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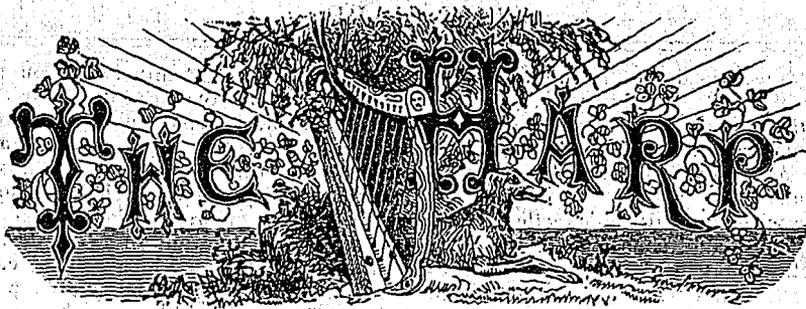
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A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. IV.

MONTREAL, APRIL, 1879.

No 6.

CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY.

THERE is nothing in the Catholic Church either of dogma or morals which has received from outsiders so fierce and concentrated an opposition as the celibacy of her clergy and religious bodies. This holy practice, which has indeed nothing at all to do with the *essentials* of religion, and which is only of counsel for the religious and a wise regulation for the clergy, appears unwittingly to have drawn down upon itself the severest censures alike of Protestant and unbeliever. And this is all the more unaccountable because even the ancient Pagans admitted its congruity. Tibullus sings:

"You also I command to stand at a distance;
depart from this altar
You whom Venus held last night in her
embrace.

The Gods love chaste things. Come then
with pure robe,

And draw water from the fountain with
chaste hands."

(Eleg. I L. 2).

Demosthenes goes still further. If the Latin poet exacts chastity only for a few days from those who serve the altar, Greece's greatest orator demands it for a whole life time. In his oration against Timocrates, he says:

"I indeed most assuredly, think, that he who approaches the sacred altar and is about to handle the sacred things, or to take care of what pertains to the Gods ought to be chaste not only for an appointed number of days but that throughout his whole life, he should abstain from disgraceful hankerings of this kind."

This is sufficiently clear and pronounced on the part of our Athenian orator.

How vastly superior the *Pagan* to the Protestant or infidel mind.

Our enemies are unreasonable. The Catholic Church, far from *commanding* celibacy, *forbids* any of her children to enter thereon without a particular vocation and without a decided inclination. Where then the right to interfere with such a call, and such an inclination? It is opposed to nature—you say. What then? Has it ever been proved that Nature is God of this life, much less of the life to come? But is it opposed to nature? On the contrary, it is following the taste which nature inspires, as we have seen from the extracts above.

That the Church exacts celibacy from her *priests*, we admit; but then she no where commands men to become *priests*. Not so the State. In most European continental countries the State commands celibacy during military service and rigidly exacts military service. What have our infidel philosophers, who exalt the State so much above the Church and who cry out so loudly against ecclesiastical celibacy, to say to this?

And not only does the Church *not* enforce the Priesthood upon any man but she exacts from her postulants the strongest proofs of their fitness; she does not admit them until long, after they have attained an age, when they will be fully capable of judging of the nature of the things they ask, and in all she seeks their greater happiness. Can our Protestant and infidel gainsayers show that their much cherished State is

always as considerate in the imposition of her duties? We think not.

But celibacy *fully carried out* would diminish population; and population after all is the only true riches of a nation.

We will admit all the excellence you wish to claim for population, but in your objection there is a factor introduced into the sum, which does not belong to the question. Celibacy *fully carried out*. But where is this *fully carried out* celibacy? Celibacy *fully carried out* or *universal* celibacy would not only diminish population but would *destroy* it altogether. But in the Catholic Church every man is not a celibate, and therefore your idea of universal celibacy is only a dream, a phantom. Nor does celibacy as carried out in the Catholic Church diminish population. All other things being equal, it is not found that Protestant countries are any more populous than Catholic countries. In fact in some countries formerly Catholic, but which have long ago left the Faith, it is found that there has been a considerable falling off in the population since religious celibacy was proscribed. Take Sweden for example; two hundred and fifty years ago she had three times as many inhabitants as she has now. Under paganism, amongst the Romans, celibacy of the clergy was unheard of, and yet at the present day, when ecclesiastical celibacy is in full force in all Catholic countries, the population of the world is far greater than it was then. All this proves conclusively that celibacy as practised in Catholic countries does not diminish population, whilst on the other hand, that universal celibacy dreamt of by our adversaries exists, and can exist, only in their dreams. When all men become cobblers the world will be coming to an end.

This fear of celibacy arises from an erroneous estimate of the workings of populations. Take a family in Montreal or New York, for instance. If this family remains in Montreal or New York amongst the depressing influences obtaining therein, it would in all probability at the end of three generations number only some ten or fifteen souls; if indeed it did not become extinct; place it on a fertile island in a good climate and it becomes a people. This

is observable amongst animals. A couple of rabbits taken from, or left in a warren would not affect the population of the warren in any great degree either one way or the other. But place those rabbits at a distance from their former home, and in favorable circumstances for food and shelter, and in a few years you have a warren. We have historical examples of this expansibility of populations. The horses which were brought to America after its discovery by the Spaniards did not sensibly drain the horse population of Spain, but they have expanded on the American continent into a huge horse nation, such, indeed, as they would never have expanded into had they been allowed to remain in their own country. And we have an example of this expansibility of populations in our own times and under our own eyes. The English sparrows brought to New York only a few years ago, and which have peopled all the Eastern States of the Union and are now fast peopling Canada (with sparrows) would undoubtedly not have expanded as rapidly, nor over as great an extent of territory had they been left in England. Here, then, we have an evident and well defined law of expansion. To what is it due? To the removal of the surrounding pressure. Now it is precisely thus that celibacy acts in Catholic countries. By removing a large number of priests and religious from the state of marriage, it removes the pressure and enables the other members of the community to rear and bring to maturity a corresponding number.

But even supposing, granted for a moment, all the injury to population which our adversaries claim, does not celibacy itself and does not the Catholic Church fully make good in other ways this diminution? There is undoubtedly no more fatal check to population than libertinism and immorality, and there is no more powerful protest against libertinism and immorality than that celibacy of the clergy and of the religious bodies which obtains in the Catholic Church. Why then do our adversaries, whilst exaggerating the diminution, ignore this protest? Is the Catholic Church the only institution illogically dealt with? If our adversaries have any faith at all in protests,

they should cherish celibacy as a protest, at least, whatever foolish fears they may entertain of it on other counts. Example, they say, is stronger (teaching) than precept. What stronger teaching then can the libertine have than the breathing moving omnipresent example of a celibate clergy? What greater check can the lewd woman receive than the silvery notes of the convent bell, or the passing vision of the white headdress of a Sister of Charity? And there is another way in which the Catholic Church compensates for this diminution of population, if diminution there be; let the author of the Authority of the Two Powers, unfold it for us:

"You accuse the religion of Jesus Christ of diminishing population. But I see its pontiffs occupied only in the formation of manners, in the extirpation of those disgraceful vices, which lessen the number of families, which strike the human race with sterility and the divine malediction, and which are immense gulfs in which an untold number of generations are swallowed up. I see her ministers employing the whole force of their influence in lengthening the days of the poor, of the old and of the orphan, abandoned long ago by public sympathy. I see them occupied in building asylums for these unfortunates, and procuring for them every thing that will alleviate their sufferings. People! listen to the voice of religion which speaks through their mouth, and you will see happy citizens multiplied to fill up those horrid gaps which the depravity of manners and idleness have made in the different classes of mankind."

H. B.

GOOD FRIDAY.

BY P. CONNELLY.

Who calls it good? The reason why?
 What ingrate now, dares make reply?
 What bold and blatant apostate,
 Will now the bloody tale relate?
 Will now the debt and duty own,
 Wherefore, of ten restored to health,
 Nine go their way in search of wealth
 And one returns; but one alone,
 The Master's praise to intone,
 With mea culpa! miserere, l'
 Miserere Domine!
 "A Romish feast," I hear you say;
 "To learned minds of little note,
 Since Luther preached and Calvin wrote."

Yet stay, good sir; and I will tell,
 Of One who dried the widow's tear;
 Of One whose every accent fell,
 Like music on the sinner's ear.

Whose Sacred Heart inflamed with love,
 Whose life to works of love was given;
 Whose prayer draws mercy from above,
 Whose death admits the soul to heaven.

And though you scorn the "Romish feast,"
 Nor serve her Altar, purple dyed;
 A thankful heart will turn at least
 A homage to the Crucified.

A traveller journeyed on his way,
 And thieves beset and took his purse;
 The man whose name we praise to-day,
 Became the stranger's friend and nurse.

An aged beggar, poor and blind,
 Was groping on in fear and dread,
 Nor friend nor succor could he find,
 Nor had whereon to lay his head.

Yet One beheld with pitying eye
 That beggar's miserable plight,
 And ere he knew the passer by,
 Burtineus received his sight.

An aged widow mourned the death
 Of one to her an only son;
 The Name we praise restored his breath,
 Gave back the widow's darling one.

A leper lay beside the road,
 And raised his voice in piteous moan;
 But far removed from man's above,
 None heard the leper's groan.

Yet One approached and bade him rise;
 "And be thou clean, thy faith is known;"
 And that One is the sacrifice
 We offer from our altar stone.

"To such an one, the good, the kind,"
 I hear you say—"all praise we owe;
 And grateful hearts will surely find
 A fitting tribute to bestow."

Ah, yes! we love the generous hand
 That gives relief in time of need;
 Such charity we understand,
 Such actions merit praise, indeed.

Yet one thing more I fain would tell—
 And, pry'thee! note the act and time—
 A culprit from his prison cell
 Went forth to expiate his crime.

His sentence, death! but ere the dust
 Was moistened by the crimson flow,
 This Man! the innocent, the just!
 Became the victim of the blow!

And died for man! for you, who hear
 The answer, why we bless the day
 That saw the thorn, the nail, the spear,
 The bloody cross of Calvary!

Then call it not a pagan rite,
 The act of "Rome's idolaters,"
 Not so, dear Jesus! in thy sight,
 Though Luther scoffs and Calvin sneers

EASTER TIME.

A PILGRIMAGE to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, must ever hold somewhat of the same place in the hopes and aspirations of a true Christian, as the one to Mecca does even nowadays, in the mind of a Mahomedan. If, in this instance, we suppose the pilgrim an inhabitant of what may be called "highly civilized Western Europe," how numerous and how vivid must be the many thoughts which flash through his mind, on his first setting foot on Eastern shores! Manners, customs, laws, language, each and every one of them differs from what he has previously been accustomed to, each in itself is sufficient to form the subject matter of a book, or the study of a lifetime. Let us suppose that he has overcome his fancy, and has made his weary way through desert and plain, till at last he finds himself on the hills of Palestine, and that a few short miles passed, he will be in the village of Bethlehem.

Standing in the cave, within a few feet of the manger, he views it, and presently his thoughts have wandered back some eighteen centuries, and he is deep in contemplation of the mighty mystery of his religion, which was there worked out. In thought he sees the little babe shivering with cold, swathed in swaddling clothes, or laid to rest in that very manger. An hour passes, and still he stands thinking. Hours pass, and were it not for nature's urgent demands, still would he remain thinking, and yet thinking still.

The pilgrim journeys on, and a few days more see him safely quartered within the walls of Jerusalem the Holy. He, like most pilgrims, has arrived a short time previous to the feast of Easter. North, south, east, and west have contributed to the crowd of Christians that on Easter Sunday fills every nook and corner of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There, on bended knees, those Christian representatives of all nations, join in prayer and praise to Him who, by rising triumphant from out of that sepulchre, worked out the last act in that divine tragedy. The day declines, but ere its departure, those wayworn pilgrims join their voices in

one unison of prayer—"That as He arose triumphant from death to life, so they on the last day may arise over death, triumphant, unto the eternal."

EASTER DAY.

CHRIST from the dead is risen—dieth no more.
Sing out, glad Earth, rejoice from shore to shore.

First fruits of them that slept! O Life in death!

Fair garden lilies, with their odorous breath,
Salute with grace the world at Easter dawn—
The tomb is oped, the captive loosed and gone,

CHRIST from the dead is risen—dieth no more.
Sing out, O Earth, rejoice from shore to shore.

O wondrous mystery of Love! through Lenten hours

What penitential tears have dimmed these eyes of ours;

What anguished sighs have breathed from tortured, quivering hearts.

Pierced through by all the Tempter's sore envenomed darts.

Yet, glorious mystery of Love, the Lenten Fast

Ends with an angel-ministered; divine repast.
Joy out of Sorrow blooms; Passion's black, cheerless night

Grows fair with glowing rays of Easter Day, alight.

Hail! glorious morn; Hail! blessed Day of days.

Glad o'er a sorrowing world shine forth thy healing rays.

Hark! in the ambient glow of Easter morning fair,

Lo! conqueror's psalms triumphant sound thro' all the air;

"Jesus, our risen Lord, hath vanquished Death and Hell,

Through the grave's pathway passed where angels dwell,

Deliverance wrought, Death's sharpness done away,

And oped the Kingdom wide, on Easter Day."

This world is not merely a rugged spot on which we are to struggle for a foothold on life—to toil for daily bread; but a bright member of the starry brotherhood that range the fields of space, raising from every corner of the universe the harmonious anthem of praise; a region of still water and cooling shades, and bright birds, and blessed things for the comfort of God's weary children. This world is a poem written in letters of light on the walls of the azure firmament.

ST. PETER'S PENCE.

THE Patrimonies of the Church—formerly twenty-three in number, spreading through Italy into Sicily, into the South of France, and beyond the eastern shores of the Adriatic—have been reduced in our time, as all the world knows, to one, or rather to a mere fragment of one, on which stands the Basilica of St. Peter's and the Palace and garden of the Vatican. Never, it is but the simplest truth to say, was spoliation more lawless or more unprovoked. The Pontiffs had the prescriptive right of more than one thousand years of sovereignty; for the temporal power according to Bouillet, dates from as far back as the pontificate of Gregory III. Thirteen years after the death of Gregory, Pepin, in 755, gave to Pope Stephen II. the exarchate of Ravenna and Pentapolis. Nineteen years later Charlemagne enhanced those possessions, in 774, by adding to them the Duchy of Spoleto and the Province of Perugia. That donation was made to the Holy See, in point of fact, as the date shows, 1,105 years ago—centuries before most of the great powers of the earth now-a-days first sprang into existence. From the Emperor Henry III. there was ceded to Pope Leo IX., in 1053, the Duchy of Benevento. From the Countess Matilda, of Tuscany, there was afterwards presented in 1077, to the great Hildebrand, Pope St. Gregory VII., what was always thenceforth especially and distinctively entitled the Patrimony of St. Peter, embracing within its circumference, among others, the cities of Bolseva, Viterbo, Bagnara, Civita Castellana, and Montefiascone. The population of the States of the Church, prior to their lawless seizure in the name of Italian Unification, exceeded 3,000,000. The Pontifical Budget of 1860 showed an aggregate of receipts considerably exceeding 14,000,000 scudi. So venerable as a mere historical sway was the Pontifical Power in the estimation of Protestant Governments like those of Prussia and England sixty years ago, that the two latter took part with Catholic Austria and with schismatical Russia in restoring to the Holy See, in 1814, with the exceptions of Avignon and Le

Comtat, the whole of its former possessions. Fifty-six years afterwards advantage was taken by Victor Emmanuel of the final withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, on the 21st of August, 1870, to complete the spoliation he had already some time previously commenced. The Sovereign Pontiff having declined, on the 12th of the following September, the proposals of the King that the Pope should thenceforth content himself with the possession of the Leonine City, General Cadorna crossed the Tiber at Lasale, and sending on before him flags of truce, insolently demanded from General Kanzler, at the head of his Zouaves, an immediate surrender. The sequel—who does not remember? Baron (not Count) Arnim (the same Prussian diplomat who was only the other day so grossly slighted by Bismarck) having vainly endeavored by negotiation to prevent bloodshed, fighting began. Several of the Papal Zouaves fell sword in hand gloriously martyred. Cannon was turned upon Rome. A breach was blown in the ancient walls, and through that breach marched into the Eternal City, the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel. Already Cardinal Antonelli, as Secretary of State to the Holy Father, had issued a diplomatic protest against this lawless, because entirely unprovoked, and, therefore, absolutely unjustifiable Italian occupation. Upon the last day of that year, the 31st December, 1870, the King arrived for the first time in Rome, quite suddenly. Since then, the Holy See, robbed of its dominions, stripped of its revenue, has been dependent (as it is at this moment) upon the tribute reverently and spontaneously laid at the feet of the Holy Father by his spiritual children and subjects in all parts of Christendom.

Nineteen years ago, when the Holy See was being first despoiled of its dominions, the Cardinal Secretary invited the faithful, in the name of Pius IX., to bring offerings, as their forefathers had done centuries before—tribute proffered under the venerable title of St. Peter's Pence. In the days of Ina, King of the West Saxons, A.D. 725—in the reign of Offa, A. D. 777—this tribute was familiarly gathered from the hearths of England. It only fell into disusage when it

was arbitrarily abolished by the lewd and brutal wife-slayer, Henry VIII.

In furtherance of a fund so imperatively requisite—called for, as it is, by that most flagrant robbery of our time, that stripping from the Father of the Faithful all his possessions save the roof and walls that shelter him—it is the sacred duty of every Catholic to cooperate to the utmost of his power in the collection of St. Peter's Pence.

A PROTESTANT PRELATE PLEADING FOR JUSTICE TO CATHOLICS.

