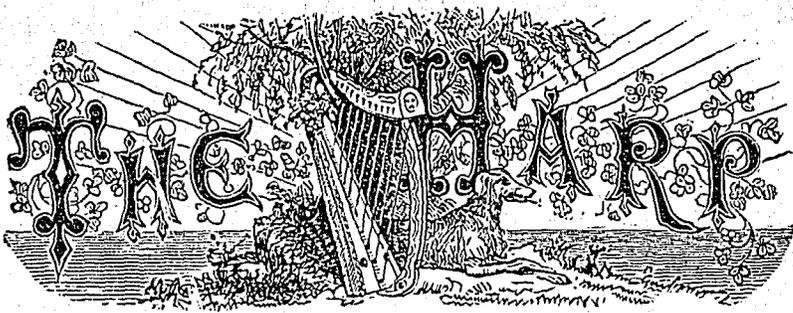


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CANADIAN ESSAYS.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

INTRODUCTORY.

It is, indeed, strange how many persons we meet who continually complain about their unhappiness, their hundred-and-one ills, and who, in reality, are the most fortunate, and if they only knew it, the most happy of beings. They find fault with every thing; they envy their neighbors merely because their neighbors saw something they have never seen, or went to places where they have never visited. They continually desire to travel, to see other lands, to cross seas and seek out the beauties and pleasures, and advantages afforded by stranger nations. They would like to see the Vale of Tempe, or ramble 'neath the shades of Valambrosa, or tread the purple Apennines, or view the sun sink to rest as his last rays illumine the tall Campanilli of Florence or Naples. Still these persons never dream of seeking out the hundred gorgeous vales and gardens with which their own country abounds; they would never think of spending an hour contemplating the beauty of the Laurentides, purple as the mountains of Italy. They would love to stand beneath the shadow of the Coliseum, to muse in some old abbey or time-worn temple, to study history upon the ruins of ancient cities, to dream of deeds of valor and glory while walking over the graves of Europe's heroes; but never would they spend their time around the grand and noble monuments

of their own land: they see no beauty in the scenes of their home.

This spirit, which seems to have pervaded many lands and which, we regret to say, is appearing upon Canadian soil, is one that should be stayed in its onward march. If we purpose building up a grand nation, why not make use of the means at our disposal? and can we have for our land that affection which we owe her, if we see not in her the beauties, the perfections, the grandeurs and the glories which we so much admire in other nations? It is with a view to uproot that tendency, that we now propose, as far as our humble powers will permit, to show forth, in the pages of *THE HARP*, some of these numberless advantages which Canada presents to her sons.

Well did Campbell sing, that—

“Distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountains in its azure hue.”

All that is far away seems wrapped in a fairy mist, hidden in clouds of beauty, but on drawing nearer, the rough, huge, wild and rugged proportions appear. We will begin our task by showing that upon our soil are to be found many of those advantages of which other lands have boasted, and that it is only necessary for the lover of the beautiful and good and true to look about him, and as if by magic every object will appear transformed. If he gazes upon Canada with the eye of a lover, a glorious panorama will spread out before him. He will then see, in truth, a land, perfect in the charms of its scenery, majestic in the sweeping of

its rivers, gorgeous in the lavished beauty of its mountains and valleys, sublime in its endless woods, rich in the relics of its past, bright in hopes of its future, the fringes of the Atlantic laving its Eastern slopes; the mirror-waters of the Pacific reflecting the shadows of its Western hills.

The pleasant task which we now mark out for ourselves, is that of bringing forth in as simple a manner as possible, a few of the divers characteristics, beauties and advantages that embellish our land. If we succeed in interesting the public, we will feel a true satisfaction; if we succeed in lighting up a spark of patriotism which may have been smouldering for want of a breath to stir it into action, we will experience a pardonable pride; if we succeed in awaking in the breasts of our fellow-countrymen, an interest in Canada, her past, her present and her future, we shall consider our object attained, and it will be our pleasant duty to thank a generous public for being instrumental in our success.

#### A SKETCH OF THE PAST!

It may seem a useless task, a superfluous work to retrace the history of our young country, but our object is not to give a history; rather would we throw a glance, as rapidly as possible, on those events which characterize our earlier epochs, in order to prove the fact, that if Canada continues to progress in the ratio in which she has progressed from the days when first the foot of civilized man was set upon her shore, on to our own time, that in years to come, when the mighty nations of Europe shall have followed in the wake of Troy, Palmyra, Athens, Carthage, and Ancient Rome, when their trophies and their monuments shall lie by the side of Babel's ruined tower, and Nero's deserted temple, that Canada, still in the freshness of her being, still in the vigor of her existence, shall have reached the noon-tide glory and prosperity, from which to-day shine the kingdoms, empires and republics of the old world.

Ascending the stream of time, we find ourselves towards the close of the first half of the sixteenth century, looking down upon a yet undiscovered land. Where, to-day, the flags of England and

Canada wave from the spires of Ottawa's Parliament House, the pine-tree swayed to the breezes that swept the spaces of the Ottawa valley; where, to-day; the vast structures and towering monuments mark the great city of Montreal, from the top of Mount Royal the Indian warrior gazed upon the Council-fire that blazed in the village of Hochelaga; where, to-day, the grand old fortress and hundred spires of the antiquated city of Quebec point to the blue dome, the wild Huron and fiery Iroquois met in deadly strife upon the historic heights of Stadacona. From the straits of Belle-Isle to the height of land there was naught but one boundless, unmeasurable forest. Here and there it was intersected by the rivers and streams, that flowing on through the country, blended at last in the waves of one giant flood which in its turn rolled itself into the vast bosom of the Atlantic.

Such was Canada upon the 13th of September, 1535. It was evening and the red sun was sinking behind the purple Laurentides, as a pilgrim barque ploughed for the first time the mighty St. Lawrence. With wondering admiration, with whole-souled awe, with sentiments of gratitude to the Guider of Nations' destinies, breathing, perhaps, a prayer to the Star of the Sea, the sailor of St. Malo stood upon the deck, drinking in the grandeur of Canada's primeval landscape. Night cast her shadows upon the new fairy-land, and the moon, slowly rising, lit with a ghastly light, the spectro-like rocks and yawning abysses that lined the great flood. Day dawned on the 14th of September, the day consecrated to the memory of the great St. Lawrence, and Jacques Cartier, the founder of this magnificent land, the first European to sail on those mighty waters, filled with that chivalric spirit that characterizes the sons of France, instead of giving his name to the land or the stream, styled the one "New France," and called the other after the Saint on whose day it was discovered.

Thus was Canada found! The Cross was planted by Cartier on the banks of the St. Charles, and then and there did the envoys of France commence—the one party to conquer, the other to convert the wild Indian inhabitants. Cartier ascended further the St. Lawrence. He

gazed upon the land in all its pristine beauty, and leaving a few of his followers to sustain and bring fuel to the flame of Christian civilization amongst the barbaric warriors of the soil, he returned to France to tell the great king the story of his success, and to lay before his fellow-countrymen the plan and resources of the vast forest tract, that extending from ocean to ocean was theirs, by all the rights and laws of nations.

For half-a-century was this land, to the people of Europe, like some far-off, snow-bound region, wild and uninhabitable. Now and then a ship sailed from the old world to the new. By degrees the savage became friendly towards his Trans-Atlantic brethren, and by degrees did he accept the lights and truths of the Gospel. Already had the wooden structures of the white man been intermingled with the bark wigwams of the Indians. No longer the simple native feared the *fire-devil* that boomed from the vessel. Civilization was succeeding.

Canada is at this stage of her progress, when on the 3rd of July, 1608, Samuel de Champlain founded the City of Quebec. Seeing the lofty height and grand position, the mind of Champlain at once contemplated the scenes of future strife, and judging from the surroundings and situation, he resolved to lay the foundation of a fortress city that would be powerful enough to withstand the efforts of all invaders. He then planted, on its summit, the *fleur de lis*, where for a century and a half it was fanned by the breezes of heaven. Canada's conquest and civilization was a mighty undertaking, and both time and means were required for its accomplishment.

Quebec grew apace, and the village at the foot of Mount Royal progressed in proportion. Further up was not well known. A small church stood at the mouth of the Saguenay, where now is the village of Tadousac. Hundreds of the Indians had been converted; thousands still adored the Great Manitou. Although, at times, the chant of the vesper-hymn or the sweet sound of the Angelus might be heard, still the echoes were awakened by the wild war-whoop and battle-cry. Although success had attended the greater number of the envoys of God, still a simple cross, or solitary mound marked at irregular inter-

vals, the last resting-place of many who expired at the stake, or fell beneath the savage scalping-knife or tomahawk.

Thus half-a-century passed away since the foundation of Quebec. St. Louis fort was built; Quebec had already surrendered to Admiral Kirk, and returned again to the French; Champlain had gone to his long home, leaving behind him a name immortal in the annals of our history; Sillery had been settled; Montreal was progressing; villages along the banks of the St. Lawrence were peeping up; the explorer, the missionary and adventurer had ascended the Ottawa; a Royal Government had been founded at Quebec; Governor de Frontenac had fulfilled his mission, and with it had closed his useful, eventful and glorious life in 1698; Quebec had been vainly besieged by Phipps; Montreal had been fortified, and France had claimed Canada as her bright possession.

Half-a-century rolled away, and England, not contented with her possessions on the Eastern coast of America, cast her eye upon this beautiful region. In September, 1759, two hundred years after Cartier first set foot upon the banks of the St. Charles; one hundred and fifty years after Champlain had conceived the idea of building Quebec, England's troops, under their immortal leader, Wolfe, advanced upon that stronghold, the key of the Canadian country. It would be too lengthy and too superfluous to enter into a description of the siege of Quebec, and the victory of Wolfe. We will go on in our rapid march, leaving the details to the historian or chronicler of particular events. Shortly after the fall of Quebec, the French gained the battle of St. Foy. In 1763, by treaty, Canada was given over to England—and the sons of England, Ireland, Scotland and France united hand-in-hand, forgetting past enmities, forgiving past injuries, becoming a common people upon a new soil. Twelve years had scarcely passed away, when, upon the very field where the sons of France and England contended for the possession of the land, they stood side by side to repel the invasion of Arnold and Montgomery.

On the 10th of November, 1775, these two generals blockaded Quebec. For a time a dark cloud hung over the Colony.

But disunion and misunderstanding arising in the American camp frustrated their plans. And on the 31st of December the death-blow was given to the invasion, when a stray shot from the height struck the general, Montgomery, and he fell in the midst of an undertaking that would have done honor to the bravest of Europe's warriors. On the 6th of May, 1776, the Americans withdrew, leaving Canada to England, and leaving its people in union, happiness and peace.

In a short space we have travelled down more than two centuries; in another essay we will strive to reach our own day, and thus finishing with the past, we will find ourselves in the happy present.

## INDIAN LYRICS.

### II.

#### LAY OF EARLY LOVE

The sun shines no longer as bright on the hills,

There's music no more in the voice of the rills,  
The summer sky seems to have lost its soft blue,

The river its beauty—the forest its hue,  
Since Mona, the Micmac, my choice as a bride,  
The joy of my heart, in the wilderness died.  
We met, when I first went as Herald of Peace—

And stayed, fishing salmon and shooting wild geese.

Far off was thy dwelling—my own honey bee,

Beside the Salt lake the Pale face calls "the sea,"

By Vale of the Echo—the trail I would take  
And dark Metapedia's lone river and lake,  
To hear she'd be mine—it was like a sweet dream,

Or sunshine that glows in and gladdens the stream.

To tell her my love and with ardour declare  
That in my affection no other had share.

From old Stadacona I'd frequently roam  
With presents of beads, to her Restigouche home,

And weave as an emblem of chaste love from me

A wreath of acacia—the true-lover's tree,  
Ere worshipped the Spirit, in shape of a bird,  
The first in the woods of the morning that stirred,

At night was my path lit by luminous flies,  
That soon were eclipsed in the light of her eyes.

Intense and devoted my fondness remained—  
No thought of this earth my attachment had stained,

That magnet of beauty and love could control  
The heart's deep affections, the tides of the soul:

So gentle and fond, and so graceful and young,

A circle of magic around her was flung:—  
When strength leaves each limb and the light of my eye

Is faded,—I'll sleep where her cold ashes lie.

Montreal.

H. J. K.

## ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK.

In the dedication of the new Cathedral of St. Patrick, Sunday, May 25, the Catholics of New York city saw the fruition of nearly thirty years of labor and self-sacrifice.

At 10 o'clock between two and three hundred priests in black cassocks and white surplices marched from St. John's Church, in Fiftieth street, to the rear entrance of the Cathedral, for the purpose of forming in the grand procession.

Meanwhile the scene within was a brilliant one. In the organ loft, in front of the lofty background of color made by the organ pipes, was a choir such as seldom in any country interpreted sacred music within sacred walls.

The tabernacle, with its wealth of inlaid marble, was without adornment other than white and red rosebuds. These were arranged in pyramids before the golden crucifix that surmounts the tabernacle. About the tabernacle were ranged golden candelabra. On the broad ledge at the base of the reredos, were golden candelabra, separated by vases of red and white rosebuds. Above towered the wondrous tracery of the reredos, left without extrinsic ornamentation. On the topmost pinnacle was an image of our Saviour. The altars of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and of the Sacred Heart were adorned only with a few white and red rosebuds; their beauty of sculpture, carving, and inlay showing to the best advantage, when least adorned.

The Cardinal's throne is on the Gospel side of the sanctuary. Three steps of dark French oak lead up to the base of the throne. A gilded balustrade opens outward from the fretted columns

of the canopy. Within the canopy, itself a mass of labored carving and gilding rising airily fifty feet, was an ebony chair of state covered with crimson velvet. In the seat was a cushion of crimson silk-fringed velvet. At either end of the platform outside of the canopy were other seats. Behind the throne were the lofty pipes of the sanctuary organ.

At 10 o'clock an acolyte, in black soutane and lace surplice, appeared at the Epistle side of the high altar. He upheld a golden crucifix. Behind him was a taper-bearing acolyte, similarly robed. At the same moment an acolyte, in like robing, and bearing a taper, was seen upon the Gospel side of the altar. In front of the altar the taper-bearers met behind the cross-bearer, and they advanced to the open gates of the sanctuary rail. They led an ever-changing religious procession, filing from the sacristy around either end of the altar. At the gates of the sanctuary rail Father Kearney, senior master of ceremonies and pastor of the old St. Patrick's Cathedral, put a thurifer, swinging a smoking golden censer, before the cross-bearer and his attendants. The procession moved down the central aisle. A long line of acolytes, in crimson soutines and lace surplices came next, and then there was an array of priests, the pastors of almost every Catholic church in the city, and priests from Brooklyn, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and other principal cities. So many priests never before appeared in a religious procession in the United States. The black cassock and lace surplice that most of them wore were varied by the sombre garb of Trappists and Benedictines. Nearly one hundred choristers came next. In the right hand of each was a sheet of music, backed with a representation of the Cathedral in red. Next came the cantors. After them came Monsignor Seton, nephew of Mother Seton, the founder of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, and Prothonotary Apostolic. In the Papal court the Monsignor rank near to Bishops governing a diocese, and as honorary masters of ceremony, and so Monsignor Seton, the only representative of his grade in the United States, was accorded the leader-

ship of the Archbishops and Bishops who followed. First was Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, Primate of America. Just behind him was Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati, senior Archbishop as to years of service in the United States. The Archbishops and Bishops who followed were: Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia, Williams of Boston, Lynch of Toronto, Hannan of Halifax, and Bishops Loughlin of Brooklyn, McQuaid of Rochester, Ryan of Buffalo, McNeiry of Albany, Wadhams of Ogdensburg, Corrigan of Newark, Conroy of Curium, Lynch of Charleston, Becker of Wilmington, Gross of Savannah, Kain of Wheeling, Moore of St. Augustine, Keane of Richmond, Elder of Natchez, Quinlan of Mobile, De Goesbriand of Burlington, O'Reilly of Springfield, Hendricken of Providence, Healy of Portland, McMahon, Bishop-elect of Hartford, Mullen of Erie, Shanahan of Harrisburg, O'Hara of Scranton, Tuigg of Pittsburg, and Allegheny, Baltes of Alton, Ryan of St. Louis, O'Connor Vic. Ap., Nebraska, Spalding of Peoria, McClosky of Louisville, Toobbe of Covington, Borgess of Detroit, Chatard of Vincennes, Ireland, Coadjutor-Bishop of St. Paul, Heiss of La Crosse, Duhamel, of Ottawa, Sweeny of St. John, N. B. and Rogers of Chatham, N. B.

On either side of each Archbishop or Bishop was his Vicar-General, or Chancellor, and his private secretary. Next came Vicar-General Quinn. The masters of ceremonies were Fathers Kearney and Farley, the later the Cardinal's private secretary. Then came three acolytes, the central one held a golden vase, filled with holy water. They preceded Cardinal McCloskey.

The Cardinal's soutane of watered red silk rustled as he moved, and its train swept far behind him. His waist was girt with a deep sash of watered red silk, the ends being weighted with large golden tassels. A surplice of finest lace was above the soutane. A pectoral cross of gold hung from his neck by a gold chain. From his shoulders flowed a mantle of watered white silk, encrusted with golden blazonry. The centre of the dazzling show was a pelican nourishing her nestlings with her life blood, typifying the supreme devotion of the

Church to her children. Upon the Cardinal's venerable head was a cone of gold-bordered cloth-of-gold. Upon the third finger of his right hand flamed his signet, an Oriental saphire, encircled with diamonds. In his hand he held a golden aspersorium. On one side of the Cardinal walked Chancellor Preston, first assistant deacon, and on the other Father Donnelly, second assistant deacon. Next were Father McGlynn, deacon, and Father McGean, sub-deacon of the Mass. The Cardinal's pages, six chubby boys, bearing the Cardinals red velvet, silver-bound missal, his jeweled triple cross and lighted taper, signifying the light of the faith that his ministrations ever yield and red velvet cushions to receive his cope and pectoral cross, were the last of the stately procession.

