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THE  
PROPHET OF THE RUINED ABBEY,

OR

A Glance of the Future of Ireland:

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON THE ANCIENT

“PROPHECIES OF CULMKILL,”

AND ON OTHER PREDICTIONS AND POPULAR

TRADITIONS AMONG THE IRISH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF “THE CROSS AND THE SHAMROCK.”

“Let Erin remember the days of old,  
Ere her *faithless sons* betrayed her,  
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,  
Which he won from her proud invader.”



NEW YORK:

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# Dedication.

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TO

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, NAPOLEON THE THIRD,

WHO HAS BEEN ELEVATED TO THE THRONE OF THE CÆSARS BY THE VOTES OF SEVEN  
MILLIONS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN; WHO HAS BEEN APPLAUDED BY THE  
UNANIMOUS VOICE OF ALL CIVILIZED NATIONS AS THE

SAVIOUR OF FRANCE;

AND WHO HAS HAD ADDRESSED TO HIM THE PETITIONS AND ANXIOUS ENTREATIES OF  
TEN MILLIONS OF IRISHMEN IN BOTH HEMISPHERES, AS

THE EXPECTED CONQUEROR OF ENGLAND,

AND THE

TRUE LIBERATOR OF IRELAND,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK, *November 20th*, 1854.



## P R E F A C E.



THE object of the following story is, in the first place, to save from oblivion and decay the legends and popular traditions on which it is principally founded, and which are here, as the author believes, for the first time, committed to print. Many an "Exile of Erin" will derive pleasure from reading, by the stove-side, during the long winter nights, and in the midst of his family, a few, even, of those tales, which, though in the awkwardness of a foreign tongue, and but indifferently told at that, he cannot but recognize as some of those which he often listened to, at home, in the chimney-corner, by a fire of blazing turf!

The second, but not secondary aim of the author of this work is, to keep alive and kindle in the bosoms of the Irish Catholic people of this republic genuine sentiments of patriotism and religion, both of which are threatened with danger, on the one hand, from the treachery of a few bad Irishmen themselves, and on the other, from the arrogant assurance of a few fickle-minded spirits, who would persuade the Irish race of this great continent, to forget their country, their origin, their descent, their history, their traditions and bygone glories, which are nicknamed "Irishism," and as the inevitable consequence, though this may not be intended, to forget their Religion! Has it come to this, that a few individuals, not numerous nor respectable enough to be accounted a school of philosophy, have had the infatuation, if not audacity, to call on us, the best Catholics in America, or the world, to obliterate all the venerable monuments of the pedigree of saints and kings from which we have sprung, and to amalgamate with the *parvenu*

nondescript breeds of the New World? Forget the land of our birth and our "Irishism," indeed! No, but, like the Jews, sitting by the banks of the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, and the Ohio, and all the other rivers from Oregon to Maine, and from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay, let the Irish sing the songs of their Sion, and hand down to their latest posterity the reminiscences of Holy Ireland! Attachment to the land of our nativity, so far from proving injurious to our religion or the progress of our faith, as is asserted, will have the contrary effect; the experience of the Clergy in the Union going to show, that the man who denies his country, or is ashamed of its language, habits and traditions, is the first also to deny his God and his religion; while the most unfailing, if not the strongest tie that binds the heart of the Irish Celt to the Cross of Calvary, is made out of the green stems and leaves of "Erin's Immortal Shamrock!"

Nothing so much contributed to keep alive the faith, in the hearts of the exile people of God, as

their frequent recollection of "Fatherland," and the chanting of its sacred melodies; and did not the Almighty himself wish to be called the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in order that the two sacred fires of patriotism and religion should blend and burn together on the same altar of the heart?

Some of these very men, who affect to be shocked at the "Irishism" of the Catholics, have, if we mistake not, given lectures to show how the Irish Catholics were a missionary race, chosen by God to be his agents in the regeneration of the modern world, and are they Jonas-like to shrink from the Heaven-appointed mission, and exchange the glorious ignominies of the cross and the mocked robe of the missionary, for the flesh-pots and "rich meats" of Babylon's table? If they should, and bending to the prejudices of a corrupt, godless people, they get discouraged at the high task proposed to them, an abyss of ignominious oblivion deeper than the ocean, and more noisome than the whale's stomach, will await them and



their descendants here and hereafter. Are the Irish Catholics, then, a missionary people, whose destiny it is to propagate the faith, and carry the knowledge of the cross and the science of salvation through the length and breadth of this vast country? If such be their high vocation, they ought not to blend with, but rather remain separate from, the people which they are ordained to regenerate or reform! But, if they become absorbed in the amalgam of races which form the population of these United States, and as a consequence adopt their prejudices and vices, their usefulness as missionaries is at an end, and instead of converting others they become themselves perverted.

This work is published, lastly, because the author would contribute his quota to the growing Catholic literature of the country; and he feels it to be a work, not of supererogation but of charity, to supply, as far as in him lies, and though it were but in a single instance, an antidote against the literary poison, which, in the shape of tales

and stories, is daily thrust into the hands of our youth of both sexes.

To the critics the author has only to say, that he trusts he has avoided in the following story the numerous faults in its plot and machinery pointed out to him in their review of a former publication of his, for which favors he has labored under a deep debt of gratitude to them, and which he is prevented from personally acknowledging, only by his determination to continue still anonymous.

## CONTENTS.

---

CHAP.	PAGE
I.—AN EXILE'S RETURN TO HIS NATIVE LAND, . . .	13
II.—A RURAL SCENE, . . . . .	23
III.—FRATERNAL AFFECTION, . . . . .	41
IV.—THE ESCAPE, . . . . .	55
V.—"THE ENCHANTED WARRIOR," . . . . .	68
VI.—THE COUNSELS OF THE GREAT, . . . . .	77
VII.—THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE REBELS, . . . . .	90
VIII.—THE CAPTIVE, . . . . .	103
IX.—THE FATE OF THE FUGITIVE, . . . . .	114
X.—THE AMBUSCADE, . . . . .	123
XI.—DANGEROUS CURIOSITY, . . . . .	134
XII.—PAUDEEN O'RAFFERTY'S STORY, . . . . .	142
XIII.—GOING FROM THE SMOKE INTO THE FIRE, . . . . .	151
XIV.—A SAMPLE OF ENGLISH JUSTICE, . . . . .	161
XV.—A WILD SCENE OF NATURE, . . . . .	171
XVI.—"THE LAVERAGH LYNCHAGH;" OR, LONG-HAIRED PRINCE, . . . . .	180
XVII.—THE HERMIT'S NOVITIATE, . . . . .	191
XVIII.—THE RAPPAREES, . . . . .	199
XIX.—THE CAPTAIN RENOUNCES THE LIFE OF A RAPPAREE, AND RETURNS TO FRANCE, . . . . .	212
XX.—MAC AN 'ULLER, OR, THE EAGLE'S SON, . . . . .	221

CHAP.	PAGE
XXI.—A CHILD OF NATURE'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES, .	231
XXII.—THE HAUNTED ABBEY, . . . . .	238
XXIII.—THE DISCLOSURE, . . . . .	248
XXIV.—THE DEPARTURE OF BREFNI, . . . . .	254
XXV.—STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS INCIDENTS, . . .	260
XXVI.—THE TREASURE SEEKERS, . . . . .	267
XXVII.—THE RENEWAL OF OLD ACQUAINTANCE, . . .	277
XXVIII.—THE HERMIT COMMEMORATES THE FESTIVAL OF ST. STEPHEN, PROTOMARTYR, . . . . .	288

# THE PROPHET OF THE RUINED ABBEY:

OR,

*A Glimpse of the Future of Ireland.*

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## CHAPTER I.