THE Protestant "Bishop" of Melbourne, Australia, is one of the few non-Catholic clergymen who see the justice of the Catholic claim for equal rights in educational endowments by the State. Recently he made the following plea for justice to the Catholics of Australia:

"There, if we listen to the calm voice of experience rather than to the clamor of heated disputants, is the solution to our difficulty. *Solvitur ambulando*. Yes, but you forget, it may be objected, that in England the Roman Catholic difficulty does not exist, because in England both Roman Catholic and Protestant schools can obtain government grants for satisfactory secular training. True, and I would ask you to prove your sincere love of Christ and of his lambs by agreeing that here, too, the Roman Catholic body should be suffered to claim government grants for secular knowledge after examination by government inspectors. I urge this upon principle. The Roman Catholics believe, and they have shown the reality of their belief by their magnificent self-sacrifice, that it is not enough to make their children acquainted with examples and principles of Holy Scripture. It is necessary, they think, that their children study those principles and examples in the light of Roman Catholic explanation. No Protestant body believes this. We may hold it to be desirable, but the best proof that we do not think it necessary is to be found in the fact that, under the stress of Government competition, we have generally abandoned our day-school system. If we had thought our denominational explanation necessary, this would have been nothing less than a sin. But

we don't think it necessary. What we demand is, that the moral and religious faculties of our children be educated; that moral and religious sensibilities shall be awakened in them; that they shall be accessible to moral appeal, responsive to religious stimulus, capable of understanding the Christian basis of instruction to which they will be called upon to listen in riper years. If this be done, then, holding as we do that the force of the truth which we believe is its own best evidence, we have no fears for the future. This is the position of all Protestants, and, therefore, we can be conscientiously satisfied with such a system of religious instruction in the State-school as that which I have indicated. We might prefer another, but at least we can, and therefore, in present circumstances, we should be satisfied with this. The Catholic cannot conscientiously submit to such a system, and, therefore, if the Government will only adopt such a measure as I have referred to, it will be nothing but reasonable, as it seems to me, to concede to the Catholics the indulgence which they seek. They are a body sufficiently large to demand separate consideration. They already possess schools which they are increasing rather than diminishing. And shall we then, for the chance of starving them out and of inflicting on them the acutest spiritual misery, go on starving the souls of all the children of Victoria, and keeping them from the Saviour who died for them?" (Applause.)

TRUTH.

TRUTH will never die; the stars will grow dim, the sun will pale his glory; but truth will be ever young. Integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness, these are all imperishable. No grave can ever entomb these immortal principles. They have been in prison, but they have been freer than before; those who enshrined them in their hearts have been burned at the stake; but out of their ashes other witnesses have arisen. No sea can drown, no storm can wreck, no abyss can swallow up the everlasting truth. You cannot kill goodness, and integrity, and righteousness; the way that is consistent with these must be a way everlasting.

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION
IN ENGLAND.*

ENGLAND, under Elizabeth, furnishes a most striking example of the inauguration of liberty by the Protestant Reformation. In this reign not only the episcopal office, but also the ecclesiastical doctrine was subjected to the will of the sovereign.

Hallam† writes thus of the Anglican Church in 1566: "The novel theory of ecclesiastical authority resolved all its spiritual as well as temporal powers into the royal supremacy," a statement which is confirmed by English lawyers. Blackstone, for instance, says: "The authority heretofore exercised by the Pope is now annexed to the Crown by the statutes of Henry VIII., Edward and Elizabeth."‡

The Anglican Church is in complete subjection to the State. Such are the words of the leading ecclesiastical papers in England of the present day—words which have been amply verified by recent legislation. The "Public Worship Regulation Act," is an example of this, an act hurried through by Parliament composed of men of every shade of belief, in one session, and then forced upon a body of clergy who were certainly not in favor of it. It is worthy of notice also, that Convocation, which may in a certain sense be considered as the mouthpiece of the Anglican clergy, was not even consulted on the matter.

The tolerant legislation for Ireland is so well known that in a short work like the present it is unnecessary to dwell much on it, but for the benefit of those who are under the delusion that Protestantism produces civil liberty we will quote a few of the penal laws, which prove the fact that children were torn away from their parents' protection, priests were hung or exiled, and those who refused to conform to the wishes of the British government were made serfs in their own land. In England for three hundred years Catholics were

hunted like wild beasts, and the punishment of death was inflicted on a priest for saying the Mass.

In the year 1695 the following laws were enacted:—

1. The Catholic Peers were deprived of their right to sit in Parliament.

2. Catholic gentlemen were forbidden to be elected as members of Parliament.

3. Catholics were denied the liberty of voting, and were excluded from all offices of trust and all remunerative employment.

4. They were fined £60 a month for absence from Protestant worship.

5. They were forbidden to travel five miles from their houses, to keep arms, to maintain suits at law, or to be guardians or executors.

6. Any four justices of the peace could, without further trial, banish any man for life if he refused to attend the Protestant service.

7. Any two justices of the peace could call any man over sixteen before them, and if he refused to abjure the Catholic religion, could bestow his property on the next of kin.

8. No Catholic could employ a Catholic schoolmaster to educate his children; and if he sent his child abroad for education he was subject to a fine of £100, and the child could not inherit any property in England or Ireland.

9. Any Catholic priest who came to the country might be hanged.

10. Any Protestant suspecting any other Protestant of holding property in trust for a Catholic might file a bill against the suspected trustee and take the estate from him.

11. Any Protestant seeing a Catholic tenant-at-will on a farm which, in his opinion, yielded one-third more than the yearly rent, might enter on that farm, and, by simply swearing to the fact, take possession.

12. Any Protestant might take away the horse of a Catholic, no matter how valuable, by simply paying him £5.

13. Horses and wagons belonging to Catholics were in all cases to be seized for the use of the Militia.

14. Any Catholic gentleman's child who became a Protestant could at once take possession of his father's property.

The 13th of Charles II., commonly called "The Corporation Act," excluded

* "THE FUTURE OF CATHOLIC PEOPLES."
[Note to Chapter VII., page 209.]

† Hallam's "Constitutional History," vol. i. p. 100.

‡ Blackstone's "Commentaries," vol. iii. p. 67.

Catholics from offices in cities and corporations.

The 25th Charles II., commonly called "The Test Act," excluded them from all civil and military offices.

The 30th Charles II., prevented them from taking part in the legislation of the country.

An Act of William and Mary prevented the use of the Parliamentary franchise.

The horrors of the penal code were slightly relaxed in 1778, when American agitation and British fear permitted Catholics to hold property on leases for lives, but still the vast majority of the nation was excluded from the franchises, offices, and honors of the State, not on account of any moral or political delinquency, but merely on account of its religion. The whole history of the persecutions which Catholics have endured at the hands of Protestants of every denomination is one of the most curious phases of human perversity that the philosopher can find to study.

The Rev. Dr. Leland, a Protestant minister, writes as follows* on the plantation of Ulster, which James I. and his successor not only devised, but carried into effect:

They obtained commissions of inquiry into defective titles and grants of concealed lands and rents belonging to the Crown, the great benefit of which was to accrue to the projector, whilst the King was contented with an inconsiderable proportion of the concealment, or a small advance of rent.

Discoverers were everywhere busily employed in finding out flaws in men's titles to their estates. The old pipe-rolls were searched to find the original rents with which they had been charged, the patent rolls in the Tower of London were ransacked for the ancient grants, no means of industry or devices of craft were left untried to force the possessors to accept of new grants at an advanced rent. In general men were either conscious of defects in their titles, or alarmed at the trouble and expense of a contest with the Crown, or fearful of the issue of such a contest at a time and in a country where the prerogative was highly strained and strenuously supported by the judges. There are not wanting proofs of the most iniquitous practices of hardened cruelty, of vile perjury, and scandalous subornation, employed to despoil the fair and unoffending proprietor of his inheritance.

Unheard of confiscations were made in the northern parts, upon grounds of plots and conspiracies never proved upon their supposed authors. The original scheme of depopulation was never lost sight of, and a regular series of operations was carried on by special commissions and inquisitions, first under pretence of tenures and then of titles in the Crown, until the original inhabitants were almost completely exterminated. Parliament passed a law vesting the entire land of six counties in the Crown, the property of Irishmen, and the King immediately distributed upwards of 385,000 acres to his followers.* There were three divisions made of the spoils—first, to English and Scotch, who were to plant their portions of territory with English and Scotch tenants; secondly, to servitors in Ireland—that is, to persons employed under the Government, who might take English or Irish tenants at their choice; thirdly, to the natives of those counties, who were to be freeholders. Catholics and persons of Irish descent, who were known by the name of "mere Irish," were altogether excluded from this part of the country.

Such was the Plantation of Ulster, and, to show the spirit in which it was made, we give the following "Articles," extracted from the orders and condition of the Plantation of Ulster:

(7.) "The said undertakers, their heirs and assigns, shall not alien or demise their portions, or any part thereof to the mere Irish, or to such persons as will not take the oath which the said undertakers are bound to take by the said article, and to that end a proviso shall be inserted in the letters patent."

(8.) "The said undertakers shall not alien their portions during five years next after the date of their letters patent, but in this manner, viz, one third part in fee, farm, &c. But after the said five years they shall be at liberty to alien to all persons except the mere Irish." (Harris's "Hibernica," p. 66.)

The documents here cited give but a faint idea of the extreme misery created by this plantation. The administration of the law was quite consistent with the temper of the times, and the Protestant Bishop Burnet does not hesitate to denounce the partiality and injustice that were exhibited †

* Leland, book iv. chap. 8.

* Leland, book iv. chap. 8. † Bishop Burnet's, "Life of Bishop Bedell."

Scotland furnishes us with an example of a country entirely given up to the spirit of intolerance. Lord Clarendon, speaking of the Scotch in 1650, says: "Their whole religion consists in hatred of Popery." Few "apostles of tolerance" pushed a hatred of truth to such a pitch as John Knox, who declared that it rightly appertained to the civil power to regulate everything connected with religion. He issued a warrant of death against any one who should celebrate the holy sacrifice of the Mass twice. An ecclesiastical tyranny was established under his direction, of which it is now hardly possible to form a conception. In Chambers' "Domestic Annals" we find the statement that the private life of each individual was subjected to investigation like that exercised in the East.

The despotism exercised by the ruling authorities in Scotland exceeded that in Geneva, the birthplace of Calvinism and centre of revolutionary intrigue.

In 1713, Parliament, aided by the Crown, compelled the Scotch Calvinists to tolerate the introduction of an Episcopal Church. The year 1735 marks the first approach of any kind of liberty in Scotland, and then for the first time the poor Highlanders, who had remained steadfast to the Catholic Church, obtained permission to come down from their mountainous abodes in order to practise the religion of their ancestors, and to teach England the spiritual power of the faith of Edward the Confessor.

NEW FRIENDS.

"THERE are new friends who are as dear as the old—those who give their young confidence to our matured sympathies, or who meet us as companions, each on the same level of experience and thought. They know us when the struggle is past and we are made; see us perfected in fortune and repute, and know nothing of those early days of trial when we failed more often than we succeeded, and for every step forward used to slip two back. They see us only as "successes," and it is to them as if we had been born in the purple, which the elder know that we have bought by our own exertions only, and douned but of late years.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND OF HIS VIRGIN MOTHER.

THIS admirable work, now appearing in numbers, translated and adapted from the German of Rev. L. C. Businger, by Rev. Richard Brennan, A. M., Pastor of St. Rose's Church, New York, is a most attractive book. Apart from its great merit as a devotional work, which is sufficiently attested by the fact that it is approved by the most eminent Prelates of Europe, the United States and Canada, its appearance alone is sufficient to insure it a welcome in every Catholic household. It is beautified by nearly six hundred choice engravings, a handsome illuminated title page, and a Family Record printed in colors; 31 fine plates, representing among other subjects, each of the "Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary," "Our Lady of Sorrows," "The Last Supper," "St. Patrick," etc. In addition to all these attractions there is presented free, with the last number, to each subscriber who has purchased the entire work, a superb steel engraving of "The Resurrection," size 20½ x 27½ inches. The venerable Bishop of St. Gall, Switzerland, who has written the "Introduction" to the work, concludes thus:—"This book will carry with it wherever it will be read and studied, abundant salutary and comforting instruction and edification. It will furnish the faithful at all times, but especially on Sundays and holydays, in Lent and in Advent, with highly instructive lessons and touching examples for meditation and imitation, strengthening belief in the holy truths of Christianity, enkindling love for God the Father, stimulating gratitude towards our Lord and Saviour, and encouraging devotion to the ever blessed Mother of God in these days of irreligion and impiety. It will contribute to the safety of the Church and to the salvation of souls, by affording, through attractive and useful entertainment, a powerful means of binding together in love and peace the members of many a Christian family."

Messrs. Benziger Brothers, New York, Printers to the Holy Apostolic See, are issuing the work in parts, 38 in all, price 25 cents each.

A RELIC OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE tragic fate of the beautiful daughter of the Stuarts, who fell a victim to the savage jealousies of Queen Elizabeth, has awakened an interest in everything pertaining to her history which is not unshared in here. A correspondent has drawn attention to the fact that a spot of historic interest through its connection with the earlier life of the unhappy Queen is likely soon to become lost to the antiquary and the sympathizers with Mary if some prompt efforts be not made to preserve it. 1548, when Mary went to France to become the *fiancee* of the Dauphin, she landed at the little fishing port of Roscoff, in Brittany, in the Department of Finisterre. In order to preserve the memory of the circumstance affectionate hands marked the spot of her debarkation and traced the outline of her foot upon the stone. A beautiful little Gothic chapel was afterwards built upon the site, and dedicated to Saint Ninian. Its ruins still attest the original grace which marked the structure. But the hand of Time has long lain heavily upon the memorial; the roof has long since fallen in, and only the walls, the mullioned windows filled in now with rude stonework, and the graceful Gothic arched doorway remain of the external structure. Within, matters are still worse. All is nakedness and desolation, and in what were once the aisle and transepts the tall grass grows luxuriantly above the piles of debris which had previously filled them. The upright stones of three altars still denote the place where the mysteries of religion were celebrated. The aspect of the whole place is sad and mournful as the chequered career of the unhappy lady with whose name it has been interwoven. Even as a ruin, however, it was dear to many for its very associations. It is now doomed to speedy extinction unless something can be done to preserve it. The place has been purchased as the site of an intended "Salle d'Aisle" for the parish, a benevolent institution much needed, it appears, there, and the beginning of next year will witness the demolition of the historic building unless some means of providing another site

for the asylum be forthcoming from outside. The edifice was never a pretentious one; it was never anything more than a pretty little architectural memorial; but as a monument of one of the most romantic and touching tragedies of modern history it was dear to many. We believe if the matter were taken up, enough help would be forthcoming, not only to avert the threatened razing of this relic of the house of Stuart by the purchase of another site, but even to renovate the decaying structure. It would not cost much to do this. There may be few Guinesses or Roes among the admirers of the kingly Stuarts; but there are, we believe, plenty who have the means, the will, and the devotion to undertake this small work and to carry it through.—*Irish Exchange.*

FIGURES THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

THE following statistics, showing the proportionate extent of the most shameful of vices in Catholic and in Protestant countries respectively, has been furnished by Dr. McKinley, of Philadelphia:

Population of Hamburg	250,000	
Licensed women of the town . . .	10,000	
Those of Catholic parentage	1,000	
Those of Protest'nt parentage	9,000	
*Aggregate		10,000
Population of Paris	1,000,000	
Licensed women of the town	28,000	
Those of Catholic parentage	9,000	
Those of Protest'nt parentage	19,000	
Aggregate		28,000
[Almost two-thirds are imported.]		
Population of Berlin	600,000	
Judicial women of the town	27,000	
Those of Catholic Parentage	4,000	
Those of Protest'nt parentage	23,000	
Aggregate		27,000

Those rates hold good, and are in equal proportion, in all the Germanic cities. Inquiry through Gallic towns and villages, remote from the greater centres of commerce, such as Paris, Marseilles, Bordeaux, etc., exhibits a *pro rata* increase of Protestant women of the town to given numerals in population. Of the women of the town in England there is one Catholic to eleven Protestants; in Scotland, one to fifteen; in Ireland, one to twenty-six.

TRUE WISDOM.

Who are the wise?

They who have govern'd with a self-control
Each wild and baneful passion of the soul;
Curbed the strong impulse of all fierce desires,
But kept alive affection's purer fires;
They who have passed the labyrinth of life
Without one hour of weakness or of strife;
Prepared each change of fortune to endure,
Humble though rich, and dignified though

poor;
Skilled in the latent movements of the heart,
Learn'd in the lore which nature can impart—
Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud
Which sees the "silver lining" of the cloud,
Looking for good in all beneath the skies:

These are the truly wise!

GUILLAUM GARRET O'DUGAN DANG;

OR,

THE LAST OF THE ULSTER FAIRIES.

BY GARTAN ROSE.

"Like a host of frighted fairies to beautify
the tomb!"

JOSEPH BRESAN.

MANY hundred years ago, before even the grandfather of Brian Boru was born, there existed in the northern part of Ulster, quite near the borders of Lough Swilly, a chief named Rory O'Dugan and his clan of the same name, as fine a body of men and women as could be found in all Ireland. What was notable about them was the fact that no misfortunes ever seemed to come near them. Never a battle, that victory did not perch upon their banners; never came there a famine save when they had plenty; never a plague that they did not escape from. Far and wide over all the North the fame of these strange occurrences were spread; so that it became a saying in Ulster, whenever extraordinary good luck came to an individual, that he had "O'Dugan's Luck." The chief had one son, Teige, a strapping youth of fifteen, gay and handsome, and as brave as many a bearded warrior.