The dedication over and the Most Rev. and Right Rev. Prelates having taken the seats assigned them in the Sanctuary, His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey commenced a Solemn Pontifical Mass. After the Gospel the Right Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Tricomia and Coadjutor to the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis ascended the pulpit and delivered the sermon:

"I have rejoiced at the things that were said to me. We shall go into the house of the Lord. Send forth thy light and thy truth; they have conducted us to thy holy halls and into thy tabernacles"—words taken from the 121st and 42nd Psalm.

"Joy, holy and exultant," said Bishop Ryan, "fills our hearts to-day as we come into this glorious house of the Lord. The joy is universal. You most Eminent Cardinal Archbishop, you rejoice because the great work is accomplished. You rejoice and you feel as Israel's king on that day when he dedicated the temple which he had built and adorned for the Most High God, and your heart is full of wonder and gratitude as his, when you think that that Being whom the Heavens cannot contain shall dwell in this house which you have built. Your heart is filled with gratitude, and well I know that it went out with that sweet *gratias agimus tibi* to our mighty God which we have just heard. And you, Most Reverend and Right Reverend brothers of the Episcopacy and the Clergy, you are glad to-day because the spirit that influenced the ages of faith

is still alive; the spirit that built up and decorated the vast cathedrals of the past still lives in this land and in this age, and there are heads to conceive, and hands to execute, and hearts to appreciate and to love these glorious monuments that shall tell all time that in the utilitarian nineteenth century, Catholic faith has lost none of its vitality and none of its artistic beauty. Some of the unbelieving men of this age have said to us. 'You cannot build any more Cathedrals like those of the past; the faith that built them and adorned them is dying or dead.' Behold the splendid refutation, behold the magnificent evidence that that faith is still alive in all its power and all its intensity. And you, dear brethren of this laity, you rejoice to-day as you behold this offspring of piety and your generosity consecrated to the living God. You, the rich Catholics of New York, are proud of this glorious pile. You also, as I understand, have given generously of the means with which God has blessed you for its erection. Justly are you proud of it. And what shall I say to you—you, the children of toil; you who, at the suggestion of your devoted pastors, have given so frequently, so generously, of your scanty means to build up this temple of the Lord? Your hearts are glad, and you glory in what has been sometimes said as a reproach, that the great Cathedral of New York was mainly built with the pennies of the poor. The pennies of the poor! most sacred and most appropriate offering to Him whose first temple upon this earth—the first place where His Body and Blood and Soul and Divinity were tabernacled—was the poor stable at Bethlehem; to Him was brought wealth, even royal wealth, to the feet of poverty in His own person when the wise men of the East adored Him; to Him who defied poverty by making it His own; to Him whose first beatitude was a benediction upon the poor; to Him who died in the hands of poverty, poor and thirsting and naked upon the cross. It is beautiful and appropriate that those of the poor and toilsome should build a temple for the God of poverty, and should glory to come into it and to feel that it is their house.

"We accept this supposed reproach and we ask him who reproaches us, Who

has built a temple like unto us? Where in this vast city have the thousands of the bond-holders built up a temple like unto this erected and adorned in great part by the pennies of the poor? Peerless and alone it stands above all your churches as the faith that inspired its erection is superior to all creeds. Peerless and alone the evidence of what faith can do *even with poverty*—what faith can do and bearing the mark of Jesus Christ. 'The poor you shall always have with you.'

"And not only the Catholics of this great city, but I believe the liberal non-Catholics rejoice on this great occasion. They behold here the most magnificent temple of the New World, a temple which is an ornament to the city, a temple of religious art, a place where means will be adopted to promote morality among those who worship within its walls. Therefore it is an occasion of joy for the liberal non-Catholic and even the anti-Catholic man, whom mere curiosity may have led into this temple to-day. The man who perhaps came to condemn may remain to admire and, like the Gentile prophet, seeing the harmonious beauty around him, be constrained to cry aloud, 'How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Jacob, and thy tents, O Israel; as tabernacles which the Lord has planted,' and not only the living, but I believe the dead rejoice to-day.

"And not only the living, but I believe the dead also rejoice to-day. In the life of Judas Maccabeus, as we read in the Scriptures, Onias, who had been high priest, and Jeremias, who had been prophet, though then for many years dead, appeared to Judas Maccabeus as praying much for the people of God and interested in their success. And with the perfected communion of saints of the new dispensation, why should not the spirit of that great man who some twenty years ago laid the foundation of this temple? After he had laid deep and firm and permanent the foundation of the modern temple of this diocese, why should not his spirit rejoice in our joy to-day and unite in our prayers to God? And the time, too, was opportunely selected. The time is suggestive of holy joy. We commemorate during the eight days commencing with Thursday last, the ascension of our Lord Jesus

Christ into heaven—the opening of the portals of the eternal temple for the children of man. He who came up from the grave with his beautiful robe, walking in the greatness of His strength, ascended, taking captivity captive. His crown of thorns blossomed into flowers, His garment of mockery changed for the mantle of power. His reed of derision for a royal sceptre in heaven and on earth, and with that sceptre He strikes at the doors of the eternal tabernacle and commands them to be opened by the key of David which He had worn, and the spirits of the just ascended to that everlasting temple. And that Bishop of our souls, entering His eternal Cathedral, where His throne is established forever—that Bishop of our souls, with the spirits of the just following Him, singing as they enter: 'We have rejoiced at the things that are said to us; we go into the house of the Lord. Send forth Thy light and Thy truth; they have conducted us and have led us into Thy holy hills and into Thy tabernacle.'

"For two reasons especially do we rejoice to-day: First, because this is the house of God, the residence of the Most High, as really, as is His heaven beyond the stars; secondly, because here not only will He reside, but He will speak—speak through His authorized ministry, speak great conservative truths that society now most sadly needs. From this place as from the gates of the East shall go forth light and truth to illumine the dark valleys of sin and error, and that truth which produced Christian civilization and which now in the hour of its danger from all but universal immorality constitutes the only power upon God's earth to preserve that civilization, to preserve human society from utter dissolution. Those great truths shall be spoken here, and this shall be the temple not only of religion but the temple of civilization to save modern society from destruction. It is the residence of God. Here He shall dwell. It is the great key to all the glory you behold to-day—the Church, its monuments, its ceremonial. It is the house of God; here God dwelleth.

"Without the key of Catholic doctrine, on this and other subjects, it is

almost impossible for our non-Catholic brethren, no matter how well disposed towards us, to understand, to appreciate our temples and the ceremonies that are performed within. With the key of doctrine by which they may understand those temples and those ceremonies they indeed should see much which perhaps without such understanding they might condemn. They look and they see after the fashion of one who would look upon these magnificent stained windows around us from the outside of the Cathedral. They see but confused decoration, unharmonious lines, leaden seams—all seems confused. But let them come into the Church—let them understand Catholic doctrine, and they see these windows as we see them to-day, with heaven's glorious sunshine streaming through them all. They understand, too, that the varied colors and rays that come through them colored in various ways, that come through storied scenes of various saints, come from the only white ray of God himself, resolved as it were by a prism into various colors of the saints and their achievements; but all their glory and all their beauty, and all their coloring come from that divine ray, from the eternal Son of Justice.

"Not that I mean to assert that there are not non-Catholics far superior to many among us in cultivated æsthetic tastes who are capable of understanding, and who with some instruction do understand the beautiful in our temples. But after all it must be with the cold admiration for the beautiful such as they might express in classic pagan temples. They might admire the beautiful, and to be consistent they must more or less condemn the dogma that produces it. We love the dogma and the beauty it creates. Who is there, Catholic or non-Catholic, who, looking at the beautiful Cathedral of Milan, for instance, will not admire its proportions and its decorations—those statues that in heaven's sunshine adorn its exterior? But a man may say 'its interior is glorious, but it is but to produce a momentary effect upon perhaps an ignorant people;' or, 'it is for the worship of the Mass, which itself may be idolatrous. And if he sees those beautiful statues he says they are grand, but they are the offspring of image worship and may tend to perpetuate it: but

if the Catholic sees the great Cathedral it appears to him as a prayer—with its great arms stretched out symbolizing Jesus upon the cross—a prayer to the Most High through those saints whose statues crown its myriad glittering pinnacles. The interior is appropriate, because here he beholds architecture, sculpture, painting and music, laying their tribute at the feet of the God of the beautiful, enshrined in the tabernacle, upon its glorious altar."

The eloquent and Right Rev. preacher concluded as follows:—

"But with regard to that Church-loving nation—the people who are so devoted to the dogmatic teachings of the Church—with regard to the Irish people, they may not have the popular education, they may not have the material wealth of other people, but judge them by their history. Take the most civilized nation on God's earth, subject it to a series of persecutions such as the Irish people have endured and it will become barbarous. It was that hope in God, that fear of God, that love of God, that sprang from doctrinal teaching that sustained them amid these fearful trials. There is a civilization of popular education and of material wealth; but there is a higher civilization. There is a civilization that for the love of a principle will reject even popular education and material wealth. There is a civilization of the man who will die before he lies—the civilization of the man who will be robbed before he is disloyal to his God. There is the civilization of the poor Irish peasant who saw his family die of starvation around him, but stood amid the ruins in his dignity. Before being disloyal to God he would see the dearest of his offspring perish before him. They might have had that civilization of popular education and art had they abandoned their faith. Had they become Protestant, like England and Scotland, they might have been wealthy and educated to-day. Because they would not; because they preferred that every altar on the island should redden into a Calvary and every laughing valley should become a Roman amphitheatre, where their children were butchered for the sake of God and their conscientious religious belief; because they could not be educated until they were

first disloyal to God, therefore in that higher civilization they remained. They retained that power which will bring back all that they have lost. In the strength of that faith, in the depth of that faith, are the germs of Christian civilization, and according to that depth will that civilization be extended and be read.

"Michael Angelo, in passing a rough block of marble, said there was an angel imprisoned in it. Seizing his chisel and mallet he worked until the angel stood out free, with its pinions spread as if ready to take flight. So, no matter how rough may be the poor child of Irish Catholic faith, there is under that rough exterior the imprisoned power and beauty of Christianity, and it requires only adversity or some skillful hand to bring out that beauty and that spiritual existence. And therefore with that poor people remains deeply seated the faith of Christianity, and they seek to spread it wherever they go. And poor, faithful people from every part of the universe, your eyes and your hearts exult at this triumph that to-day the greatest church in the New World, the most magnificent temple of God upon this land is consecrated to the Most High under the invocation of your national saint, and now in its beauty, and in its ruins in the future and for all time, shall it bear the name of St. Patrick's Cathedral of New York.

"And, oh, do Thou, most holy God, hear the prayer—the first prayer—that we offer in this newly-dedicated temple. Hear our prayer. Have mercy on the age; have mercy upon the people that are hurrying through frightful immortality to moral destruction. Oh, enlighten their intellects to see the connection of holy doctrine with blessed morality. Teach their hearts, Lord, to follow Thee, to hope in Thee, to love Thee. Send forth Thy light and Thy truth, that they may conduct us and may lead us to Thy holy mountain and into thy everlasting tabernacles. Amen."

After the sermon the Mass continued to the end, and, after the Deacon had sung the *Ite missa est*, every head in that vast congregation was bowed to receive the benediction about to be bestowed upon them, for the first time, in their grand cathedral, by the venerable and

beloved Cardinal, whose heart was now rejoiced by the realization (incomplete though it be,) of the labours and patient toil of nearly a quarter of a century. In a few moments more the grand ceremony of the day was over, and the choir broke forth in a grand *Te Deum* of thanksgiving to God for the mighty things that had been done this day to His honour and glory.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING AND WINDOWS.

The building is 320 feet long, 97 feet wide, the transept 172 feet, the height from floor to ceiling at the summit of the clerestory, 100 feet. There are 14 chapels besides the grand altar. The foundations of the Cathedral rest on a bed of solid rock, in which excavations therefor had to be made. At the normal level of the surrounding ground rests a chisel-dressed base course of granite. From this springs a pure Gothic superstructure similar in architecture to the style prevailing in Europe during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Like the Cathedrals at Amiens, Rheims and Cologne, St. Patrick's is free from the heaviness and over ornamentation which is the distinguished characteristic of ecclesiastic edifices of previous date. The main entrance, on Fifth avenue, is 12 feet deep, 30 feet wide, and 51 feet high, and embowered in carved devices. From columns, with bases and foliage caps, springs and arch, fringed with a double row of foliated tracery, terminating at the apex in a mock finial. The gable is panelled with terraces, and displays a shield bearing the arms of the diocese in the centre, that of the State over one of the side doors, and of the United States over the other. Over the gable is a crocheted moulding with ornate finials of American foliage, and a row of niches to be filled with figures of saints, 7 feet 6 inches high. Above this is a large rose window, 26 feet in diameter, all of Gothic tracery in stone, with one hundred shafts radiating from the centre. The transept fronts are divided into a nave with side aisles. The doors are 25 feet wide by 54 feet high. The windows are 27 by 57 feet high. The transept gables are 175 feet high. Light is admitted into the Cathedral through 103 windows, the lower tier 32

feet, and the upper 28 feet high. Most of the windows on the upper tier are donations from the various churches of the diocese, and some of them are of American make. Those of the nave were ordered by Cardinal McCloskey when he went to Rome.

The interior is divided into three part—transept, nave and choir—of dimensions as follows: Length of transept 140 feet; height of nave, 180 feet. The internal length of the building is 306 feet; breadth, 96 feet. A series of chapels (seven on each side), each twelve feet deep, occupy either side of the edifice. The nave is divided from the aisles by two rows of clustered columns, sixteen columns in a row. The choir has, five bays, and is arranged with double aisles on either side of the central aisle. The area of the interior of the Cathedral is 38,500 square feet, and there is standing room for 19,000 people. Fourteen thousand can be accommodated with seats. Some idea of the capacity of the place may be gleaned when it is stated that 5,000 is the greatest capacity of any church in New York. The cost of constructing the Cathedral thus far amounts to over \$4,000,000, and about \$600,000 more will be required to complete it.

The striking feature of the Cathedral is its stained glass and memorial windows. They were presented mostly by parishes and individuals, and cost more than \$100,000, having been made in France. Of the seventy windows in the Cathedral thirty-seven represents scenes from scripture and the lives of the saints, twenty are filled with what is termed cathedral stained glass, having only geometrical figures, and the remainder are plain, being needed for the purpose of lighting portions of the building where use and not ornament is the object in view. The titular window of the Cathedral represents the "Life of St. Patrick." It portrays his baptism, shows him taken prisoner at the age of thirteen and depicts an angel revealing to him his vocation. He preaches the Gospel on board a ship; is sold to King Milcho; is set at liberty at Maestricht; is made a clerk by his uncle, St. Martin, Bishop of Tours; sets out for Rome; receives the blessing of Pope Celestine; is consecrated Bishop by St. Amador; visits St. Germain

d'Auxerre; converts King Dicho and his family (on his arrival in Ireland); give the holy communion to Princess Elhna and Bethlem; raises Maltric from the dead. His death is then represented, and beautiful finale is a choir of angels singing his funeral dirge. In the centre of the tracery is the beautifully executed scene of St. Patrick's coronation in heaven. This window is the gift of "the old St. Patrick's Cathedral to the now."

The window of the Blessed Virgin is over the north transept door. It is a two-storied window and gives the whole life, death, assumption and coronation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. High above in the centre of the tracery is the scene of the coronation. The Virgin is kneeling in an attitude of profound humility, while her Divine Son, all radiant with joy, places the crown upon her head. The Holy Ghost as a dove hovers above the Mother and Son, while higher still is seen the figure of the Eternal Father looking down "well pleased" upon the scene. It is the gift of the Bishop and clergy of the diocese of Albany.

There are eleven windows in the clerestory. The first on the north side contains "The Sacrifice of Abel." In the foreground are seen the first two sons of Adam, each at his altar. The whole is a graphic rendering of Scriptural history. This window was presented by the well-known merchants, Charles and John C. Johnston.

"The Sacrifice of Noah" is the next window. The patriarch and his family are represented as offering a sacrifice to God in thanksgiving for their deliverance. The scriptural account gives the key to the whole scene: "And Noe built an altar unto the Lord and taking all cattle and fowls that were clean offered holocausts upon the altar."

The adjoining window is "The Sacrifice of Melchisedec." Here is beautifully and graphically portrayed the scene which took place in "the woodland vale which is now the salt sea," when Melchisedec, the King of Salem, bringing forth bread and wine, for he was the priest of the most High God, blessed Abram and said: "Blessed be Abram by the most High God who created heaven and earth."

"The Sacrifice of Abraham" fills the

first window on the south side of the sanctuary. The three figures of the angel, Abraham and Isaac fill the foreground. In the background is a well-wrought-out mountain scene in "the land of vision." This window is inscribed, "from Daniel Murphy."

"The Eating of the Paschal Lamb" is the subject of the next window. It shows the interior of a Hebrew household. The time is the night of the institution of the feast of the Passover in the land of Egypt.

