager two bright silver coins that my boy can vanquish any one of your strong blacksmiths in a wrestle.-But the boy must away from here, with finely tempered weapons of steel. Shall he waste bis strength here in this wilderness? No, that must not be. Old Trude knows too well that noble blood courses in his youthful veins." Then she spoke to the master: "All the armour of a knight, who is on the point of confronting the foe, I must have, and of the very best quality : and also in as short a time as possible. If the work is well done, if it does credit to its maker, then I'll pay you well, in silver coins, as only Trude of Oakdale knows how to pay." The master took an exact measurement of the

youth's stout and well-built form, and then the lat-

Under the old fir tree she stopped, and confronting her adopted son, she said :

"My dear Otto, soon I'll behold you clad in the shining armour of a brave knight ; and the moment, when you step out of the years of your boyhood and for which event you have waited so long, will arrive with to-morrow's carly sun. You will then enter your seventeenth year. But this time of joy, in which I will see you as a knight clad in a heavy ooat of mail, with shield, lance and sword, will bring a deep sorrow to me. We must then part, my dearly beloved child. The solitary woman's cot at Oak dale is no longer a place for your strong body that is able to grapple with any enemy. At first I untertained the idea to let you enter the service of some noble knight, and when you had shown yourself worthy under his tuition and guidance I would have had you knighted at the grand tournament of Augsburg. But I fear that your pure heart and your good conscience might be harmed in the company of loose and frivolous companions, and I kept you

at my side in the harmless solitude of our mountain home. But now it is time. You must be away from here, far away to strange lands. Palestine calls every brave arm, every strong knight! The cross of our Redeemer beckon's you. Up, my son, no longer the society of an old woman for you! Brave deeds in the furious battle shall stamp you what the tournament of Augsburg could never have accomplished."

Proud and beautiful in his manly vigour and strength stood the adopted son before old Gertrude. The fire of youthful courage beamed in his sparkling eyes. The old woman was well pleased and the high portals of a nunnery in Northern Bavaria, tenderly kissed his brown, high forehead. Then she continued :

"I have done for you, dear Otto, all that was in my power, and when in the golden future you bar-"They say," replied the Veit, " that this convent | vest the sweet fruits you will drop a tear of thanks When you were still a child I inculcated into

mothers." The princes of this world believed dur- ciple," that there is any supreme authority in the ing a thousand years that she was not only the source and fount of all spiritual benefits, but the security of more fragile thrones, and the only sure basis of temporal order. Her authority, they considered, did not impair but fortified their own. And therefore they were eager to maintain friendly relations with her. Were they mistaken in-this policy? It seems not. At all events their conviction, which they often proved by giving the highest offices in the State to ecclesiastics, has been singularly confirmed and justified by the fact, more evident to us than to them, that as long as they respected her, authority no one disputed their own. The era of revolutions only began with the so-called Beformation. It will never be closed again while the world lasts, till it is finally superseded by the brief but crushing despotism of Antichrist. The same disbolical outburst which overthrew the Altar undermined the Throne. When men were told that they were free to judge the things of God, they logically concluded that a fortion they ware to judge every-thing else. They have less doubt about it now than ever. But when they say that the Church is the natural enemy of the State, and that the spiritual authority cannot co-exist with the temporal, they lie. All history proves that they lie. In pagan times the same man was Cæsar and Pontiff, but they both fell together. In Christian times, up to the epoch of the so-called Reformation, the sceptre was held by one man and the crosier by another; and the first was in the spiritual sphere subject to the second, as Theodosius was to Ambrose. Yet Ambrose, while forbidding the Emperor to enter the house of God, was the first to admit his authority in his own. It was because each respected the office of the other, and knew the limits of his own, that they dwelt in mutual love, and the world had

It is true that between the third and the sixteenth century there were sometimes dissensions between the two powers. But the exception only proves the rule. The conflict which occasionally arose between the spiritual and the temporal authority was one in which the latter was so manifestly in the wrong that it always ended by pronouncing judgment upon itself. In the quarrels of bad princes with the Church she has always found her justification in their own confession. Greedy or arrogant, and moved by covetousness or vanity, to usurp the things of God, they quarrelled about investiture, or they deprived Sees of their Bishops in order to appropriate their revenues; but the motive of their revolt was so transparently evil that they became ashamed of it themselves. If Henry II replied to the admonition of St. Thomas. "It is not lawful for thee to do this thing," by precuring his assassination, at least he did penance as a criminal; if Louis XIV. pretended to confirm false doctrine by in our veins that is working to this hour, and his roval authority, he found grace a little later to will work more powerfully still from this exhibition confess his folly to the Vicar of Christ.