AN EXILE'S RETURN TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

ON a Sunday morning, in the month of May, in the reign of the third George, a year or two before the close of the war of American Independence, there appeared a stranger among the worshippers at the humble Catholic Chapel of Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford, Ireland. At what hour he entered this house of God on this delightful morning, or whether he took refuge within its peaceful precincts during the gloom of the previous night, cannot be now satisfactorily ascertained; but, certain it is, that the first living object which old widow Power, who lived near the chapel gate, saw on her going into the chapel, was a gentleman prostrate in prayer before the altar—and during the past forty years, the widow

never once failed to have her fifteen decades of the Rosary for the repose of her husband's soul, said long before sunrise! The first impression of the pious widow Nora was, that it must be one of the clergy who was praying before the sanctuary at such an early hour, and with a due sense of the impropriety of distracting the fervent suppliant, she knelt down in the very porch of the church, and commenced counting her beads. But, when the glimmering twilight of dawn melted into the broad, morning glory of sunrise, it was evident that the stranger was not a clergyman. He was dressed in a suit of superfine blue-black broadcloth, consisting of a long-skirted dress or body coat, embroidered long vest reaching almost to the thighs, with deep lapelled pockets, and loose pantaloons strapped beneath a well turned and polished boot. A stock or tie of dark green velvet, fitting close to the neck, with a beaver hat, somewhat of a conical shape in the crown, and light buff buckskin gloves, completed his costume. His physical appearance was of rather a remarkable mould. He was about five feet eleven in height, of flush and sanguine complexion, firmly built, and apparently of great strength. His face was large and full. His mustachios on the upper lip, the only beard he wore, of a sandy hue, but thick and gracefully shaped. His forehead ample, rather than high, and surmounted by a crop of curling, dark chestnut hair. His eyes were not large, but extremely sharp

and penetrating ; his nose rather prominent and slightly aquiline. His mouth seemed made more for giving utterance to quick, stern decrees, than for the graceful charms of persuasive eloquence. In a word, his beautifully arched eyebrows, his oval chin, and all the other prominent points of his figure, were in perfect keeping with the pleasing regularity of his features, and he could not fail, in any discerning society, to be complimented on being an "elegant gentleman," or a "fine man," according as the phraseology of different classes may term it.

The appearance of this stranger, remarkable though he was, kneeling at the rails of the sanctuary, did not create much curiosity among the worshippers at this humble temple of God, taught as they were to regard it as sinful to gaze or be distracted in the church, and wholly intent in offering their sincere homage to the Redeemer, whose real and personal, but mysterious presence, occupied their souls and rendered them, while sheltered under the same roof with their Creator, insensible to all created things ! In the eye of true believers, all men, emperors, kings, princes, appear truly insignificant in the presence of the Lord of Glory ; and whilst Jesus Christ, the true Moses, is face to face with God on the Holy Mount where his infinite love has detained him to make intercession for his people, they ought to lie prostrate at its foot in contrite prayer, to merit the

favor, or escape the wrath of the offended Jehovah ! This was the custom of Christians of the time to which our pages refer, and it is the rule, and not the exception, to this day in Ireland, where, it must be confessed, many innovations of modern churches have not yet made much progress, and where the fashionable custom of " watching," instead of praying, fasting and sacrifice, has not yet gained the ascendant as with the respectable and enlightened professors of " modern " Christianity, in their carpeted and well-cushioned meeting-houses.

Although our stranger was unobserved or unheeded by the humble occupants of the damp clay floor of St. Declan's Church, he did not escape the observation of the two venerable clergymen who officiated at the three services of that Sunday. Having partaken of the most Holy Sacrament at the first Mass, he continued still unmoved in the same place during the second service, his mind apparently absorbed in his devotions. The third service at noon had now commenced ; and at the Communion, when the senior pastor of the church, a man of venerable age and saintly appearance, begged of that large congregation, in a voice trembling with emotion, that they would offer up their prayers for the temporal and eternal welfare of his friend, Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, who was under sentence—unjust sentence—of death, in a neighboring county, the strong frame of the stranger was observed to tremble, the color left his manly cheek,



and he had to lean back to the wall for support. A thrill of horror, at this announcement, pervaded the congregation, for the Reverend victim of British persecution was well known to them all. He had served them for a time as curate, or *vicaire*, and his benevolent acts were familiar as household words at every fireside in the large parochial district of Dungarvan. Loud sobs and tears now burst from the large assemblage within and around the church. Even the aged pastor himself was carried away by the contagion of the common grief, and was obliged to go back to the vestry to recover his self-possession. Now would be the time, thought the stranger, to raise this large body of men into action, and conduct them to the rescue of the convicted priest, or marshal them in array against the enemy of their country. Here was a chance that, in his plans for the freedom of the beloved land of his nativity, he often wished for. The influence of the officiating priest, he thought, would be of no avail to repress the manly passions that glowed within the bosoms of that great crowd. The blood rushed back to his face, he instinctively placed his hand on his hip, as if to grasp the sword that usually rested there, for he belonged to a regiment of French Chasseurs; when the angelic face of Father O'Healy now appeared returning from the vestry, and the chant of the "Dominus Vobiscum," responded to by the choir, fell on his subdued ear. The piercing eye of the venerable

pastor now encountered that of this enthusiastic young man, who felt as if his very soul was read in that glance. His elevated feelings were brought down to the cool temperature of reason, passion was repressed, grief softened, and peace and resignation became established paramount in a breast in which religion had not lost her sway, though the dwelling of the loftiest patriotic feelings!

After the last gospel, the aged priest, putting off the chasuble, turned around to the congregation, and, in a voice of mingled authority and sweetness, exhorted the large multitude in and around the chapel (the windows of which were raised during the service) to patience and resignation under the sad afflictions which Heaven permitted this unhappy land to be visited with, for some good end. He gently chided them for these manifestations of sorrow for any temporal affliction so unseemly in the house of God. "Your tears will do no good, my good people. Be calm. Weep not for a martyr, for it will only detract from his glory. But, pray that the will of God may be done. He, and He only, can send a DELIVERER." He begged of the people not to expose themselves to punishment and imprisonment, by discussing the subject of the approaching execution in meetings or assemblages, whether in houses or out of doors. Represented it as nothing but madness to attempt any thing like a resistance of the law, however unjust, or to think of rescuing his Reverend friend while he was guarded

by several thousand British troops. At this part of the exhortation, there was an evident feeling of disapprobation manifested among the greater portion of the people, especially those at the windows of the chapel, who were principally from the neighboring parishes, and who now began to exclaim, "That will never do." "If Father O'Donnell is to be hanged like a dog, we must be all shot, or have the life of his murderers." "Now or never," cried one. "No more peace preaching," exclaimed another. "Death to Orange tyrants," cried a third.

These murmurs becoming louder and more violent, the parish priest, seeing no present chance of allaying the excited feelings of the people, beckoned to the choir to play an afterpiece, and putting on his chasuble, and taking the chalice off the altar, he returned to the vestry.

The large assemblage slowly dispersed, and, moving off in parties of from five to fifty, discussed various plans and organizations for the rescue of Father O'Donnell ; but, for want of a leader their plans were inefficient and impracticable, mere unmeaning speeches !

After having finished his thanksgiving, and after the evacuation of the church and churchyard by the people, the Rev. Dr. O'Healy sent one of the young lads, who assisted at the altar as acolyte, to request the stranger, whom we may as well now as afterwards call by his

name, Mr. Charles O'Donnell, to speak a word with him in the vestry. It was then, after a few words of explanation, that the priest could account for the weakness manifested during the service, by one who was no other than brother to the parish priest of Cloughmore, under sentence of death. "How happy I am to see you, my dear child," said the kind-hearted old gentleman. "Alas, that your visit to your spiritual father (for it was I baptized you) should be occasioned by such a melancholy and heart-rending event as the murder, for it is nothing less, of my best living friend, your dear brother."

"Well, it must be borne up against with fortitude, if it cannot be averted," answered O'Donnell.

"Averted! there is not the slightest hope of that. The Government wanted a victim, to strike a salutary terror, as they call it, into the minds of the people, and they fixed on my friend, as the most respectable, as well as the most influential priest, in all Ireland. You heard of the paltry charge on which he was convicted."

"Yes; for marrying a Protestant gentleman to a Catholic heiress, was it not?"

"That was the sole accusation; but I really think your being in the service of the French monarch caused them to be more inexorable in his regard. Bless you, there were many petitions forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant, and several noblemen interested themselves on

his behalf, but all to no purpose. The whole affair, between you and me, was plotted at head-quarters."

"I shall be able to see him at any rate, I hope."

"On my word, I doubt it. And, to speak my mind openly, my dear friend, I am greatly afraid if they find out who you are, you won't soon return back to France to your regiment. How in the world did you come here at all? If those mustachios on your lip are noticed by any of the British garrison in this town, I am afraid you are a gone man."

"As to fear, Reverend Father, I have none. And as to telling how I came into your loyal borough of Dunganvan, my oath of allegiance to my superiors forbids me to disclose the secret of my conveyance hither, till after the accomplishment of the object I have in view, with God's assistance."

They now reached the humble presbytery of the venerable pastor and of both his younger assistants, where a substantial lunch was ready, to which they sat down, after a long fast, both by the priest and his visitor. During the conversation of the evening, nothing struck the aged pastor so much as the imperturbable gravity, and apparently unfeeling coolness of his new acquaintance. He spoke not a word for hours, nor did he join in the discourses of the pastor and his vicars, save in answer to their questions. In fact, his mind appeared absent, or rather, was so intent on the chief

thought that engrossed it, that the ordinary remarks of his educated companions, as having no reference to the subject that engaged his attention, seemed to find no access to his intellect. This unusual reserve was at once perceived by the Rev. gentlemen whose guest he was, and they had too much experience and knowledge of human nature not to suspect that this sudden and mysterious visit, after an absence of many years, of Charles O'Donnell, portended something more serious than a visit of condolence to his beloved brother on the eve of his death. The two senior clergymen now retired for the night, leaving the parlor to the Captain and Rev. John Murphy, between whom, because they were formerly school-fellows, a very confidential and protracted conversation was carried on, from the two temporary cot and sofa beds in which they preferred to rest for the night. That most exact time-keeper of nature, the cock, had now proclaimed the hour of midnight, and the conference of the former school-mates was terminated by the stealthy visitation of lazy sleep.