"The Great Sacrifice of Calvary" is the sixth and last of the windows of the sacrifice. In the distance rises the Mount of Calvary, with three naked crosses standing out against the sky. The sacrifice is over. Christ has been laid in the tomb. The sun of justice is rising behind Calvary. This window bears on it an inscription commemorating the date of His Eminence's creation as Cardinal, March, 15, 1875. It is the "gift of John Liden."

The first of the windows of the apse is "The Resurrection of Lazarus." The scene presented is that which took place when the Saviour "cried with a loud voice 'Lazarus' come forth.'" This window is the gift of Mrs. Ann Eliza McLaughlin.

The next window is "The Communion of St. John" and represents the scene at the last supper, when Jesus took bread and blessed and broke and gave to his disciples. The window is an offering from Mrs. Mamie Caldwell.

The central window of the apse presents the scene of the Resurrection. This window contains the best executed figure of Christ in the whole collection. He is represented rising from the tomb and bears in his right hand a bright banner on which a cross is emblazoned. Beneath Him two of the guards are fleeing while a third has fallen down with fear. An angel bearing a palm branch is seated on the stone that has been rolled back from the sepulchre and is waiting the coming of "Mary Magdalen, Joanna and Mary of Kames" who are seen approaching in the distance. This window is inscribed, "From the Diocese of Buffalo."

The subject of the fourth window of the apse is "The Giving of the Keys to St. Peter." Christ with His right hand

presents the keys and with His left hand points to heaven. The Apostle is kneeling. Six other disciples are witnesses of the scene. In the distance is a mountain landscape and on the summit of one mountain are seen the towers and battlements of a city, an allusion to the words "The kingdom of God is like to a city seated on a mountain." This window is the gift of the diocese of Brooklyn.

The fifth and last window of the apse represents "Jesus Meeting the Disciples Going to Emmaus." The risen Saviour is reproaching the disciples' incredulity. They have just left Jerusalem, whose walls and battlements are seen near by. In the distance, turning an angle of the high road, are seen a horse-man and a servant on foot. This window is inscribed "In Memoriam—W. M."

Space would not permit a description of the tracery of the windows, which teem with beautiful executed figures of angels and are enriched with enscrolled texts of Scripture. They are unquestionably the most beautiful, graphic and elaborate in design and the best in execution to be seen in any church or cathedral in America.

EDUCATION.—"Educate the masses," says the philosopher, "and humanity will rise to the level of its destined perfection." Were the masses ever, "mentally," better educated than now? It is the boast of the age that education, "such as it is," is more diffused now than at any former period. But the system by which this diffusion is accomplished is so defective that the fruit it yields is rotten to the core. It seeks to instruct the intellect, but leaves the heart untrained for the reception and practice of moral and religious truths. It thus renders the soul callous and indifferent to the voice of conscience. The difference between good and evil, virtue and vice, is made to turn upon the narrow principle of selfish and material advantage, which is the germ of rationalism in religion, and communism in social life. The idea of personal accountability in time and eternity is thus smothered in the social inequalities of life and the repressive measures, enacted by competent authority, to protect society from the outbursts of popular passions.

THE SWORD OF OWEN ROE  
O'NEIL.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY PATRICK SANSFIELD CASSIDY.

No character on the world's stage more richly deserves the undying remembrance, or so readily receives the hallowed veneration of mankind, than does he who, voluntarily and with noble impulse, steps forward to breast the advancing tide of native or alien despotism, when the black flag of oppression overclouds his country, and the appalling roar of the subjugator's cannon may be said to sound the knell of his nation's freedom. Such a character is honored and revered in all civilized countries; and even among barbarous tribes the patriotic warrior—the protector of his people—lives in the extravagant stories and sagas characteristic of primitive races, and his deeds are glorified and handed down through unwritten history and unlettered muse as examples of the noblest type of man, to be studied and emulated by each rising generation of braves. In lettered nations his memory is embalmed in song, and his name immortalized in sober history, more enduring than monuments of brass. And no country on the world's broad face has, considering its extent in square miles, produced so many sons of exalted purpose and devoted patriotism as our own green isle. The degenerate sons of Greece and Rome (or modern Italy) may boast the great and glorious deeds of their heroic forefathers; but the *un*-degenerate sons of Ireland can boast their peers in every respect, a hundred to one. For the Roman youth, whose hand hissed in the Tuscan fire, to show the besiegers of his city the sterling stuff the youth of Rome were made of, we need go no farther back than 1803 to find his rival in the immortal young Robert Emmet. For the pass of the Thermopylae we have hundreds of parallels; but let it suffice to simply refer to how "Myles the Slasher" and a few kindred warriors held the pass of Benburb against the force of England's cavalry; and with "how well Horacius kept the bridge in the brave days of old" we can, with conscious pride compare the de-

fence of the bridge of Limerick, which is unsurpassed in the annals of history for fearless, reckless bravery and stubborn determination, that quality which shallow scribes flippantly assert the Irish character lacks.

The fame of such heroes is not confined to the land for which they fought and fell. It is the noblest aspiration of our natures to seek out, among the crowding phantoms of history, such men, and enshrine them in the temple of memory, to venerate, admire and imitate them, if fortune should ever vouchsafe the opportunity, no matter to what land they belonged. The patriot will perform pilgrimages to the graves of such heroes; the virtuous will collect with untiring zeal every relic of such noble characters, and the historian will dwell upon their deeds and with appreciative pen point the moral of their lives. And this train of thought leads to the subject of our article, the sword of Owen Roe O'Neil, than whom a purer and more devoted patriot the annals of the universe cannot produce. Every person tolerably acquainted with Irish history, and shame on the Irishman who is not thoroughly familiar with it, knows that Owen Roe, after a short but severe illness, died at Cloch Outher on the 6th of November, 1649, the feast of St. Leonard. It was popularly supposed he died from the effects of poison, but this belief has been proved erroneous by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, from reliable manuscripts; and Mr. Meehan may be taken as an authority on this or any other question connected with the history of the O'Neil or O'Donnell families.

But the sword of the dead chieftain was not destined to rest in the scabbard though the arm which so often had wielded it with gory but glorious effect on many a hard-fought field and by many a beleaguered wall, both in Ireland and on the continent, was mouldering into dust in the quiet grave beneath the altar of the Franciscan Convent of Cavan. Henry Roe O'Neil, the young and worthy son of Owen Roe, girded on the sword of his gallant father and offered his services, which were joyously accepted, to Heber MacMahon, Bishop of Clogher, who was then the leader of the northern "rebels," fighting against that merciless monster, Cromwell. I

will pass over the various battles invariably disastrous to MacMahon's little patriot army, fought during the Winter and Spring of 1649-50, and come at once to the fatal field of Scardasolis (ford of light), sometimes but vulgarly written, Scaraffhollis, named so from the flashing lights from the camp on either side having illuminated the ford during the night. On a bright evening in June, 1650, the insurgents under MacMahon were encamped on the north bank of the Swillery river, opposite this ford, and some three miles west of the town of Letterkenny, in the county of Donegal, while the Cromwellian troops occupied the opposing bank, under the generalship of Monk, Coote and Venable.

The Bishop summoned a council of his officers to consult about what was best to be done under the circumstances, whether it was prudent to venture an engagement on such a field, where the Irish army would be under manifest disadvantages on account of the rugged nature of the ground, or wiser to retreat under cover of the night, while yet they could do so. In the middle of their consultation, records and tradition state, a woman of uncommon stature, pale, gaunt and poorly clad, with dishevelled hair floating about her head like the ragged fragments of a wintry cloud in a driving storm, burst into the private tent where the council was being held, and in a tone of wild enthusiasm addressed the Bishop and his assembled officers, who were awed into silence, by the woman's sudden and strange appearance. She said it had been foretold the Irish army was fated to meet a signal and irretrievable defeat on the spot lying between the encampments, and bogged, implored them to retreat, fly, while yet there was time. The Bishop, however, paid little attention to what he considered the insane ravings of a crazed Virago, as he also paid little heed to the unanswerable arguments of Henry Roe O'Neil and others of his officers. Indeed the stubborn Prelate, rashly brave, had fully determined beforehand to risk an engagement, no matter what the consequences, and had called the council merely as a matter of form. Seeing that their arguments were of no avail, young O'Neil and the other chiefs who had tried so earnestly

but unsuccessfully to dissuade the Bishop from leading their men to inevitable destruction, departed, and the council broke up in disorder.

The morning came, and with it the active and eager preparation for battle on both sides. Henry O'Neil and the other dissentients from the doubtful policy of the Bishop determined to make the best of what they looked upon in the light of a forlorn hope, and posted men in the most advantageous positions. The Cromwellians opened the battle with a murderous discharge of cannon. The yet compact little Irish army stood the fire unflinchingly, and returned it to the extent of their resources, which were extremely—nay, wretchedly, small, they having only three old pieces of cannon, and two of these burst at the first discharge! The moment was critical; the Irish were desperate. They bravely breasted the flood of flame which came belching forth from the mouths of the enemy's cannon, and tried to bring the "cursed Cromwellians" to close hand-to-hand fight; but in vain. Traversing the rugged, broken ground, their ranks became divided, and, under the iron hoofs of Coote's cavalry, many of them were trodden to death. The Irish soldiers fought with the reckless bravery of their race; but it was not in mortal men, nor in devils, to withstand the murderous belching of the iron-mouthed engines of death and the trampling hoofs of the excited cavalry. With ranks almost cut to pieces, at last a retreat was sounded, and the shattered remnant of the gallant little Irish phalanx fled in wild disorder from the disastrous field. Bishop MacMahon and most of the officers were captured, among whom were three captains of the O'Farrell family and a number of the O'Neils, those fearless and fighting descendants of the Hy-Nial—that race of warriors who have never yet failed to give their quota of volunteers to the field in every effort made to achieve the independence of the dear old land. The few who escaped of the little army were scattered and flying, and all hope of retrieving the misfortunes of the day had vanished. Henry Roe O'Neil, headed and spurred his steed up the glen of the Swillery river, hotly pursued by a company of Coote's cavalry. On, on he sped at the

furious speed of a spirit of the storm, and fast, fast, behind came his merciless pursuers. He bravely kept his distance, and even gained ground. On up the level loamy banks of the slowly winding Swillery. On, past the sandy ridges of Rashedag. Up through the heathery gorges of Glenkeoragh. Sure of foot that panting steed, and fearless is the rider! Down through the swampy marshes of Drimmeenagh, gaining still and still unjaded. But hold! What? Gone down in the treacherous swamp and bogged beyond relief!

All the efforts of the spirited animal to extricate himself, even with the assistance of his gallant rider, were unavailing. O'Neil, with a heavy heart and the shadow of coming fate darkening his brow, whirled his sword from its scabbard—the sword of Owen Roe—and, plunging it into the quivering breast of his brave steed, exclaimed: "No saxon robber or native slave shall ever bestride thee!" The noble animal plunged, reared, and with a great effort of supernatural strength, bounded out on the firm heath; but only to fall dead! Then, plunging his sword into the swampy earth and trampling the hilt beneath the surface, the hunted chieftain folded his arms, dropped his head on his broad chest, and, accepting what was an inevitable fate, calmly waited the approach of his pursuers. In gloom and silence, he surrendered.—Enough! His fate can easily be guessed. He received that mercy which England gave to an Irishman in his position. Before another moon his head was the ghastly adornment on a spear on the gates of Dublin—the city and stronghold of the Pale.

Tradition in the neighborhood and written records fully agree to the facts connected with the fate of Henry Roe O'Neil, and to the embedding of the sword in the bog. Many searches had been made to recover the historic relic, but without success, it was however, accidentally dug up some thirty years ago by men engaged in cutting turf, and at a place almost identical with that pointed out by tradition; which shows that popular tradition should not be looked too lightly upon in the investigation of historic points. The local agent of the landlord of the property heard of

the discovery, and demanded the trophy. The local agent and Justice of the Peace was then all powerful, and the sword was submissively given up by the men who had found it. The sword remained in the possession of the agent's family until some eight or ten years ago, when the agent died, and the family becoming scattered, it was purchased at auction, among some dozen or more similar weapons, and is now in the safe hands of patriotic gentleman of the County Donegal, in whose custody it was left by the writer of this article.

The blade is fully four feet long, and has the Red Right Hand, the crest of the O'Neils, inlaid in gold on both sides of the blade, which is double-edged, and about half an inch of the point of which is broken off—probably shivered or snapped off in being drawn from between the ribs of some empaled enemy. The inlaid Red Right Hand is, on one side of the blade, perfect; but on the other side, while altogether distinct, the hand of obliteration had touched it lightly when it was rescued from "the enemy." The hilt is of basket-make, and is richly carved. The good old weapon is in an excellent state of preservation, and could yet do execution in the hands of some successor worthy of the great Owen Roe, whose sad death Thomas Davis has so sweetly, so pathetically, so mournfully wailed in imperishable numbers. Peace to the shade of Owen Roe! His sword will be religiously preserved for his sake and for the deeds which it has done.

Easter Sunday was the fiftieth anniversary of Catholic Emancipation. Not one of the Ministers that carried the measure is alive, nor is a member now in Parliament that voted for or against it. Now there are 34 Catholic peers, 26 of whom sit in the House of Lords, and 51 Catholic M. P.'s, while five members of the Privy Council belong to the once proscribed faith. The Roman Catholics have in the British Empire 126 dioceses and nearly 14,000,000 population. In Great Britain there are eighteen dioceses, 2,140 priests, 1,348 places of worship, and a Catholic population of about 2,000,000.

## AN ALLEGORY.

SOME travelers were once making their way, wearily, over a strange country. They had passed through a rough region, along uneven roads, and the weather had been, for the most part, unpropitious. They were trying to make their way to a beautiful country they had heard of, where ruled a very powerful and very good king. They were to see him, first of all, in order to get permission to settle in his country. So they asked many questions of those they met along the road, about the character and temper of the king, that they might know how to address him, and what to expect of him when they should meet him face to face.

They heard that the king had his mother living with him. So one of their number—a wise man—said: "I will find out how the king treats his mother; for from this I can know whether his goodness is genuine or only craftiness; since he who in the midst of greatness forgets not his origin, and despises not the ties of nature, must be right of heart; whereas he who exalts himself above those who gave him being, must be selfish, and unworthy of any dignity, which he certainly seeks to make advantageous only to himself." So he began to ask of those in whose company he chanced to fall, as they were journeying on, "How does the king treat his mother?"

The first one who happened to hear the question was a portly man, dressed in long silk robes, with two pieces of white cambric flowing at his throat in imitation of a neck cloth. This man was not journeying, but stopping to dine in a pleasant spot, while his elegant carriage awaited his order to start. He began answering the question with such an air as made all say within themselves: "Now we shall know all the truth; for surely here we have the king's uncle or mayhap, his prime minister." These were his words: "You ask, how does the king treat his mother? You must know, then, that the king is too great to treat his mother very well. He keeps her apart from himself, never speaks to her about his wishes or intentions; and if he should hear of any

one asking her to try to get some favor for him, would be exceedingly angry. In short, he gives her enough to live on, but no share of his company or of his kingdom." At these words of the portly man, who, after pronouncing them, proceeded to take a cup of wine, the countenances of the travelers fell, and they were sad.

"Truly," said he who was wise among them, "if the king is too great to treat his mother well, what favor can we strangers expect? And if he speak not to her, how shall he speak to us? I do mistrust me that he is neither so wise nor so good as we have been told. For surely it is neither good nor wise to look coldly on her who bore and nursed us. I fear to meet this king, who loves not his mother, and makes his greatness an excuse for treating her with neglect."

Then one among them, named The Simple, said: "Mayhap this portly man has not told the truth. Let us journey on and inquire of others." And they listened to his words, and journeyed on.

They had not gone far when they fell in with another traveler, of kindly aspect, of whom they inquired how the king treated his mother, who answered: "As a son ought to treat a mother—with exceeding respect and love." With these words the hearts of the travelers began to grow light again. But the wise man shook his head. "How can he treat her with respect and love when he keeps her separated from himself, consults not with her, tells her not his wishes, and is angry if any one prefer a petition to him through her hands?" The heart of the traveler with kindly aspect was stirred within him, and he spoke solemnly, in these words:

"Some enemy of the king hath slandered him unto thee. He doth indeed honor his mother. He doth not keep her apart from himself, but ever near him; and it is his delight to tell her his thoughts, and to show his reverence for her by granting requests. Often he speaks to her of the days of their affliction. For you must know that the good king was once a wanderer from his kingdom, and suffered many straits and sore anguish. And there, through

many years of sore trial, his gentle mother alone was true to him. Of those times does he now delight to converse with her, and to say: 'Mother, thou didst love more than any other ever loved, and together we lived, patiently, through poverty, hunger, cold, pain and evil report. Now joy smiles upon us, but it would not be joy to me, nor would I care to be a king were it not to do royal things in thy behalf.' Harken not therefore to the lying tongues which say that the king, having now reached his throne, loves his mother no more."

Then were the travelers very glad, and they moved on with fleet steps. But the wise one still doubted. "The things you tell us," he said, "are such as we would fain believe, for they honor the king. But whence do you know their truth?"

The other answered: "I learned them from the king's bride, who was traveling about to invite people to come and settle in the kingdom. She was empowered by the king to take his place, and to show travelers what road they should go on, and to furnish the means for making the journey. She taught me many things about the kingdom—and, among others, that the king would let no one into it who spoke disrespectfully of his mother."

Then all the travelers spoke together: "If these things are so, then is the king truly good, and his mother truly happy in such a son."