Nothing, then, is more evidently false than the revived pagan opinion which most journalists are endcavouring to popularise in our day, that the only way to avoid a conflict between the Church and the State is to subject the one to the control of the other. If they contrived to live for a thousand years in mutual affection, but mutual independence, it cannot be the fault of the Church if they do so no longer. She is still what she always was, and always will be. Like her Founder she knows no change. For many years the present German Emperor lived in harmony with the Catholic Bishops and people of his realm, among whom he counted his most intimate friends. They are what they were, though he is not. He has been persuaded to adopt the impious doctrine that religion is a department of the State, and that conscience should be subject to the police. And most of our English journals, without fully approving the Prussian legislation, are quite of his opinion as to the relations which ought to subsist between the Church and the State. The one must be the serf of the other. "The idea of a State Church," says the Daily News, "is in mo-dern times entirely that of a National "Church. It is not that of an ecclesiasticism sustained on behalf of persons who accept to the full rigour of its definitions all its sectarian dogmas, and none other than these." A National Church, it affirms and affirms truly, has nothing to do with definite truth, and has no authority to teach it. Like the Church of England,-which teaches that even the Apostolic Sees "erred in matters of faith," and therefore disclaims for itself an impossible immunity from similar errors, -it is only a cesspool into which all the turbid shot convulsive agony through my entire frame, streams of human opinion may conveniently drain, made me shake the triangle indeed. A second intill the whole filthy mass is mingled together. The true "idea" of such a Church, which we quite agree may be fitly left to the supervision of the civil magistrate, "is that of a public institution, the benefits of which and the concerns of which are to be freely open to all classes of the people. The State Church, according to the theories of most Englishmen, never is closed, never can be closed, against anybody." Its chief officers were evidently of that opinion when they admitted a Unitarian to communion in Westminster Abbey. "The State may permit such a Church," adds the Daily Telegraph, "a certain freedom of speech, provided it does not go too far," just as the State may safely admit that the London and the North-Western Railway is entitled to exercise a certain authority over its porters and its clerks ; but the Sinte cannot surrender the right to determine, in cases of dispute, where that authority ought to begin and end. It must deny such anthority to a Church as firmly as to a jointstock company. In other words, it must deny Christianity. Such is the logical result of the principles of the Reformation." Having made the individual conscience the supreme arbiter of truth, and rojected all authority in the spiritual sphere, it has reserved nothing from man but the privilege of error, and abandoned him, after the fashion of ancient Sparta, to the coarse and vulgar tyranny of the State. He is no longer a Christian, but only a citizen. Such is the popular doctrine of our day, and the Church, it is openly contended, must be a docile slave, in order that the State may be as irrespossible despot. It is proposed, then, that we should revert to Pa canism, of which the supremacy of the State was the only fixed doctrine, Already Mr. Mill and others have told us that its moral code was far superior to that of the Gospel ; and now we are assured by our most attractive journals that the State has far higher claims to respect "than any Church whatever." That this is true of National Churches, which are only creatures of the State, we freely admit. But there is one Church which is not National, which the State did not found, and has therefore no right to govern. It may do so by brute force, as it is now doing in Germany and Switerzland; but in doing so it is making war against Christianity, and brute force applied to the things of God is impotent and doomed to inevitable failure. The combat however, has begun, and we must all take our part in it, on one side or on the other. There are some who think that the present conflict, which is a direct result of the so-called Reformation, is the beginning of the end. Others are persuaded that the end is take the trouble to write our epitaph. But among not yet, and that the Church is on the eve of another triumph over the gates of hell. God will decide! there is one kingdom, differing in its origin and con-stitution from all the rest, in the world but not of it in a judgment to come, and desire to have their portion in the hopes of Christians and the promises of Christ, may see in the circumstances of our times, way to young and joyous spring, and the world was way to young and joyous spring, and the world was awakening to a new and fresh life. Flowers bud-ded, and birds skipped joyously from one bushy belong to it and share its immortality. Has this kingdom been, on the whole, the friend branch of the forest trees, to the other. The strokes will be swept away in the coming storm. The at this time to ask the question, if there never was Chrlitian's place is not there. National Churches before. For many centuries the prophecy was ful- are, by there very nature, a formal denial of the

world able to teach it, make religion a mere matter of private opinion or a gnestion of geography, and court the most ignominious bondage which the State chooses to impose upon them. It was only of the Church of Peter that the promise was made. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her."___ London Tablet.

FROUDE'S ENGLISH NOVELS.

WHAT AN ENGLISH HISTORIAN GALLS HISTORY-ANOTHER TRIUMPHANT ORITICISM BY J. P. PRENDERGAST.