One fine day Teige announced his intention of proceeding to Lough Derg on a pilgrimage; and permission being granted by his father, accompanied by a plentiful blessing, he slung a bundle of necessities over his shoulder, plucked

seven shamrocks, one for every day in the week, and staff in hand, started on foot for his destination. When he had proceeded some three miles, he suddenly saw coming toward him at a furious pace, mounted on a large hare, a small, thin man, not over three feet high and dressed in a very peculiar manner. He wore an under-robe of beautiful green, and over that, but a few inches shorter, was thrown one of yellow, over this a robe of crimson, again one of purple, once more one of white and the last was of brown, covered, however, with a breast-plate of silver. Around his neck was a collar of emeralds. On his head was a golden crown, studded with rubies. His arms also were covered with silver mail. Three golden tassels hung from his wrists. The hare on which he rode was harnessed all in silk.

"This," said Teige to himself, as he became immovable from surprise, "must certainly be one of the Kings of the Tuatha Danaans come to life! May St. Patrick and my seven shamrocks preserve me from him!"

The little rider dashed up to Teige's side, dismounted, peered into the young man's face and then said abruptly:

"You're Chief O'Dugan's son, I'm thinking?"

"I'll not deny it," answered Teige, "though I must say I never saw you before."

"Where are you going?" continued the little man.

"With the blessing of God and St. Patrick, I am going to Lough Derg to say my prayers."

"Then you'll pass by the Abbey of Cunnacra, which the wicked King of Munster laid in ruins?" again queried the little man.

"I will that," replied Teige; "but if you allow me—"

"Hold your peace, young man," imperiously demanded the strange individual. "Listen. Do you know the reason why good luck has always attended your clan? No, you don't. It is I who am the hidden power! My name is Guillaume Garret O'Dugan Dang, and I am the guardian fairy of your clan, and I am the last of my race, and woo is me! you behold before you the Last of the Ulster Fairies." But the day once was when a thousand fairies ranged

themselves under my banner. But that day is gone, and now alone, with none to defend me, I am the object of a cowardly conspiracy amongst the Connaught fairies, who propose to kill me and thus win to themselves the beautiful raths, and glens and haunts of my race in Ulster. Not only that, but know, young man, if I am slain, all the luck will go from thy race and clan. Now, list! To-night you will reach the ruined Abbey, remain there till morning and I shall see that you have information as to where the Connaught fairies will meet to discuss the plan of attacking me. When thou receivest the information, proceed to the spot, play the spy and return immediately on the broad road to thy father's house. Somewhere I shall meet thee; bear in mind to catch and treasure up every word that drops from the lips of those Furbolg rascals. I have spoken. Go!" So saying he clapped his hands three times, and fairy, silk-harnessed hare and all disappeared.

"May my shamrocks never guard me!" exclaimed Teige as he gazed with bewilderment at the spot where the fairy had stood, "if that isn't the strangest thing that has happened since St. Patrick came to us. But I'd better do his worship's bidding, for sure it's for my benefit as well as his. But may the curse of the Seven Geese of Antrim fall on them Connaught fairies!"

Swiftly he strode onward, pondering upon his adventure, till at length the ruined abbey rose before him. Then and then only did a fear come over him as the ghostly pile was lighted up by the moon's rays. Dark tales had he heard of young people enticed away by wonderful fairies to some lonely spot, there seized, carried away and changed into fairies. No sound came from the walls, and taking courage, he advanced and entered. There was no sign of a fairy ever having been there, so, content to make the most of a bad bargain, Teige threw down his bundle and himself after it on the floor; and, after having first laid his shamrocks in a circle around him, so as to be guarded on all sides, he ventured to abstract a hearty meal from his store and oblige the said meal to disappear in a remarkably short time. Then he laid himself down to rest and

slept for about five hours, when with a start he awoke to discover a small brushwood fire burning in front of him, outside the circle of shamrocks; and beside the fire there stood a little child, clad all in white, save that a holly spray was bound around its brows.

Teige hastily crossed himself, sat up and gazed on the apparition. The child suddenly fixed its eyes on him, raised its hands in the air and sang the following lines:

"To-morrow, five miles!
To-morrow, five miles!
To-morrow, five miles he'll go!
He'll go, go, go
To the fairie's trysting place—
He'll go, go, go
To Connaught's hunting chase!
Enter warily—
Turn to the right;
Stride on fairly
Till in your sight

Appear the many gathered ones
Who strive to ruin Ulster's sons."

Then there came a swift flash of light through all the ruin, and all was dark, but fairy visitant and brushwood fire were gone.

Teige could not close his eyes that night and the sun had scarcely risen ere he was once more on the road. Two days passed and toward night he passed the boundary of "Connaught's hunting chase." It was dark in the forest and Teige crossed himself many times ere he turned to the right as he had been directed, and entered a narrow pathway. Slowly he proceeded onward till he suddenly entered a spacious forest dell, in the centre of which a huge fire leaped and crackled with what seemed to Teige tremendous noise. Around that fire were gathered a motley collection of strange diminutive beings, indescribable, unfathomable! They were engaged in exciting conversation, wild gestures were being made and yells came forth now and then; but the fire continued to make such noise, that notwithstanding the fact that Teige strove with all his might to catch a word nothing intelligible came to his ears. Suddenly he felt a slight touch on his arm and turning round in affright beheld no less a person than the guardian fairy of his clan who had sent him on his spying expedition. A sad smile wreathed the fairy King's features.

"Son of the O'Dugan!" he said,

mournfully, "thy work has been in vain! My hour is come! It is even as I feared—they have lit the thundering fire of Baal and no man can hear their secrets. I will go boldly to them now and bravely challenge the fight! I will show these Connaught Firbolgians how an Ulster fairy can die. Who knows but I may win the unequal contest. I have the golden wand of Pharaoh and none can stand against it. I go!"

With a leap the fairy King, wand in hand, sprang toward the fire uttering a shrill, wild and strangely thrilling war-cry. The last echo of that cry had not died away, ere every one of the fairies was on his feet. As if they had expected him they closed together in a phalanx, drew short swords, and attacked the lone King. He did naught but wave the golden wand before him, and by some mysterious power the fairies were withheld from advancing. Still he waved it to and fro, for if he stopped once, the power of the wand would disappear. Toige had watched these proceedings intently, and after wondering why the little King did not use his wand with more deadly effect, suddenly gave vent to that wonder by springing from the wood, snatching the golden weapon from the fairy's hands and proceeding to lay about him with extremely valorous intentions. The opposing fairies gave a yell of delight on seeing this and pressed closer round the now defenceless King. Slowly he retreated, warding off, as best he might, the sharp swords of his antagonists; but as he went he cried:

"Oh! woe, woe, woe! And it was even thus spoken many years ago by Irial, the Prophet.* By their own hands should the luck of the O'Dugan be thrown away."

And as he spoke he sank in death! Toige was never heard from after, though strict search was made. His father became sick with grief at his loss and soon died. Thus the fairy's words were proved true for luck disappeared from the clan. They were beaten in successive battles and driven to seek refuge with a neighboring chief. Years after they

regained possession of their lands, but the wealth, power and happiness which they had once possessed, never was with them as in the days when they were protected by "The Last of the Ulster Fairies!"

Boston, 5th March, 1879.

IRISH, ENGLISH AND SCOTCH MORALS.

The Scotsman, a paper which has always been rather prejudiced towards Ireland and the Irish, is forced to pay the following tribute to Irish morals and to the beneficent effects of the Catholic religion on the people:

"England is nearly twice, and Scotland nearly thrice worse than Ireland. Something worse has to be added, from which no consolation can be derived. The proportion of illegitimacy is very unequally distributed over Ireland, and the inequalities are such as are rather humbling to us as Protestants, and still more as Presbyterians and as Scotchmen. The division showing the lowest figure is the Western, being substantially the Province of Connaught, where about nineteen-twentieths of the population are Celtic and Roman Catholics. The division showing the highest proportion of illegitimacy is the North Eastern, which comprises or almost consists of the Province of Ulster, where the population is almost equally divided between Protestant and Roman Catholic, and where the great majority of the Protestants are of Scotch blood, and of the Presbyterian Church. The sum of the whole matter is, that semi-Presbyterian and semi-Scotch Ulster is fully three times more immoral than wholly Popish and wholly Irish Connaught—which corresponds with wonderful accuracy to the more general fact that Scotland, as a whole, is three times more immoral than Ireland, as a whole. There is a fact, whatever may be the proper deduction. There is a text, whatever may be the sermon—we only suggest that the sermon should have a good deal about charity, self-examination and humility."

* A real personage in Irish History.

THE SELF-MURDERER.

WORDS OF CAUTION BY A PAULIST FATHER.

TAKE the most filthy, hideous, and repulsive thing in creation; compare it with the drunkard, and it gains by the comparison. Look at a drunkard at home, or in public, and you will blush for our common humanity. He was made by God, a little less than angels (Psalm viii., 6), but he has degraded himself much lower than the brute. He was crowned in glory and honor (Ibid.), but he has sank into ignominy and disgrace. The tavern is his temple, his prayers are blasphemies, his God is his belly (Philip iii., 19). In the midst of his infernal orgies he barks, he shouts, he roars, he screams, he bellows, he stamps, he kicks, he strikes, he gnaws, he tears, he snores, he grunts, he yawns, he hiccoughs, he vomits. Vengeance, hatred, blasphemy, and bestial obscenity are on his serpent-like tongue; his eyes are fiery and bloodshot; his ears stuned; his carbuncled nose is a dripping distillation of nastiness, which mingles with his foul eructations dropping into and savoring his poisonous cup. His hair is a bundle of hissing serpents, his teeth chatter and rattle like ivory in a dice-box; his hands are palsied; a cess-pool is a pure fountain compared with his mephitic stomach, his knees totter, and his legs refuse to support his bloated carcass. The drunkard tramples on all the laws of nature, as well as all the precepts of God. He robs, he steals, he cheats, he breaks his word, he violates his promise, he betrays the secret which was confided to him. He has no honor, no principle, no spirit of independence, no regard for truth, no respect for modesty. Theft and sacrilege, adultery and murder, he commits without remorse. He is a wicked husband, an ungrateful child, a cruel father, a false friend, a troublesome neighbor, a social pest.

At home he is a roaring lion; when he appears in public he is a midday devil, vomiting fire and flame. He is always in excitement, his nerves are on the rack, his thoughts are scattered, his memory is weak, his will is vacillating, his judgment is obscured, his under-

standing is impaired. The drunkard is exposed to a thousand dangers, from which the sober man is secured. Every time he drinks to excess his life is in peril, as also his property, his liberty, and his reputation. He may be seen by hundreds, and to be seen is to be despised. He may commit many crimes for which he is amenable to justice. He becomes an easy prey to the robber, the villain, and the cheat; he makes a ruinous purchase; his pockets are rifled, his valuables are stolen; he is sometimes stripped of his clothes. Perhaps he falls from his horse and breaks his neck, or fractures his skull; he tumbles into a river and is drowned; he falls into a dyke and is suffocated. His eyes swim, the earth reels, surrounding objects are in motion; he staggers from one side to the other; he describes all manner of geometrical figures on the highway; he creeps like a serpent, and grasps the earth for support; he advances like a crab, and continues to walk backward whilst he is making the most violent efforts to go forward. No Arabesque is more intricate, no Cretan labyrinth more tortuous than his zigzag path. He falls upon his skull, and his brains are dashed out, or upon his face and he is smothered, or upon his side, and he perishes from the inclemency of the weather. If he escapes death, after wooing him in so many forms, who can describe the agony of his returning consciousness, or the trembling fits of his delirium?

Hideous spectators surround him, frightful apparitions appall him, terrific and mysterious whispers curdle his blood; the demon of intemperance, to whom he has sold his body and soul, exults over his despairing victim, and all the imps of hell are, as it were, summoned to his bedside to laugh at his destruction, to mock his agony, and to tell him, in the language of the damned, that the reign of mercy is passed away, and that hope is no more! The sequence is natural. He may cut his throat, hang himself, or blow out his brains; but before he executes this vengeance of heaven upon himself it frequently occurs that he murders his wife, despatches his child, or sets fire to his house. If he be not prematurely cut off by a sudden accident, or a blow, or a wound, he is sure to hasten his end by the insidious poison

of intoxicating drinks, which he daily imbibes. His spongy throat erics out like the horse-leech, "Give, give," and he is never satisfied. The scorched palate has lost all savor, and more powerful stimulants must be mingled with the hellish liquid, in order to arouse for a moment the jaded sense. No foul shaft in a coal mine is more explosive than that bottomless pit, the drunkard's insatiable stomach. The heated blood is propelled through the swelling veins with railroad speed, and the very marrow is frying in his bones. He exposes himself to a long catalogue of exherciating and fatal diseases. He leads a dying life, he endures a lingering martyrdom, and whether by apoplexy, or dropsy, or consumption, or fever, death is sure to clutch its wretched victim. So true is the old proverb, that *the throat has killed more than the sword.* So true would be the epitaph upon almost each of the accursed race of drunkards: *HERE LIES A SELF-MURDERER!*

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 IX.—(Continued).

THE Rapparees, on the other hand, though only about equal in numbers, and certainly not so well armed as the troopers, believed themselves masters of the situation and enjoyed it amazingly. Their satisfaction appeared on their smiling faces and in the quizzical looks, which they alternately cast from Dick to the Captain and from the Captain to his men. Fergus stood at the head of the band with his long brass blunderbuss in his hands, and waiting the commands of his chief. His huge and athletic frame seemed to grow to larger dimensions as the moon, bursting suddenly from a cloud, shone full upon him. By his side stood Cormick, barefooted, barelegged and jacketless. His jacket had been left behind at the tinker's

cairn, and he seemed utterly unconscious of its loss. His semi-nude state seemed to be taken as a matter of course by his friends, who were familiar with his ways, but was looked upon by Dick and his dragoons with fear and terror. Hugh O'Reilly stood beside Mr. Ogilby, a gleam of pride and triumph in his manly and handsome face, and a few feet apart stood Brian gazing on him with admiration. From where they stood friends and foes could see by the light of the candles, which burned with a sickly and flickering gleam, the two corpses in their winding sheets, while ever and anon the piercing notes of the *keen* disturbed the silence which, for fully five minutes, was unbroken by the enemies who confronted each other. None was more astonished than Mr. Ogilby himself, for he had not been aware of the presence of the Rapparees in the neighborhood. He was the first to break the silence, and approaching Dick, and standing in the centre of the two files of armed men, said:

"Mr. Crosby, and you, gentlemen, who have accompanied him to-night, before we proceed with the business in hand, I owe it to myself and to my position as a magistrate, to vindicate myself from any suspicion of being in league with those men, who have so suddenly and unexpectedly appeared before us. I came here with the intention of aiding and sympathizing with this honest family, as they are under my protection and are my tenants. Hearing that a priest was brutally murdered and one of my tenants fired upon by Major Crosby, I came in order to ascertain the particulars and protect by my presence, those who are in my service. But that I was aware of the presence of these men I utterly and emphatically deny. Neither was I aware that I would have the honor of meeting Mr. Crosby to-night, and for this alone I do not regret my journey. The insult he has offered me must be atoned. I will take no retraction. Let us retire with our seconds and conclude this disagreeable business as soon as possible."

"If you are not in league with these lawless men," said Lindsay, who was not destitute of courage, "you seem to be on good terms with their leader."

"Sir," replied Ogilby, bristling up; "I knew Hugh O'Reilly to be a gentleman and a man of property when you were a beggarly serjeant in King William's army."

"We shall talk about this, Mr. Ogilby," said the other, now fairly roused to anger, "when Mr. Crosby and you have settled your dispute."

"The sooner the better; lead on I'm ready."

But no expostulations on the part of Mr. Lindsay could urge the doubtful Major to meet Mr. Ogilby. In vain he entreated and adjured him to remember his position as a gentleman and a soldier; told him the honor of the corps he commanded was at stake, and that he would be disgraced and dishonored in the eyes of all the gentlemen in the country. "Will you let your own men," said he, "be witnesses of your humiliation and disgrace. Your father would not have acted thus. Be a man, Dick, and think if you should wing or kill him what a hero you would be in the eyes of your soldiers."

"Yes, but if he should kill me," said Dick, trembling and his knees knocking together with fear. "He is one of the best shots in the country, and you know he wounded my father."

"But you have insulted him grossly, and must fight him."

"Tell him I'll retract."

"He will not have a retraction."

"Tell him, Lindsay, that I did not mean to insult him, that I was frenzied about my father's death, and besides I was drunk. Indeed I was."

As Dick spoke he shook violently until the sword which he held in his hand dropped on the ground, and large beads of cold sweat appeared on his forehead, and he looked piteously and supplicatingly in Lindsay's face.

"You are a d—— coward and not worthy to wear the uniform you bear," cried the other, indignantly, turning away and proceeding to the spot where Ogilby and O'Reilly stood, at about a hundred feet distant from the soldiers, and out of sight of the cabin.

"Mr. Ogilby," said Lindsay, approaching him with a flushed face and dejected brow, "I am sorry to have been a witness to what has transpired to-night, and I am sorry to add that the most

abject exhibition of cowardice I ever beheld has occurred before me. Crosby is a coward and will not fight you."

"What! after the gross insult he has offered me? Surely you but jest, Mr. Lindsay, and want the first shot yourself."

"I do not jest, Mr. Ogilby, and from my heart regret that angry words have passed between us to-night; but Crosby is a trembling coward, and before his own men offers to apologize."

"I will have no apology. He must fight."

"It is in vain to urge him, and I feel the blush of shame mantle my cheek to think how I have been his dupe—and called him friend. I accompanied him to-night at his own solicitation, and, thinking he was manly enough to brave the dangers his rashness brought before him, I would have stood by him to the last. I will not flinch from your bullet, Mr. Ogilby, but will meet you if you wish; but I do regret to have taken sides with a cowardly knave against a manly and honorable gentleman."