## CHAPTER II.

## A RURAL SCENE.

NEXT morning, "at the rising of the lark," two horsemen might be observed riding out from the town above mentioned, on the Tipperary road, at a pretty smart pace. The one was our acquaintance, Mr. O'Donnell, and the other an apparently good-natured, portly-looking gentleman of middle age, the senior curate of Dr. O'Healy. He was a Mr. Fogarty by name, and was chosen as the guide of the Captain in preference to the younger curate Murphy, from the well-known fact, that the former's attachment to the government, and "law and order people," was above suspicion, and his presence would certainly save the stranger from any impertinent interference by the local authorities or spies, while the company of Father Murphy, who was looked on as half a rebel, would be sure to excite suspicion, and probably lead to his arrest. The travellers were silent, while passing through the main streets of this ducal borough,

but after having passed beyond the rows of wretched huts and dunghills, which constitute the well-known *faubourgs* of Dungarvan, they entered into animated and earnest conversation.

“My dear gentleman,” said the priest in a patronizing and authoritative tone, “you are only thrusting your own head into the halter, rushing on to your own doom prematurely and unadvisedly, while your rash course cannot be of the least service to my Reverend friend, your dear brother. You will be recognized from your resemblance to the priest, and the well-known fact that you are captain of a French regiment of cavalry, will render you, in the present state of the country, liable to imprisonment or death as a French spy.”

“You mistake altogether, Reverend sir, and are vainly alarmed. This last circumstance, on the contrary, will be a protection to me. Do you imagine that the British government, with the recollection of the seven years’ war yet before their minds, and the rumors of foreign invasion sounding in their ears, will dare to put a captain of French Chasseurs to death; and that while all the American Colonies are in arms against their tyranny?”

“I assure you they will do so, if you are detected as Charles O’Donnell under the assumed *nom de guerre* of Chevalier St. Victor. Don’t you know that if they regard you as a spy they may put you to death by the



common law of nations ; and your being a British subject and having transferred your allegiance to a Prince at war with England, will subject you to death by the law of the land ?”

“I am aware of the iniquitous pretensions of Britain regarding allegiance, and have some idea of the barbarity of her cruel laws ; but I will risk all, my character in being accounted a spy, aye, and my neck, rather than suffer my poor innocent brother to die like a felon on a common gallows.”

“But, my dear sir,”—

“Pardon me, Mr. Fogarty; I have resolved to save my brother, or die in the attempt, and I feel a sort of presentiment of success. In the mean time, pray for me, if you are not willing to assist me by your counsels. And if you hear of my execution, have the charity to say a mass for my soul. Good-bye. Come no farther. I know the route well. *Au revoir.*”

“*Areveder'chi,*” responded the Roman-educated and pompous Fogarty, with a polite bow, and they separated in opposite directions.

The road from the seaport of Dungarvan to the inland town of Cloughmore leads the traveller in a north-western direction, intersecting a fertile plain running at the base of the Cummerah Mountains, and afterwards gradually ascending the sides of these sloping hills, till you reach the summit of this bare range ; and passing between the

two bold peaks of Knockmellown, brings you by a rather precipitous, though a safe road, into the very bosom of Tipperary. The views that now presented themselves to the observant eye of our traveller, formed a pleasing contrast with the wretched huts of the poverty-stricken suburbs of the borough of the English Duke. Hedges of fragrant and smiling hawthorn formed the road-fences for many miles. These hedges were so thick, that the smallest bird, the very wren, could hardly penetrate them, and here and there were seen little turrets, castles, pyramids, arches, and other artistic ornaments, into which the skilful pruning-hook of the nurseryman had carved this beautiful plant. On either side of the road, flocks of sheep with their yeanelings were resting at the feet of the wide-spread beech and ash, or on the bare limestone rocks which protruded here and there, to avoid the heavy dew which had fallen on the rich grass that grew on these splendid pastures. The skylark, after having paid her homage of song at the gates of heaven, fell dazzled and wearied to the ground. Yellow-beaked blackbirds and speckled thrushes poured forth their eloquent music from the tallest leaders of the ash or elm; the chorus was taken up by whole swarms of goldfinches, green-linnets, and other less remarkable warblers of the woods. Here the voice of the laughing cuckoo saluted our solitary traveller from the bosom of a smiling pear-tree; and there, from the deep grass of a meadow, the

grave and warning croak of the corn-crake fell on his ear. Here a numerous herd of cattle, with bursting udders, browsing leisurely on the sweet grass of a clover meadow, met his view ; and in another field, inclosed with high stone walls, was the warren of some titled lord or wealthy Saxon, where millions of the nimble-footed quadrupeds, vulgarly called hares and rabbits, disported and frisked. Now a large covey of partridges would shoot over his path ; and anon, the sudden starting of the woodcock would interrupt his musings. In a word, every thing that the eye could light on, or the senses perceive,—the balmy air fragrant with the evaporations of a thousand honeyed blossoms, the rich verdure of the trees and the fields, the abundance of well-fed and high-bred cattle, the plentiness and variety of the game, the taste displayed in the planting of trees and pruning of hedges, as well as the absence of those miserable huts which constituted the suburbs of the Ducal Borough, all, all proclaimed to the traveller or stranger the unrivalled beauty of the scene, and the prodigality of nature in the bestowal of her choicest gifts on this part of God's earth.

“ Great Creator of all things ! ” he said, in an audible exclamation ; “ what a land hast thou given this people ! Here are all that can delight the eye, charm the ear, or gladden the heart, and all thy gifts, O great Lord of heaven and earth ! Here is a terrestrial paradise, yet demons possess and desecrate the soil : aye,

demons in human shape, the missionaries of the pandemonium of British parliaments and laws, desecrate and desolate thy sacred soil, O holy Ireland ! How long, O Lord, how long ? ”

It is impossible for one who visits Ireland at this season of early spring, not to be struck with the natural beauty and fertility of the country. The mildness of the winter leaves the country as green, and greener, as far as the grass is concerned, in the month of February, than many other lands in June. The labors of the husbandman are seldom or never interrupted by frost or snow, and there is little or no need of his having to shelter his flocks under a roof. He has not to dig a well to supply him with water, every field being provided by nature with springs of purest water for the refreshment of man and beast. The numerous peat-bogs of the country supply the Irishman with a cheap, healthy, and inexhaustible species of fuel, which the ingenuity of modern science has converted into candles fit to adorn the tables of kings by the unrivalled brilliancy of their light. The lakes and rivers of Erin swarm with countless species of rare and wholesome fish. The mountains, woods, and plantations, and indeed the farms in the most populous districts, are literally alive with game of the feathered and quadruped species. Not to speak of the mineral resources of this land, the treasures of which are profusely distribu-

ted in all the provinces and minor divisions of the country.

It is no wonder that the consideration of these things occupying the mind of the captain, caused him gradually to curb the pace of his spirited steed ; and it took him a full hour to pass over this part of his journey, which, at his best speed, it would take him but a few minutes to accomplish. The glorious orb of day began now to show its cheering countenance, and the mists which enveloped the mountain summits gradually stole away, retiring to the low retreats of their origin, or melting into thin vapor before the august presence of the day-god. The Captain, after a moment's pause to look back on the fair scene he had passed over, now set spurs to his steed, which, with a speed almost equal to the rapid flight of a bird, bore him over the smooth surface of the well-gravelled road, and he was soon lost in the shadows of the dark Cummerahs. As he advanced towards the mountains, his pace became necessarily slower, and here again he began to muse on the altered scene. While on the level and fertile plain, he observed that there were but few cottages or houses of the peasantry, whereas in this mountain district they were very numerous. At a distance of about a mile apart, there were a few cottages which, from their appearance, with whitewashed fronts and glass windows of six or eight panes each, as well as from four or five stacks of