(From the Dublin Nation.)

"For six days afterwards Wright was left in a cell without covering, with nothing but a pailet of straw, without any medical assistance. There he rested on his knees and elbows, unable to rest on his back or side, and " his bowels could be seen convulsed and working through his wounds."

Now for Mr. Froude on this transaction :

Among the gentlemen whom history has been pleased to gibbet for his share in these transactions was Mr. Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, the High Sheriff of Tipperary. This gentleman (says Mr. Froude) did by decisive measures effectually break the insurgents' organization in Tipperary ; so that when the rebellion came, the most dangerous county in Ireland lay motionless. They were not gentle measures. He used the whip freely, and he made one mistake which has not been forgotten. A man named Wright, of Clonmel, was suspected of connection with the United Irishmen. The suspicion in all likelihood was well founded. (Conclusive evidence to the contrary was given on the trial. But what cares Froude? you cannot go wrong in hanging or flogging an Irishman.) On searching him a letter was found in French. Fitzgerald did not understand the language; but his mind, like that of everyone else, was full of the expected French invasion. The letter, though utterly innocent, was treated as an evidence of guilt, and Wright severely flogged. He prosecuted the High Sheriff afterwards, and recovered £509 as damages. Filzgerald has been rewarded with a black name and with the score of foolish historians. The English Gov. ernment, though generally too proud to remember good service, yet so far acknowledged Fitzgerald's merits, that they paid his fine and created him a baronel.

And thus perpetuated at once his infamy and their own! So conscious were they, too, that these cruelties were universal, that they passed an act of indemnity for them. From Derry to Tipperary, from Tipperary to Cork, such scenes were enacting continually from 1795 till the end of 1799. And instead of extracting the "poison fangs," as Mr. Froude boasts, they have rather implanted a poison of "English ideas."

What Irishman but remembers the death of Peter O'Neil Crowley, slain in arms at Kilclaoney Wood, in the county of Cork, on the 31st of March, 1867arms taken up through the rancour engendered by the outrage committed on his uncle, Father Peter O'Neil, who was flogged with the same cruelty and the same outrage upon decency as Wright, in 1799, more than sixty years before.

Father Peter O'Neil (for his account is in print), after stating that he was arrested on secret tales of his sanctioning murders of which he was totally ignorant-tales probably extorted by the "English cat"-goes on : "Immediately upon my arrest I was brought to Youghal, and without trial thrust into the black-hole of the barrack.

"In that dungeon I remained from Friday till Monday, when I was brought out into the ball-alley to receive my punishment. I was wrapped and tied up ; six soldiers stood forth for their work; some of them right-handed, some left-handed, two at a time (as I judged from the quickness of the lashes), and relieved at intervals until I had received two hundred and seventy-five lashes, so vigorously and so deeply inflicted that my back and my shoulder-blades were quite bared of the flesh. But I had not hitherto shaken the triangle-a display of feeling which, it seems, was anxiously expected from me. To accelerate that spectacle, a wire rat was introduced, armed with scraps of tin or lead. Whatever were its appendages, I cannot easily forget its power. In defiance of shame, my waistband was cutfor the finishing strokes of this lascerating instrument. The very first lash, as it renewed all my pangs and

you will follow us, we will ascend with you the top of a flowery hill, which is called Oakhill. But first we will step into the beautiful little village of Fairview and in the inn of the "Golden Star" we will refresh ourselves with a cup of good Rhenish wine.

Now we are at the top of the hill. Below us we see the clean streets, the neat white houses, and the blooming gardons of the thriving village. On the other side of the Mindel we perceive the convent of Ucsberg. From our elevated standpoint we can see for miles and miles upon every side. Up stream our eyes beholds tall church steeples raising their spires like mile posts to the azure sky, and neat little hamlets half hidden among trees; while up stream our vision is attracted by numerous tall castles, surrounded by immense forests and extensive grounds.

The sixth spring after the luckless confisgration at Rabenfels had heralded its coming in the Mindel valley; the warm weather of April brought out from their winter quarters the roving bands of gipsies, which then infested the country in even greater number than at present. At that time there stood at the intersection of two cross-roads a large inn kept by a wealthy farmer. In the large barn of the inn mirth and jollity hold high carnival. Tambourines rattled, guitars thrummed, fiddles squeaked. and above all the musical chaos was heard the deep growl of a basoon. The gipsics, men and women, girls and boys, dressed in the most checkered and outre costumes, were executing one of their characteristic dances, and soon the servants of the innkeeper, catching the fever of the dance, joined them in their revels.