"Say no more about it, Lindsay," said Mr. Ogilby, extending his hand, for he was as generous as he was brave. "Remain with me, to-night, and perhaps you will think better of me before we part. But I must settle with this blustering Major of dragoons. I'll break his nose before the whole company, and kick him out of his regimentals if he doesn't fight. Come on!"

They quickly returned to where the soldiers stood, and Mr. Ogilby, walking up to Dick, who was leaning against a tree, and beside whom stood Craunston and Ramsay, exclaimed in a voice which could be distinctly heard by all:

"Major Crosby, is it true that you declined to fight me?"

Dick, with a rueful voice, livid lips and a face as pale as alabaster, looked up for one moment in the face of his questioner and as suddenly withdrew his eye, but did not answer.

"Tell me, sir," shouted Ogilby, stopping up to him and rudely shaking him by the collar, "do you intend to give me satisfaction for the insult you have offered?"

"I didn't mean an insult, Mr. Ogilby; I will retract. What more can a gentleman do? I was in liquor, and knew

not what I said. I will apologize if you withdraw your Rapparees from here and let us go home peaceably."

"Crosby, you are a lying scoundrel, and a coward! These are not my Rapparees, and you know it. I am a more loyal subject than you, and a better man. As you are too unmanly to give me redress as a gentleman, I must have recourse to such measures as a gentleman takes to punish a knave." So saying, he caught Dick by the nose with one hand, and by the collar of his uniform with the other, and led him up and down three several times between the lines of soldiers, and, when in the centre, dismissed him with a kick.

The troopers and Rapparees looked on with feelings of disgust at the cowardly and docile conduct of Dick. Some of the former, who were brave fellows, would have risked their lives in defense of their leader had he showed the least sign of spirit or manliness. But his arrant cowardice was so glaringly apparent that they remained speechless and motionless, nor moved a hand in his defense. The Rapparees expected a collision, and stood ready for the emergency. Fortunately, the cowardice of Dick turned his men against him, prevented the effusion of bloodshed, and gave to the affair, not a sanguinary, but a ludicrous termination.

"Now, go!" said Mr. Ogilby, as he administered a parting kick to the Major, and, snatching up his sword, snapped it across his knee and flung it scornfully on the ground. "Now, go, disgraced and degraded as you are—the scorn and contempt of all honest men!"

"Not yet," cried Hugh O'Reilly; "I have something to say. You have seen, Mr. Ogilby," he said, addressing that gentleman, who stood with Lindsay beside him, "you have seen with what malignity and vengeance that trembling coward pursued this persecuted and unhappy young man, Brian Mullen. He came, with his bloodhounds, to consummate the murder which his father had planned, but failed to do, to burn down that cabin and its inmates, and would have done so if I had not been here to protect it. They first robbed them of their inheritance, then murdered their parents, and to-night would have murdered the orphan chil-

dren. He believed that *we* had gone beyond the mountain to wake the priest, and that Mullen would fall an easy prey. You could not have protected him, Mr. Ogilby, even had we known that you meant to do so. But it is well that you are here. You have seen with your own eyes the villainy of this cowardly and unprincipled man. We are called outlaws and a price put on our heads. But who has made us so? He and such scoundrels as he, and shame on the laws that give them such power! We are called rebels and Papists, and hunted like the fox of the hills. We are rebels because we believe no foreigner has a right to trample us down, and Papists because we believe in the Faith of our fathers, and not in a creed which they endeavor to force down our throats at the bayonet's point. We could have ambushed Crosby in the woods to-night, and shot him and every man of his band; but your arrival prevented this, as we wished you to witness his villainy. He came with murder in his heart to this cabin to-night, and it is written, 'He that sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' His life is forfeit to me and my command. But one word from me and every bloodhound here would, in a moment, be stretched lifeless at his feet. It is not for their own sakes I spare them, but for the sake of that innocent, heart-broken girl whose mother and best friend lie murdered before her eyes. She has witnessed enough of blood without being made to bear the painful infliction of seeing the carrion bodies of Crosby's wolfish bloodhounds beside her cabin. But though I spare you your lives," he fiercely cried, suddenly facing the troopers, "you must surrender your arms to better men."

The troopers stood motionless and wavered for a moment, uncertain what to do, but, having no leader and seeing themselves hemmed in by the carbines and blunderbusses of the Rapparees, sullenly obeyed.

"Attention!"

"Advance one pace. Halt!"

"Ground arms!"

The dismounted troopers paused; and a few old veterans among them raised their pieces to their shoulders, with the

intention of giving battle; but Hugh turning to the Rapparees, shouted:

"Present!"

The order was obeyed with the quickness of thought, and the Rapparees stood waiting for the word "Fire!"

"Ground arms!" again he roared to them, and every musket was thrown upon the ground.

"There is a musket," said one old, grizzled soldier, stepping from the ranks and pointing out to Hugh the one he had just flung down, "one that I have carried through King William's wars, and I never surrendered it before; but then we had men to lead us on, not cowards," and he looked with a scowl at Crosby and Craunston.

"Take it back, my good fellow; you are not dishonored," said Hugh, picking it up and restoring it to him. "Had you worn a sword I would not have got it so easily. I can admire a good soldier, even though he is an enemy."

The veteran, pleased with the compliment, was about to step back into the ranks, when Mr. Ogilby detained him.

"What is your name, sir?" he asked.

"Hamilton, your honor."

"Would you like to enter my service?"

"Willingly, sir, for I shall never wear Crosby's uniform after to-night."

"Then remain with me here until morning. You need not be afraid of these brave fellows; they'll not harm you."

"I am never afraid of a brave man; but a coward I despise."

"I believe you, Hamilton; so remain here," and to Hugh he added: "You had better dismiss these troopers, and let them go home."

"They haven't eaten anything since morning, sir," said Hamilton, "and they are tired and wearied; and though the majority are scoundrels, there are some brave and honest men among them."

"I shall send them home, Mr. Ogilby," replied Hugh; "but they must walk, for I intend to keep their horses as a part payment for what they have robbed me of."

"I cannot prevent you, Hugh," said Mr. Ogilby, laughing; "I have no authority here; you are master to-night."

"Nor would you if you could," returned Lindsay, "nor I either."

Hugh then advanced towards the troopers and ordered them to disperse, telling them that they should leave their horses behind, as they were wanted for his own men. Glad to escape with their lives, they rushed madly away in the direction of the river, where a bridle-path led to Lifford Ford. All fled but one, and that was the luckless Major. So much had his fears overpowered him that he had become stupefied and insensible to what had been passing around him for the last ten minutes. This was occasioned by the warlike attitude which the Rapparees had assumed when his men hesitated to throw down their arms. He was standing in the centre of the belligerents where Hugh had detained him, and in the very spot where Mr. Ogilby had left him, and, had hostilities ensued, he was certain to receive a portion of both fires. This so unnerved him, and the prospect of death being so near, that he stood motionless and unable to retreat or advance. But when he saw his men suddenly disperse, unmolested by the Rapparees, and with the sanction of their dreaded Captain, he began to realize the situation and awake from his stupor. He rushed to his horse, but before he could reach him he was intercepted by Cormick, who, springing from the side of Fergus, grabbed him by the neck.

"Not so fast, my *bouchal*," shouted Cormick in his ear. "Surely you wouldnt ask to ride an' lave me to go home barefooted and without a shirt to my back; would you, now?"

The last words he spoke in a soft, insinuating tone, almost rubbing his face to Dick's but at the same time squeezing him tightly by the throat. Though the words were soft and low, they sounded to Dick like the Archangel's trumpet, and in his eyes his face assumed the aspect of a demon.

"Didn't you hear what Hugh said," he continued. "Hugh is a brave boy, an' has the bully men to back him. He said you'd all have to walk home, because he wanted the horses himself. Ho! ho! did you see how Fergus pointed *Bride Bawn* at your head wanst to-night? I thought he was goin' to shoot you,

but Hugh didn't tell him. It was a pity, for your ould father wanted to murder iverybody."

His grip tightened on his victim, and Dick, after an ineffectual effort to break from him, gasped out:

"For the love of Heaven, let me go! You can keep the horse. I will give you money—if you want it—but don't strangle me!"

"Yis, O! yis, I have it now," muttered Cormick, not heeding or hearing the appeal. "Yis, your ould father murdered the priest to-day, an' you came to kill Brian. Ha!"

Dick's tongue was now protruding from his mouth so tightly had Cormick encircled his throat, and he was unable to speak or scream.

"Ha! Now I remember. He murdered him this mornin', an' they brought him to Brian's cabin to wake him. An' yis, I dragged your ould father from the river, an' waked him at the Tinker's Cairn. An' by the same token, I gave him my ould jacket for fear he'd catch cowl'd. I did, I did. An' now, by the Holy Vargin, you'll give me yours in place of it. Come, strip off!"

He released his hold of the Major, and divested him of his scarlet uniform. The latter, as soon as he could recover breath for the effort, and while Cormick was donning his fancy coat, gave vent to a scream which brought Fergus and Turlough to his aid. Perceiving what was the matter Fergus ordered Dick to leave immediately for home, an advice which the latter followed with all the remaining strength at his command. He took to flight, and was soon lost to view.

"Come, Cormick, I've been looking for you; it is near morning, an' time we were asleep."

"Ho, Fergus! Is that you? Look at my new coat. Isn't it a beauty? Look at the big gold buttons, an' the tassels on the shoulders. Do you know where I got it?"

"O! yes. I saw you get it from the young Major. But come with me."

"Troth! it wasn't a fair swap tho', for the wan I gev his ould father had only one sleeve, an' this wan has two bully ones. I must spake to him about it."

"Never mind now. He's gone home.

Won't you come with me, Cormick?"

"I will, Fergus, but I'd like to get a looking-glass to see myself in my new coat."

"I'll get you one in the morning. So come on."

Fergus then led him by the hand as docile as a child to where the men lay stretched beneath the trees, to snatch a few hours' sleep before sunrise. Cormick, in the meantime, throwing up his heels, and performing many antics in the experience of his joy at the "bully" dress which he had so easily acquired.

CHAPTER X.

Farewell! for me no more the day
Shall rise on Irish rock or river,
For I must sail to France away.
And leave my native land forever.
W.

AFTER the troopers departed Hugh O'Relly, Mr. Ogilby, Lindsay and Brian sat down on the benches outside the cabin, and for more than an hour were engaged in deep and earnest conversation. It was plain to all that Crosby would seek a speedy and fierce revenge. The humiliation he had suffered, and before his own men, too, would not easily or soon be forgotten. His self-pride was humbled, his prestige was gone, and his position in society tottering, if not altogether fallen, unless by some desperate effort he retrieved his lost name. The only way to do this was to accuse and arraign Mr. Ogilby before the courts as a Papist and rebel, and in league with the Rapparees. This he would not hesitate to do. His own fame and fortune depended upon it. But how was Mr. Ogilby to clear himself of these odious charges? Dick was in pursuit of his duty—that is, hunting a Papist, which the law sanctioned and encouraged, and for which the Government offered a reward—when Mr. Ogilby intervened and obstructed him in the discharge of his duties as a magistrate by challenging him to a duel, having at the same time a band of outlaws and rebels, which their chiefs avowed at their backs. He would not scruple to swear, and get others to do the same, that the outlaws far outnumbered his own command, and that among them were some of Mr. Ogilby's tenants. The robbery of the

arms and horses, which occurred on Mr. Ogilby's lands, and under his very eye, too, without one word of remonstrance from him, would be sure to tell against him with a jury and prejudice their minds in favor of his complicity with the Rapparees.

"That I have got into a bad scrape," said Mr. Ogilby, "I admit; but I don't believe Crosby can do me much harm. All the Protestants are not so bigoted as he is; and as the offense was committed in Donegal, it is here I must be tried. Besides, many of the jurors are my tenants, and I have not been such a bad landlord that I may be afraid to trust my case in their hands. Besides, there is a higher power and a higher court. I am not without friends in Dublin, who will represent my case in its true light to the Duke of Ormonde. I have served the Crown and fought beside Walker when he received his death-blow at the Boyne. I was a young man then, but not too young to receive the thanks of King William himself for services rendered on that bloody day. This is known to many at the Duke's Court, and will plead favorably in my behalf. You yourself, Mr. Lindsay, belonged to the Inniskillings, and were not unacquainted with me."

"Your courage and loyalty I have never doubted, Mr. Ogilby, for I have seen them often displayed, but I doubt if you will be able to extricate yourself easily out of the web with which Crosby will surround you. His father always settled his disputes at the mouth of the pistol, and scorned to go to law. But the son is of a different stamp. He is destitute of all principle and honor, and would sacrifice all moral principle and right to gain his ends. Beware of him."

"That he will do all in his power to ruin me I well believe, but I do not fear him."

"It is better to be prepared, however," returned Lindsay, "and if I were you I would start to-morrow for Dublin."

"You are right, sir," said Brian; "Crosby will endeavor to reach the castle before him—perhaps set out to-night."

"There is not much danger of that," exclaimed Hugh, laughing. "I think he has more need of a doctor than a long journey just now."

"Why, Hugh! I didn't hurt him seriously, did I?" asked Mr. Ogilby.

"No, you did not, sir. But Cormick paid his *devoirs* to the worthy Major before he left."

"Is that the wild-looking, half-naked savage I saw with your men standing beside that terrible-looking giant of yours?" Mr. Lindsay.

"The same," replied Hugh, "and I am afraid he handled the Major pretty roughly."

"I heard some one scream," said Brian, "a little after the enemy departed, but I thought it was Cormick himself, for he is in the habit of giving vent to his anger or joy in a boisterous manner."

"It must have been the Major you heard, Brian" said Hugh, "for I saw Cormick and Fergus going towards the hill, and Cormick had on the Major's uniform."

In spite of the solemnity of the scene before him, Mr. Ogilby could scarce forbear a laugh at the ludicrous appearance of Cormick which presented itself to his imagination, arrayed in her Majesty's regimentals. Suppressing it, however, and turning to Lindsay, he said:

"Well, if that is the case, I'll gain the castle before him; and so, it is settled that I start to-morrow. In the meantime, Brian, I should like to have a private talk with you. Let us sit on yon fallen Sycamore for a while."

They proceeded to the spot, and Mr. Ogilby, after a few minutes deep thought, began:

"Brian, I will not attempt to hide from you that this is a very serious and dangerous occurrence that has taken place to-night. For myself I have no fears. I have interest enough to secure my safety. But what do you intend to do? You cannot remain here. Crosby will scour the whole country in search of Hugh and his band, and I need not tell you that you are considered one of them. The charges he will bring against me will fall to the ground, but more power will be placed in his hands to harrass and hunt down all those whom he pleases to consider rebels. Your sister and you cannot with safety remain longer here. You, if taken, will be immediately hanged, and your sister

subjected to insult. 'This must not be. I have a proposal to make, and I am sure that you are far too sensible to refuse. As soon as your mother is interred, let Mabel come and live with me. She will have a companion in Lucy. She is a little younger than Mabel, it is true; but it is all the better. Her gaiety and spirits will serve to divert your sister's melancholy, and turn her thoughts into another channel. Do you accept?'

"Mr. Ogilby," replied Brian, and the tears started to his eyes as he spoke, "I am laboring under many obligations to you for former kindnesses, but this exceeds them all, I cannot, I do not know how to thank you."

"Then you accept?"

"I do, and I know that Mabel will until such time as I can leave the country, for I intend to leave."

"Where do you mean to go to?"

"To France."

"You are right. There the people are Catholics and there are no penal laws to enslave body and soul. Join the army; you were born to be a soldier, and in a few years you will rise to promotion, fame and honor."

"Such is my desire, sir."

"And a laudable one, too. I honor you for it."

"My brother Owen is in the French service. He was originally designed for the Church; but the last account we heard from him was that he intended to join the army or navy. That is about four years ago."

"And you never heard from him since?"

"No."

"Then, if he is alive, he must be a Captain by this time. Promotion is not so slow there as in our own country. But how do you intend getting there?"

"Smugglers often visit Sligo Bay, and sometimes Donegal. We can take passage in one of those."

"I suppose Hugh and Fergus can fix that for you," and Mr. Ogilby smiled as he spoke.

"Yes; they have friends in France as well as here."

"And when do you intend to go?"

"Now that you have so generously taken Mabel under your protection, I shall not remain longer here than is

necessary. But as soon as my mother and the priest are consigned to their last resting place, I will proceed immediately to Donegal or Sligo, and find out what the prospects are."

"You intend to take your sister with you?"

"Certainly! She would not remain behind me. Thanks to Father Dominick, she is conversant with both the French and English languages, and may obtain the position of governess in some family in Paris, while I am in the army."

"When will the corpses be buried?"

"To-morrow evening, in Urney. Next morning, if Mabel consents, she will go to the home which you have provided for her, and I with Hugh to Barnesmore. But we must consult her."

"Yes, certainly; we must consult her first," said Mr. Ogilby, musing. "But hearken to me, Brian. I am afraid I have not been as good a man as I should have been, nor as good a landlord. But no matter; it is no use to sigh over the past. It is gone, and cannot be recalled, and the present concerns us more. I should have taken you and your sister to my home long ago but neglected it. Well, it is too late now. You, at least, need funds to take you to France, and also when you arrive there. At all events, Mabel will. Take this purse. I brought it to you to-night, not for charity's sake, but as a recompense for your father's service and for yours. Do not refuse it. You may want it, and it may stand a friend to you in a foreign land when you may be in need of friends. Not a word now, but let us see Mabel."

He slipped the purse containing a hundred pounds into Brian's hand, and without waiting for an answer, walked hastily towards the cabin.