The King is Jesus Christ. The King's Mother is Mary. The King's Bride is the Church. The travelers are all who yet dwell in the shadow of this fleshy life. The portly man is an Anglican Bishop. The man of kindly aspect is a Priest.

How unreasonable is that view which the Anglican misbelievers hold of the Mother of God? Was not Jesus Christ her Son—her own flesh and her own blood? Did He not love her on the earth—when He slept in her lap, when He traveled clinging round her neck, when He was "subject to her" at Nazareth, and when He watched her weeping at the foot of the Cross? Undoubtedly. Then why should He not love her still? Has His triumph over death and hell hardened His heart?

Does His exaltation make Him forget those who shared His sorrows? Surely not. The King honors His Mother, and will refuse her nothing. Mary, our Mother, can obtain all she asks for us. *Quæramus gratiam et per Mariam quæramus.*

#### SOME PERSONALS.

HERE is some gossip about celebrated persons which ought to interest the ordinary reader. As it is not long the reading of it will not take much time, and at any rate it is pretty sure not to do anyone any harm. Chat about the world's celebrities is always worth listening to, and this is about as pleasant as one can easily find in print:

#### ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

The greatest men that history records have not been without their little weaknesses, somewhat flattering to humanity, because proving them to be simply men and not demigods. Thus Sir Walter Raleigh in his best days was a consummate dandy, and it is said appeared at court with six thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in his shoes, while his sword-hilt and baldric were studded with precious stones of great value. Bruyere, whose written lines were aglow with poetry and wit, was coarse, heavy and vulgarly stupid in society, and as a cotemporary declares, was in consequence the subject of many a practical joke. Next there occurs to us the great philosopher, Descartes, who had a perfect passion for wigs, not unlike Sir Richard Steele, who would sometimes spend forty guineas on a black peruke. Corneille, the French Shakspeare, spoke in language so ungrammatical as to mortify his friends constantly, while his conversation was the acme of stupidity. What was said of Descartes might apply also to him, viz., that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, not in current coin. Who ever thinks of Goldsmith without calling up that irrepressible peach-colored cont? It is immortal as its master, and one never forgets the German flute that fed and lodged the itinerant in his wanderings over half of Europe.

According to Johnson, Pope had such

a high opinion of himself as to think he was one of the pivots of the system of the world—the little, deformed satirist was pite personified. Vanity builds its nest and hatches its brood in high places. Napoleon prided himself on the smallness of his hands and feet. Sir Walter Scott was prouder of being sheriff of Selkirkshire than of his reputation as the author of *Waverley*. Byron was vain to excess—vain of his genius, his rank, and vain even of his vices. What contrasts presents themselves as the panorama of the mind unrolls the imprint of memory. Dryden, the illustrious poet, was yet all that he described himself to be, “slow in conversation, dull in humor, saturnine and reserved.” The trite saying, that no man is a hero to his own valet, has abundant illustration. The Count de Grammont once surprised Cardinal Richelieu jumping with his servant to see which could leap the highest, and by permitting the Cardinal to beat him a few inches he gained his fixed friendship and great political preferment. Salvator Rosa was full of fun and frolic, often playing in impromptu comedies, and was more than once detected by his friends in the streets of Rome dressed as a mountebank. Mediocrity is ever voluble, and genius oftenest reticent. Addison’s conversational deficiencies are well known, nor was the greatest master of English literature himself ignorant of the fact, as he used to declare that he had a good bank at home, but didn’t carry small change with him.

The favorite recreation of Petavius, the learned Jesuit, was, after application to study and writing for hours, to twirl his chair steadily for five or ten minutes. Cujus, the famous lawyer, studied lying upon the floor with his books about him. Odd enough, most certainly, are the fancies of genius. Spinoza took a strange and absorbing delight in seeing spiders fight, returning to this strange amusement frequently during the day; while a singular contrast and yet partial resemblance was seen in Magliabecchi, the famous librarian of the Duke of Tuscany. He was passionately fond of spiders, fed and protected them, and would not permit them to be disturbed. He was a profound student, yet hourly returned to his strange pets, as a relaxa-

tion and amusement. Moses Mendelssohn, called the Jewish Socrates, passed hours together counting the tiles on a neighboring roof, “an occupation which he found very composing and quieting, mentally and physically.” Cowper, while a prey to the deepest melancholy, a sort of monomania, indeed, wrote that famous burlesque, *John Gilpin*, and passed his leisure hours in making bird cages and breeding rabbits.

Mina, the justly famous Swiss painter, always had a room full of cats, and one upon his shoulder while he was drawing. Even Dr. Johnson, the blunt old philosopher, petted his cat constantly, and kept him at night, when “he made it quite comfortable at the foot of the bed.” On the contrary, it will be remembered that Henry III., of France, could not remain in the room with a cat.

Sometimes the idiosyncrasies of great men are repulsive—for instance, Goethe had a fondness for snakes, and petted a tame adder, while at the same time he had a most unaccountable aversion to dogs, which was exhibited whenever he saw one. Erasmus, the profound scholar and philosopher, was terrified and would almost faint at the sight of fish. Thompson’s greatest delight was to saunter in his garden and eat ripe peaches off the trellices, with his hands in his pockets, an invariable practice in the fruit season; and Gray said he would like to pass his life on a sofa reading French novels. The cynical but profound Rochefoucault sought inspiration in raw onions, and Choate, like Dr. Shaw, the naturalist, would drink ten cups of strong tea at a sitting. Thackeray felt so sensitive at the diminutive character of his nose, that he never forgot to present a full face to you when talking, and took advantage of all occasions to avoid exposing his profile. Lamb stammered so as to nearly tumble over his half-uttered sentences, yet the pen of Elia glided like a fairy wand, as it recorded lines now so tenderly cherished.

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If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink.

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He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?

## THE IRISH DAISY.

The crocus and the snow drop raise  
Their heads a day, when thaws the frost,  
The primrose in a week decays,  
The cow-lip's sooner lost.

The fragrance rich of ripe woodbine  
Forbids the flower's long delay—  
And like delicious eglantine,  
Its colors melt away.

The tulip glows in summer bloom—  
Its petals soon neglected lie—  
The Peony sheds its rank perfume,  
Then droops it down to die.

The royal moss rose scents the air—  
Its loveliness like Spanish maid :  
Alas ! that those so sweet and fair,  
Should blossom but to fade.

The robe's luxuriance imperils,  
While beauty changes when most bright,  
The daisies, like our Irish girls,  
Preserve their red and white.

Yes, Ireland's Daisy, modest flower—  
Whose spangling corols fleck the field,  
Still lives in every changing hour—  
And grows when others yield.

It creeps beside the heather bell—  
And climbs the hill and mountain blue ;  
Or seeks the shade of haunted dell—  
Gem'd with a drop of dew.

Mid rock and ridge its fragile stem  
Bends gently to the thunder storm,  
Then shows, like alabaster gem,  
With green and gold, its form.

The butterfly—her filmy wing  
Folds up in slumber on its breast,  
And bumble bees around it cling—  
Beside the wild bird's nest.

Oh ! may my bruised and bleeding Isle—  
As sorrow's clouds and storms have  
passed :  
Soon like the low laid Daisy smile,  
And hold her own at last.

When kingdoms now in richest bloom  
And luxury, and pride of power,  
May meet in course of time the doom  
That humbled Erin's flower.

Then as the Daisy lifts again  
Its silver fringe and golden crown,  
Tho' howling winds and heavy rain  
Attempt to beat it down :

So shall the Emerald Isle once more—  
With its old gifted, Celtic race—  
The days of persecution o'er—  
With Nations take its place.

MONTREAL.

LAGENIAN.

## THE WILD GEESE ;

OR,

## THE RAPPAREES OF BARNESMORE.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS,

Author of "The Rose of Mourne," "Rapparee  
Ballads," &c., &c.,

"The wild geese, the wild geese ! 'tis long since they flew  
O'er the billowy ocean's dark bosom of blue."

## CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

As the one who had assisted them, and who seemed to be the superior officer by the brilliancy of his uniform and the deference paid him by the rest, took Mabel's hand to help her to the deck, he looked into her eyes with a gaze that seemed to fascinate her, for she could not withdraw her eyes from his, and thus they stood for more than a minute as if trying to read the depths of each other's souls. At length the officer, who could no longer conceal his emotion, brushing away the tears that sprung to his eye, said in a broken and husky voice :

"Mabel, do you not know me ? I am Owen ! your brother Owen !"

With a cry of joy she flung her arms around him, and, forgetful of all present, kissed him again and again. It was the only moment of happiness she had known for years. The officers, imbued with the delicacy and politeness of their nation, withdrew and left the Lieutenant alone with his sister and their friends. It was a happy meeting, and no heart there throbbed with more exquisite pleasure than Lucy Ogilby's. She could not tell why, but as Owen conducted them to the place assigned for Mabel, she felt her heart expand with a rapture and a brightness it had never before known. As he took his leave to resume his duty, her eyes followed him until he became lost among the crowd of sailors who swarmed the deck, and then, throwing herself into Mabel's arms, burst into tears.

The men were all safely on board, and the boats were putting off from the ship, when Owen detained them for a moment to inquire how many men were left behind on shore.

"About thirty," replied one of the sailors.

"Then launch another boat. The bay is rough, and you may need all the oars you can command, and muskets, too, if I am to judge by what I think is passing on shore."

Another boat was immediately launched, and in company the four boats set out for shore. But the waves were now rolling high, and the rude breeze blowing from the land strongly impeded their progress and delayed their passage to the strand where their friends were anxiously expecting them.

Hugh and Brian had watched with eager eyes the boat that conveyed those they loved until it was lost to sight. They knew they had plenty of time to reach the ship before their pursuers would come in sight. But they had not calculated on a storm, and as the clouds grew more threatening and the wind more violent they began to doubt if their chances of escape were so strong after all. Half an hour elapsed, and impatiently they passed up and down the strand. At length the boats appeared in sight, steering toward them, and they began to breathe freer; but at the same moment Fergus brought them tidings that the enemy were in sight.

Straining their eyes across the waters toward the islands, they could see the boats laboring against a heavy wind and a heavy sea, and it was doubtful if they could gain the strand before the enemy. However, they prepared for either emergency. As the shore afforded them no protection against a superior force, they retired to a distance, where the ground was more suited for defense than the bare and treeless strand. Leaving one man behind to await the boats, they took up their position on a great eminence about two hundred yards from the bay, and here they waited the approach of the Queen's troops, who could now be distinctly seen approaching.

Being reinforced by the garrison of Donegal, who had fled thither from the fierce charge of Fergus a few hours previous, the troops from Barnesmore again met the men who had twice defeated them that morning. As far as numbers were concerned, the loyalists still had advantage, but it was no part of Hugh's plan to risk a battle, but merely to keep them in play until the

boats arrived. He stood on the defensive, and waited calmly until they appeared within twenty yards of the base of the knoll on which he stood. Then, delivered his fire right into their faces, his men, following his example, threw themselves on their backs and reloaded their pieces. While in this position the bullets of the enemy glanced harmlessly over them, inflicting no damage and causing the outlaws to shout in derision and defiance. The loyalists endeavored to surround them; but the quick and incessant flashes that sprung from the height admonished them of the futility of their efforts without a dreadful sacrifice of life. But at all hazards they were determined to close in upon them and kill or capture the last man. Dividing their forces so as to attack on all sides, they made a simultaneous advance; but Hugh, who had been watching the boats, now observed that they were nearing the shore, and gave the order to retreat.

Rushing rapidly down the height, they met face to face the remnant of Crosby's men, led on by Mr. Ogilby. Firing as they went, the Rapparees dashed through them, leaving Mr. Ogilby and a dozen of his men wounded behind them, and gained the beach. The bullets whistled behind them and the soldiers followed in close pursuit.

The boats were now within a few yards of the shore; but so strong was the surf that they were unable to land.

"Dash into the water, boys!" shouted Hugh, "and meet them. In, every man of you. Look! there's the other boats coming to our assistance."

Fergus leaped into the surf, and grasping one of the boats, shoved it toward the shore. The men scrambled in and tried to fire their pieces at the enemy, now collecting on the strand; but the priming was wet—the water had rendered them useless. The boats, however, were provided with muskets, and these they used, but with what advantage could not be seen, as the waves rolled so violently that the men could scarcely retain their seats. The shots from the shore now began to pour upon them, and several were wounded before they could climb into the boats, now crowding around them. Fergus, Brian and Hugh were the last to leave the

water and leap into a boat. As they did so one of the sailors was struck with a ball on the shoulder, and dropped the oar. Fergus grasped it and took his place; but at the first stroke it snapped, one half falling into the waves, the other remaining in his hand. With a curse, he flung it toward the shore, and, taking *Bride Baen* from his shoulder, pulled the trigger. For once she deceived him. The water had damaged her, too, and she could not respond. Fergus was furious. The enemy were showering their bullets around him and he could not reply. He could see them aiming at him from the shore, and only the unsteady and capricious movements of the boat diverted their aim and saved him from death.

But unexpected aid was at hand, and a powerful auxiliary was in readiness and waiting for a favorable moment to render them assistance. During their retreat from the knoll to the beach, and while they were struggling and foundering in the water, the ship had veered round from the Islands and stood out in the bay within a few hundred yards of the shore. The gunners stood with lighted matches at the guns, and Owen waited until the boats could put out far enough from shore to give the enemy a broadside. While Fergus was chafing at his ill luck, and for the first time in his life beginning to despair, a voice from one of the boats in advance shouted over the waters:

"Lie down! every man of you! Flat in the boats!"

Instinctively they obeyed, and in another moment the thunder of a dozen cannon boomed upon their startled ears; a shower of iron hail screamed over their heads, and cries of agony from the strand told how well their French allies had done their work.

"Ha! that was Owen!" exclaimed Hugh; "God bless him! I knew he would not fail us!"

"Who? What Owen do you mean?" cried Brian, in astonishment.

"Why, Owen Mullin, your brother and First Lieutenant on board the *La Belle Helene*!"

Brian could not speak. The tears rolled down his cheeks, a mist came before his eyes, and clasping his hand, he uttered a prayer of thankfulness to God.

The sailors on the ship gave a cheer as the boats came alongside, and soon afterwards Hugh and his Rapparees were safe on the deck of the *Helene*, and Brian Mullin was in the arms of his long-lost brother.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

Come, then, I bid thee welcome to this heart,  
For thou indeed a kindred spirit art;  
In this bright world the pleasing task be ours  
To make more happy all the passing hours.

P. J. CROSBY.

THE next scene in our story opens on board the *La Belle Helene*. Owen, Brian, Hugh and Fergus were seated on the upper deck of the good ship as she lay at midnight securely anchored between the Green Islands. It was a lovely night. The stars beamed down in all their splendor on the tranquil waters, now calm and unruffled as the sky itself, and sea, and shore and island looked beautiful in the bright moonlight. But, though bright was the scene of beauty that lay around them, and much as they loved to gaze upon it, other thoughts engrossed their minds, and other objects held possession of their hearts. It was evident by the earnestness of their speech and gestures that something important was being discussed, and though their troubles were now at an end so far as their safety was concerned, it was apparent that something still lay heavy on their hearts. Fergus was the only one in the group who showed no sign of interest in the conversation or its object, but calm and listless, with his huge limbs outstretched on the deck, gazed silently upon the waters. An hour had elapsed and they were still in deep converse when Mabel and Alice and Lucy joined them. Being seated, Brian turned to Alice, and in a deep and earnest tone addressed her.

"We have been talking, Miss Alice," he said, "of our future prospects, and also of what steps we think it best to pursue in regard to your welfare and happiness. You are now alone in the world, and there are none from whom you can claim protection. Mabel has imparted to us your desire of remaining with her in Paris. I know the affection that exists between you; but you must remember that the events of the last few days have materially changed your social position in

the world, and that you are now the rightful and lawful heiress to your father's vast estates. If you do not claim them they will go to the Crown, and be lost to you forever. Your destiny is now in your own hands, and, guided by my feelings and friendship for you, I would advise you to go with Miss Ogilby, and, placing yourself under her father's protection, claim your inheritance. Hugh and Owen acquiesce in this and will aid you, as far as lies in their power, to carry out the intention."

"I am well aware, Brian," replied Alice, "of your affection and Mabel's toward me. I cannot hide from you, even if I desired to do so, the love I feel for the friends of my youth. Presuming on the love you bear me, I have cast my destiny with Mabel's, and where she goes I go, be it poverty or affluence, for splendor or misery, for freedom or slavery. I cannot return to the Hall. Who have I there to welcome me? My parents are dead, and the only friends I love on earth are here. Can you blame me for clinging to them?"

"O, no, no, Alice, my sweet sister!" exclaimed Mabel, putting her arm around her neck and pressing her to her heart; "we do not blame you, but you must not risk fortune and station for the love or friendship of such as us. Be guided by Brian and Hugh; trust in Mr. Ogilby and all will be well."

"What you say, Mabel, I will abide by, but I will not leave you and yours, though I got Ireland for my dowry."

"You are right, Alice," exclaimed Lucy, rushing towards her, "were I in your position I would not give the love of Mabel and Brian for the world."

"It is worth more than a king's ransom," said Hugh; "but still you must remember, Lucy, that one cannot live on love alone; I agree with Brian that Alice should go under your father's protection."

"If she agrees to it, and comes under my father's roof, she will find in me a sister and a friend," replied Lucy.

"That I well believe," returned Hugh; "but let us hear Alice's *ipse dixit*."

"I have given it before," replied Alice; "where Mabel goes, I go."