hay and oats, one might take to be the residence of a farmer or tiller of the soil ; but the chief dwellings of this district consisted of small huts of dry-built or unmortared freestone, about eight feet square, with a door in the centre, no windows at all, thatched with heath, and having a chimney made of wattling plastered with mud, to carry off the smoke. Here and there, as he advanced, he observed as many as a dozen or fifteen such huts, clustered together on the top of a hillock, or at the foot of one of the ridges of this marshy range. As he approached one of these wretched hovels, he could see the face of a man peeping out at him over the half-door ; a bareheaded and barefooted boy or girl would here and there be seen running into the "house" with an armful of turf to make the morning's fire or cook the morning meal ; but with the exception of these occasional sights, this dreary and melancholy district presented no signs of life, nor these hovels, that they were inhabited, except that were concluded from the tall and graceful spires of light-blue smoke which now began to raise themselves aloft to the clouds, with their heads drooping aside like shy peasant-girls, as if ashamed, and regarding it as unworthy that such humble emanations as they should be allowed to mingle with the gay and fantastic clouds of heaven ! The appearance of a "gentleman," and especially one on horseback, riding at such a rapid rate, and wearing mustachios on

the lips, was sufficient to alarm the poor dependant tenants-at-will of this region, and his presence was shunned as if he was an alligator, or a hungry tiger, instead of a fellow-creature. How did they know but he was a landlord, or an agent of rent, or a tithe-proctor, or some other member of those countless officers of the English garrison in Ireland, whose appearance among the people is always an omen of any thing but good. If he were on foot, instead of being mounted on a splendid horse, or if, instead of broadcloth, he were clothed in the frieze and corduroy of the peasantry, he would not have passed over a region of fifteen miles without being kindly accosted with the "God save you" or "Good morrow" of the peasant; but he should have as many invitations as there were huts to the poor hospitality of their breakfast-tables. The only living beings that seemed to take any notice of our horseman's advance were the unfriendly cur-dogs which escorted him from hut to hut, with many an angry snarl; even they seemed to recognize him as belonging to the hostile race, whose visit to these parts was likely to be of very equivocal advantage to either man or beast. He had now, after a ride of four hours, left the Cummerahs in the rear, and reached the highest elevation of the road at the base of the well-known peaks of Knockmoldown without meeting with a single individual, when he drew up his rein and halted, to renew his acquaintance with these old

scenes of his boyhood, as well as to enjoy the splendid prospect which presented itself to his view from this wild spot. Turning to the south, all the county of Waterford and Cork, with the Blackwater and the ocean, ravished the eye with the variety and grandeur as well as the extent of the vision. Turning to the north, Tipperary, part of Clare, Kilkenny, and King's and Queen's counties, were commanded by the view. On the south, the cities of Waterford, Youghall, and Dungarvan, appeared smoking on the shore, as if they were emerging from the ocean. On the north, the fine town of Clonmel, the "faire citie" of Kilkenny, with several other towns, glittered in the sunshine which clothed them in silver hues. The "sublime Galtymore," the queenly "Sleabna-mon," the sedate "Keeperhill," and the irregular and surly-looking range of the "Devil's Bit," with the "Sugarloaf McIllicuddys" of Kerry, were also embraced within this panorama of nature. While standing in this commanding spot, one of the most interesting, if not the finest view in Europe, the Captain's attention was arrested by a loud masculine but melancholy voice, issuing from the rocks that on one side border the small circular lake that lies between the eastern and western peaks of Knockmeldown. The tune was quite familiar to his ear, but he could only catch at a few of the words of the ditty, which was as follows :



## SONG.

## I.

The French are on the sea,  
Says the "Shan ban boegt,"  
The French are on the sea,  
Says the "Shan ban boegt,"  
The French are on the sea,  
And they'll be here without delay,  
And oppression shall decay,  
Says the "Shan ban boegt."

## II.

What will the yeomen do?  
Says the "Shan ban boegt,"  
What will the yeomen do?  
Says the "Shan ban boegt,"  
What would the rascals do,  
But throw off the red and blue,  
And to Liberty prove true?  
Says the "Shan ban boegt."

## III.

Where shall we have our camp?  
Says the "Shan ban boegt,"  
Where shall we have our camp?  
Says the "Shan ban boegt,"  
In the Curragh of Kildare,  
And the boys will all be there,  
With their pikes in good repair,  
Says the "Shan ban boegt."

## IV.

What shall our colors be?

Says the "Shan ban boegt,"

What shall our colors be?

Says the "Shan ban boegt."

What colors should be seen

But our own immortal green,

Where our fathers' homes have been?

Says the "Shan ban boegt."

## V.

And shall Ireland then be free?

Says the "Shan ban boegt,"

Shall Ireland then be free?

Says the "Shan ban boegt."

Yes, Ireland shall be free,

From the centre to the sea;

Then, hurrah for liberty!

Says the "Shan ban boegt."

"God save you, sir!" said the tall peasant, who now made his appearance above ground, evidently embarrassed, and blushing at the thought that his rude voice should be heard by such a skilful ear as he fancied the stranger must be possessed of, in judging of the music and measure of the above very patriotic lay.

"God save you kindly, friend," said the O'Donnell. "What do you call this mountain?"

"You must be a stranger, then, if you don't know that this is Knockmoldown! There is Waterford in

the south. Here is Tipperary, darling Tipperary, on the north, and Kilkenny east, Clare west, Cork southwest, and in fact all Munster and a good deal of Leinster is here in prospect," answered the bold peasant.

"I find you have a taste for music. What song is that I heard you sing just now?"

"Oh, nothing but a bit of nonsense," answered the friezecoated peasant. "I seldom or never attempt to sing, though I have got a second half that can give you a bit of rebel song well enough, to shorten the winter's night." The Captain could not help noticing the independent bearing and language of this countryman, who never once made use of the word "your honor," or even "sir;" but on the contrary, talked to him as if he were his equal, a thing very unusual at that day, or even yet, in Ireland, where every little squire looks on it as an unpardonable insult, if he is not "sirred" and "honored" by every bareheaded peasant whom he has condescension to admit to his presence.

"A rebel song!" repeated the Captain, after a few moments' pause. "You don't call yourself a rebel, do you?" The stalworth peasant looked at him with a scrutinizing glance, and seeing him unarmed, and concluding from his accent that he was no foreigner, notwithstanding his mustachios, answered, "Begar, friend, I may be as good a rebel as yourself, every bit, for I can't believe you belong to the redcoats. I am not an

actual rebel, however, though God knows it is not for want of cause or good will."

"But your song had some allusion to the landing of the French, and expressed a fear for the safety of the yeomanry. Do you not belong to a yeomanry corps?"

"Although I am not bound to answer all questions a stranger has a mind to put to me, yet, I tell you candidly, I am not a yeoman, nor never will belong to that body of traitors. And though I spoke of the landing of the French, it was rather by way of prayer that they would land, than any fear I have of their arms. Would to God they were landed, aye, or the Russians, or any other people that would give some sort of good government to this unhappy country."

"Then you are not a friend to the British government?"

"No friend, nor never can or will be. Is that any crime in your eyes, may I ask?"

"Well, to be candid with you, no. I belong to the proscribed race and creed, for the destruction of which the English government seems solely to exist."

"Ha, ha! I knew that well," said Terence O'Mara, for this was the name of our stalworth peasant.

"Why, neighbor, how could you know I belonged to the proscribed creed, or was a Catholic?"

"I could tell well enough from the absence of that mixture, or orange and blue dirty blood of the Bruns-

wickers in your face. On the contrary, there was something in your eye which said as plain as if you spoke it,

‘Sios les au Gaul I neuv,  
Agus sous les au Gael go bragh.’

‘May Saxon pride go down a grave most gory,  
As Erin’s sons shall rise to immortal glory.’

Besides, I can ever almost infallibly tell an unbaptized spawnling of the Cromwells crew. There is a species of unclean brutality in their face, something imperfect, that soils the ‘human face divine,’ something shapeless that reminds one of a calf unlicked by her dam ; a savage blot or stain, that requires the grace of God and the waters of baptism to wash out, as the priest used to tell us. But did you hear,” continued O’Mara, “sure you did ; what is going to take place down in that town yonder to-morrow ? The parish priest is going to be hanged, aye, hanged like a dog, for no other crime but that he is a good and faithful pastor. I tell you the truth, sir.”

“Could there be nothing done to save him ?” said the Captain.

“I do not know,” answered O’Mara, cautiously. “I cannot say what may be done.”

“Will the people of this great county of Tipperary stand as idle spectators, while their pastor is swinging from the gallows like a felon ?”

“My God ! how can I tell ?” said the peasant, fearing

he had betrayed himself. "But see here, young gentleman," he said, drawing a sword from under his riding coat, and grasping the reins by the left hand, "tell me who you are at once, and what is your errand, or you die instantly, and that bottomless lake will be your grave. Come, speak at once, or prepare for death."

"Be not rash, friend," said the Captain; "you see I am unarmed, and at your mercy. I would willingly tell you, who I am, and what my errand to these parts at present, but how do I know but you are one of those ruffian yeomanry whose song I heard you chant a few minutes since?"