Mabel did not like the idea of being separated from her brother, especially so soon after her mother's death, but on Mr. Ogilby representing the danger her brother would be liable to encounter, she consented to go with Hamilton to her new home on the day after the burials. As Mr. Ogilby had also to go home to make preparations for his journey to Dublin at early dawn, he proposed to leave. This was consented to by all parties, and Hugh and Brian brought forward their horses.

"You will find yourself at home, Mabel, with Lucy," said Mr. Ogilby, at parting, "and I will not feel uneasy during my absence in Dublin, knowing that you are together. As soon as I return I will put Hamilton in possession of the cabin, and any message your brother or friends may send can be left there. Hamilton will convey them to you."

She thanked him and stepped outside the cabin to see them depart. Brian, at his own request, accompanied them part of the journey, and Hugh and Mabel watched until they disappeared from sight.

"Mabel," said Hugh, who had, unobserved by her, been gazing upon her face for the last five minutes; "Mabel, wrap your shawl around you and sit down in the calm moonlight until Brian returns."

"I will, Hugh, for I am weak, and I feel that the air will revive me."

He led her to one of the rude seats, and, seating himself beside her, gazed long and mournfully on her pale features. The moon was beginning to wane and darker shadows were falling upon the woods. But darker were the shadows that had fallen upon her heart. He had known her in her childhood at Asseroe, when her face was as sunny and her heart as bright as the laughing waters that danced over its falls. Among the meadows and daisy-clad braes they had romped and wandered, playful as the lambs they petted and careless as the butterflies they chased. And even where they sat, among the woods that surrounded the cabin and on the banks of the river, whose murmur they could hear, how many days of joy and happiness they had passed. But all this was gone, and in its place the dark and stern realities of life appeared. Their sky was overcast and the surcharged cloud that had burst upon their heads seemed to overwhelm her in the ruin which it had wrought. She was pale, but beautiful in her sorrow, as is the devotee the moment before martyrdom, when the face whitens at sight of the dreaded axe, but the soul lights up the eyes with a holy love and trust in the Creator.

Such were the thoughts that flashed through the mind of Hugh as he looked

on the beautiful face of his companion. She, too, seemed absorbed in thought, of if her mind, amid all her sorrow, reverted back to the "old days long ago," when love and light were hers, and her feet trod in "pleasant places." Perhaps it did. She was the first to break the silence. Turning her eyes on his, with a melancholy smile which touched with grief his very heart-strings and almost rent them asunder, she said:

"I know not how it is, Hugh, but I sometimes think that the hand of God is heavy on poor Ireland and her children, for some dreadful crime committed by our fathers against Him in the long ages ago, and that the punishment is falling upon us. It may be sinful for me to indulge in such thoughts, and I am afraid it is, but I cannot banish them from my heart when I see such bloody scenes enacted before my eyes, and see how the faithful are wronged and persecuted. I know that God permits these things to occur, and for His own inscrutable purposes, causes those He loves to suffer; but when I look on the woeful scene in this cabin to-night, where the pure and good lie murdered, I feel the bitter sorrow enter my soul, and sigh like them to be at rest."

The tears coursed each other down her cheeks and, hiding her face on his shoulders, she wept.

"I know your sorrow is bitter, dear Mabel; but it is not more bitter than mine has been. We were born to suffer, and it is God's will. How often in days long ago, when sorrow first fell upon our house, you cheered me with this consoling thought, and now, when you have need to summon up all your energies, your trust and confidence in His love you surely will not give way to despair."

"Oh no; God forbid I should. I still retain my trust and confidence in Him, and only meant to tell you of the unwelcome thoughts that intrude themselves upon me."

"That is but natural, considering how much you suffer; grief and despondency will blight the heart and dim the brightest eye; and you must be careful, Mabel, not to give way to your grief, for it will kill you."

"I know what it is to suffer, Hugh, and bear with sorrow. You, too, have

known what it is to bear the load, and you know you cannot laugh when there is a dagger in your heart."

"Surely, no. But there is more sorrow than joy in the world, at least in our own poor, stricken land; but though the days are dark and sinister in their forebodings, and give no promise of a brighter morrow here, there are other lands where the sun shines, where liberty is more than a name, where persecution for conscience sake is unknown, and where it is not a crime to be a Catholic. What is left to us in our own land? Nothing but persecution. Why then should we remain? We have everything to fear, and nothing to hope for here; everything to hope for in France, and nothing to fear. Another flock of 'Wild Geese' will soon wing their flight from poor Ireland to *La Belle France*; another ship will soon anchor in Sligo Bay, to waft them away for ever from their plundered homes, and Hugh O'Reilly and his band will be among the number."

"And Brian, too."

"Will you remain behind?"

"No. Where Brian goes I go, and where Hugh O'Reilly goes Brian and I go also."

"May God bless you for the words, my own dear Mabel."

"But listen, Hugh. We cannot remain in the cabin any longer, and Mr. Ogilby has given me his protection and a home along with his daughter Lucy until such time as we can depart. Brian will tell you all to-night, and give you the particulars. The soldier who deserted Major Crosby to-night takes Brian's place, and will deliver any message left at the cabin for us. I think we can trust him."

"Yes; he is a brave fellow, and would rather have fought than surrender to-night."

"I saw it all from the window, and your magnanimous conduct, too, Hugh; but I trembled when I saw you and Brian and Mr. Ogilby between the soldiers."

"Had they all been like Hamilton there would have been blood."

"Thank God they were not. But the strength of the oppressor often succumbs before the bravery of a determined few, and the pride and valor of

the despot quails before the arm of the righteous."

"Their leaders were cowards, as all oppressors are, and were only saved from the death they deserved by your intercession."

"Then I thank God that, humble as I am, I was the means, through His instrumentality, of averting bloodshed. But hark! Here comes Brian."

Brian now rode up, and tying his horse to a tree, sat down beside them. They talked over the events of the day and night, the burial to occur on the morrow and their plans for the future. Having decided on the course to pursue after the interment, they rose from their seats and entered the cabin.

CHAPTER XI.

The bad man's death is horror; but the
just

Keeps something of his glory in his dust.
HOBBINGTON'S "CASTARE."

The strength of prayer and sacrifice
Was with them in that hour.

MRS. HEMANS.

ABOUT noon the next day two of Hugh's men, who had been despatched to Castlefin on the preceding night to procure coffins, returned with their burdens on their shoulders and laid them down in front of the cabin. They were made of plain deal boards, roughly put together, and without paint or ornament. The dead were consigned to them, and the mourners stood around to take a last look at the departed. Mabel's tears flowed freely, and as she kissed her mother's lips for the last time a faintness came over her, and she was borne away from the coffin.

Brian bravely bore up through the trying ordeal and saw the coffin lid nailed down without betraying his emotion, but his heart was full to breaking. As it was nearing sunset the funeral cortege started from the cabin. The coffins were borne on the shoulders of four stalwart men; Brian and Hugh followed, and after them came the band. They proceeded to the river opposite Urney woods, where two boats were in waiting to convey them across. They reached the other side in safety, and in ten minutes stood beside two newly-made graves in the ancient church yard of Urney.

No priest was in attendance—no minister of God was there to read the last prayers over the faithful dead, but within the hearts of those who saw them lowered to their narrow beds, and watched the dull clay fall upon their coffin lids, was a feeling that those who had kept the Faith in life would in death meet the promise and reward of the Saviour, and that His words would be fulfilled, “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”

As the last sod was piled upon the graves, all, actuated by one impulse, uncovering their heads, knelt down to pray. And there, in that lonely and gloomy grave yard, as the sun was sinking to rest, those rough and rugged men, who had often gazed unflinchingly in the eye of death and stood unawed before his presence, poured out their hearts in supplication to the throne of the Creator, devotion beaming on every face and tears coursing down their bronzed cheeks. The Liturgy of the Dead was read by Hugh O'Reilly, and the responses joined in by all present. At the conclusion they slowly rose and silently left the grave yard. Not a word was spoken, not even by Cormick, who, though he did not kneel or join in their devotions, seemed to be impressed with the solemnity of the scene. Having recrossed the river, they again took the path that led to the lonely cabin, where they intended to remain for the night.

The shadows had again settled on the woods, the Rapparees had again sought repose beneath the friendly shelter of the trees, and silence brooded over the woods and waters. Hugh, Brian and Mabel sat alone within the cabin. Outside the heavy tramp of Fergus could be heard as he paced up and down on his beat, for at his own request he kept watch that night. A guard was stationed at the river to prevent surprise, for it was feared that Crosby might again attack the cabin, and with superior numbers. The women who had come to perform the last friendly offices for the dead and relieve Mabel of her long and weary march, had departed with their friends, “across the mountains” and gone to their homes, and when Brian returned he found his sister the sole occupant of the cabin.

“Where is Michael, Brian?” inquired Mabel, as her brother and Hugh entered.

“He has gone to Armagh, on some private business connected with Father John. He bade me and Hugh good-by at Urney, and with a heavy load of sorrow on his old heart started on his journey. The untimely end of his old master, the priest, will be a sad blow to the good Bishop. I wonder who will take his place?”

“We need not care much, Brian, so far as we ourselves are concerned,” replied Hugh; “we will then be far away, and in another land, where English tyranny and injustice cannot overtake us, and where the oppressor and priest-hunter are unknown. But God help the poor Irish priests, they are still more wrongfully persecuted than ourselves.”

“And I am afraid the reign of terror has but begun, Hugh. The ‘Reformers’ will not keep faith with ‘heretics,’ as they ignominiously call us, and their sole aim and object is the utter extermination of the Irish people, and we can do nothing to avert it.”

“Our only hope is to join the enemy of England—France—where so many of our countrymen now are; and, though it may be on a foreign field, strike down the flag that has enslaved us, and persecuted our holy Church.”

“You say well, Hugh; there is no hope left us here, and the sooner we depart the sooner our own safety is assured.”

“We should have news to-morrow from Sligo, if any French privateers or smugglers have entered the bay; but we may, probably, meet the messenger on the way to-morrow.”

“Have you decided which way to take, Hugh?”

“Yes, Crosby’s horses can easily take us from here to Barnesmore; ’tis but a good day’s ride, and once there we can hold the mountain passes against thrice our number. We may have to wait for weeks before a ship arrives.”

“Doubt not but Crosby will have his spies on your track,” said Mabel, “and follow you with a force sufficient to crush you.”

“He will scarcely try it at Barnes Gap,” responded Hugh.

“The garrisons of Strabane and Derry

will aid him, and their officers are not so cowardly as Major Crosby."

"She is right, Hugh," said Brian; "he will call on the troops to aid him, and they will only be too glad to join in the enterprise and gain the rewards on our heads."

"Well, let them only give us until to-morrow morning, and we will give them leave to catch and kill us. Let us get but one hour's start and we can set them at defiance. But is it safe to let Mabel go alone with Hamilton? She may meet with some of the bloodhounds on the way."

"By keeping to the left of Croghan, and in the woods, which is the safer and the better way, she may escape observation, and arrive in three hours at Mr. Ogilby's. We had better accompany her, too."

"Yes, and if we start before sunrise she will reach her destination before any one is astir."

"I am ready at any moment," said Mabel, "for the longer we remain here the greater the danger we incur. So let us start in the morning."

This was agreed to, and they were about retiring for the night, when the voice of Fergus was heard at a distance challenging some one who seemed to be approaching. Immediately afterwards a man emerged from the shadows of the wood and stood before the giant sentry. It was Dan Daily.

"He comes to give warning of the troopers," said Brian, "and we must fly. It will be a hard night for poor Mabel."

"We'll have good horses under us if it comes to that; but let us see."

Dan now approached, and was immediately greeted with the interrogation:

"Are the hounds out, Dan? Is Crosby after us again?"

"Make your mind easy, Hugh, about that. They are not out, an' you needn't be under any trouble in regard to the Major, for he won't leave his bed for a week to come yet."

"Ha! How does he like Cormick's embrace?"

"Troth it was a purty one, Hugh; the marks of his two thumbs are as plain on his throat as the nose on your face, an' his head is swelled as big as a tub from all the falls he got comin' home. It was daylight when he reached

the Hall, an' I didn't know him at first he looked so ragged and torn; but as soon as I let him in he called for brandy, and drunk a whole bottle before takin' it from his mouth. After that he went to bed an' nixt mornin' was scraimin' in a fever. There's two doctor's attendin' him, an' won't let him get up fur a week. The ould Major will be berried to-morrow, an' after that Craunston and Ramsay will rise the county to go in purshoot of you."

"But has any person left the Hall for Dublin or Derry, since the old Major died?"

"Divil a one, Hugh. They have all been drunk since they came back last night without their arms or horses. But how did you manage that, Hugh? Troth it was nately done."

Hugh gave him a brief account of the night's adventures and of the part Cormick had enacted. The old man listened with eager attention, and anxiously inquired what course to pursue in regard to his future conduct. He seemed to be particularly anxious in regard to Brian and Mabel, and asked many questions concerning them. He was told of her departure on the morrow to Mr. Ogilby's, and also of Brian's intention of joining the band, and enlisting in the French service.

"An' is Fergus an' all the boys goin'?" he asked.

"Yes, every man of them."

"An' why not take Mabel with you, then?"

"Because we may have to wait some time before a ship arrives, and Barnesmore is not a fit place for a delicate girl to sleep, with only the heather for a bed. Under Mr. Ogilby's escort she can easily join us when the ship is leaving port."

"How long do you think, Hugh, you will have to wait for the ship?"

"I don't know. It may be three days, and perhaps three weeks."

"Ay, jist so, muttered Dan. "An' when do you intend to start for Barnes?"

"To-morrow night at latest, perhaps sooner."

"I wish you would wait until after sundown; it won't be convenient for me to start sooner than that."

"You!" cried Hugh and Brian, in astonishment.

"Yis, me."

"Surely you don't intend to come with us?"

"An' why not? Ain't I as strong and supple as a'ther of you, or I couldn't walk from the Hall here and back again to-night."

"I'm afraid you are too old for campaigning, Dan, and it would be foolish for you to leave a good home and at your age go to a strange country. You have a good and indulgent mistress in Miss Crosby, and her goodness is more than enough to make up for her brother's shortcomings."

"Now, listen to me, Hugh, an' you Brian. It's found out that I gev you warnin' about the troopers. I met one of them who had strayed from the ranks when I was goin' back to the Hall. He questioned me closely about what I was doin' out so late, an' I gev him as many excuses as might satisfy a regiment; but he wouldn't believe a word I sed, an' called me a traitor an' a Papist an' an informer, an' sed he'd tell the Major about my doins. He hasn't seen him yit; but he tould Craunston, an' only that he's drunk he would have me now in jail or murdered. Miss Alice towld me that I would have to fly, an' she sed she would give me money enough to keep me wherever I would go. So you see I can't stop there any longer. Besides, my sister's son, young Willie Tracey, wants to go. He was kicked out of the Major's service two weeks ago for bein' a Papist, an' the craytur is young—he's only nineteen—and would like to travel. If it was only for his sake, I would like to go."

"You'll scarcely find it as pleasant on the mountain, Dan, as you did at the Hall."

"Devil a much harm the night air will do me, Hugh; I'm used to it. While Fergus an' the boys are around I'll wager we'll get enough to ait an' drink, an' as for the cowl of the night, I'll bring blankets enough to wrap around us; Crosby can spare them."

"Well, then, if you must come, be here at sundown, and sooner if you can."

"Willy an' me will be here at night-fall any way, an' mounted on two of as good horses as is in the Major's stables. I hope they'll keep drunk till then—I mane the troopers. But I must go in and see Mabel."

Dan and Mabel sat on the steps of the cabin while Brian and Hugh held converse with Fergus, who, now appeared. Dan gave an account of the proceedings at the Hall, and told the sorrows of Alice in such a mournful strain as made Mabel almost for the moment forget her own to sympathize with her friend. He also told how his young mistress was distressed at the misfortunes which had come upon the Mullins, and that she still entertained the hope that Mabel and she would meet, and though they could never again be so happy as they were, still it would be a melancholy pleasure to both. Dan then spoke of his intended departure, and of his nephew accompanying him, giving his reasons for such an unlooked-for proceeding, and backing up his arguments with his fears of Major Crosby's vengeance, until Mabel was forced to acquiesce. Carrying back with him many fond and endearing words of sympathy for his young mistress, he departed for the Hall, and soon after Mabel retired for the night. Early next morning the whole band appeared before the cabin, to bid her good-bye and breathe many a prayer for her welfare until they would see her again. Cormick was absent, none knew whither, as he had not been seen since the preceding night.

Accompanied by her brother, Hugh and Hamilton, she departed from the cabin and entered the woods. As she was leaving, she turned and gave one mournful look at the place endeared to her by many fond recollections, but also painful by many sad ones. The tears sprung to her eyes as she gazed, and, turning away her face, she felt the hot drops burning her cheeks. It was her last look—she never beheld the cabin more.

CHAPTER XII.

Away! away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind!

BRON

O! to be free as the eagle of heaven,
That soars over mountain and valley all day!
AGAIN the August sun was setting,
"like a fire behind the hills," and woods
and waters were tinged with a glow of
living light. It shone upon the moun-
tain tops and the red-blossomed heather;

it lighted up for a moment the deep recesses of the glens, and flashed a crimson flame of beauty upon the ripples of the Finn, now stirred into motion by the warm Western breeze, wafted from the bosom of the Atlantic. As if moved by one common impulse, the birds, who had sought the shelter of the trees for the night, leaped from their hiding places, and, gaining a higher eminence on the tree tops, poured forth a song of liquid melody that filled the woods with sweetness, and, borne on the wind, seemed to soar to the day god as he sank to rest. It was the only vesper hymn that rose at eventide. No chanting of monks or meek-eyed nuns was heard—no soaring cross, the emblem of man's salvation, rose over the woods or shone in the distance from abbey or monastery. The vesper hymn was hushed, the monks were martyred or banished, the nuns were dispersed or slain, and the abbeys were in ruins. The "civilization" of the foreigner had done its work; the humble followers of the Cross were dispersed, and the enemies of the holy Church were triumphant in Ulster.