"Well, then," said Mabel, "listen to the advice of your friends. What-

ever they say, believe me, is for your good."

"I am willing to listen to them, and shall agree to everything they propose, provided I am not parted from you, Mabel."

"You shall not be parted," replied Hugh; "but in the meantime we must look after your welfare."

"Well, what is your proposition?"

"Let Brian answer," replied Hugh.

"My proposition is this," said Brian, "that Miss Crosby and Miss Ogilby remain on board until such time as we hear from Mr. Ogilby. We must despatch a messenger to Donegal to obtain tidings from him, and also to make arrangements between him and Alice for the disposal of her property. If by a written agreement, drawn up in the presence of a lawyer, she authorizes Mr. Ogilby to act as her agent and assume control of the estate, he will be empowered to manage the property and dispose of it as she dictates, no matter where she may reside. But in order to confer this authority on him it will be necessary for her to be present at the agreement and have it drawn up according to the legal forms of the day. Her signature will be necessary, and for that purpose she will be compelled to go to Donegal."

"She can go with Lucy," observed Hugh, "and under the guidance of some of our men return to the ship. How long do you intend to remain here Owen?"

"As long as you can get me volunteers for the Irish Brigade in France, so long shall we remain."

"Your time, then, is not limited; so we can send a messenger to-night, and he will be able to bring news in a day or two. The question is who can we send?"

"I think that Dan Daily is the safest one we can find," said Brian. "He is known to everybody as one of Major Crosby's servants."

"You forget," replied Hugh, "that he has been absent for a week, and, being a Papist, would be arrested before he reached his destination or got time to have an interview with Mr. Ogilby."

"Fergus must come to our aid," said Mabel. "He knows every man in the band, even better than you do, Hugh, and I have every trust in his shrewd-

ness and cunning. Won't you help us, Fergus?"

"If you take my advice," said Fergus, "you'll send Shamus Beg. Write all the letters you want, an' give Shamus an owld fiddle under his arm, and an owld clay pipe in his mouth, an' I'll warrant he'll play the fool, or the messenger, or the spy as bravely as the rest of them. Thy him wanst, an' if he fails never trust me or him again."

"Let Shamus get ready, then. It will tax all his cunning, I'm thinking, to elude the vigilance of those he will be obliged to encounter in Donegal," said Brian, altogether ignorant of the character or genius of the redoubtable Shamus.

"Troth, you needn't fret about him, Brian," returned Fergus, laughing. "His own mother wouldn't know him if she met him on the road, an' its doubtful if a stranger will."

"You can trust him, Brian," said Hugh; "I have employed him in as dangerous undertakings as this, and he always proved successful."

"Let him start as soon as possible, then," replied Brian, rising. "I suppose Miss Ogilby will also write to her father."

"We all intend to write," said Mabel, "if Owen will only give us a place to do it in."

"Then follow me," said Owen, rising, and leading them towards the cabin.

In the course of half an hour a boat was lowered from the deck of the *La Belle Helene*, and Shamus Beg, taking a seat in the stern, was quickly propelled by four lusty oars to the shore. The sailors returned to the ship, and soon silence reigned around, unbroken save by the armed tread of the sentries as they paced the deck.

Lucy retired to rest, but Mabel and Alice remained in conversation long after her departure. Lucy opened her confiding heart to her friend, and recited to her her troubles and sorrows, and her ardent longing after the death of her father, whom she loved with all a daughter's affection, despite his cruel disposition, to be away from the riotous and bloody scenes which sickened and appalled her, and be once more with her old and tried friends. Life at the Hall was no longer

endurable after the loss of her only parent, and her brother's conduct was becoming so unblushingly profligate, and the character of his companions so questionable, that it was no longer a fit abode for a young and virtuous female. Her only confidants were Dan Daily and her maid, and, acting on their advice, she adopted the only means at her disposal to fly from a place which she could no longer call a home, and seek refuge in a foreign land until brighter and happier times should dawn. She had intended at first to meet Mabel at Mr. Ogilby's; but, fearing to compromise that gentleman, she abandoned the idea, and acting on Dan Daily's suggestion, accompanied him, disguised as his nephew. Dan persuaded her to adopt this measure as the only one likely to insure her escape, as all the domestics were minions of her brother, and would prevent her from leaving the Hall. Dan also asserted that a French ship was lying in Donegal Bay, and waiting to carry Fergus and his band to France. Mabel and her brother were to join them; and if she missed this opportunity, she might never meet with her friends again, and be forced to endure the brutality of her brother, and, perhaps, the insults of his wild and profligate associates.

"And this, dear Mabel," continued Alice, "is why I am here. I blush when I think of the manner of my escape, and the means used to obtain it. But I know that you, Brian or Hugh will not think the worse of your poor friend, or her motives in seeking in such an unfeminine way the only friend whom she loves."

"Believe it, Alice; and you are a brave girl to run such risks for our sakes. Hugh and Brian are honorable and love you for your own sake, as I do. They know your worth, and, though your family has been their enemies and caused them to suffer much, they would not injure a hair of your head for the wealth of worlds, and would freely lay down their lives at your feet."

"O! Mabel, how can I ever repay the love and services rendered me by you and yours?"

"By remaining with us, Alice, in France, until such time as you wish to return to Ireland. As for us, we

can never again see our native mountains or the land which God gave to our fathers."

"Mabel, what I said to-night I repeat again to you; I will not be parted from you, and where you go I go."

"Well, Alice, I will not try to persuade you to the contrary, for if I did, my heart would rebel against me."

"God bless you, Mabel, for the words; I feared you might blame my conduct."

"No, no; under the circumstances, I would have acted as you have done; and surely, surely, I cannot blame the love that prompted my friend to come to me."

"Then, Mabel, all is well. I did all for the best, and now, when smiled upon by you and among the dearest friends, let us try to forget our sorrows and live them down together."

"Alice, the heart, men say, is a capricious thing; but I feel that mine is moulded of a sterner nature, and can never forget its sorrows or its joys."

"Nor mine, Mabel; but is it not better to try to forget our sorrows than to keep brooding over them?"

"It is, but they have been so recent that nature will assert her sway despite the utmost courage of the will to conquer; and the heart, no matter how we strive against it, will always bias and outweigh the mind."

"Our troubles are the same; but if we strive, Mabel, we may in time forget them. I have not forgotten the teachings of Father Dominick, and I know that you still remember and practice them."

"Alice, you have recalled me to a sense of my duty. I have only been adding poignancy to your grief, when I should have been administering consolation to your heart. The good Father's name brings back to me the memory of many a happy scene when you and I, Alice, knelt at his knee, and, before my angel mother, gave us his holy blessing. God forgive me if I have erred and indulged too much in my selfish grief; but there are times when the spirit, overburdened with its weight of woe, will sink in despair and seek no refuge but tears. But, this is sinful. Our holy Church points out the way to consolation and offers us a balm for all our sorrows if we seek it. And now, Alice,

thank you for your wise counsel and for reminding me of my duty to God and to my self, embrace me ere you retire, for I wish to offer up a prayer for the repose of the soul of Father Dominick, and of all the souls of the faithful departed."

"Mabel," replied Alice, her face assuming a more serious expression and her voice a more earnest tone; "Mabel, I did not mean to teach you your duty—that you have never been deficient in; but knowing that your heart is sad, as mine is, I hope that our companionship would at least alleviate a pang, and that our prayers together mingled might soothe our sorrows and lighten the burden on our hearts. Mabel, we have prayed together in childhood and knelt for the same blessing at the same knee; why cannot we pray together now?"

There was a tremor in her voice as she spoke, and so appealingly were the last words uttered that Mabel unconsciously felt the tears starting to her eyes. Taking Alice's hand in hers, she looked for one moment in her sad pale face, and answered in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"Alice, you can join me if you wish; but remember the prayers I offer are the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and the Litany of the Dead, for I am a Catholic."

"And Mabel," replied Alice, drawing herself up to her full height, a bright smile beaming on her countenance, "I will join you, for I, too, am a Catholic."

"You, Alice!"

"Yes, Mabel. Three days before Father Dominick expired on the gallows I was baptized by him, and from his hands received my first communion. Here is an Agnus Dei he gave me, and which I have since worn with all the devotion of a devotee."

She drew an Agnus Dei from her bosom, and, kissing it, showed it to Mabel.

The latter looked at her with mingled feelings of surprise and joy, and, clasping her in her arms, exclaimed, in a voice choked with sighs and tears:

"O! Alice, Alice, truly you are now my sister. Well might Father Dominick die a happy death, for he had brought back to the fold the child of his greatest enemy. Let us kneel and pray."

They knelt together, and from these two young hearts went up a prayer as pure as ever was breathed to the throne of mercy.

Next day, Mass was celebrated on the gun-deck of the *Belle Helene*, and, to the wonder of Hugh and his band, Alice was one of the participants. Lucy did not appear, but, after Mass, she joined them on the upper deck, and engaged in an animated conversation with Owen. Alice was relating the history of her conversion to Hugh and Brian, and, during one of the pauses in the conversation, Lucy caught the words uttered by Alice: "Since then I have been a Catholic." Lucy inquired their meaning, and was told their import by Owen. She remained silent for a few moments, deeply immersed in thought, and then looking at Owen, said:

"It seems very strange that the child could become a convert to the faith which the father so cruelly persecuted."

"I have seen stranger things happen in the Church of Notre Dame, in Paris," answered Owen.

"It may be so," she replied; "but it is very strange," and relapsed again into silence. Owen did not follow up the subject, and as Mabel then joined them, other topics were discussed, and among them the probable fate and fortune of Shamus Beg in the enemy's camp. At best, they could not expect to hear from him until night, and, until then, could only hazard a conjecture as to his success or failure.

But when another day and night had passed and no tidings received from him, they began to fear for his safety. Even Hugh himself felt gloomy forebodings of his fate; but Fergus laughed at the idea of his capture, and said he would soon return, adding, "that the devil himself couldn't outwit Shamus Beg for craft and cunning."

And Fergus was not far wrong, as we shall see.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

He was a care-defying blade  
As ever Bacchus listed.

—BURNS.

The sun was riding high in heaven, "silvering the trees and waves," and shining with undimmed and cloudless splendor upon the picturesque and an-

cient town of Donegal. The bustle and excitement of the last few days, consequent on the meeting of the Rapparees and the military had somewhat subsided, and the broken fragments of the latter that escaped the slaughter had joined their forces and met and centred in the town. The dead had been collected and decently interred; the wounded were conveyed to the hospital attached to the barracks situated in the Diamond which stands in the principal street of Donegal, and the town itself was in the hands and under the supervision of the military. The latter patrolled the streets, and were to be met with at every corner, striking terror, as they imagined, into the hearts of the inhabitants. On the royal barracks floated a huge flag emblazoned with the royal arms of England, and on several private residences a flag was displayed intimating that some wounded officer lay sick within. Notwithstanding the display of military and the prevalence of red and gorgeous uniforms, the inhabitants seemed to carry on their avocations as peacefully and quietly as if nothing unusual had occurred to disturb the equanimity and tranquility of the little town. The strut of the soldiers and their scowling looks at the townsfolk seemed to awe them into submission, but the venom and hatred exhibited in the faces of the latter, when at a respectful distance, seemed to bode no good to the soldiery, and threatened, if occasion offered, to burst out into bloodshed and rebellion. They remained passive, however, and continued their daily routine of business in a peaceable and unoffending manner.

It was about ten o'clock, and the beautiful waters of the River Esk lay calm and seemingly motionless, as if wooing the kisses of the golden sun: his beams brightened the Atlantic into a thousand dimples and arrayed in gorgeous splendor the emerald foliage of the Green Islands and Ballywell; while to the north the old castle of the O'Donnells, ruined and lone and bare, seemed to catch a brighter tint from his beams and shine again in a halo of its lost and ancient splendor. Southward the old Abbey of the Four Masters loomed upon the sight, reminding one of "the light of other days" and the glory of ancient Erin. But this idea was rudely dissipa-

ted by the sight of the foreign soldiers who thronged the streets and spoke in the harsh tongue of the stranger. This probably was the thought of an individual who was seen entering the town from the direction of Barnesmore, and who, neither looking to the right nor left, passed directly into the Diamond, regardless of the surprised looks of the military or the jests of the populace at his singular and uncouth appearance.

Although the day was hot and sultry, his head was enveloped in a rabbit skin cap, somewhat in the shape of a turban, from which depended a broad red ribbon which reached far down his back. A vest of the same color, with large flaps and brass buttons, encircled his waist and thighs, and looked as if it had been made for a man of twice his dimensions. He wore neither coat nor shoes, but a short pair of corduroy breeches, which scarcely reached to his knees, and a pair of long stockings completed his costume. He carried a fiddle in one hand and a bow in the other, and with his head thrown back on his shoulders and a swinging military step which looked awkwardly ludicrous, he advanced to the nearest group, who had paused in their work to look and wonder at him, and he began to play. His face was an odd mixture of roguery, drollery and idiocy, and it were hard to say which most predominated. He accompanied his instrument with his voice, and, as both were good, he soon attracted an admiring crowd around him. Some of the soldiers who were off duty and sauntering through the streets joined the crowd to listen to the strains of the wandering minstrel.

"My hyes, Jim, vot's this?" exclaimed one of them in open-mouthed astonishment, gazing blankly at the individual before him.

"Blow'd if I know," responded the other, "unless it be one of these here things they sometimes keeps in menagerie, or a wild H Irishman from the mountains."

"Well, he's a rum 'un. Look 'ere!" The fiddler, with a flourish of his bow which might have done credit to Paganini, drew it slowly across the strings, and in a weird and wonderful manner executed one of those sweet old airs which belong exclusively to Ireland—

so sweet and melancholy that the very soul of the performer seemed to be blended in his strains. The air was familiar to the people, and as the first notes fell upon their ears they gazed at the fiddler with a peculiar look and smile which was returned by him, and which seemed to be a passport to their friendship, as they immediately crowded round him with looks of admiration and delight.

As he concluded he turned slowly around, scanning the faces of those nearest him, until his eye fell upon a tall, gaunt figure whose head towered above them all, and who stood directly behind the soldiers. He eyed him for a moment, and, suddenly contorting his face into a fearful and hideous grimace—so hideous that every human trait was lost for the moment and was painful to look upon—he shook his bow at him and fiercely uttered some unintelligible gibberish. This exhibition was highly applauded by the crowd, and by none more so than the giant.

(To be continued.)

#### A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

In a work of topographical interest, abounding in beautifully printed wood-engravings styled "Rambles in Gallo-way," by Malcolm McLachlan Harper, lately published, occurs a short account of the picturesque Orchardton Round Tower—the only Tower of this kind in the southwest of Scotland. It stands in a woody piece of country near Castle-Douglas. The writer says that the tower, which is evidently the relic of a feudal keep, is chiefly interesting as being associated with a very romantic incident in the life of a former proprietor of the estate of Orchardton, whose history formed the ground work of Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Guy Mannering." The account of it is from "Family Recollections," by Miss Goldie, and is perfectly reliable.

It is there related—that is to say in the work of Miss Goldie—that soon after the battle of Culloden a number of prisoners were one day brought in by a party of military before Mr. Goldie, then Commissary of Dumfries, who had, alas! no alternative but to order military execution to be done upon them, after it was

proved that they had formed part of the rebel army. They had contrived to hide themselves, and get to the Galloway coast, nearest to the Isle of Man, where they were skulking in hopes of some smuggler, or foreign vessel, enabling them to escape. As they were just about to be led out to execution, Mr. Goldie observed one young man, of superior and interesting appearance, attempting to tear a written paper, when he immediately called out to an officer who guarded him "Seize that paper;" which was immediately done. Upon reading it, Mr. Goldie said: "Why, young man, you were attempting to destroy yourself. This paper is your commission from the King of France as an officer in his army; and I now detain you as a prisoner of war, instead of sending you off to be shot as a rebel."

The young man was, accordingly put in a place of confinement, and not a very severe one considering what prisons then were, as he afterwards related that his chief occupation consisted in counting the large square stones, with which his apartment was flagged, in every possible direction, and thus trying what their number could be raised to. But he did not continue long thus employed. A rumor speedily arose in the town that this was the long-lost heir of the House of Orchardton, an old Roman Catholic family. An old female domestic, hearing the surmises, made her way to his place of confinement, when a little conversation left no doubt that he was indeed the only son of the late Sir Robert Maxwell, who had sent him at an early age to the college of Douay, the usual place of education at that time for young men of family or fortune of the Catholic religion. Sir Robert himself being superannuated his brother, who then took the management of him and his son and estate, wrote desiring that he should be educated for the priesthood. The young man, not liking this destiny, made his escape from the college, and enlisted in the army of Louis XV., and was one of that part of it which was sent to Scotland to assist in the enterprise of Prince Charles Edward. Young Maxwell had thus actually been taken wandering as an outcast, and in danger of forfeiting his life, on the confines of his own estate,

unconscious of his rights, while his uncle was equally unconscious of the danger to his unjust possession which lurked so near him. The whole of the facts, were, however, so recent and could be so easily proved, that Mr. Goldie immediately proceeded to take all necessary steps for the security of the young Sir Robert, and also to put him in possession of his estate, when the death of the uncle removing the formidable obstacle, the usual legal formalities, after proving the identity of the heir, put him in possession of his father's fortune and title. Sir Robert soon married Miss McClellan, a niece or near relation of the last Lord Kirkcubright, and took up his residence at Orchardton, where he continued, while he lived, the ornament and delight of the country, uniting all the gentlemanly dignity of the old school with the bland and graceful gaiety of foreign manners. The intimacy which arose between Sir Robert and Mr. Goldie and his family through this romantic beginning, was long continued on very affectionate terms. Sir Robert being partner in the Ayr or Douglas and Heron Bank, lost a large portion of his estate when that bank stopped payment. He died suddenly in September, 1786, whilst on the road to visit the earl of Selkirk.