"In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," said he, crossing himself. "By Heaven I am a Catholic, a rebel and a conspirator against British power in this Island. Come, who are you?"

"Well, I am brother to this Father O'Donnell whom you seem to love so much, and determined, if I can, to save him from the ignominious halter of the Saxon."

"Forgive me, Captain, I know you now. Forgive me, I pray you on my knees," exclaimed the brave O'Mara.

"Rise up, friend, I beseech you. So far from having any thing to ask forgiveness for, I applaud your caution, and admire your courage. Give us your hand; O'Mara, I suspect, is your name. You are the man of whom Rev. John Murphy gave me such a high character."

"Yes, sir, I am the man, Terence O'Mara, a sworn

enemy of the British government. But what can we do for your brother, our dear pastor? Here is my plan. I have about five hundred of the neighboring farmers' sons enrolled in body, and pledged to break open the jail and rescue our pastor to-night; and if we fail in that, go in disguise to-morrow to the place of execution, and with concealed pistols and daggers, make a rush on his ruffian captors and rescue him, or die in the attempt."

"Five hundred young men, you said!"

"Aye, that exactly."

"And what is the number of the enemy; I mean the redcoats in the town?"

"Two thousand, at least, besides the militia or yeomanry."

"Mon Dieu! I fear your force would never effect what you have resolved on."

"What is to be done, then? I am sure I will never survive to-morrow if Father O'Donnell is hanged, or I will escape after the slaughter of some of his executioners."

"We must try stratagem in the business. See and get him out of their hands first, and then fight afterwards, if necessary."

"Aye, but how can that be done?"

"I cannot yet tell you, as I do not know whether or not my plan will succeed. Let me see how were your followers to be brought together?"

“By signal. We light a fire on the left peak of this two-headed mountain, to tell the boys to stay at home, and the right peak blazes to call them to arms.”

“Well, if I succeed in my strategy well and good ; but if I fail, a messenger will meet you here at dusk to give order about the signals. Let’s see ; if my messenger does not arrive an hour after night, that will be a sign of my success ; stop your followers, by lighting the fire on the left ; if, on the contrary, a man with a white crape on his head instead of a hat appear, summon your followers, and attack the prison at midnight.”

“All right ; it shall be done as you say. Success to the brave. God be with you. Stay, one word more. When you advance about two miles, turn to the left, at the base of the hill, and by crossing over the river a mile below the bridge, where it is fordable, you will guard against interruption and annoyance from these rascally yeomen, who are scouting around the highways in all directions. Here, take these pistols.”

“No, thank you. My mission was begun peacefully under the auspices of holy religious personages, and I will carry it out as it began, leaving the issue to Him who is able to save the unarmed as well as the armed. I will follow your instructions regarding the by-road. Farewell for the present.” He spoke, and was instantly out of sight on his way to the home of his childhood, and the scenes of his earliest recollections.



## CHAPTER III.

## FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

TERRY O'MARA returned to his house, and the Captain now approached Fairy Hill Cottage, the residence of his ancestors from time immemorial, and now that of his brother the representative of his family. This cottage was situated on a picturesque hill, about two miles west of the market-town of Cloughmore. The public high-road bounded the O'Donnell farm on the east ; on the south, a tributary of the Blackwater or "Avonduv" divided it from the common at the foot of Knockmel-down. On the west it was bordered by the demesne of Lord Barterborough, and on the north by the woodland of the same Saxon lord. The elevated position of the house enabled the inmates to spy the approach of any visitor, at a distance of at least half a mile from the cottage, and it was with no small anxiety, that the horseman, in full gallop, was observed by one of the domestics making for the cottage.

“Miss Mary, I’d know what gentleman on horse-back is that racin’ up the meadow? He looks like an officer of dhragoons,” said Peggy Melehan, the kitchen-maid, rushing into the parlor where the former sat reading.

“Where, Peggy, where? Oh, I see. My dear, who can it be? A gentleman with mustachios, too, but very like my Uncle Charles. O laus, it is he! Run and call the master.”

Ere the slow Peggy was half way to the stable where Thomas O’Donnell was giving some instructions to his man Ned Moran, previously to his paying his last visit, as he expected, in company with his wife and children, to the cell of his reverend brother, the Captain had cleared the lawn quick-fence, and in a moment was by the side of “Miss Mary,” with both her hands pressed between his own. Tears choked the fair creature’s utterance as she attempted to give her relative an account of what they were now preparing for: to pay the last visit to her reverend uncle.

“Hush, my dear child,” said the Captain of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, endeavoring to curb his own rebellious emotions, “is this all you can do for your uncle? Have you no plan, or can you devise no means of procuring poor Father Senan’s escape?”

“Escape!” she exclaimed with surprise, “how can he escape, and his prison guarded by at least two thou-

sand troops? What plan can I devise, if they would not rest satisfied to take me as a hostage or substitute for him; and I would, God is my witness, willingly suffer death to save the life of a good priest."

"Hostage, indeed! Yes, by my sword, if the king saw you, Miss Mary, he might take you as a hostage; but we must try some other and less expensive way of wresting his victim from the tyrant. We can't afford to risk the 'fair Miss Mary,' on such a game of hazard," said he, looking at the magnificent girl with pride and complacency. "But has it come to this," he continued, "that the O'Donnells have no friends *now* left? Where are the '*Gows* and the '*Poleens*,' the '*Caravats* and '*Shanavests*,' the '*Defenders* and the '*Rocks*,' and the other factions that so frequently professed friendship for our family?"

"Where are they, did you ask?" said the afflicted girl, recovering from her overwhelming tears. "I really do not know, for father never allowed me to learn any thing of such factions, and I am sure the priest himself would rather die than owe his rescue to such people as you spoke of. He was ever consistently opposed to factions, and all illegal combinations against the government."

"Aye so, and by way of thanks the government, for his pains on behalf of their system, will make a martyr of him, and thus secure his salvation! Are not they

kind? Where is your father, Mary? Run, call him here. At what hour did you say he was to have the interview with the priest?"

"At six o'clock precisely, as the pass he has procured from the commanding officer, Colonel Clive, specifies, and none can be admitted but father and mother, with me and little Charley and Hugh."

"Six o'clock! Mon Dieu! and it is now near four," said he, looking at his timepiece. "Haste, Mary, haste, you fairy, and call your father."

Thomas entered as he spoke, and the brothers on meeting grasped each other's hands like men, giving expression rather by looks than words to the poignant grief which rent their manly bosoms.

"Ah, Charles," said the senior brother, "what brought you here at such a time? Or, are you not satisfied that poor Senan should be sacrificed, without exposing your own life by coming back to such a wretched country? Are you not aware that your being in the French service contributed in no small degree to bring about this murderous result?"

"Yes, Tom, I could conjecture if I had not heard as much; but on that very account, was I not bound to do something to save him whom the fact of his having a brother abroad, exposed to the hemp of cursed England? If I am the occasion of his unjust conviction, am I not bound to try and save him from the consequences of that iniquitous sentence?"

“That would be very noble and very generous, if there was any chance or probability of your succeeding. The proposal has been submitted to me by that brave fellow O’Mara, and others ; but seeing no probable chances of success, I decline the proffered aid.”

“Why, man, let us make a probability. Let us set about creating chances of success, and we will, we cannot but succeed. Are you not preparing to visit Senan this evening ?”

“Yes, in about two hours or less.”

“Well, then, leave me to make that visit in your stead, and see if I cannot release the victim from his bloodhounds.”

“Ah, my dear Charles, you can have no idea of the vigilance of ——.”

“Nonsense, Tom. For God’s sake let me alone ; I can’t put up with these lamentations. I am Captain of a regiment of ‘Chasseurs de Vincennes,’ and I must be obeyed. Come, Miss Mary, have you all things ready as I instructed you ?”

“Yes, sir, I await your commands like an obedient aid-de-camp.”

The officer now returned from a bedroom off the parlor, with the whiskers of his brother carefully deposited in a sheet of paper, which he laid on the work-table of Mary and her younger sister Bridget, who, under the instructions of the Captain, commenced stitching

the beard to two flesh-colored pieces of satin cloth. This operation excited the risible propensities of Bridget to an uncontrollable degree ; and though her fingers moved very nimbly over the surface of the small piece on which she had to tack the beard of her father, the muscles of her face and her mouth moved quicker.

“That is nice manners, Bid,” said Mary. “You ought not to laugh and skit so when your uncle is going to be put to death.”

“I can’t help it, Mary,” said giggling Bridget—“he, he, he ! when I see how queer my father looks after his whiskers are cut off—he, he, he !”