Dismantled fortresses, mouldering monasteries and ruined strongholds rose at every turn, and told, in their misshapen ruins, the story of their fall. No sound of the "Angelus" bell fell upon the ear in the dreamy sunset, filling the heart with melody and raising the soul to God. Alas! long ago the spoiler had been there, and his destroying hand had in hours effaced what religious zeal and holy love had been centuries erecting. Still the scene looked lovely, and those who were assembled on the river's bank and watched the shining stream as it murmured past their feet, and gazed on the towering peaks of Croghan and Knock-a-vae breathed a sigh for the bright scenes they were leaving behind and could never hope to see again.

At the appointed hour of sunset, Fergus drew up his band on the river's bank. They numbered fifty men, and were armed with the muskets taken from Crosby's troopers. The captured horses saddled and ready for service, were tied in the shade at a convenient distance. Hugh and Brian had not yet returned, and Fergus was anxiously

awaiting their arrival. Turlough and he had been conjecturing the cause of their absence and wondering at their delay, when the former, suddenly interrupting his companion, abruptly said:

"But what, in the name of God, has become of Cormick?"

"I can't tell, Turlough; he crossed the river last night with us after the berrial, an' I haven't seen him since."

"Wherever he has gone to he has taken Major Crosby's horse with him, for naythur of them could we find last night."

"I'm sorry for that," said Fergus, "for I wanted that horse myself to keep me in mind of the ould Major, when I'd be in France," and he smiled grimly at Turlough.

"Troth! you can think of him ivery time you feel a pain in your thigh, or luk at the ugly bullet wound in it. But if you can't get the horse, you can have the saddle and pistols that Cormick left behind. He's a barebacked as well as a barelegged rider, an' the divil a better in the country."

"I know it well, an' no wan likes a good horse better. Howaniver, I've a good *garran* that Captain Craunston will niver straddle again."

"Troth, we're all well mounted, and well armed, too, for that matter, Eergus, since we got the troopers' muskets. Jimmy Gormley says they can kill at half a mile distant."

"Half a mile!" exclaimed Fergus, contemptuously. "Arrah! man, when did you iver know *Bride Bawn* to miss at half a mile? Didn't I blow the car off ould Crooker, the Cromwellian, when he stood at the head of his men on Claudy bridge, an' I on the top of Croghan! An' didn't I shoot the horse from under ould Lowery when he was half way to Raphoe an' I in Convoy? Half a mile, indeed! The best of them isn't fit to make a ramrod for *Bride Bawn*."

Fergus was very sensitive about his favorite weapon, and could ill brook the praises of any other. He had captured it from a Brandenbugher at Limerick, and after the capitulation carried it with him to the mountains of Donegal. It was a huge and unwieldy weapon in any other hands than his, being twice heavier than the muskets then in use,

and was probably cast with the intention of forming part of the armament of some German fortress. Fergus, however, preferred it to all others, and anybody bold enough to speak in his presence or praise any other was sure to bring on himself his anger and vengeance. This was the only point on which he was ill-natured, otherwise he was free and generous. Turlough, seeing the mistake he had fallen into, tried to soothe the giant's anger; but Fergus paced moodily up and down the sward, muttering incoherent sentences to himself, and would not be appeased.

This continued for some time, when Turlough, who was plunged almost in despair by his rashness, suddenly perceived Hugh and Brian approaching, joyfully exclaimed:

"Here they come, Fergus! Here's Hugh and Brian."

The spell was broken. Fergus, straightening himself up and forgetting his anger in a moment, stood ready to receive the commands of his leader.

(To be continued.)

DR. McHALE AS A BARD.

WE make the following extract from the magnificent lecture of Father Graham, on the "Lion of the Fold of Judah," JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam, delivered recently in the Mechanics' Hall, in this City:

The Archbishop of Tuam, like all true lovers of country, is passionately fond of the ancient language, poetry and music of Ireland. As an Irish scholar, he is unsurpassed by any man of the day. He has translated into classical Irish the first six books of Homer; Moore's Melodies,—those flashes of exotic patriotism,—and the Pentateuch. It is to him that we owe that vigorous resuscitation of the Celtic tongue, not only in Ireland, but in America, in France and in Germany. Yes, the sweet tongue of ancient Erse, is heard in this nineteenth century as it was spoken three thousand years ago. It is an emblem of the undying vitality of the Irish race, and, though some may say that it is a matter of sentiment, we must remember that sentiment sends the martyr cheerfully to the stake and

inspires the proud manhood of the patriot to die fearlessly in battle, or on the scaffold for the sacred cause of liberty.

The ballads of Ireland—those mighty influences in shaping the genius of national character—are well known to Dr. McHale. He sings them to the accompaniment of the harp, upon which he is a most skilful performer. What a grand sight it must be to see that venerable form bent over the harp of Erin, his eyes beaming with the fire of other days, giving forth from his true heart the noble inspirations of his country's neglected, forgotten muse! It would be worth a journey to the old land to see it.

There he stands, the great champion of Church and Country, undismayed by the frown of power or seduced by the blandishments of favor. Like the round tower of his native land, neither the mental storm nor the hand of vandal hate, have been able to move him from his strong pedestal. One by one, the mighty sons of Erin have dropped from his side into the cold and silent grave; but he remains like one of the ancient patriarchs, to carry down the traditions of that time when there were "giants in the land," and to keep alive the glorious flame of freedom's purest inspiration. With one hand he has upheld his Church; with the other he has battled for the material interests of the Irish people and hurled back the invaders of the one and the other, in confusion and disgrace.

In the splendid future which shall come in Ireland, he will have a place second to none of the illustrious men in whom Erin has been so fruitful. High above Kings and warriors; high above worldly honors and wealth; high above the purple of imperial Cæsar, Fame shall place the immortal wreath upon the brow of John McHale, and nations shall salute in him the prelate, the statesman and the patriot, who held his people in his mighty heart and did valiant battle for God, for Church and native land. The great lesson of his life has been this:—"Irishmen, be united!" He has seen the fatal effects of disunion in the history of his native land. He has seen how the enemy's policy has always been, "*Divide et*

Impera—Divido and conquer. His majestic voice has gone forth in trumpet tone to the ends of the earth, and has been heard with delight by all oppressed peoples! And the lesson will not be lost, for there is an immortal enchantment in the lessons of a great and good man, which influences ages and advances the banner of right and justice towards that pregnant hour when the anomalies of the present shall pass away and the holy reign of justice be proclaimed throughout the nations of the earth.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will conclude with a little ballad, which, we will suppose to be sung by the great Bard of the West, to the accompaniment of his Irish harp :

THE SOGGARTH'S LAST WORD.

It was a wild and craggy coast, half buried
in white foam,
When the sea arose in its mighty wrath, to
crush the fisher's home,
And the rocky heights had frowned upon the
ocean's rage sublime,
Since the star of morning glowed with light
o'er the cradle of old Time.

Remote, deep hid the hamlet stood, half way
down a ravine,
With its humble cots all glowing white on a
back ground of bright green,
And the cross arose o'er a chapel fair, and
the tomb stones nestled near,
As if the dead, in their narrow bed, sought
the altar once so dear.

All day long the fishermen were busy on the
shore,
Drying their nets and singing hoarse like the
sea's own deepest roar ;
All day long the children played with the
tide as it rose and fell,
Or fearless climbed to the sea-gull's nest in
its dizzy rocky cell.

One pleasant Sunday morning when the wee
blue flowers of May
Were peeping from their shady nooks at the
zephyr's merry play ;—
When the sunlight flashed upon the sea, and
shone on Erin's sod,
Like the holy benediction of the blessed
smile of God.

Around the holy altar in the little hamlet
shrine,
The faithful race had gathered for the
mysteries divine ;
The white-haired pastor raised on high the
chalice o'er his head,
And an awful silence worshipped God like the
silence of the dead !

The Mass was nearly ended, when a loud cry
at the door
Rang through the chapel like the cry of one
who hopes no more,
" They come ! Black Cromwell's fiends ! they
come ! " Out poured the frightened flock ;
The women fled, but the men stood firm
before the battle shock !

See where they come, a raging band, adown
the peaceful vale,
With smoking match and bloody pike that
tell their hideous tale ;
The air is pierced with blasphemies, while
humble cots on fire
Tell the cruel tale of Cromwell's men, their
hatred and their ire.

The gallant Gaels look up to Heaven and
breathe a silent prayer,
Then, with a roar, like lions loose from dark
Numidian air,
And with one shout—Erin Aboo!—they
spring upon their foe,
And the May morn sun looks down upon the
battle's ebb and flow.

Farrah ! to Erin's heroes hold, the dastard
Cromwell crew
Are face to face with manhood now, brave,
resolute and true,
As break the angry waves with might, the
dyke which hands have made,
The Sassanachs in broken rank, fall 'neath
the Irish blade.

" No quarter ! Cut the murderers down !—
Remember Wexford's Cross !
Back, back they press the beaten foe the
sullen crags across,
When lo ! like eagles from their eyrie the
women join the fight,
And hurl the screaming foemen down to
death and endless night.

Upon the crags the fishermen stood, fiercely
cheering there,
And they flung the green old banner to the
wind, as if to dare
Fate's heaviest guerdon, dear resolved, be-
neath that Irish sky,
To strike a blow for Erin's cause, or like
brave freemen die.

" And where's our Soggarth ? " some one
cried " O sure 'twere foulest scorn,
For all our race if hap is his this glorious
May morn ! "
They sought him, and they found him, but
his locks were red with blood,
As he gently knelt, and feebly clasped our
good Lord's holy Rood !

" Now, curse upon the traitorous wretch
whose hand had dealt that blow ! "
Cried Bryan Dhu, whose mighty arm was
lost to strike the foe,
But the soggarth gently did rebuke his pas-
sion and replied,
" 'Twas not for friends, my Bryan Dhu, that
our Redeemer died ! "

"O dear and venerable guide; this good old head which bent
Beneath the storms of hapless times and warring element,
Is reddened with thy true heart's blood—
that heart, which like thy door,
Was ever open to the cry of the stricken and the poor!

"Come rest," said Bryan Dhu, in tears,
"come lie upon this breast,
O, Soggarth—oigh!—aroon!—aroon!—my soul's with grief oppress!
When you are gone the desert spring will be dried up forever;—
O, curse of curses on his head who did our true hearts sever!

"I know you're going, Soggarth dear; last night upon the sea-side,
I saw the mist rise from the deep like Death's enshrouded bride,
And the Rock-na-Righ's dark wrinkled brow,
long centuries of sorrow,
Did seem to crown with deeper woe before the bloody morrow!"

Then, one by one, the stricken flock came forth with bitter weeping,
And stood encircling him who seemed to be but sweetly sleeping;
"He's dead!" they sobbed; but no, he breathed and life awhile returning,
Lit up his eyes with all the love within his bosom burning.

"Come hither little Maureen, dear, and kiss me for my kindred!"
A lovely, little four-year babe, whom modest reverence hindered,
Approached, her large, blue eyes suffused with tears of love and pity,
And she kissed the priest as his life-blood ebbed at the gates of the Heavenly City.
And then she turned to her mother's side, the blood of the martyr glowing
Upon her cheek, like a red, red rose by a marble column growing.
While the eyes of the dying saint were bright with a smile of wordless beauty,
The conscious glow of a fitting soul after life-long faithful duty.

Then spake he with a feeble voice, and all so silent grew,
That each heard the beat of his bursting breast and some of his neighbors, too;
"My children, the light of the ruddy May and the pleasant rush of the sea
Have a sense this hour I never knew—a voice of eternity.

My hour is come! O children dear, at last, on the Isle of Sorrow,
With my back on the earth of my thatched chapel floor, my life shall see no morrow;
The hawk with its cruel beak has struck its quarry low and dying—
Hark! hear the shriek of its fiendish glee o'er the hills and valleys flying!

"And, yet, in the years whose shadowy ghosts are low on dark Time's horizon,
Ere the Sassanach band came with bloody brand and heresy's dark poison,
Whose sins have set the evil Cromwell loose upon our land?
My God! it was Disunion dire, by foul ambition fanned!

"For fifty years in your joys and woes I've had my humble part,
There's not a shamrock on these rocks but is rooted in my heart;
There's not a song of our ancient land that ye sang at your lowly fires,
That does not sweeter sing in my soul, than the voice of Grecian lyres.

Farewell, my children, dear and true! and for all time, remember!
Avoid disunion, if you would not Erin's limbs dismember!

"Unite!" he cried, and thus he died—so sayeth song and story,
And another martyred Soggarth slept for God and Erin's glory!

NED RUSHEEN ;

OR,

Who Fired The First Shot?

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

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

EGAN looked terribly put about. All his professional hopes were centred in that piece of stuff, and he did not like the turn affairs were taking. "Well, sir, I suppose you know best; but you may perceive, sir, there is a much deeper impression of the right foot than of the left just here. The person we want—say it was Rusheen—had evidently been leaning forward just at this point," suiting the action to the word, "and the comforter might have caught at that spot, though it seems rather low," he added quietly. "Well, sir, it might have been torn off, and it might have been hanging by a thread loose, for all we know."

"Mights won't do in a court of justice!"

"Well, sir, if I find Ned, and match this to the comforter he has——"

"If you do, I'll have strong presumptive evidence. You had better go at once and find the fellow, wherever he may be. Ten to one he has taken flight to the mountains, if he knows he is guilty. It's always the way in Ireland

—either the jury won't convict, or the man escapes, or —"

Egan could hardly repress a smile, though he was listening deferentially to his superior.

The Inspector saw it, and laughed outright. He was a pleasant, good-natured man, and absolutely idolized by the whole force.

"There, man, go after your prisoner. It's likely you'll find me here when you come back."

Egan set off, but he had not far to go: at the turn of the road he met the very man he was in search of.

Ned touched his cap, and was passing on, when Egan stopped him.

"Dreadful work this, Rusheen. I suppose you know the inquest will be at two o'clock?"

"So I hear, sir. The poor Master—but he was taken sudden. Well, well—and I'm sorry."

He stopped, and what was he sorry for? Egan could not but admit that there was not much sign of guilt about him.

"We are all sorry, Ned, but perhaps you have some particular reason. I thought he was a good master to you. But, perhaps—" he paused, hoping Ned would speak.

"Well, sir, I hear say it's best to let by-gones be by-gones—but there was a trouble between us, and we had some words, too, just an hour before—before —" and Ned seemed unwilling to say more.

Egan felt his case was strengthening. I suppose the most amiable detective in the world is not sorry when he secures his criminal, and is somewhat depressed when he finds he has been on the wrong scent.

"That's a handsome scarf you have on, Ned," said Egan, who had been eyeing it ever since the conversation began, and had determined to come to the point at once.

"It's comfortable this cold weather," replied Rusheen carelessly, as if the subject was one of no interest to him.

Egan pulled one out of his pocket.

"I would like just to measure it with this. Miss Callan told me it was the same as yours when I bought it from her, yesterday, but I doubt if it is so long."

Ned unwound the comforter carelessly from his neck, and handed it to Egan. One glance was enough. It wanted a corner. Without even a measurement, Egan could have seen that the piece he had would have fitted it exactly. In an instant he laid his hand on Ned's shoulder.

"Ned Rusheen, I arrest you for the wilful murder of Lord Blmsdale."

For a moment, Ned looked too bewildered to say a word. Then he smiled.

"If it's joking you are, Mr. Egan, it's a queer time; and I just going down to say a prayer where the poor body lay."

"It's not joking, Rusheen, though I am sorry for you," said Egan, who did look sorry, after all.

"You don't mean to say you're accusing me of the murder—"

"Yes, I do; and you're my prisoner," and he produced some clinking steel.

"Oh! not that! Not that!" cried Ned, in agony. "No one of mine ever had the like of them near him, except,"—and he drew himself up proudly—"for the honor of his country. Then it was no disgrace."

"Well, if you will come quietly with me down to the police barrack, I will get one of the men to guard you until the inquest. You won't be long in suspense, and I had better caution you now, that every word you may say may be used against you."

"Holy Mother of God! and what can I say, but that I am innocent? But no one will believe me."

"Oh, of course," replied Egan, "every one is innocent until he is found guilty."

"What evidence is there against me?"

"Just this," replied the Constable, showing him the piece of woollen stuff, and how exactly it fitted into the place in the scarf; "and it was found on the hedge close to the body, and must have been torn off violently by you when you were flying from the scene of your crime."

Ned fell back by the roadside, helpless and ghastly pale.

"Oh, Mary! Oh, Mother of God! oh, Holy Virgin of virgins! God leave me my senses, and send I may know what

to do. I see it all now—I see it all. What shall I do?—what shall I do?"

Surely this looked like guilt. At least, Egan thought so.

In a few minutes Ned stood up.

"I'm coming, Mr. Egan. I'll go along with you quietly. Oh, Mary! Oh, Holy Mother of God! what shall I do? And he was my fosterer, too. Oh, my poor mother!"

The last sentences he murmured to himself, but Egan caught their purport.

"So, then," he soliloquized, "he has quarrelled with the new Lord, too."

They went down the road. The Inspector was not in sight when they came near the scene of the tragic event, where were still a few people praying, and the one policeman on guard. A few men were in a neighboring field collecting large stones, which unfortunately are too frequently to be met with in Irish fields. They were about to erect a cairn on the roadside—following the custom which their forefathers had introduced into their historic country some thousands of years before.

The constable passed on quietly with his prisoner. No one suspected how it was, and Egan was thankful: for Ned was a favorite, and there might have been unpleasant consequences.