Readers who are interested in the above remarkable legend, may perhaps find some additional particulars in Miss Goldie's "Family Recollections." The chief incident referred to would at any rate form a better theme on which to found a romantic fiction than the miserable inventions drawn from the unwholesome imagination of many modern novelists.

Fight your own battles. Ask no favors of any one; and you'll succeed five thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's patronage. No one will ever help you as you help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. Men who win love do their own wooing. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say "I will!" and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have it to say: "I have dragged you up—I have made you what you are."

## NED RUSHEEN ;

OR,

## Who Fired The First Shot?

BY SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE,

Author of the "Illustrated Life of St. Patrick," "Illustrated History of Ireland," "History of the Kingdom of Kerry," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

THE Colonel was pleased to find a subject in which he could interest Lady Elmsdale. He still hoped to gain his point, and he did sincerely pity her lonely and desolate position.

He had been long intimate with the family, and knew how little support Edward could be—how much trial he might be. And Mary—yes, this strange, apparently hard, proud man, had a soft place in his heart—as indeed most men have, if it is only sought for. He had dreamed for years of wooing and winning the fair child—for she was no more than a child—when he saw her first, and he still held, with all the determination of a character determined almost to obstinacy, to the realization of his early dream.

If the subject was not more prominently brought forward, more openly spoken of, it was simply because he never for a moment contemplated any opposition to his will and pleasure, when he would choose to make it known. He had not been accustomed to be thwarted in his plans. It was a contingency for which he never made calculation—and it must be admitted that he generally succeeded.

The boys obeyed the summons which Lady Elmsdale had sent them through Barnes, but it was with an ill grace. They were precisely at the age to resent interference, and to dislike any society except that of the immediate home circle, or of their own companions.

The Colonel was not very prudent in his attempts to extract information from them, or to induce them to take his view of the case. They both liked Ned, and were sincerely sorry he had got into trouble—and so they told their interlocutor.

I have said they, but it would have been more correct to have said Fred. Harry, or Henry—as he had been lately called more frequently, no one knew why

—was absolutely sullen, and when some question was put to him pointedly, for all reply rose up and left the room, closing the door after him with no very gentle movement.

"A most extraordinary change—really most extraordinary," observed the Colonel, as Freddy followed his brother. "I could not have believed it, Lady Elmsdale, if I had not seen the boys myself."

"It is very painful," she replied, sadly. "I do not think Fred is so much changed. Probably when he returns to Montem and mixes with his young companions, he will recover his spirits entirely. The young seldom feel things as we do, or, rather," she continued, "I should have said, as I do, for I must not include you in the catalogue of age. But I am greatly distressed about poor Henry. There seems to be some terrible weight on his mind. I begin to fear that his intellect has been affected by the shock. I have consulted Dr. Kelly, but the boy is impatient of all observation that it seems to do more harm than good when he is noticed."

Colonel Everard thought his mother was "coddling him," but he did not say so,—only he advised her to send both boys back to college as soon as possible. Another reason why she should comply with Edward's wish, and leave Elmsdale at once. She fully intended to go with her sons to Montem, and to live near them. Under the circumstances the plan was scarcely a wise one. The constant sight of their mother and sister would keep alive the recollection of the trial, which it should have been her object to banish from their minds as quickly, and as effectually, as possible. But what mother is always wise when her boys are in question? And who can blame the mother who, in no selfish spirit, would like to keep her young ones as near as she could, as long as the claims of coming manhood would allow.

## CHAPTER XIV.

GRANNY.

"THE blessing of Heaven, and of the Queen of Heaven, and of all the holy angels be upon you, darlin',—and they will be upon you, and God will remember what you've done for the widow, some day."

It was Ned's mother who said this, and she was speaking to Harry Elmsdale. Lady Elmsdale wondered where all his pocket-money went. Freddy wondered! They had kept a common purse before their father's death, as well as a common heart; but now all was changed. What misery, what distress, what anguish crime brings: not to one alone, but often to all who are in any way connected with the unhappy sinner. Poor Mrs. Rusheen had never lifted her head since the dire calamity which had brought her boy to a felon's doom—as far as the verdict of an inquest could do so. The Celtic character is peculiarly alive to disgrace; none the less so because its code of honor and its ideas of crime differ in some manner from the code and ideas of other peoples. Harry had been a frequent visitor at Rusheen's cottage since Ned's arrest. In his holiday's it had been a favorite resort, and as he was not an elder son he went about amongst the tenants unhindered. With Edward it was not so. He was strictly forbidden to go into their houses, or say more than a passing word to them, lest in some unguarded moment he might be betrayed into a promise not to "raise the rent" when he came into possession, or to make some allowance for improvements.

"Won't ye sit down, Master Harry. Though it's a poor place for the like of you, sir, it's the warm welcome ye have in it" and the old woman dusted a chair with her apron, though it was spotlessly clean before.

A clean Irishwoman, a clean cottage, and a clean chair in it, surely it was not possible! I do not claim any special superiority of cleanliness for our race. Nay, I admit that the Irish generally are not addicted to overmuch cleansing of the cup and platter, or the exterior man, or the outer surface, but, nevertheless, I claim the right of many years' experience of both Irish and English, to state my own opinion—which you may take for what it is worth—that the nation, is not deficient in cleanliness interiorly.

Harry sat down moodily and silently. He seemed to find relief in Granny's garrulous chattering, or, perhaps, he felt that he was safe here from the home-annoyance which followed him, in the general look of inquiry as to why he

had so strangely changed, rather than in any spoken words; and there he could speak or keep silence, as he pleased.

"When did you hear from him, Granny?"

"From him, agra," she repeated, using the Irish custom of reiterating the query of her questioner; "sure, an' it's a month come Saturday since we heard a word; but Father Cavanagh's going in the morrow to see him. He is a fine man—God bless him! A dale o' learning he has, surely. There was Mrs. Hurly, his housekeeper, was my father's uncle's niece's third cousin, and, be marriage, therefore, a relation o' mine, and she told me it was wonderful to hear him telling off the Latin from his book, just as if you were saying it in English from the readin'-made-aisy—'twas wonderful for sure——"

"Our clergymen have a great deal more learning, Granny," replied the boy, who liked a sparring match with Nurse Rusheen, and indulged in it now and then. It was the only thing in which he appeared to take any interest. "I assure you," he continued, "they know a great many more languages, and—and Hebrew roots, and all that," he concluded, boy-like, with what he believed to be an unanswerable retort.

"Hebrew roots! dear, dear! Well, that's wonderful! I've heard tell the Hebrews was a wonderful people. And so they left roots after them; and is it plantin' them in the gardin they be?"

Harry laughed out. It was the first really good laugh the boy had since his father's death, and it brightened him up for the present. "Roots are words, Nurse," he replied.

"Ah, I know that, dear," she answered, with some little satisfaction at displaying her own store of information. "Potatoes bes roots, and potatoe's a word."

"Well, Nurse, Hebrew roots are not potatoes." He rose up to go.

"Are ye goin', Master Harry?" but may be ye'll come back to-morrow, and there'll be word from him." She never mentioned the name now; it was stained—stained with the foul mire of an imputed crime. If it had been "for his country" it would have been different—she would have said it out boldly enough. "He's always better when the

clergy's been to him. Maybe they have not all the learnin' of your parsons, Master Harry, but sure if yez learned yourselves ye don't want the learnin' from them. It's not for the learnin' we goes to them, but for the teachin', and I'm thinkin' if it be for teachin' we went to yours it's a dale o' different doctrine ye'd be comin' home with from the different sorts."

"Well, then, we'd have all the more to choose from, replied Harry, tarrying at the door and willing to while away the weary day with a few more words from Mrs. Rusheen.

"An' didn't the very God of Heaven Himself come into the world to tache us a religion? an' would ye be pickin', and choosin', and not takin' what he lift? Shame on ye, Master Harry!"

"'Tis all very well for you, Nurse, for you see you don't know any better, and I'm sure you're right in your own way," the boy added, good naturedly; "but, you see, very learned people don't believe all those things."

"Don't believe what the Blessed Lord taught them? Well, then, I'm sorry for them."

Harry smiled, but he could not laugh out: there was too much earnestness in the old woman's simple speech.

"Master Harry, sir, do you ever say your prayers?"

What a question! His own mother would never have thought of putting it to him, and he was just old enough to feel it was a fine thing to be independent of Almighty God, and just young enough to blush at admitting that he did not.

"Well, sometimes, Nurse. You see, a fellow in a hurry at school can't get time, and—"

"I wonder if Almighty God was in a hurry, Master Harry, and took ye soon and sudden, like the poor master—God be merciful to him—would ye think ye lost time sayin' yer prayers thin?"

"Pooh! that's all old fashioned now. You don't know all the new discoveries they are finding out every day, every-thing goes on regular, all the same whether you pray or not, and so you see it's waste of time."

"I'm thinkin' they're findin' out that they are wiser than the God that made them—poor fools! poor fools! 'Tis not

the first time the Almighty'll let them grow wise in their own conceit, 'till He comes at the Day of Judgment; and I'm thinkin', 'tis not much good the same conceit 'll do them then. There'll be a dale of it lyin' about, an' waitin' for an owner, when that day comes. Poor fools! poor fools!"

Nurse Rusheen's original mode of expressing herself had great attraction for Harry, and he was only too glad to avail himself of whatever could keep him from thoughts which were weighing down his young life and crushing out all its spring.

"But, Nurse, you know God made the learned men your're so hard on; and intended us to use our intellects." The word was a little above Mrs. Rusheen's comprehension, but she understood the sense perfectly.

"I know it, alanna. I know it, but He never meant them to use their larnin' to abuse Himself; and, it seems to me, from what you've been tellin' me, that some of them's minded that way."

"Well, Nurse, you have a strong way of putting things, and I don't know, and don't care much about it; and where's the good of telling you anything new, when you believe every word the priest teaches you?"

"So I do, agra; so I do. Glory be to God and His Blessed Mother for that same. Why wouldn't I, sure, when God taughted them Himself?"

"But God didn't teach Father Cavanaugh."

"An' is that all ye know about it, dear. Well, I'm sorry for you. Sure, God taughted the Church, and the Church taughted him, and he teaches me."

"Ah! but we don't want all those go-betweens. God teaches us Himself, and we can learn all we want to know without any priest."

"Well, Master Harry, I'm not good at argufying, and you've a dale of school larnin' in your head; but I can't understand, for the life of me, if God's teachin' ye all, why he teaches you such a lot of different doctrin—for sure, you know yourself, that the Protestants don't one-half of them agree with the other half about religion, and it's certain sure that the Almighty can't be teachin' them all. No, alanna, He would not make fools of His creaturs like that."

## CHAPTER XV.

JACK.

JACK'S war-hoop was heard outside at this moment, and his entrance put an end to further conversation.

You would scarcely know him again. He did indulge in occasional extravagancies of gesture and posture now and then—it was absolutely necessary for the relief of his mercurial temperament—but his appearance had undergone a wonderful transformation, and there was an air of respectability about him, which contrasted remarkably with his former dilapidated condition. On the momentous day when Ned Rusheen had been found guilty of wilful murder by the verdict of his fellow-creatures, Jack had remained near at hand until the prisoner was removed. As the police were conducting him to jail, he contrived to get a word with, or, to speak more correctly, to him.

Never heed, Ned, we'll get you off when the Assizes come; and sure its savin' you'll be until then, with your board and lodgin' at the Queen's expense. It'll be chaper anyway if it is not as convenient"—and then he looked grave for a moment; and added—"and never ye heed about the mother, Ned: I'll mind her; and break it to heraisy the night."

Jack was gone with his usual celerity, when he had said the last word, but he moved a heavy load from Ned's heart. Rusheen had known him for some years, and he knew that he would die the most cruel death sooner than betray a trust. There were many "strong farmers" in the neighborhood who would have taken Mrs. Rusheen to their houses with a willing heart. But Ned was better pleased she should remain in their own little cottage, for the present, at least, and he was quite sure Jack would remain with her, or near her, day and night.

His first run—he rarely walked—when he had seen the last of Ned, was up to Ned's cottage. Mrs. Rusheen had not come back; he made himself sure of the fact by slipping down the chimney—the door was fast; the chimney was the easiest, if not the cleanest mode of entrance. He had a general survey of the premises, looked in the cupboard, examined the few pots and pans, finally

concluded his inspection by placing three or four cold potatoes in his pocket, I was going to say, but pocket he had none—they were, therefore, deposited in his bosom, the general receptacle of all Jack's worldly goods, unless, indeed, he happened to be possessed of any money—a rare circumstance—when he found his mouth the safest and the most convenient purse. He tried his cap, but there were two objections to using this as a depository: first, it was not in thorough repair—indeed, it had never been known to be new, and things would slip out, or, what was nearly as bad, could be seen through the ventilators which time had made in his head-gear; second, his cap would fall off now and then through stress of wind and weather, and quite as often from some untoward accident, and the contents were necessarily and unpleasantly projected into space.

Jack had a good deal on his hands that evening. He felt tolerably sure that Mrs. Rusheen would not return for at least half an hour later, and he had some very important business to transact in the meantime. He was hungry, but that did not concern him very much—he was accustomed to it: he was in a hurry, and that was of a great deal more consequence. He put a sod or two of turf on the one smouldering sod, which had kept alive, as turf will do, for many hours. His breath he found an excellent bellows, and a few whiffs from his stout lungs soon kindled up a blaze. The kettle he found in a moment, and some water in a tub, which he presumed was used for "tay," and such like household purposes, not being particular he used it. If he had only known that Ned had brought it that very morning from the well to save his old mother a journey thither, I think he might have touched it almost with reverence.

This accomplished, he tried to get out by the door, but Mrs. Rusheen had taken the key. The window, however, proved a safe, and, to him, quiet as easy a mode of egress. Once on the road he flew rather than ran on his self-appointed errand, continuing at the same time, though with considerable danger to his power of deglutition, to eat his potatoes. He reached the barrack in ten minutes, his breakfast, dinner, or supper, as you

may please to name it, being taken on his flight.

"If it be plasin' to ye, sir, will you tell Mr. Egan I want to spake to him,"

The policeman was surprised. Within his recollection of Jack, extending over several years now, he had never known him address any one so deferentially.

"You young——" It was Mr. Egan who spoke. He had heard Jack's voice, and came down to him, but he stopped suddenly. It was true Jack had behaved in a very unexpected manner at the inquest, and he felt very much inclined to make him feel the weight of his wrath both physically and morally. The Assizes, however, were to be thought about, and he forbore. Jack had an idea that unlimited assurance was his best game, and he acted on it.

"It's the little bit of goold I come'd down for, sir. I wouldn't lave ye the trouble of keepin it all night."

"You're a cool hand."

"Faith thin, it's freezin' me hands is, and cowl'd as charity—will ye give it, sir?"

"Is it for all the lies you swore to to-day?"

"Swore to lies, yer honor! Well, thin, now, and I that particular that I wouldn't own to anything at all in general, for fear I might be swearin' false—well, well—will ye give it, yer honor?"

Jack had never begged so earnestly in his life before.

"It's a taste of rope's end I ought to be giving you"—and Egan turned to go in.

"Yer honor, yer honor! Mr. Egan, sir! Oh, Lord what'll I do if he goes? Mr. Egan, what about the Assizes, sir?" he roared after him, "I'm goin' to Amerikey."

I am afraid Jack told a lie, on the spur of the moment, for he had no idea of going to America; or, rather, he had no money to go. The idea had entered his mind several times, but only to be dismissed with a miserable conviction that that land, flowing with cents and florins—that Bl Dorado of the Celt—was not for him. "And sure, thin, it won't matter much when I'm in my coffin which side of the water it's lyin' at," was his usual self-administered consolation on such occasions.

The Head Constable turned back.

"America, Jack? It's more likely it's the other direction you'll be sailing for."

Jack knew what he meant, and that it was a joke. When Egan began to joke, he knew also that his end was half gained.

The boy flung himself on his knees.

"Look here, sir; as I'm on my knees this blessed minit, I'll swear to ye that I'll be at the 'Sizes, and I'll swear to anything yer honor wants—barrin' it'll be a lie that would hang that poor boy, who's as innocent as the child unborn—if you'll give me the bit of goold to-night; and don't be keepin' me, sir, for I've an errand on hand, and maybe the Lord won't keep yer honor waitin when ye'll be askin' Him to let ye into the kingdom of 'glory.'"

The boy's petition seemed irresistible, and Egan gave him what he asked, with a parting injunction to be in the way when he might be wanted at the assizes. But Jack did not wait to hear it, nor did he care much to perform his usual somersault! He had no time for amusement now. A bound or two and he had reached a small general shop, snatched up a loaf of bread, seized a package of tea and sugar from some which lay on the counter, snapped up a pat of butter, flung his piece of gold on the counter, and, with a breathless "I'll call for the change to-morrow, ma'am," he flew back to Ned Rusheen's cottage.

We know now what he wanted the money for. There were few happier boys in all Christendom that night!

Granny had arrived before him.

"You young rogue," she exclaimed, as he entered breathless, and flung his purchases down on her clean table, "but that was a fine fool's errand ye sint me on. Shure, there was never a man of the name of Thade Murphy in the place, at all, at all, and no one knew nothing of Ned."