“I will cut off them fine curls from your neck Bid, my damsel,” said the Captain, “if you do not work neatly and quickly. Laugh away though, provided you do your task well and expeditiously ; quick you guinea-hen, quick, or I will put my threat into execution. Go you, Peggy,” said he, turning to the kitchen maid, “and get a little paste or starch ready as soon as you can.”

“Thick or thin, sir ?” rejoined Peggy.

“Thick, strong, good and quick, Peggy.”

Within an hour Miss Mary and her nimble-fingered assistant Bridget, had succeeded in stitching the grave whiskers of their father on the pieces of satin cut out for them by the Captain, who, in a few moments after, had succeeded by aid of the starch of Peggy in adjusting them to his own cheeks. His foreign lip-beard or

mustachios had next to be disposed of, after falling beneath the edge of a merciless razor, and the foreign dress of the elegant French gentleman had to be exchanged for the native frieze, blue broadcloth, and cashmere shorts of the Irish farmer. Thus equipped, the Captain, accompanied by his brother's wife, the Miss O'Donnell, and two of the younger children, at about half-past five o'clock set out, in the family vehicle or side-car, to pay the last visit of condolence to their Rêverend relative in his prison cell at the town of Cloughmore.

The party were met at the prison gate by the chief jailer, an Englishman named Bremner, who, during the confinement of the clergyman, was sent over to supersede an Irishman who held the post from time immemorial, but whose fidelity in the present instance was suspected on account of some little courtesies of his to the prisoner. Their names were called for, and their passports *viséd* by this important official, and upon his finding them "all right," the party were ushered by an under functionary into the cell of the doomed priest. They found the venerable martyr on his knees before the crucifix by the side of his iron bedstead, with his mind so absorbed in prayer as to seem to his visitors to be in a perfect trance. Accustomed to the abrupt visits of officials, and annoyed by those who came to offer humiliating terms of pardon, the pious confessor paid no

attention to the entrance of his relatives, and his fervent acts of piety were not in the least distracted till the loud sobs and cries of the female portion of the visitors recalled his senses from their extatic communings with the world of spirits. It was some time before he could recognize his brother Charles, disguised as he was, and it was not without a good deal of argument that he was prevailed on to embrace the chance which was offered him of making his escape. "I hope I am now prepared for death," he said, "and if it be the will of God that I should come to this end, I am satisfied. I am guilty of no crime; I have not even violated the letter of an iniquitous law, for the parties I married were both Catholics. Let me, Charles, let me die."

"But, my dear sir, you are a priest of God as well as an innocent man, and it would be sacrilege to allow your murderers to shed your consecrated blood. Besides, it would discourage the poor people more than any thing that has happened for three hundred years. It would actually throw them into utter despair, and give a triumph to their enemies, the effect of which would be felt for many a long day to come."

"No, Charles, I cannot forfeit the crown which I am persuaded will be mine in suffering for the faith, and forming one in that succession of glorious martyrs which has adorned the church of St. Patrick for the last five hundred years. Besides, how could I, in conscience,



agree to have you, a brother, sacrificed to preserve the few remaining years of my useless life? No, it cannot be—it must not be, Charles.”

“But, my dear brother, you mistake, I will not be sacrificed. A hair of my head won’t suffer while I hold the rank I do in the service of the French monarch. They dare not execute me. In the name of Heaven exchange clothes with me, and embrace the chance which Providence has put in your power. Listen to reason, my dear brother.”

“For God’s sake! Charles, do not rob me of the crown that is within my reach. I shall ascend the gallows’ steps with the joy of a bridegroom. I am in peace with the world and with my Lord, I hope; and the people will be edified rather than scandalized at my sufferings.”

“Oh, brother of my soul! why will you not yield to reason and humanity? What a catastrophe you will bring about by this obstinacy. Know then, if I must tell you, that the peasantry have armed to the number of several hundred men, sworn to rescue you or die in the attempt. Oh, what havoc you will have to witness at the hour of your death!”

“What, Charles, what do you say? Surely you deceive me?”

“No, sir, no. I declare to you on my word, and solemn oath, if you ask me, that if you do not now embrace my proposition, not only yourself, I, and our

brother Thomas, but most of your people will be cut down by the cruel soldiery of this town."

The female portion of this party, who, during this conversation, carried on in a low tone of voice and in French, kept up a loud crying and sobbing in order to prevent the guard at the door from hearing, now joined theirs with the entreaties of the brother, begging of the priest, for "God's sake, and as he regarded their feelings," to consent to escape from the hands of his executioners.

These things staggered his resolution, but especially when he heard that there was to be a rescue. As he lived for the salvation of his people, next to the glory of God, and as, like St. Paul, he wished to become anathema, if necessary, for the flock committed to him by his Lord, so his desire even of the crown of martyrdom yielded to his desire to save the flock of Christ. He consulted his Redeemer again a few minutes in prayer, and raising himself up, he exclaimed, "Now I am ready, Charles. It seems my hour is not yet come. If it be the providence of God to conduct me by his angel from this dungeon, and from the power of the Philistines, why, I must not resist his will."

One hour was all the time that the visit was to last, and now the guard at the door cried out that the third quarter of the hour was now past. "Prepare," he said, "and be ready to leave at seven o'clock precisely."

“Oh, dear sir, won't you allow *me* to remain another hour with my dear uncle, whom I shall never again see in this world?” said Miss Mary, who now went to the cell-door, in order to divert the attention of the officious guard from what was going on in the cell.

“You can zee 'im to-morrow at den o'clock, haw! haw! haw! if you look towards Gallows 'ill, my lassie,” answered the Saxon churl.

“Ah! God forgive you your cruel jest, soldier. But here, friend, take this pound note, and allow us to remain here for one half hour longer.”

“One 'alf hour! Nay, nay. I should get the lock-up for that, or cau't ma'tial. I shaunt for a pound, nor for foive pounds, nuther. But wait, an' you let's 'ave the pound, I'll put back the clock a quarter hour.”

“Well, take it,” she said, handing him the note, which the fellow carefully hid in the lining of his helmet, and off he starts to the lower end of the corridor, to put back the clock.

While this negotiation was going on and being executed, the Captain was stripped of his whiskers and other external disguises, in which the priest soon became so enveloped as to deceive the sharpest scrutiny. As they left the prison precincts, they raised the famous mournful Irish “ullullu!” in which they were joined by a number of women at the jail-gate, and subsequently by all the townspeople, from whom it spread through the

country in all directions, so that the mountains and valleys of Waterford, Kilkenny and Tipperary, re-echoed for hours the wailing and lamentation that ascended to heaven in testimony of the innocence of the victim of the cruel government of perjured England. The poor priest himself was overpowered with grief, and mingled his tears with those of the affectionate but helpless people who lamented his fate. There were several "keeners," or female chanters of extemporaneous dirges also present to add pathos to these lamentations. This species of poetry was composed and sung at the same moment, and often kept up for several hours, and even days, over the dead bodies of the great in ancient times. Those who were skilled in this sort of composition were called "Phelehs," who sometimes discharged this sad duty for pay; but more frequently, as in the present instance, it was performed from affection or out of respect to the virtues of the deceased. Although the proper place for poetical lamentations was over the corpse or at the "wake" of the deceased chief, patriot, warrior, or other benefactor of his race or country, yet in cases where death was certain, as in the instance of Father O'Donnell, or where the victim was a distinguished one, the "keening" commenced on the eve of his death. And besides, it was understood that the body of the pastor of Cloughmore was not to be restored to the relatives, but quartered, and hung in conspicuous places for the terror of the

peasantry ; and this was an additional reason for this commencement of the "keen" to mourn his death while he was yet living. We give here, as far as an imperfect translation will allow us, one of the many "keens" or dirges that were sung on this occasion.

## KEEN.

O Saggarth loved ! we grieve this gloomy noon ;  
How sad our souls, to part with thee so soon !  
Had you but died upon your bed, consoled  
By grace from God, and through a pastor doled,  
E'en with those comforts, would your death begin  
A grief to millions of your fellow-men ;  
But on the gallows, like a thief, to die,  
Promotes complaints that rend the conscious sky.  
What shall we do, now since our father's gone ?  
When sickness comes, O whither shall we run ?  
And when the wolf into the fold impels  
A stealthy ingress to the sacred cells,  
Who, who shall stand to guard the portals then,  
And guide to life the erring sons of men ?  
He who long erst enabled them to stand  
'Gainst the worst snares that error ever planned,  
Who stood a champion of Jehovah's cause,  
Till he a prey fell to Britannia's laws.  
In Innisfail, O let this day be gloom,  
Let millions grieved resent the illegal doom !  
Our curse upon the Sassenagh's decree,  
Cursed be his name who plundered us of thee !  
Rend your dark hair, you maidens unconsolated,  
Lament our patriot sacrificed and sold !

O dreadful woe! Who blushes to condole?

O God, receive the patriot martyr's soul!