As they came near the barrack, they met Jack the Runner. He looked curiously at the two. He was a very sharp boy, and got an inkling of the truth.

"Some one must tell my mother," said Ned. "Jack would be safest and quickest."

"Better speak to him inside," replied Egan.

He opened a door and put Ned and Jacky into a small square room; then he waited outside, whistled softly, and a policeman came to him. He told him the circumstances in a few words, desired him to keep guard on Ned until the inquest, and to send Jack off in a minute or two, and then he went in search of the Inspector.

Not many words passed between Jack and Ned. The boy seemed to understand the whole affair at once, and with that instinctive opposition to law which is so often commented upon, and so thoroughly misunderstood in the Irish

character, he at once proposed plans for Ned's deliverance. It never occurred to him to consider whether Ned was guilty or not—he never even bestowed a thought on the matter. To release him and baffle the "police" was his one idea.

"Shall I swear to an ale-i-bo, Ned?" he whispered—"and where shall I say yez were?"

Ned knew what he meant, but he shook his head. "No use, Jack. The young gentlemen might do it—at least one of them; and if you'd run up to the Castle, and try to get speaking to Mastor Harry, and tell him it all, it might do some good; but, Jack, keep out of the way of the young Lord."

The policeman opened the door at this very moment, and heard the words.

Was everything to tell against Ned?

It seemed so.

"Out of this with you, you young vagabond!" he said, not unkindly, and suited the action to the word.

"One minute, Mr. Jones!" exclaimed Ned.

He had, indeed, been given short time for speech, and in moments of overwhelming calamity, it is hard to collect the thoughts, and arrange the plans—even though life and death may depend on what is done.

"My mother!" he exclaimed.

"I'll manage it, Ned," replied Jack, "never heed me, but I'll set her astray; and if one lie won't do, why half a dozen's as bad, and I may as well do pinance for them all together."

Colonel Everard had just come up with the Inspector, whom he had unfortunately met, and, still more unfortunately, heard the last words.

"Another instance, Mr. Inspector, of the incorrigible perversity—I might say, depravity—of the Irish character." Then he suddenly remembered his companion was Irish. "I mean of the lower order of Irish."

"Of course, of course, Colonel Everard," replied the Inspector, somewhat absently; but he added, after a moment: "I am quite sure they do not mean those things, in the sense you or I would mean them. That boy was prob-

ably merely making a joke, out of pure good nature, to the prisoner."

"But he will tell the lies all the same."

"I do not suppose he would tell a deliberate lie, wilfully and knowingly; but I have no doubt he will try to deceive the poor mother, as far as he can, without doing so."

Mr. Grimdeath drove up at this moment, earlier than he was expected. A conversation ensued, in which the Colonel stated his view of the case very strongly, and the Coroner, being human, was considerably prejudiced thereby.

"A serious case—a very serious case; but, of course, I can give no opinion until the matter comes before me officially. You will, I suppose, give evidence, Colonel, and state what you have mentioned to me."

"Has the girl's disappearance been inquired about, Egan?" asked the Inspector.

"I have not been up to the Castle, sir," replied Egan; "but there is an hour or more before the inquest, and I can go now." He was no wiser after his visit there, as he candidly informed his superior, when they met just outside the gates, where Ned was being led in, guarded by two policemen.

Jack was there also. If the events had happened "in India" no doubt he would have deserved to be shot on the spot, for he had actually sent Ned's mother five miles off on an "errand for Ned," which he conjured out of his own fertile brain, and as he saw her turn up a lonely road to do his bidding he gave a very low and prolonged whoop of satisfaction. He knew it would all be over in a few hours, and maybe Ned would be free when Granny came home; at any rate to Jack's unsophisticated and affectionate heart the one great thing to be done was to keep her from hearing anything until all was decided. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the police he contrived to whisper what he done to Ned, who thanked him with a look of gratitude which more than repaid all his trouble. He did not yet get speech of the young gentleman; all his efforts had failed for the present at least, but Jack was not at the end of his resources. He seldom was.

The jury had been sworn, and had gone to view the body. There it lay in cold desolation, in the great dining-hall, where it had been placed the day before. There were no bright lights around it, blessed by the Church, no holy water to scare away the demons, or invite the angels who love holy things. There were no loving, tender hearts kneeling around in fervent, ardent prayer for the poor soul. All was cold, dark and desolate, both spiritually and temporally.

If they believed that the dead man had gone to the "pit hole"—as too many believe, even in a Christian land—they could not have done less, and a heathen might have done more. The jaws had been tied up by the doctors with a white handkerchief; it was now stained with blood. The hair was rough, and lying in damp, matted lumps, pushed back off the face, showing the wound in the temple. The hands, once so carefully tended, were hanging loose down by the side: one was clenched, and seemed to hold something in a firm grasp, the other was half closed. No one was to touch the body until after the inquest, it was said, and no one had touched it, or cared to do so.

Some of the jury were Catholics, and the absence of all semblance of religion was very painful to them. Some were Protestants, and they did not notice the absence of that to which they had been accustomed. As far as exterior appearances went, the late Lord Blmsdale might have been a respectable heathen. There was only one emblem of Christianity to be seen, and that was poor Larry's crucifix. It was so tightly clasped in the hand of the dead man, that it had been left there.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INQUEST.

THE inquest was held in the hall, which was of great size, and the only suitable place. A great many of the country gentlemen were present, and there was a crowd of the poor class outside, who were orderly enough, and even, if they had not been, they were too numerous for the police to expel without using firearms. Col. Everard sat near the Coroner, evidently taking a deep in-

terest in the proceedings. Lord Blmsdale was present also, but evidently in great mental distress, which was only natural. The family attorney had been summoned, and Mr. Forensic was to have a brief if the case was put on to the assize. He watched the proceedings with great interest. Ned Rusheen had no one; but I should not say so. The Coroner asked him had he any counsel. His reply was sorrowful, but true, and I regret to say it only prejudiced his case with some of the judges.

"No one, sir, but God and His Blessed Mother." There were some persons present, however, who thought he might have been worse off. A good many of the gentlemen who had been at the Judge's dinner party were there. Those who had come from Dublin had slept at their host's house for the night, and were naturally anxious to witness the proceedings. Mr. O'Sullivan went over to Ned, and said a few words to him. The young man brightened up; he could not have had a better adviser. God and His Blessed Mother had heard his prayer, and, for the first time since his arrest, he saw a gleam of hope.

The medical evidence as to the cause of death was taken first. The Dublin surgeon could not attend, but Dr. Kelly was present, and his report was sufficient. But some unexpected facts came out, for the doctors had been reticent after their post mortem examination. There had been two shots fired: both a rifle and a fowling-piece had been used. He was asked by Mr. Grimdeath, had they extracted the ball, and he had replied they had not. The Coroner seemed to think it ought to have been produced. But at last the matter was allowed to drop. Would he swear that there had been two shots fired? Certainly he would. Could he tell which shot had been fired first. He could not say positively, but he had reasons—professional reasons—for thinking that the discharge from the rifle had been the first shot, and the fatal one.

"In fact, then," observed the Coroner, "you believe that whoever fired the first shot—which you say was from a rifle—was actually the murderer, either accidentally or purposely?"

"Precisely so."

There was some commotion, in the

upper part of the hall. Lord Blmsdale had fallen from his seat, apparently in a fit, or swoon. Egan said the same thing had happened last night when he was talking to him about his father's death, and thought he would soon recover as he had done then.

He did recover, after taking a stimulant, but he continued so fearfully livid—no other word can express his appearance—that those around expected to see him fall lifeless every moment.

Dr. Kelly continued his evidence. Mr. O'Sullivan took very careful notes.

A juror asked could he give any idea what time had elapsed between the firing of the first and second shots. Dr. Kelly could not say positively—he thought not long. What did he mean by not long? the expression was extremely vague. Well, perhaps a few minutes, or it might be an hour—it was really impossible to say. It was quite clear that if the shot from the fowling-piece had been fired first, the unfortunate gentleman might have made some effort to get home. It would not have been fatal. At least, he would have been able to sit down by the road side until help came up. But he was found lying flat on the ground—at least, he understood so—just in the position in which he would have been likely to have fallen if shot at a distance by a rifle.

At a distance! The words seemed to convey a new idea. Some of the gentlemen began to discuss, in an under tone, how far a rifle shot would go.

Egan and the Inspector looked at each other, and the latter whispered something to the Coroner, who nodded assent.

"Can you say positively whether the rifle shot could have been fired from behind the hedge on either side? You know the exact spot, I presume, where the body was found?"

"I know the spot; and I am quite certain the rifle shot was not fired from behind the hedge."

Egan and the Inspector looked at each other again. Matters were taking a curious turn. The two lawyers had abstained from interfering, but Mr. Forensic now asked his reasons for this positive opinion.

The Doctor made a gesture of con-

tempt for the legal ignorance on medical subjects generally and the noble art of gunnery in particular, and replied, with some acrimony of tone: "Because, sir, you cannot fire a shot across a road, and hit a man right in the chest, who is walking straight up it."

There was a roar of laughter, and Mr. Forensic did not like it.

"Then we are to understand that the rifle-shot which killed Lord Elmsdale was fired by some person at a distance, and directly in front of him."

"That is my opinion."

"One more question, sir. Where do you think the shot from the fowling-piece was fired from?"

"There can be no doubt about that. It was fired from the hedge, at left hand side."

"Your reason, sir," inquired a juror.

The Doctor answered him more amiably than he had done the lawyer. "Because the shot was lodged in the left temple."

Barns was examined next. He deposed to the finding of the body, and the position in which he found it, quite flat on the ground, with all the appearance of having fallen suddenly and fatally.

He was asked by the Coroner if he had any suspicion of the murderer, but he said decidedly he had not. A juror inquired if he knew whether his master had had any disagreement, or quarrel, with any one, which might have led to any act of revenge.

Barns hesitated a moment. It was naturally concluded that he was trying to recollect some recent events before replying to the question. The poor old man, too, was fearfully agitated—in fact, quite bowed down with grief. His eye met his young master's at this moment, and he did not like its expression; but he gave quietly the answer which he thought might be given. "No, as far as he was aware, there had not been any dispute between the late Lord Elmsdale and any of his tenantry." He laid a slight emphasis on the last word, but it was not noticed. He was allowed to retire. It seemed quite evident that he knew nothing beyond the mere fact of the death.

Egan was examined next. We need not give his deposition, as the substance has already been related. There was

considerable sensation manifested when he showed the piece of wollen stuff he had found on the hedge, and showed, further, how exactly it matched the piece torn or rent out of the comforter, which he swore Rusheen had worn the very moment of his arrest.

The jury asked to see both, and looked at them as if they expected to derive some important information from the sight. If they could have cross-examined the comforter they might have got some—not otherwise. One of the jurors observed the very thing which had not been noticed by the Inspector: the piece was evidently *not* torn off on a hedge; the tear was too straight; in fact, as an apothecary who was on the jury remarked, it was "a clean fracture"—if it caught in a hedge it would be more jagged. Egan was asked could he swear he had found the piece on the hedge, precisely in its present state. He said with perfect truth he would swear it. He got rather excited, partly because he began to have doubts himself about his prime piece of evidence, and partly because he thought his word was not taken as readily as it should be. He forgot it was one thing to be a constable giving evidence, and quite another affair to be a juror with the power of hanging a man. Mr. Forensic and Mr. O'Sullivan were both taking notes. They thought it extremely probable that the case would go to the Assizes, and that it would be one of no ordinary interest.

The production of the comforter had told fearfully against Rusheen. It seemed altogether to be a case of remarkable circumstantial evidence. How *could* the piece have come on the hedge unless it had caught there in the hurry of flight? But there were two shots fired, and who fired the second, or rather who fired the first?

Jack the Runner was examined next. He came up cheerfully, gave a wink at Ned and a grin at Mr. Grimdeath—a proceeding which did not tend to propitiate that gentleman in his favor. He felt half disposed to order him off as a disreputable character, but as Egan had made a good deal of "his witness," he merely said—

"I suppose, boy, you understand the nature of an oath?"

"Yer honor?"

Jack understood the question perfectly, but the pure and inherent love of mischief made him feign ignorance. The Coroner repeated the question in a higher key. He was evidently irritated. Jack looked satisfied. "The nature of an oath is it, yer honor? Faith an' I do, an' I swearin' them all day."

There was a roar of laughter, and Egan looked unutterable things at the irreverent individual. "You'll be committed for contempt of court, sir," whispered a constable angrily behind him.

"Contempt o' court," exclaimed the incorrigible Jack aloud, to the extreme dismay of that functionary, "and I only waitin' to hear what the fine gentleman up there has to say to me."

The Coroner turned to the Inspector. "Is it necessary to examine this boy?"

The Inspector thought it was. He really believed the lad could give evidence properly if he choose.

"Where will you go, sir, when you die, if you swear a false oath?"

"Is it where I'll be goin'?" Faith, then, his riverince, then I'd say I'd be goin' to blazes."

All eyes were turned on the priest, whose presence had not been previously noticed, and who did not feel grateful to his disciple for the attention he had drawn on him.

The Coroner began a steady cross-examination. The two lawyers looked at each other suggestively. Jack was not a subject they would have liked to have anatomized judicially.

"You went to Kingston on an errand for the Head Constable last evening?"

No answer.

"Do you hear, sir?"

"Sure I do, yer honor, and it wouldn't be manners for me to be interdictin' yer."

"Did you go to Kingston yesterday evening?" roared the Coroner.

"That's nate and straight, like the young mare's tail," soliloquized Jack, but quite loud enough to be heard by all near him; and then he replied, in the same loud tone as the query had been made in—

"I did, sir!"

"You went to buy a scarf, or comforter, like this"—he held up Ned's torn one—"did you buy one?"

"A-thin, I didn't, yer honor."

Egan, literally, could stand it no longer. He stood up—but some considerate individual pulled him back into his seat.

"You did not buy it?"

"No, yer honor—sure, I'm on me oath, and must be careful. It was a whole one I bought."

The scarf was produced. The Coroner continued:

"Will you swear this was the one you bought?"

"Faith, I'll swear to nothin'—how do I know it was not changed since. There's lots of the boys down the country has choke-me-ups like that one —"

"I think the witness had better go down," observed the Inspector.

"Is't to go down, sir. Sure, sir, I'll go anywhere I'll be plasing to you—only, if you'd give me a sixpence to Mr. Egan's shilling, there was one of them comforters just like Ned's, with a piece out of it, in the shop, and they'd sell it cheap. That's where Ned got his."

And having said his say, in spite of Coroner and police, he bowed profoundly with inimitable roguery, to the Court, and then leaping lightly on the table, performed his favorite somersault, and retired. His object had been to do Ned as much good, and as little harm as possible—for the moment he found out for what purpose his evidence was required, he laid his plans accordingly. The jury were extremely uncomfortable. The foreman said he hoped, under the circumstances, Lady Elmsdale would give evidence: she might know if there had been any disagreement. Her son started up and protested in the most peremptory manner against such a proceeding, which he must say was indelicate in the extreme. He seemed more angry than distressed—this was too obvious to escape notice. Moreover, it was very well known in the neighborhood that he was not on very affectionate terms with either of his parents.

(To be Continued).

With the utmost care one can make but a very few friends; whilst a host of enemies may be made without taking any care at all.

CHAT-CHAT.

—The inspiration of Catholic art is to be sought and obtained only at the foot of God's altar. It was here the old Masters sought it and obtained it. The four D's inscribed on the tomb of John Theopolas in the grand old basilica of St. Mark, at Venice—D-omine, D-ilexi, D-ecorem, D-omus tuæ—Lord I have loved the beauty of thy house—are the key-note of this inspiration. What wonder, then, that such souls as Guercini received this divine afflatus? Up at daybreak; prayer and meditation for an hour; then to Mass; after which, work till dinner. At sundown again to church, thence home to sketch till supper. Was not this God's work done in God's own way? What wonder, then, if God sent an angel to touch the easel with its wing? Petrarch, too, sought and received his inspiration at the foot of the altar. In answer to Cardinal de Cabasole, he writes: "Your letter found me in a languishing state, so weakened by fever that I am obliged to be carried to the church, though it joins my house." When Master William Thorpe, in the 8th year of Henry IV., objected to images, Archbishop Arundel, defending the universal practice, bears testimony to this same seeking the inspiration of art at the foot of God's altar on the part of the great painters and sculptors of those days. "Beyond the sea" says the Archbishop "are the best peynters that ever I saw; and syrs I tell you this is their manner, and it is a good manner. When an ymage maker shall kerue, cast in moule or peynte ony ymage, he shall go to a prieste and shryve him as elene as he should than dye and take penaunce, and make some certain vow of fastynge or of praynge or of pilgrimages doinge, praynge the prieste, especially, to praye for him that he may have grace to make a faire devoute ymage." (State Trials Vol. I.)

—In Spain it is a custom in schools for the scholars to gather the palms for Palm Sunday, and form them into a variety of beautiful shapes. The boy who has gained the prize at examination is then appointed to precede the rest, and the students, in a body, form part of the public procession. On the same

day the clergy of Notre Dame, in Paris, used to make a station before the prison of the Petit Chatelet, whilst the ecclesiastic who was first in dignity, entered the prison and delivered a prisoner, who then followed them into the choir of the metropolitan church. In 1217, Pope Honorius II. granted to the Bishop of Paris and his successors the right of proceeding in the procession of Palm Sunday, mounted on a white horse.