"Well, Granny, I suppose there was some mistake. But he'll set it all right when he comes back."

"And where's he gone, thin, acushla?" asked the old woman. It was not in her kindly nature to keep anger long.

"Where's he gone?" Sure, Granny, that would be tollin', and he said yez was niver to know a word of it till he'd

come home and tell ye himself. But sure the truth must come out sometime. Granny he's gone to Dublin on an errand for the great people at the Castle, and——"

But the boy fairly broke down. He had been kept up with the excitement all day. But now there was a reaction, and the sight of Granny, and the thought of what she would suffer when she knew the truth—and he had good sense enough to perceive that she must know it sooner or later—broke him down. And he laid his shaggy head on the table, and burst into a passion of tears. Mrs. Rusheen waited for a little and then she said gently: "What's wrong with Ned, Jack?" Her tone and manner were so quiet that the boy was deceived and fancied she could bear to hear the bad news at once.

"Oh, Granny, Granny! how'll I ever tell it to ye—shure they've took him up for—for!"

"Is it the police, Jack?"

He nodded an assent.

"Spake on, boy—spake on! The heart's ould now, and it can't break more than wunst."

"For—oh, Granny, Granny!"

She took him by the shoulder and shook him roughly, but never a word did she say. Grief often imitates anger in its agony. She was not angry with Jackey, she was too utterly heart-broken to be angry, but her actions were the actions of an angry woman.

"They've took him for the murder of Lord Blmsdale."

"My God!"

No word was spoken for near a quarter of an hour.

"He's in jail?"

"He's in jail, Granny."

"When?"

"Since—since—oh, Granny! ye'll forgive me the lies I tould ye this mornin'; but sure I wanted to keep ye out of the way till 'twas all over. There was an inquest and—and they tried poor Ned, and all of thim lawyer chaps were busy at it; all of 'em seemed against the poor fellow, and that dirty, black English Colonel the worst of all."

"May the curse—but no, I won't curse them, for its the blessed Christmas time," and the lone widow threw herself upon her knees in her agony of sorrow.

"But its hard—hard—hard to keep the tongue quiet whin the heart's bitter and sore as mine is this day." She knelt and worked herself to and fro in her anguish, and took little notice of what passed around her. Jackey had been busy. He had the tea ready, and lumps of bread cut—roughly, indeed as he would have cut it for himself, for he was tenderer in his natural refinement than in his habits—and now, with a tact and a gentleness that would have amazed the Constable had he seen it, Jack, the Runner, was coaxing and comforting the heart-broken widow, and trying to make her take some necessary food.

"Ah! thin, Mrs. Rusheen, I would not be grievin' in that way. Look up, ma'am, and take this drop of tay. It's faint ye are after the day's work. Sure, Ned'll be lookin' out for ye the morrow, and if ye can't go to him, and just kill yourself with the grief, it'll kill him entirely, and that'll be worse than the verdict." And so he persuaded her to take a little of the nourishment she so greatly needed.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### IN JAIL.

"I'll never forgive him, yer Reverence—it's no use talking to me—I'd be more than mortal if I did. And if I give up my revenge you may lave me my anger!"

Father Cavanagh was a sensible man. He knew a great point had been gained, when poor Ned had promised to give up his revenge. He hoped the rest would come in God's good time. He knew very well the harm that is often done to souls by forcing them when they should be led gently.

"Well, Ned, I'll say no more."

He began to give him as hopeful a picture as he could of his poor mother and the home he longed to see once more. It was a few days before the Assizes. The good priest had visited Ned as frequently as his time and the prison rules would allow. The chaplain of the jail, too, had done all in his power for the poor fellow. But Ned naturally clung to Father Cavanagh—he was his own priest, and Rusheen thought, or fancied; he sympathized more with him. The great difficulty was the terrible and deadly feeling of revenge which had resulted

from his unjust condemnation. He suspected that he had been wilfully and deliberately put in this position by the real culprit, in order to screen himself; and all Ned's noble nature rose up in utter contempt for so miserable a crime. All the circumstances, too, by which he was surrounded tended to foster every bad thought, and to repress every good one. A prison must be made a place of punishment for the guilty; but the punishment when it falls on the innocent is one of terrible severity.

Ned lived to be an old man, but he never forgot his first night in jail. The clang of the iron door, the harsh grating of the strong lock, the gruff voice of command to do this and not to do that, the utter darkness of the long, long winter night, the scant covering, the hard bed, the chiefest—and more than all—the deprivation of liberty, of freedom, of space to move, and power to move at will. The restraint, galling as it is to all prisoners, was to him especially so. As under-keeper his life had been spent out of doors, from early morning till late at night, and often even at midnight, in the free air, and with more personal choice of action than falls to the lot of the laborer or the mechanic. Now, he could scarcely move two feet. The walls seemed to press in upon him—the ceiling stifled him. The solitude—the terrible solitude, which has driven strong men mad—seemed to him as if it must drive him mad also. He began to tell the priest about it. He was glad the time of trial was so near—he could almost count the hours now. He would have chosen death a thousand times over—yes, even the degrading death which he knew awaited him if he were pronounced guilty—sooner than endure this existence any longer.

"If it was for my country, yer Reverence, I'd glory in braving it; but not for this—that I'm no more guilty of than you, sir."

"Yes, Ned, it's a glorious thing to suffer for one's country," and the noble-hearted priest drew himself up—I had almost said proudly—as he said the words; "but there is something you can suffer for still more glorious—you can suffer for your God. I fear, Rusheen, there are men who never think that

there is a country which should be dearer to us even than Old Ireland, dearly as we love her; a country for which we should be ready to suffer and to fight; a country for which we should be willing to give our very life-blood! Ah! that's the grand country!" exclaimed the old priest, and he looked like one who had sent on his treasures there—as in truth he had,—and who hoped soon to see its golden walls.

"Well, yer Reverence, I suppose we don't think about it as much as we might do; but sure how is a poor fellow like me to suffer for God?"

"Why, Ned, you might do it this minute, without putting your foot outside of this miserable cell; and you can do it better here than if you were roaming about the woods of Elmsdale Castle, with your gun on your shoulder and your dog at your heels. There's a time coming when it will not make much matter to us where we lived, or where we died; and when it will make all the matter in the world to us *how* we lived and *how* we died. Just think now how anxious you are for next week: you will know your fate; you will know whether you are to be a free man again, and go about where you like, and as you like; or whether you are to be a prisoner all your days, shut up from the free sight of the sun, and moon, and God's blessed stars—driven about at the word of another, and never allowed to do your own will. What would you not give this moment if your sentence was made known to you?—and a day will come when you will be anxious, nay, a thousand times more anxious, to know the result of another sentence—to know the verdict of your God. The worst any man can do to you is to deprive you of life in this world; but, Ned, God can deprive you of eternal life, and that's the only sentence which any of us need dread. You might give your life on the scaffold or on the battle field for your country, and all men might honor you as a hero, and erect monuments to you when you were dead, but what good would that do to your poor soul if it was lost for ever and ever, and if it was in the terrible prison of hell. A jail would be a fearful place to spend your whole life in, but the worst jail in the world, and the most cruel

keepers, could not make us suffer, even in the very least degree, as the damned suffer in hell."

Ned looked very grave and very thoughtful. He was a man of great intelligence, and of quick, religious feeling; and had that deep and almost instinctive reverence for the priesthood which is, happily, characteristic of the Irish peasantry.

"It's true yer Reverence, and it's a pity we don't think more about it."

"And now, Ned, you will see why it is better to suffer for God than for your country, and why nearly all the men who have suffered for old Ireland have suffered for God too, for they are but few of them who were not persecuted for their faith as well as for their politics. And now just see what a grand chance you have to suffer for God, and for your Heavenly Country, and don't be a fool," he added, pleasantly, "and fling your luck away."

Poor Rusheen was not yet so utterly crushed down as to have lost his love for a pleasant look and a cheerful word.

"Well," he said, smiling—and Father Cavanagh was pleased to see the smile—"if it will be pleasing to yer Reverence to tell me, sure I'll be glad to do something for the other world, if I can only do it here," he added, giving away to his depression again.

"Here, man? Why, I told you here's the very place to do it. Now, if your Blessed Saviour, who died on the Cross for you, came and asked you stay here in this dark cell for six months to please Him, and to put up with all the trials you would have in jail, would you refuse Him?"

"If I saw Himself, glory be to His Blessed Name," he added—after the reverent habit of the Irish people, when they utter a holy word—"sure I don't think I could be refusing Him."

"You would not refuse Him Ned, I am sure of it. But He is asking you to do something for Him now—to suffer something for Him, and I am afraid, my boy, you are not willing to listen to Him. Ned, you said a'while ago, I was to 'leave you your anger.' Now I know you did a great and glorious work when you gave up your wild threats of revenge. I know all it cost you to do it,

and God knows, too, which is of far more consequence. And surely you will not refuse Him the rest? Remember, when you go against your own feeling and inclination, and do what you know is right, no matter what it costs you, you are suffering for your God. And is not that something worth living for?"

"It's true, yer Reverence, but it's hard."

"Of course it's hard, Ned. It's hard for you to be in jail. It's hard for you to be shut up here, a prisoner. But it would be a thousand and a thousand times harder to be shut up in hell. And, Ned, those that keep anger in their hearts against any one, no matter what he has done to them, will not get into Heaven, for there will be no anger there. So the less we have to do with it here the better."

"An' sure, sir, you would not have me without feeling, an' I here in jail, an innocent man, for his shame and fault. Even if they let me off this time—and God knows what they'll do, for a poor man has little chance with them—there's my character blasted for life, and the bread taken out of my mouth—for I'll never fire a shot or train a dog for him again."

"Ah, then, Ned, but it's hard to beat the sense into you," replied the priest, pleasantly. "I know it is hard, and I say it is hard; and I tell you for your comfort that I think it is just one of the very hardest cases I ever heard of. But, man, have sense, and tell me if you ever heard of a soldier who got a great victory, complaining how hard it was? Why, the harder it was the more honor he got; and the harder it is for you to forgive those who have wronged you—from you heart out and out—the grander the victory, and the greater the glory and honor you will have from the great Judge of all at the Last Great Day."

The priest had been gone some hours, and Ned had thought very seriously over all he had said. He began to see, as he had never seen before, that Christianity requires something more even than a mere forgiveness of injuries; that to suffer wrong and pardon the inflictor of the suffering was infinitely more noble than the most bitter revenge which enmity could obtain. The little light which his cell window admitted

was gradually growing less, and he had wandered from good thoughts to thoughts of home, and to conjecture as to whether the time would ever come again when he should be free to roam at will through wood and meadow. Who can know, except the prisoner, how deep are his longings for liberty?

Ned was so absorbed in his own reflections, that he did not hear a voice which whispered his name softly—and more than once. At last his attention was arrested.

“Ned!”

Where *did* the sound come from? It was no gruff jailer's voice, certainly.

“Ah, thin, Ned, don't yer know yer friends when you hear them?”

He looked round, but could not see any one. The cell was small enough—no human being could, by any possibility, be hidden there. He looked up at the window: there was just light enough to distinguish a shadow, but no form could be seen, and again his own name was uttered in louder, but still cautious, tones. Clearly there was only one person who would have hazarded such an exploit, and that was Jack the Runner.

“For God's sake, Jack, what brought you there? You'd better be off quick, for if you're seen or heard, there'll be black work for us both.”

“An' do ye think I be heedin' a trifle of danger, when there's a chance to set ye free? Look up, man, and we'll eate the peelers yet—here's a fine file,” and he dropped it down noiselessly by a string through the window; “and here's a coil of rope, and you just work your way out, and there's thim will meet ye the night, at the risin' of the moon, and we'll clear off to Amerikey, an' the ould mother after ye. I can't stay, Ned, avic, for the hands scalded off me wid houldin' be the bars; but ye do my biddin', for that villain of an ould Coronel will have ye hanged dead at the 'Sizes, as sure as you're a living man.”

Jack disappeared, as noiselessly as he came; and Ned sat still and thought. Here was a chance which certainly could never come again. In a few hours he might be free. At best, he could be but retaken; it would make his guilt greater, but what hope had he of an acquittal. He thought of the murderer's

doom—the doom which he felt almost certain would be his. It was true, Mr. O'Sullivan had promised to defend him; but what of that?—he knew he was already prejudged and precondemned in the minds of thousands. Had not the verdict at the inquest been against him, and would not that be, to many, sufficient proof of his crime? He thought of the condemned cell: he could well imagine its horrors. To see the sunset, and know each evening he was one day nearer his fearful death; to see the sunrise, and know that, after a few more such mornings, the morning would come which, for him, would have no earthly evening; when he would be dragged out into the glaring light of day, and stared by thousands who had come to see the murderer die. And then the death itself. Ned was a brave man: he would have faced any danger in the battle-field—any danger to save a human life—but this, this seemed too terrible; he had no nerve for this. He must, he must escape!—and the great, strong-limbed man, who could have mowed down his scores on the field of battle, buried his head in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

The tolling of a distant bell fell softly on his ear. Was it all a dream of horror? Was that the bell tolling to announce his death? Would the warders appear in a few moments to find him and lead him out? The memories of the past and present became confounded in his mind—as such memories will be when men have been long severed from their fellows in that most terrible of all punishments—solitary confinement. But with the sound of the bell, and the other thoughts, came words which sounded strangely familiar—strangely like a long forgotten melody, which a summer breath of air, a scent, a look, will sometimes recall.

“Hail Mary full of Grace.”

And then—

“By His Passion and Cross.”

He remembered it all now! When he was a little lad he used to go to the Nuns' School. One of the nuns had told him about it. She was a young, fair, bright girl, and he paused in his thoughts to recall her features. She had been to the Holy Land, and had visited all the holy places, and when the boys were good, she used to tell them stories of Jerusa-

lem, the Jerusalem she had seen herself, where Christ had walked, too, when he went about on earth, a Man of Sorrows. She had told them—and how well he remembered it—of the little crib at Bethlehem, and the poor, poor place where the little Jesus was born and asked them to remember how poor He was if they were ever attempted to murmur at their poverty. But it was about the Man of Sorrows he remembered best perhaps, because, in his present trial, it came more home to him. He remembered one of the boys had asked how it was the good child, Christ had ever been in a passion? And the young nun had explained to them, that the Passion of the Holy Christ, was not a passion of anger, but a passion of sorrow—of great, great pain. It was an old word, she said, used to describe any dreadful suffering. “Perhaps you boys may never, never know what it is to suffer such anguish, but, if a time ever comes when you are in any great agony of body or mind, remember the Passion of Jesus, and ask Him to help you.” Then she showed them the beads she had brought from the Holy Land—beads that gave out such a sweet perfume when you handled them. They were made of the olives that grew in the Garden of Gethsemani, where Christ had suffered one of His great Passions—the Passion of His grief for sinners—and His Bloody Sweat. Perhaps, in His anguish, He had leaned against the very tree of which those beads were made. At least, it was quite, quite certain that those very trees had been there ever since that awful night.

There were great tears rolling down that young nun's face. She had a few sorrows of her own—for she had chosen the better part while still very young—but she wept none the less for the sorrows of her Spouse Jesus. Ned said less than any of the boys, but he thought the angels would be taking the tears away and keeping them, as he heard it read out of the Holy Scripture, that God counted the hairs of our heads, and he was sure he would count the nun's tears, and the angels would treasure them. When all the rest had gone away he went back to the Sister, and asked her would she give him just one bead off that wonderful rosary; he would keep it

all his life, and never, never part with it. The nun hesitated for a few moments; Ned seemed almost too young to understand the value of what he asked for, and it could scarcely be expected that he would preserve it always carefully; others might value such a relic of the Holy Places more, and use it better. Still, he was so earnest it seemed impossible to refuse, and the Sister gave him a small cross made of the wood of the olive tree, which had been given by the Franciscan Fathers, the special guardians of the site so dear to the Christian heart.

“I will never part with it, ma'am; never while I live,” the boy had said, and she hoped, rather than expected, that it would be so. Ned remembered it all so well now. The bell he had heard was the bell of a convent, not far from the jail; it was ringing for the evening Angelus. The boys used to say it at school, but he had not thought much about it since. The nun had said, when she gave him the cross, “If you are ever in any great trouble, remember that our Lord and Master, who died on the Cross for you, suffered far, far more than you can ever suffer, and ask Him to help you; and if you are ever in any doubt what to do, remember to pray that you may do as He would have done.”

Ned began to think again. “Do as He would have done.” What would he have done if accused falsely? There could be no doubt about that—it was on record. He would have suffered patiently; He would have submitted to laws—however unjust; He had submitted to the most unjust sentence ever pronounced upon earth. Ned began now to pray as well as to think: “Holy Mary Mother of God, who loved Him, more and pleased Him better than any creature has ever done or ever can do, help me to do right—to do what will please Him most.” He was accused unjustly; he was imprisoned wrongfully; he might escape—what should he do? He prayed still more fervently, and then a great peace came into his heart; and he determined to stay in his prison, and submit to whatever trials it might please God to send him. He was not sure whether it would be right to attempt to free himself from the chains of human justice. He was quiet sure that if he suffered patiently, God would give him a great re-

ward; and he thought if he could see that young nun once more that she would tell him to stay and try to imitate the example of his Master. The little coil of strong rope and the small, sharp file lay unnoticed on the ground.

(To be Continued).