While this wild cry, or such as this, was borne on the gently careering breeze, and reverberated along the mountains, hills, and plains, Terence O'Mara was anxiously awaiting the promised messenger on the hill-pass on Knockmeldown. The appointed hour having elapsed, and no messenger having made his appearance, the shrewd peasant at once concluded that the stratagem of the Captain had been successful, and he regarded the "ullullu of keeners" which reached his ears, as probably a ruse on the part of the people to put the keepers of Father O'Donnell off their guard.

"'Tis hard to resist taking up this mournful chorus, brought hither on the wings of the evening wind," said he to himself; "but yet I won't join in this melancholy ditty till I see for what. I won't weep for my beloved pastor till I see him dead first." And so saying, he came out from under the shelving rock where he lay concealed; and hiding his rifle and ammunition in a crevice of the rock, he advanced cautiously on the public road towards the town.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE ESCAPE.

THE side-car on which our party of mourning visitors rode, now returned to "Fairy hill," and a few minutes for refreshments, exchanging of greetings, and prayerful congratulations, were all that the necessity of the case allowed, ere the departure of the escaped prisoner. After a few minutes spent in fervent prayer, the Reverend gentleman returned from a small oratory which was situated at the east end of the building, and the entire family having placed themselves on their knees, he imparted to them, severally, his blessing and the blessing of Heaven. He next presented each with some little memento, such as a ring, a prayer-book, a cross, a string of beads, a little medal, a picture, or other such memorial; and having again bid them another "God be with you," and "God bless you," he bade a last farewell, and parted for ever from the hereditary threshold of his ancestors. The horse on which the

Captain had arrived stood saddled at the hall door, the rein held by Thomas O'Donnell, who had already mounted his favorite gray mare "Seagull," and without arms or ammunition, the brothers set out together for the port of Dungarvan, via Knockmeldown.

They moved along rapidly and silently for a time, both becoming saddened in mind, at the probable fate that was to await their generous and heroic brother Charles ; at length, their steeds having slackened their pace a little, as they advanced towards the mountain, the priest, who was as yet in darkness regarding the manner of the Captain's arrival, as he was regarding his own destination, after they reached the seaport, asked his brother Thomas how in the world did Charles come to know his fate, or how did he penetrate so far into the country unobserved by the English ?

"Your fate, brother," answered the former, "was well known in France, and created a great deal of sympathy at the court of his most Christian majesty, who first attempted to save you by sending instructions to his ambassador at London, to intercede with the king of England for you ; and having failed to save you by negotiation, afterwards, at the request of Charles, whom God save, his majesty allowed the royal yacht, the 'Joan d'Arc,' to convey him to the Irish coast, and you to France, in case Charles succeeded in rescuing you."

"Ah, what a kind-hearted and magnanimous prince.



I shall never forget his majesty's goodness of heart since the time that I, being a student at the Sorbonne, and getting my degree, his majesty, then the Dauphin of France, presented me with the gold medal, in preference to many others who were candidates, and superior candidates to me, in the contest for the honor. Alas ! that treasure is now with the rest of my means, I fear, irrevocably lost to me by the plunder of my effects by the English soldiery ! But you did not tell me, Thomas, how Charles heard of my being in durance ; all communication with him, you know, being long since prohibited by our cruel governors ? ”

“ He heard all about it from Kilpatrick and his lady, who, on hearing of your arrest in Scotland, which they set out for on the day of their marriage accompanied by Ossorry, as you are aware, soon after set out for France, with the double view of avoiding any danger to which the cruelty of the government might expose them, as well as, if possible, to save you through the French court's intervention.”

“ Ah, that was how poor Charles got word of my trouble, was it ? ”

“ Yes, and it is well that he did. For much as we love him, and great as our grief would be for his loss, should he fall a sacrifice to his generous affection in your behalf, we would count his fate as nothing, when you are safe.”

“ I am not sure but your idea of these things is entirely a mistaken one. He may be of some use to king or country, but I, what use can I be to any thing or any body ?”

“ I know, brother, as regards personal merits, youth, prospects of advancement, and all that, Charles may be regarded as the greater loss to the O'Donnell name ; but when we regard you as consecrated to religion, and as a representative of the church, which a hostile government wished to degrade in your person, then the balance is entirely in your favor. Thank God ! the O'Donnells can afford a martyr to their country or liberty's cause, as the annals of the last five centuries can show ; but let the blood of laymen be spilt, rather than that of “ the Lord's anointed ” should be desecrated by the cruel axe of the heretical Saxon.”

They had now gained considerably on the mountain, engaged in such dialogue as the foregoing, when suddenly a blazing fire burned on the left peak of Knockmoldown, and as it spread its glare around on the bald summits of the neighboring heights, clothing them in the light of a ghastly and unnatural illumination, the startled eagle deserted her nest on the “ crag,” flights of grouse, plover, and other winged inhabitants of the wilderness filled the air with the shrieks and confused flapping of their wings ; while the fox, the hare, and the badger deserted their wonted beats, and sought their

covers, or took to flight to escape this sudden exposure to the eyes of men, of their nocturnal occupations.

Gradually the "ullulu" or lamentations of the peasantry died away, as their attention was attracted by the "bonfire" on the "Knock," and those who were in the secret, drew conclusions favorable to the fate of their pastor, from the fact that the fire was on the "left head" of the mountain, instead of the right, as they expected. Many a fond wife and loving mother were rejoiced, and prayed to God in thanksgiving when they went to the door, and observed that to-night at least, there was no need for their sons or husbands to attend to the dangerous service of "the enchanted warrior," as Terry O'Mara was generally called by those who were initiated into his confederacy.

"Blood an age! what's this?" said Michael O'Halpeen to his wife, when he saw the signal on the left. "There, we are tould to stay in t'night, and Father O'Donnell to be hanged t'morrow at four o'clock!"

"O yea God furbid!" answered Judy, his better half. "The Lord is able to save him from the Sassenaghs. I'm rale glad you have not to go this night wid your pike, for I'm afeered you id never come back."

"The divil skin me if that omadawn ov a captain isn't a coward, and got afeered to summon the min to the rescue. O wirra! isn't it a pity I wasn't captain meeself. How I'd soon have that barrick below in ashes, and the priest free."

“You vud, I nagh,” said his wife, mocking him. “Don’t you know there is the sintries guarding the gate?”

“What would I care about the sintry, or a dozen such ‘*Lurhedawns*,’ while I had this ‘queen of way-pons,’ my own harodittory pike, to run the ‘Keolawns’ through the heart?”

“Begor,” said the wife, who knew her Mihaul to be an arrant coward, who once ran a mile from a Galway woman with a red cloak, mistaking her for a “red soldier,”—“Begor, I’m afeered King Garge is beat entirely now. What’ll he do at all, whin the brave Mihaul O’Halpeen, who ran away from the Connaught red cloak, is up wid his pike?”

“‘*Skirrawnurth!*’ you ‘onshugh,’ is id making game of me you are?” said Mihaul, pretending to be serious.

“Faith thin it isn’t, but tilling the thruth. Didn’t you near brake your shins runnin’ across gardens and hedges, and bog-holes, last harvist, when you saw a Connaught woman’s red cloak comin’ up the hollow? And now you’d rescue Father O’Donnell, guarded by an army of rale soldiers! ‘O Dieu le cour cuin’ (‘God help us’).”

“Won’t you whist your tongue, you ‘shrile,’” said he. “Shure it isn’t meeself alone woud do it, but others like me.”

“Yarrou, hould your tongue, man. Leave the priest

to himself and God, and you'll see they can't hurt him. Isn't God stronger than the devil any day?"

"I know that," said Mihaul; "but God wants help. Do you see how God allowed Sts. Peter and Paul to be put to death, and warn't they great and holy? Yet if there wur any dacent boys in Rome thin, they wouldn't have allowed the pagans to put the blessed Apostles to death. I wish I wur there, with this ould pike! How I'd stretch the 'Paugawnaghs,' (Pagans).

"Faith, maybe if you wur there, 'tis to run you would, like you ran from the red cloak of the Galway woman."

"*Thonum a Dieu na Grausth*; you '*Kierauge*,'" said he, pretending great anger. "If you ewer agin spake of that red cloak, I will catch you by this cooleen and fling you over the house."

The truth is, Mihaul was only about a month married, and his young wife was greatly alarmed at the idea of his being one of those who had resolved to rescue Father O'Donnell; and upon learning from the signal on the mountain that the idea was abandoned, and knowing well that her husband secretly rejoiced that the expedition was not likely to be persevered in, she began to twit him on his bravery and boasted courage. He was no less rejoiced than she, however, and it is unnecessary to say that there was infinitely more happiness in Mihaul O'Halpeen's house that night than if, instead of

pleasant bantering with his wife, he should be found in the train of the "enchanted warrior" with his "harodittory ould pike."