From the road which led to Augsburg a lonely wanderer had approached slowly and unperceived and was looking with a curieus mien upon the laughable antics of the crowd.

"Ab, behold the Fish Veit of Costnitz," a voice behind suddenly exclaimed. He turned and beheld the stately proportions of the jolly host of the "By my troth you are just in time; Golden Star. "By my troth you are just in time; for where mirth and pleasure reign that is the right element for you," continued the innkeeper. " Come on, come on l There are plenty of girls here. One of them will certainly condescend to honor the handsome Fish Veit with her hand for the dance." But Veit held up his finger warningly and whis-

pered into his car :

" Easy, casy, my good host; do not, I pray, be so liberal in the use of my good name. I have reasons to keep it concealed from the gipsies. Pray call me Veit if you have occasion for my services."

" Very well," returned he of the Goldon Star. "But will you not favor us with a dance now. Go quickly to the barn. I say, see yonder, what a beautiful little danseuse sits upon those boards; one should judge that she were waiting especially for you. The maid can hardly be over the age of ten, but what matters it ?"

The Veit appeared not in the least vexed by these bantering remarks, for at that moment he had a full view of the girl's face, who had raised her veil to bring her beautiful waves of golden hair into order. The joyous surprise of a sudden discovery soon colored the cheeks of the Fish Veit with a deep erimson, that again gave way and left his whole face

let me advise you to drive it: away by a joint out jumper state, accompanie of an intermed into a positive of the most accomplished | built youth, approached the forgo from the highway shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing | Christian Faith; because they deny, as a first prin- shutters of every house were up-for thus the dance. I have set a prize for the most accomplished | built youth, approached the forgo from the highway shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing | Christian Faith; because they deny, as a first prin- shutters of every house were up-for thus the let me advise you to drive it away by a jolly old

See here venerable sister, stands the poor di of a knight, a lonely orphan. The maiden is inno. cent as a dove, and pure as a lillie, but this helpless being might be dragged by a bad world into the abyes of ruin. Therefore, please to give her a quict place in one of your cells; cducate her as it pleases the Lord, and when the time of happiness and sweet hopes come I shall return, praising the All merciful and thanking your noble hospitality, to conduct her back to the hearth of a loving mother.

After a moment or two the nun replied:

"Wait a short while, I will deliver your request to the abbess."

With these words she hurried through the long corridor, ascended the winding stairs and was soon in the presence of the reverend and mild prioress When she had heard the request she smiled p'easantly and replied :

"It is always just, Sister Marianna, that we hear such prayers. The maiden shall find an asylum within the walls of our conuent. You probably remember what I related to you sometime since .--When my home, the castle, was consumed by that terrible element-fire-when crying and despairing I ran through the wide, awfully illuminated balls, and when I saw their ceilings giving way beneath the all consuming flames, then I promised in my heart, if ever I should greet life again, to offer my-self in a convent to the service of the Lord and receive all female orphans, every poor widow that would apply, in my motherly care. The God of mercy heard me; I found a little gate through which I reached the chapel, and with an easy leap through the window I gained freedom. But, oh, what the fate of all the loved ones at Babenfels has been, I never could ascertain. My sorrows made me leave the place of desolation and here, at last, I found the wished for peace of soul and heart. Disguised as a pilgrim, I made the long journey, reach-ed this haven of earthly tranquility, made myself known and was received with manifest pleasure .--But now speed ye, and accept the child."

Sister Marianna bowed and hurried down to the great portals.

" Nay the Lord bless your entrance, dear daugh ter," she said, "the abbess is well pleased and has easily granted for what you prayed ; but you have no need to give way to crying. You will find the ab-bess a good and loving mother."

With these words Sister Marianna kissed the brow of the maiden, and offered her hand. Now it be-came time for the Veit to take leave of his recovered charge, and tears rolled down his brown cheeks when he bid her, for the present, farewell.

"Farewell then, Johanna," he said, "be a good child and live in the sweet hope, that when at some future time I shall find your father, mother, or some other loving friend, I shall appear again at this gate to bring you back to them."

CHAPTER XVI .--- THE KNIGHT OF THE "BURNING CASTLE."