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother, said little John;  
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,  
And he was off to the garden swing,  
And left her the wood and the water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,  
"I love you better than tongue can tell."  
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,  
Till her mother rejoiced when she went out  
to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,  
"To-day I'll help you all that I can;  
How glad I am that school does not keep?"  
Then, stepping softly, she fetched the broom,  
And swept the floor and tidied the room;  
Busy and happy all day was she,  
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they all said—  
Three little children going to bed;  
How do you think that mother guessed  
Which of them really loved her the best?

### ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY AND HIS JEWEL.

It was Sunday evening. Twelve young students were seated, care-free and joyful, around a well served table, each one amusing himself after his own fashion, though in all propriety. Suddenly one of them, in a mysterious tone, announced that he had conceived a project for which he asked the concurrence of the company. Not one refused. Then he said:

"Let us return hither this day week, and we will tell stories and sing merry songs; but especially each of us must bring some jewel or trinket from his betrothed, and he who brings the least beautiful shall pay for the supper of the whole party."

All applauded this singular proposition.

Among these students was one whose thoughts never dwelt on any daughter of Eve. His young heart was absorbed in love for a Virgin whom he served in public or in private. This Virgin was none other than Mary. After his com-

panions had left him this good young man who had no betrothed, as they had, seated himself upon the tender grass, and, with folded hands, thought to himself: "Fool that I was, so lightly to have made a promise which will cost me so dear! The whole cost will fall to me, and I must spend in one day my whole year's income!" He commenced to weep bitterly, for he was not rich, and the loss which he feared would be a real misfortune to him. During the whole week he worried himself in endeavoring to hit upon some plan of escape; but in vain! and already it was Saturday, and then would come Sunday. What was he to do? Finally, in his secret desolation, he entered a church, and there heard Mass. When the crowd passed out he approached the altar of the Virgin, to confide his trouble to her and to beseech her aid and assistance.

On his knees, profoundly absorbed in prayer, he reminded her with what fidelity he had served her from infancy, without ever having wished to love any other woman than her upon earth. In fine, he asked of her a jewel as a reward. In his simple and confiding piety, he also besought the Infant in the arms of His Mother to join with him in his prayer to obtain it. O power of faith and prayer! A voice spoke from the Virgin's image, and this voice said to him: "Arise, my faithful servant, and approach thy Lady!" The student, in an ecstasy of joy, arose and approached her statue, thanking her for the words she had vouchsafed him.

Very soon he remarked that the Divine Infant held in his hand a casket; His Mother desired Him to give it to him who had so often watered her feet with his tears of love. The Infant obeyed, and Mary gave the casket to the student, who kissed it with the warmest expressions of gratitude.

Toward midday the joyous company assembled at the rendezvous. Each displayed, with pride, the token he had received. The first had a ring of gold; the second, two silken suits; the third, an embroidered dressing-gown; the fourth, a magnificently adorned girdle; the fifth, a purse, embroidered in gold, and perfumed; the sixth, a silken cap; the seventh, a rich bracelet, &c. All these presents were most beautiful. At

length comes the turn of the poor one, of the student whom each condemned in advance to pay the forfeit. He had even to sustain considerable raillery, because they knew him to be one who had no lady-love. But he draws forth his casket, opens it, saying: "This is the bijou of my beloved." A celestial perfume exhaled from it. All uttered a cry of admiration when they saw him draw forth, first an amict, then an alb, a cincture—all the priestly vestments used at Mass. Truly a bijou, in gold and in precious stones of great price! The students unanimously declared that they were unparalleled in beauty. They pressed him with questions whence he had obtained so rich a gift; the pious youth assured them that it was the effect of his prayers to Jesus and His Mother. All fell at the knees of the Saint, begging pardon for their scoffs. They wished to carry this gift processionally to the sanctuary where Thomas had received it. The event occurred at Rome, and the news was carried thence to every country. Very soon, following so clear an indication, the holy young man received minor orders. When he celebrated his first Mass, there was a crowd in the sanctuary, devoutly wishing to behold closely the gift of the blessed Virgin.

Meanwhile a powerful Bishop died; the Pope, on hearing of it, exclaimed: "To-morrow this mitre shall rest upon the head of Thomas." And it so happened. The next day the virginal servitor of Mary was appointed to the Bishopric, and died a saint. May this touching legend teach us also to have recourse, in all our wants, to Jesus and Mary.

#### AMUSEMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

On rainy days the active child resents his confinement within doors, and is more than usually troublesome. I know of nothing which will afford him surer amusement than the making of scrap-books. Provide the little ones with a pair of blunt-pointed scissors, and let them cut out and trim neatly the pictures from papers you do not care to preserve, circulars of farm machinery or anything they fancy, and then, armed with a cup of boiled starch and an old

tooth brush (if you have one), let them exercise their ingenuity in filling the book with their collections. Quite small children find enchantment in this kind of work. A large picture may be put in the centre of the page, and the space around it filled with small ones or short pieces of prose or poetry. I have seen very pretty ornaments for these juvenile scrap-books cut out of the illustrated books for children, which had become badly tattered with use so that the pictures were all that were worth preserving. When two pages are full the book should be left open until dry before going on. This amusement need not make much litter about a house, and the little workers can easily learn to pick up their scattering scraps after themselves, and wash their starch-cup and brush after using them, so that they will be ready for the next rainy day.

#### TWENTY IMPOLITE THINGS.

1. Loud and boisterous laughing.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
6. Cutting finger nails in company.
7. Leaving church before the service is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
11. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
12. Correcting persons older than yourself, especially parents.
13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself the hero of your own story.
15. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
16. Joking others in company.
17. Commencing to talk before another has finished speaking.
18. Making remarks on other people's dress.
19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
20. Not listening to what any one is saying in company.

## THE BOY AND THE CHESTNUTS.

A RAT of a boy, who had in vain searched the Post office corridors for the nickel a careless hand occasionally dropped at the clerk's window, took his position before a chestnut stand and eyed the fresh nuts a long time before drawing a deep sigh, groaning, "Oh, I wish I were rich!" The chestnut-vendor made no reply, and the odor of the roasted nuts finally induced the boy to inquire, "Are chestnuts healthy?" "No, bub, they are prolific of indigestion," was the reply. After awhile the boy thought it time to remark: "Did you ever hear the story of the man who gave a poor boy a handful of chestnuts and when the boy grew up and got rich he rewarded the old man with a diamond pin and a four-horse team?" "No, never did, but I heard of the man who brought a poor boy to the edge of the grave by giving him a dozen chestnuts." The lad took a turn up and down, secured another sniff of the pleasant odor, and then leaned over and whispered: "If I take the chances on the edge-of-the-grave business will you take the chances on the chestnuts?" The vender finally thought he would.

## BOOK NOTICES.

DION AND THE SIBYLS. A Classic Christian Novel. By Miles Gerald Keon. New York: Hickey & Co., Publishers, 11 Barclay street.

"Dion and the Sibyls," is the first issue of the second series of the "Vatican Library." It was first published in London in 1866, and so meritorious was it considered, that notwithstanding the high price at which it was sold—one guinea—it had a considerable sale. It afterwards appeared in the *Catholic World*. The scene of the story is laid at the beginning of the Christian era, the period of the narrative extending from the year 11 A. D., to the time of the Crucifixion of Our Lord, about the year 33 A.D. It is a powerfully written story, and from the first page to the last holds the attention of the reader. It is a large book of 225 pages, and will be mailed to any address, by the Publisher, for the small sum of 25 cents.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER. Translated and adapted from the Original of Rev. L. C. Businger, by Rev. Richard Brennan, A. M. New York: Benziger Brothers.

WE have received parts 9, 10, 11 and 12 of this admirable work. The Rev. Translator has received from the learned Jesuit, Father Thebaud, the following highly complimentary letter in reference to his work: "I am extremely thankful for the splendid present you have had the kindness to send me. The work, when finished, will be a priceless jewel; and what has already been published must attract general attention in this country. Who will not finally read the 'Life of our Lord' when it is offered in such an attractive and instructive form? You are conferring an immense benefit on all classes of people: for I hope that it will not be perused only by Catholics. There is not, in my opinion, any better means of reviving faith in the minds and hearts of men than the reading of this book with its most beautiful illustrations."

MIXED MARRIAGES—Their Origin and their Results. By the Rev. A. A. Lambing, author of "The Orphan's Friend," "Sunday School Teacher's Manual," etc

THIS is a pamphlet of 48 pages on a very important subject and one, too, about which too much cannot be said. Time and again our pastors deem it their duty to speak in the strongest terms against the practice. The numerous decrees of the Church, illustrated and explained by her constant practice, leaves no one in ignorance of her antipathy to Mixed Marriages. We should like to see this little work in the hands of every Catholic youth and maiden. Send to the "Ave Maria" office, Notre Dame, Indiana, for a copy, price only 15 cents.

LIFE AND ACTS OF POPE LEO XIII., preceded by a sketch of the last days of Pius IX., and the Origin and Laws of the Conclave. Edited by Rev. Joseph E. Keller, S. J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THIS work, like every other, from the establishment of Messrs. Benziger Bros., is a credit to those eminent publishers for the beauty and style of execution. The first portion of the book is devoted to a sketch of the life and last days of the illustrious Pius IX. The last part con-

taining 148 pages is devoted to the life of our present Holy Father. The book contains many interesting features connected with the Life of the late Pius IX., not before given to the public, and is illustrated with numerous portraits of Cardinals and other eminent prelates. We heartily recommend it to the notice of our readers.

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F A C E T I Æ.

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The doctors don't believe in advertising—it's unprofessional, you know—but let one of 'em tie up a sore thumb for John Smith, and they'll climb seven pairs of stairs to find a reporter to just "mention it, you know."

A witness, on being cross-questioned lately swore that he was in the habit of associating with every grade of society, from lawyers up. The lawyer who "had him in hand" gasped out, "That's all," and sat down.

At a collection at a charity fair a lady offered the plate to a rich man who was well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was the curt reply. "Then take something, sir," said the lady; "you know I am begging for the poor."

Mind your stops. A compositor, in setting up a toast: "Woman, without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read: "Woman—without her man, would be a savage.

"And what do you think of Switzerland?" asked a lady of a young American belle, who had just made the tour. "Pretty place, but it struck me there were too many lakes and too few young men."

"Papa," asked a little six-year old daughter of an up-town physician, "wasn't Job a doctor?" "I never heard that he was. Why?" "Because mamma said, the other day, that she didn't think you had any of the patience of Job."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a lawyer in the Court House last week, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in front of the house which was burglariously entered, I will prove that we were locked up drunk in the station house."

Greenland has no cats. "How full of wisdom," exclaimed the *Chicago Times*, "are the ways of Providence! Imagine cats in a country where the nights are six months long!"

A poor woman, coming from a wretched garret in an inland manufacturing town for the first time to see the seashore, gazing at the ocean, said she was glad for once in her life to see something which there was enough of.

The color of a girl's hair is regulated by the size of her father's pocket-book. If the latter be plethoric, the girl's tresses are golden or auburn. If the old man's wallet is lean, we hear the daughter spoken of as only that "red-headed gal." You never saw a rich girl with red hair.

A Western paper says:—"As an illustration of the hard times, we will state that our rival over the way recently offered to make his 'devil' a present of the entire establishment; but he declined, saying he'd rather work for two dollars a week than run in debt a thousand dollars a year.

A little boy entered a fish-market the other day, and seeing for the first time a pile of lobsters lying on the counter, looked intently at them for some time, when he exclaimed: "By gracious! them's the biggest grasshoppers I've ever seen!"

A young woman who had never learned the gentle art of cookery, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, manages to have her kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from the bridal trip, and just as her lord comes in from the office exclaims loudly: "Hurry up, Eliza, do? Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me; where's the soap?"

Husband entering and throwing himself languidly upon the sofa as he wipes the perspiration from his brow. "Oh, dear, business is killing me, I am so tired." Wife jumping for a pillow, "Lay down there like a good, dear fellow, and take a little rest." Little four year old daughter. "Oh, papa, I fought 'ood be awful tired after I saw oo carrying the new hired girl all 'bout the titchen." Tableau, blue fire, etc., etc.

# MARGUERITE.

WORDS BY

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

MUSIC BY

G. W. MARSTON.

*Vivo.*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 4/4 time. The Treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The music is marked *Vivo.* The first measure contains a treble clef, a B-flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody in the Treble staff starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The Bass staff provides accompaniment with chords and single notes.

*Ser.*

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The Treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. The Bass staff continues with accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The happy bells shall ring Marguèr - ite, Mar-guèr - ite,

The third system of musical notation includes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The Treble staff contains the lyrics: "The happy bells shall ring Marguèr - ite, Mar-guèr - ite,". The Treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The Bass staff provides accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The summer birds shall sing Mar-guèr - ite . . . . . You

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is written for both treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are: "The summer birds shall sing Mar-guèr - ite . . . . . You".

smile but you shall wear orange blossoms in your hair, Orange

This system contains the next four measures. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "smile but you shall wear orange blossoms in your hair, Orange". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

*Molto Expresso.*

blossoms in your hair, Mar-guèr-ite . . . . . Ah me the bells have

This system contains the final four measures of the piece. The tempo marking *Molto Expresso.* is placed above the vocal line. The lyrics are: "blossoms in your hair, Mar-guèr-ite . . . . . Ah me the bells have". The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *f.* (forte) in the fifth measure.

rung, Mar-guèr - ito, Mar-guér - ito . . . The summer birds have

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line contains the lyrics "rung, Mar-guèr - ito, Mar-guér - ito . . . The summer birds have". The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.

sung Mar-guèr-ito . . . But eypress leaf and rue make a

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "sung Mar-guèr-ito . . . But eypress leaf and rue make a". The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and melodic patterns.

sor-ry wreath for you, Make a sorry wreath for you, Mar-guèr-ite .

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "sor-ry wreath for you, Make a sorry wreath for you, Mar-guèr-ite .". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord marked with a forte (f) dynamic.

Date	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in July.
1	Tues	Archbishop Plunkett executed by the English, 1681. Battle of the Boyne, 1690. General T. F. Meagher accidentally drowned in the Missouri River, 1867.
2	Wed	VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. First stone of the Jesuits' Church, Dublin, laid, 1829.
3	Thurs	Grattan, born in Dublin, 1746.
4	Fri	Anti-Popery declaration of James I., 1606.
5	Sat	Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, died, 1605. R. D. Williams, "Shamrock" of the NATION, died in Louisiana, United States, 1862.
6	Sun	Seizure of letters, papers, &c., in the office of the <i>Irish Felon</i> , national newspaper, by the police, 1848.
7	Mon	Richard Brinsley Sheridan died, 1816.
8	Tues	O'Connell declared elected for Clare, 1828.
9	Wed	Edmund Burke died, 1798.
10	Thurs	John O'Donovan, the Irish Scholar, born at Astatemore, county Kilkenny, 1809.
11	Fri	T. F. Meagher arrested, 1848.
12	Sat	Battle of Aughrim, 1691. Henry and John Sheares tried for high treason, 1798.
13	Sun	First steam vessel arrived at Cork from America, on this day, 1819.
14	Mon	Henry and John Sheares executed, 1798. Charles Gavan Duffy elected member for New Ross, 1852. Banquet, in Belfast, to celebrate the French Revolution, 1791.
15	Tues	Henry Joy McCracken, United Irish leader, and commander at the battle of Antrim, executed, 1798.
16	Wed	Thomas Parnell, poet, died, 1717.
17	Thurs	Athlone besieged by Lieutenant-General Douglas, 1690.
18	Fri	Sir Cahir O'Dogherty beheaded, 1680. Donal O'Sullivan, the hero of Dunboy, assassinated by an Englishman in Spain, 1608.
19	Sat	Ecclesiastical Titles Bill passed, 1851.
20	Sun	Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, died at Rome, 1616. Procession in Dublin, to lay the Foundation Stone of the Catholic University, 1862.
21	Mon	Arrival of Father P. Scarampi, Commissioner from the Holy See to the Irish Confederation, 1643.
22	Tues	The Six-mile bridge (Co. Clare) Massacre, 1852.
23	Wed	Emmet's Insurrection, 1803.
24	Thurs	John Philpot Curran born, 1750.
25	Fri	Peace made by the Irish Confederates with the English, 1646. City of Limerick besieged, 1690. Siege of Athlone raised, 1690. The "transplanting" of Irish families of the Pale to Connaught, 1654; "all must be gone before March next."
26	Sat	Habeas Corpus Suspension Act arrived in the City of Dublin, 1848. Church Disestablishment Bill received the Royal Assent, 1869.
27	Sun	W. S. O'Brien, Meagher, and others withdrew from Conciliation Hall, 1846.
28	Mon	William Michael Byrne executed, 1798. Rewards offered for the arrest of W. Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon, Doheny, and others, 1848.
29	Tues	Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, fatally wounded at the battle of Landen, 1693. Attempted insurrection under the leadership of William Smith O'Brien, at Ballingarry, in the county of Tipperary, 1848.
30	Wed	Professor Eugene O'Curry, the Irish scholar, died in the year 1862, age sixty-eight years.
31	Thurs	Siege of Limerick raised, 1690.

The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold; he shall therefore beg in harvest, and have nothing.

The external misfortunes of life, disappointments, poverty and sickness, are light in comparison to those inward distresses of mind, occasioned by folly, by passion, and by guilt.

A SCANDAL.—Some people can't wait for the end of Mass. A half hour a week is with them too much to give to God. They come in late to the Adorable Sacrifice, and, as soon as the priest gives the blessing, out they rush. They do not stay for the last Gospel, nor let the priest withdraw before they leave the church. Their conduct is scandalous.