—On Easter Sunday, the Pope, before celebrating Mass, kisses the Cardinals, Prelates and others of his household, saying, as he salutes them, "The Lord has truly risen;" to which they reply, "And has appeared to Simon." So general, indeed, were these signs of joy in the churches on Easter Sunday, that Pope Pius V. found it necessary to denounce as an abuse a custom of jocularity at Easter in the Church, which had given rise to the expression "*Risas et fabula Paschalis.*" At Paris it was the custom for the silversmiths to provide the most costly service of plate for the banquet given to the sick poor in the Hotel Dieu, on Easter Day. In holy week prisons were thrown open—pardon was granted to criminals, and insolvent debtors were discharged. This custom was very ancient. St. Chrysostom says that the Emperor Theodosius sent letters of pardon to the cities for the days preceding Easter, (Dom in Magn Hebdom) a custom observed also by his successors, who, as Pope Leo the Great beautifully expressed it, made the height of their power stoop in honor of the Passion and Resurrection of Christ, and tempered the severity of their laws during the days on which the world was redeemed, in order to imitate the divine mercy. France, in the ninth century, had a beautiful custom at Easter in her coronation of "The King of Alms." After High Mass on Easter Monday, the Magistrates proclaimed the name of the citizen most worthy to be elevated to that dignity. The king-elect was then crowned, (what earthly king could boast a higher honor!) and when crowned, was conducted to the prison, where he had the privilege of delivering two prisoners. Thus did our Holy Church reign in the acts of her people! H. B.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

EASTER EGGS.

Cathedral bells, with their hollow lungs,
 Their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues,
 Over the roofs of the city pour
 Their Easter music with joyous roar,
 Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled
 As he swings along in his path of gold.
 "Dearest Papa," says my boy to me,
 As he merrily climbs on his father's knee,
 "Why are those eggs that you see me hold
 Colored so finely with blue and gold?
 And what is the beautiful bird that lays
 Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?"

Tenderly shine the April skies,
 Like laughter and tears in my child's blue
 eyes,

And every face in the street is gay.
 Why cloud this youngster by saying nay?
 So I cudgel my brain for the story he begs,
 And tell him the tale of the Easter Eggs.

"You have heard, my boy, of the One who
 died,

Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;
 And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God
 reward,

Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord,
 And piously tombed it within the rock
 And closed the gate with a mighty block.
 Now, close by the tomb, a fair tree grew,
 With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue;
 And deep in the green trees shadowy breast
 A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,
 Which was bordered with mosses like
 malachite

And held four eggs of ivory white

"Now, when the bird from her dim recess
 Beheld the Lord in His burial dress,
 And looked on the heavenly Face so pale
 And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,
 Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang;
 And out of the depth of her sorrow she sang.
 All night long till the morn was up
 She sat and sang in the moss-wreathed cup,
 A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
 As the homeless wind when it roams the hill;
 So full of tears, so loud and long,
 That the grief of the world seemed turned to
 song.

"But soon there came through the weeping
 night,

A glimmering angel clothed in white;
 And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
 Where the Lord of the Earth and the Heavens
 lay;

And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom
 And in living lustre came forth from the
 tomb.

Now, the bird that sat in the heart of the
 tree,
 Beheld the celestial mystery,
 And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,

And it poured a song on the sobbing night;
 Notes climbing notes, still higher, higher,
 They shoot to heaven like spears of fire.

"When the glittering white-robed angel
 heard

The sorrowing song of that grieving bird,
 And heard the following chant of mirth,
 That hailed Christ risen from the earth,
 He said 'Sweet bird be for ever blest:
 Thysell, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed
 nest,

And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
 When death bowed down to the Lord of light,
 The eggs of that sweet bird changed their
 hue,

And burn with red, and gold, and blue;
 Reminding mankind in their simple way,
 Of the holy marvel of Easter day."

M. W. C.

A GOOD YEAR.

"I AM glad the year has gone," said
 Edwin.

"Why are you glad?" asked his
 sister Lucy.

"Because I am tired of it."

"Has it not been a good year, then,
 Edwin?"

"Yes; it has been a good year, an
 exceedingly good one; and that is the
 reason why I am so glad it is over."

"That is a strange reason, is it not?"

"No, I think it a good reason. Of
 course because this year has been so
 good, or better."

"It would be pleasant to have all the
 years good, certainly. But are you
 quite sure that this has been really a
 good year?"

"Quite certain."

"Tell me in what respects it has been
 a good year.

Lucy was several years older than
 Edwin; and he liked to talk to his
 sister very much, but he felt a little
 puzzled as to the best means of answer-
 ing her question.

"In every respect, I think," he said.

But his tone was rather uncertain,
 and he had some misgiving, even as he
 spoke.

"Let us think of a few things," said
 Lucy, "which may help to settle the
 point. How many prizes have you
 got at school?"

"Edwin blushed a little at this ques-
 tion.

"You know that I did not get any,"
 he said, "but I hope to do better next
 year."

"And your Sunday school, Edwin?"

"Well, I did get a prize there."

"That is because your teacher gives each of you a book. It is not that you deserve it more than any of the others."

"You cannot tell that, Lucy, as there are no means of knowing."

"Do you think you did yourself?"

"Perhaps not, but I am not sure."

"How many times have you been late?"

"I am afraid I have been late rather often."

"How many times have you failed to know your lessons?"

"Oftener than I ought to have been."

"How many times has your teacher had to reprove you for your bad conduct?"

"Of course I cannot remember."

"Do you think he has done so once?"

"Yes, I know he has done so more than once."

"A dozen times?"

"Most likely."

"Have you quarrelled with your friend Charles this year?"

"Yes: it is not likely that boys can always agree."

"Has he blamed you for cheating him at play?"

"Once or twice."

"Justly or unjustly?"

"Sometimes one, and sometimes another."

"Well, it has not been a good year for you if you have been unfair and dishonest in it."

"You need not call things by such hard names, Lucy."

"But they are true names, Edwin."

"It is not very nice to be so reminded of one's faults."

"I know it is not, Ted dear, and I would not pain you but in the hope that it may do you good afterwards. It is well for us to examine ourselves occasionally, because then we detect our faults, and may be able to overcome them in the future. Now tell me in what you are satisfied."

"Well, Lucy, I have grown a good bit this year."

And as he spoke, Edwin straightened himself up, and looked as tall as he could.

"So you have, my boy. But there is no praise due to you for that."

"Why not, Lucy?"

"Because you had nothing to do with it."

"I know it is God who keeps me in health and helps me, to grow," said Edwin; "but still people praise those who are tall, and look well, you know?"

"It is much better to grow in goodness and in knowledge, than in height and beauty."

"So it is."

Lucy left her brother for a few moments that he might have a little quiet thought, and the longer he was alone, the more dissatisfied he felt.

"It has not been a very good year after all," he said to her, when she returned. "At least the year has been good enough, but I have been bad."

"Then, Edwin dear, take my advice. Pray to God, and ask Him to forgive you for not having made good use of the year which He has given you, and ask Him to let the next year be a much better one."

Edwin did so. He felt ashamed of his year, but felt very sure of God's mercy. And he means to try with all his might to make the next year more satisfactory in all respects.

Have my little readers had a good year? They had better ask themselves the question for the sake of the new year which has just commenced.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

WINTER is the coldest season of the year, because it comes in the winter mostly. In some countries winter comes in the summer, then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in summer in this country, which is the best government the sun ever shone upon. Then we could go barefoot and slide down hill in linen trousers. We could snow ball without getting our fingers cold, and men who go out sleighing wouldn't have to stop at every tavern to get warm, as they do now. It snows more in the winter than it does at any other season of the year. This is because so many cutters and sleighs are made then.

Whims are harder to remove than sorrows; for time, instead of weakening, strengthens them.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

Edited by DANIEL J. HOLLAND, Montreal, to whom all communications for this department must be addressed.

Original contributions are respectfully solicited.

ANSWERS.

-21-

Dictionary.

R i f T
U n h i t c H
S e s t e r c E
T o P
I a g O
C r o s S
U s E
S e v e R

-23-

Abode—bade—ode—doe.
A gate—gate—ate—tea.

-24-

River—dragon.

-25-

P O S T
O V E R
S E R E
T R E E

-26-

PRIZE ACROSTICAL REMAINDERS.

Behend and curtail words of the following meaning and get a double acrostic, primals and finals naming a small animal.

A bog; a light-house; to offend; to bear witness of; a mechanical power.

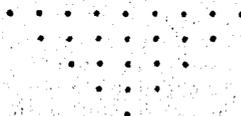
A nice picture for the first correct solution.

MY DOG

Dunkirk, N. Y.

-27-

PRIZE PYRAMID



Across.—Producing heat; a tropical bird; a small plate; a strippling; in Montreal

Down.—In Canada; part of the verb to be; to lick; spoken; a cane; covered with sugar; a farm machine; present; in Canada.

A dozen of visiting cards with the winner's name thereon for the first correct solution.

NUTMEG.

Danbury, Conn.

-28-

PRIZE ANAGRAMS.

Go, put my sage.—a medicine.
An elixir, Tim.—consisting of different lines.

Go, Miss Tiny.—a decided bachelor.

Twenty five cents for the first set of answers.

OUALSHE

Boston, Mass.

-29-

PRIZE DIAMOND.

A consonant; a pronoun; driven to a tree; before you; barn; three fourths of a weapon; a consonant.

M. E. GRANT

Ogdensburg, N. Y.

A package of visiting cards with the winner's name thereon for the first correct solution.

ED. OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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HALF WORD SQUARE



What is before you; the wild boar; a prefix; two thirds of to mistake; a consonant.

N. M. E.

Cornwall, Ont.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In addition to the above prizes kindly offered by our contributors we will give a year's subscription to the HARP, to the one sending us the first complete list of answers

For the best list if all are not solved we will give a six months' subscription to the same Magazine.

CHAT

C. B. O'MALLEY,

Have you received our letter? We would be pleased to hear from you in answer.

N. M. E.

You are indeed welcome to our puzzle ranks: please send us some good puzzles.

M. SHEA

The riddle you sent us appeared in The Boy's Journal, an English weekly magazine published in London, England.

We use nothing but original puzzles in our Corner.

NUTMEG.

Your letter, enclosing a batch of your usual splendid puzzles, is to hand for which we are truly grateful. You will hear from us soon.

F A C E T I Æ .

Some sharp youth says love must be blind, or else a woman could never love a bow legged man who parts his hair in the middle.

A little girl wanted more buttered toast, but was told that she'd had enough, and that more would make her ill. "Well," said she, "give me anuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

A mathematician being asked by a wag, "If a pig weighs two hundred pounds, how much will a large hog weigh?" replied, "Jump into the scales and I will tell you immediately."

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, you're not John; you have never hugged me yet; you are more sheep than bear."

"Pompey, why is a journey round the world like a cat's tail?" "Well, I desnt adzactly see any semblance 'twixt the two cases." "Well, den, I spec I have to tell you—Bekase it am fur to de end of it."

"See here," said an eccentric old man to an office boy, who had brought a doctor's bill to him. "See here; tell your master that I'll pay him for the items of medicine charged me in this bill, but as for the visits, why—I'll return them!"

"I wonder, uncle," said a little girl, "if men will ever yet live to be 500 or 1000 years old?" "No, my child," responded the old man, "that was tried once, and the race grew so bad that the world had to be drowned."

A mere suggestion is sometimes as satisfactory as a detailed statement. "How much did you pay for that hat?" asked a gentleman of a coloured brother. "I really don't know," was the reply; "de shopkeeper wasn't dere jess den."

"Maria," observed Mr. Holcomb, as he was putting on his clothes, "there ain't no patch on them breeches yet." "I can't fix it now, no way, I'm too busy." "Well, give me the patch, then, and I'll carry it around with me. I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth."

"That's a stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scotch minister to his parishioner, the peat-dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door, in a small cart drawn by a donkey; "I never see you but the creature is braying." "Ah, sir," said the peat-dealer, "yoken hearts warm when frien's meet."

At a festival of lawyers and editors a lawyer gave a toast: "The editor—he always obeys the call of the devil." An editor responded: "The editor and the lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

A man having buried his wife, waited on the grave digger, who had performed the necessary duties, to pay him his fees. Being of a niggardly disposition, he endeavored to get the knight of the spade to abate his charge. The patience of the latter being exhausted, he grasped his shovel, impulsively, and, with an angry look, exclaimed: "Doon wi' another shilling, or up sho comes." The threat had the desired effect.

Dean Swift having preached an assize sermon in Ireland, was invited to dine with the judges; and having in his sermon considered the use and abuse of the law, he pressed somewhat hard upon those counsellors who plead causes which they know in their consciences to be wrong. When dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister retorted upon the Dean; and after several altercations, the counsellors asked him "If the devil was to die, whether a parson might not be found who, for money, would preach his funeral?" "Yes," said Swift, "I would gladly be the man, and would give the devil his due, as I have this day done to his children."

OIL AND WATER.—A jolly Jack Tar having strayed into a show at a fair to have a look at the wild beasts, was much struck with the sight of a lion and a tiger in the same den.—"Why, Jack," said he to a messmate, who was chewing a quid in silent amazement, "shouldn't wonder if next year they were to carry a sailor and a marine living peaceably together!"—"Ay," said his married companion, "or a man and his wife!"

SMILE AGAIN, MY BONNIE LASSIE.

JOHN PARRY.

MODERATO.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics "1. Smile again, my bonnie Lassie, Lassie smile a-". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "gain ; Prithie do not frown sweet Lassie, For it gives me pain." The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

If to love thee too sincerely Be a fault in me, Thus to use me

so se-vere-ly, Is not kind in thee / Oh, smile again my bonnie Lassie,

a tempo.

Lassie, smile again Oh, smile again, my bonnie Lassie, Prithee, smile a - gain.

2: Fare thee well my bonnie Lassie,
Lassie, fare thee well,
Time will show thee, bonnie Lassie,
More than tongue can tell.

Though doomed by fate to sever,
(And 'tis hard to part)
Still believe me, thou shalt ever
Own my faithful heart.
Then smile again, my bonnie Lassie.

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in April.
1	Tues	Prince John's fleet arrived in Waterford, 1185.
2	Wed	St. Patrick preached at Tara, 433.
3	Thurs	Goldsmith died, 1774.
4	Fri	First Baptism by St. Patrick in Ireland, 433.
5	Sat	Battle of Cappelquin, Co. Waterford, 1645. Lord Essex landed in Dublin to make war on Hugh O'Neill, 1599.
6	Sun	PALM SUNDAY. St. Patrick's Church, Dublin, burned, 1362. Resolution of the Grand Jury of the County Cork—"That the claim of the British Parliament to bind this kingdom by laws is a claim disgraceful and unproductive; disgraceful to us because it is an infringement of our constitution; unproductive to Great Britain because the exercise of it will not be submitted to by the people of Ireland."—1782.
7	Mon	Treason Felony Bill introduced into the House of Commons by Sir G. Grey, 1848.
8	Tues	Monster banquet to O'Connell; Smith O'Brien in the chair, 1844. Special Commission for trial of Fenian Insurrectionists opened in Dublin, 1867.
9	Wed	Thomas Addis Emmet imprisoned at Fort George, Scotland, 1798. Catholic Relief Bill became law, 1793.
10	Thurs	Great Speech of Smith O'Brien in the House of Commons against the second reading of the Treason Felony Bill, 1848.
11	Fri	Right Rev. Dr. England, a native of Cork, died at Charleston, S. C., 1842.
12	Sat	Galway surrendered to Coote on terms, 1652.
13	Sun	EASTER SUNDAY. First stone of Trinity College, Dublin, laid, 1591. Emancipation Bill received Royal Assent, 1829.
14	Mon	Gavan Duffy released on bail, 1849. Lady Morgan died, 1859.
15	Tues	Essex landed with 20,000 men at Dublin, 1590. Repeal Association founded, in the Corn Exchange, Dublin, 1840. Rout of the Williamites from Lifford to Derry, 1689.
16	Wed	Henry II. left Ireland, 1172. Declaration of Irish rights moved by Henry Grattan in the Irish House of Commons and carried unanimously, and Ireland's independence won—for a time!—1782.
17	Thurs	Monster Repeal Meeting at Clones, 50,000 present, 1843.
18	Fri	St. LASERIAN, Patron of Leighlin. William Molyneux, author of "Case of Ireland Stated," born 1614.
19	Sat	Monster Repeal meeting at Limerick, 120,000 present, 1843.
20	Sun	LOW SUNDAY. Siege of Derry commenced, 1689.
21	Mon	Death of David Rothe, the celebrated Bishop of Ossory, 1650.
22	Tues	Repeal question introduced into the House of Commons by O'Connell, 1843.
23	Wed	Glorious Battle of Clontarf: rout of the Danes by Brian Boru, who was killed on the field of battle, 1014.
24	Thurs	Rev. William Jackson, Protestant clergyman, found guilty of high treason, 1795.
25	Fri	Thomas Addis Emmet born, 1764.
26	Sat	Attainder of the Earl of Desmond and his followers, 1586.
27	Sun	Sr. ASCUS, Patron of Elphin. Carolan the Harper died, 1738.
28	Mon	Great meeting of Catholics in Dublin to protest against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, 1852.
29	Tues	Lord Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant, issued a proclamation against the assembling of the "Council of Three Hundred, or the embodiment of a National Guard," 1848. Sir Ralph Abercrombie, disgusted with the conduct of the troops in Ireland, resigned the command of the Army, 1798.
30	Wed	Rev. W. Jackson, having taken poison in order to avoid a public execution, died in the dock just as the judge was proceeding to pass sentence on him for high treason, 1795.

Boys that have been properly reared are men, in point of usefulness, at sixteen; while those that have been brought up in idle habits are nuisances at twenty-one.

Calumny, though raised upon nothing, is too swift to be overtaken, and too volatile to be impeded.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.

Some have wondered that disputes about opinions should so often end in personalities; but, the fact is, that such disputes begin with personalities, for our opinions are a part of ourselves.