Years rolled on ; the cold winter had again given covered with an ashy paleness. The host gazed upon him with distorted eyes and exclaimed : "Have you a sudden attack of the ague? Then "Have you a sudden attack of the ague? Then stout juniper staff, accompanied by a tall and well filled which said of the Catholio Church, "Kings One Church of the Apostles' Orsed, and of the

your heart the sound principles of love to God and your fellow-creatures. I taught you, as soon as your mind was capable of understanding, to distinguish the bad from the good. I taught you, and kept your mind as well as your body busy at many many things, that may become useful to you at some future day. Gito, my boy, to day I confess it to you with a joyful heart, you have been a good child and have brightened my lonely home. When you returned from school, arts and entertainments awaited you, from which you learned to gain ad-vantages for the future. What cares and troubles did I not subject myself to ? Every herb and plant, the smallest roots, flowers, fruits and the bark of the trees, out of which many a wonderful medicine may be prepared, I have shown to you ten, may twenty times, till you knew their respective qualities and power, and how to apply them in cases of sickness, on man and beast. Besides you have strengthened your young body in the hot sun, in the terrible weather, in the heavy snow storms, in the wild hunting parties, in wrestling and other manly contests with many a strong artisan and inhabitant of the valley. And you have, above all, preserved the honor of a brave and good youth, without a blemish upon your soul, the crown of all wise speeches and noble decds, the Christian mind of a faithful heart. You may go, my dear child. I feel from the first moment at parting, the pleasant and sweet day of the future, when you will visit your old weak mother in the rustic hut at Oakdale, as one of the bravest and best of Suabia's illustrious knights. (To be Continued.)

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

The world was not made yesterday, nor the kingdoms of the world either. Both have a history, and most of us know at least its outlines. If many of them, including some which seemed most stable in their power and majesty, have wholly passed away while others have already changed their original form and are now menaced with chaos and anarchy, there are still a few of respectable antiquity, and o which the foundations have not yet been subverted though no man can tell what will be their ultimate fate. Judging by the catastrophe which has overtaken the rest, it is more than probable that dissolution awaits them all. That is the inevitable climax of human things. They are only for a time, and the chief occupation of our race is to write, or to read, the epitaps of the dead, and to ponder the memorials of things which once were and now are not. Tomorrow or the next day we shall ourselves be of the number. It is even possible that no one will so many things which are fleeting and transitory which was before them all, and will outlast them all. The Catholic Ohurch, which is God's kingdom

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fliction of it penetrated my loins and tore them excruciatingly; the third maintained the tremulous exhibition long enough-the spectators were saisfied."

Led back to his cell, threatened at intervals by the Orange captain with a fresh flogging and even hanging if he did not confess, and shown, the more to terrify him, two men hapging from a gallow, "their bodies so bloody from flogging that I thought they had red jackets on," and a third halter unocupied ready for him, he signed a paper saying that he deserved what he got."

And the confession thus extorted by the English ' cat" will, no doubt, be accepted as conclusive proof of his guilt by Mr. Froude, though he quickly pro-cured papers, whereon concludes Father O Neil: "I cured paners, whereon concludes Father O Neil: wrote a formal protest against what has been extorted from me, that, should I be executed, this protest might appear after my death."

Remember, Irishwomen of Ireland, England and America (and teach it to your children), that it was thus the English treated Catholic priests and the husbands, brothers, lovers of Irishwomen in '99 and we have this most popular English author beast ing of these scenes and threatening their return, with out any reprehension from any English review of newspaper, though almost all have reviewed this work! Could Europe (England excepted) produc the like?

But to return to Father Peter O'Neil. He wa not hanged, but released after five years imprison ment. His grand-neice, who had married a respec able farmer, had a son called after Father Pete O'Neil-Peter O'Neil Crowley, born in 1832, bu educated by Father O'Neil, as the child's father TA dead. On Father O'Neil's death, the boy inherited all that the priest was worth, including his residence Temperate and laborious, after a day of toil h passed his evening in study. He was the best of brothers; religious, for he belonged to four Chris tian societies. Well versed in the history of h country, and ever mindful of the dreadful floggin of his uncle, he was imbued with the deepest half of England. At the Fenian outbreak he form one of a party of four that retired, when the plot we betrayed and their plan destroyed by Corydon treachery and Massey's terror, to Kilclooney Wood After some days they were surrounded by soldr

and police, but refused to surrender, and made desperate resistance. Retreating into the centre the wood. Growley stood facing the military, threw hin self down in order to reload.

Driven, at length, by repeated volleys from h to tree and to river's bank, a bullet pierced hi While writhing in the water in his death strugs Crowley raised his gun to his shoulder, but a b from the butt of a soldier's rifle dashed it from hand into the stream. The military surgeon the absence of a priest, red the last prayer in Crowley's own prayer book, which he always card with him, and he died admired even by his capt for his coursge. His corpse was carried to Mitche town, which is thirty miles from the gravey where they afterwards buried him. Through this long course thousands accompanied or met hearse (though as long as it was light the people sisted on carrying the body themselves); yeu men strewed his path with flowers; the wind

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