Our fugitives were now within a short distance of the "gap," or highest elevation of the road, when a stentorian voice of one whose head alone appeared above a rock, cried out to them in rapid utterance—

"Who goes there? qui va la? 'che ha shin?'"

"Dinne mintera," "friendly folks," answered Father O'Donnell, in that grave mellow voice which belonged to him, and which was well understood by his interrogator, the "enchanted warrior."

"O Lord be praised, Father Senan," cried O'Mara, sinking on his knees. "God is stronger than Satan. Give me your blessing, sir."

"God bless you, Terry," said the priest, "and may He give you grace to mend your ways, and renounce your present life of danger and sin."

"Sin?" said the peasant, by way of remonstrance, "I do not think it is a sin to shoot and eat the game that is fed by the produce of my own farm, for which I pay; nor do I think it a sin to try to save your Reverence from the Saxon gibbet, when I know you were innocent of any crime, and only sacrificed in hatred of religion."

"Excuse me, Terry," said the priest; "I only meant that you exposed yourself and family by disregarding the

game-laws, and that your having any thing to do with the 'United Irish Society' would in the end lead you and others into trouble and sin. I did not mean to say you are an outlaw, or that you have been guilty of any great crime against society, though your escapes from the gamekeepers and yeomen have procured you the formidable name of 'Enchanted Warrior.' "

"There it is again, Reverend sir, preaching in favor of British laws, and your head not yet well free from the gallows, to which those laws condemned you unjustly. My sword and belt, Father Senan, but for your preaching, and that of such as you, there would not be one shoneen one of the British garrison left now in all Tipperary, aye, in troth, they would have long since got a 'free passage' to the lower countries. When will ye priests let us have our own way? But what is become of Captain O'Donnell?"

"The Captain, Terry, is in the same danger that I was in. In fact, he took my place in the prison cell."

"Begor, he wont be long there. Oh murther, murther! why did I kindle the left fire on yonder peak? I must be off at once and quench it, and set fire to the right turfstack, and perhaps a part of the men may come."

"Wait, wait, you need not stir," said the farmer, Thomas O'Donnell, recalling O'Mara, who was just going off. "The Captain is safe, having in his pocket his commission as officer in the 'Châsseurs de Vincennes,' to-

gether with the French monarch's autograph. He is safe, Terry. He sent you word by me to keep quiet. They dare not touch a hair of his head."

"But what if ye are pursued?" interrogated the cunning peasant.

"Oh, there is not much danger of that till we are far out of their reach. Farewell, Terry," said both as, they put spurs to their steeds and departed.

"Farewell, and a safe journey," answered Terry. "Be cautious; the road is somewhat rough from the late rains, and steep in some places."

Terry remained where he was for a few minutes, deliberating with himself what to do, when to his astonishment, his ear caught the violent breathing and smothered cough of somebody coming towards where he stood. The figure was that of a man in his shirt-sleeves, without a coat and without a hat. Upon being asked who was that, the panting and jaded messenger cried in a voice half smothered by his heavy breathing, "Bloodhounds," "Maderee aultha," "fly," "fly," "pursuit," "dragoons," "dragoons,—on chase." Terry found that this was no other than "Darby Anglum," the fool of Lord Barterborough, who no sooner heard it whispered at the Great-House, that the flight of the priest was discovered, than he ran off to acquaint the "enchanted warrior" that the pursuit was on foot. Poor, faithful and loyal creature, the express had nearly cost



him his life, as shall be shown hereafter. It appeared that the prisoner was gone no more than an hour, when about eight o'clock, the chaplain of the prison, by way, I suppose, of sharpening his appetite for a grand supper, to which he was that night invited by the Lord Barterborough, came into the cell to see if he could not convert the convicted Popish priest from the errors of Rome, as he called them, "*to those of* Church of England Protestantism."

"If you only want to convert me from one set of errors to another," said the Captain, catching at the chaplain's blunder, "I would as lief keep to the errors I have, as exchange them for a newer, and perhaps not a better, suit of errors."

"Oh, sir, I only meant from the errors of Rome to the pure doctrines of our Church by 'law established.'" The Captain, personating as well as he could the character of the priest, again declined the services of the hired chaplain. But the zealous functionary of the Establishment would attend to no protests nor regard any remonstrances from him whom he wished to convert, whether he was willing or not; whereupon the Captain's patience failed him, and getting up from his iron bed, on which he reclined, he kicked the chaplain out of doors. The cries of the poor church official in distress, brought the head jailer to the spot, who, upon closer examination, found, to his consternation, that instead of

the priest, he held a Captain. He burst forth into a pitiful cry, that alarmed the soldiers on guard, who rushed to the spot to see what was the matter, and who on arriving at the cell door, picked up the Governor, as he was called, lifeless apparently, from the floor. The first impression of the bystanders was, that he was poinarded by the prisoner ; but after the application of some restoratives and remedies, he recovered himself, and they found that he had lost his senses at the prospect of losing his situation, on account of allowing his victim to escape !

The chief military officer, a Colonel Clive, was apprised of the disaster of the priest's escape ; and a council of war being called, the Captain, heavily ironed, was ushered into their presence under a strong military escort. He at once acknowledged his part in the stratagem for the release of his brother, asked liberty to exhibit his military commission in the "Chasseurs de Vincennes," in the service of the French monarch, and upon receiving permission, by having the shackles taken from his hands, he produced the paper, which the commanding officer read, and holding up his hands again to his guards, he said, " You may bind me in as many irons as you please, but as a French officer, I protest against being treated as a criminal." His spirited manner and the candor of his confession, as well as his devotion to a beloved brother, gained the respect, if not

admiration, of the cold English commander ; and though he was ordered back to prison, the rigors of his captivity were greatly mitigated by order of the Colonel. The next thing that engaged the attention of these officials, was the recapture of the prisoner escaped, and upon a muster being called, and the drum beaten, three out of the five hundred dragoons of the town were despatched in parties of from twenty-five to sixty, in pursuit of the fugitive. It was when the commanding officer was sent for to Lord Barterborough's, where he had just only arrived a few minutes before, to be present at the supper of this aristocratic Anglo-Saxon, that the idiot Anglum heard of the intended pursuit of the priest ; and as he had only lately passed the priest on his way towards the mountain, the poor simpleton, with that fidelity peculiar to this class of creatures, ran back to where he had met him, in hopes to overtake him, or to meet somebody to whom he could communicate the burden of his secret, so as to render it available for the safety of Father O'Donnell. And it was providential that Anglum did meet the priest soon after he quitted the town of Cloughmore, and well that his curiosity enabled him to come at the message of the flying express who brought the intelligence to Colonel Clive at the Lord's house, as otherwise the prisoner would have been undoubtedly retaken, and all the exertions and prayers and anxiety of the Captain rendered of no avail, as shall appear from the sequel.

## CHAPTER V.

## "THE ENCHANTED WARRIOR."

SOON after the cry of "Madree aultha" reached Terence O'Mara's ears through the exertions of his now only aid, Anglum, he resolved to retard, if not to defeat, the pursuit. "Oh, heavens!" he exclaimed, "why did I kindle that unlucky fire on the left, and thus deprive myself of the co-operation of my faithful followers! It can't be helped."

"Darby," he said, addressing the simpleton, "we must make the best we can of a bad bargain."

"That's thrue," said Darby; "it's a bad bargain, if my good father is caught. Bad, bad, bad! But, Mr. Terry, won't we kill the red-coats! Shoot 'em. I like red 'coat-a-more.' Yes, bad bargain, bad bargain!"

"Listen, Darby," said O'Mara, "can you make a fire?"

"Yes, yes," answered he, "can make fire. Make fire at *Lor' Bad butter.*"

“Come, then, and help me.”

Off they went to about the one sixth of a mile up the road, where there was a quantity of turf or peat made into ricks and stacks. By the aid of the idiot, in a few minutes O'Mara had a large pile of the dry turf placed on the very centre of the road, and having set fire to it, he placed in front and around it, many “grogawns,” or tall piles of the turf, which at a distance very much resembled men in appearance. This done, O'Mara flew to his cave for his rifle, his brass bugle, his helmet, and a polished steel corselet, or small cuirass, which one of his ancestors wore when in foreign service. He procured also a great torch of chips of “fat pine,” or “bog deal,” and thus equipped, he took his stand behind the great rock called “Clogh-na-gour,” which commanded the road which the pursuers, if about to come, must take. The clatter of horses' hoofs against the well-gravelled road was now distinctly heard, and O'Mara ran forward a second time to give some new order to Anglum, whose mind, though a very retentive one, was able to grasp but one idea at a time. The light of the fire now reflected on the polished helmets of the cavalry, and its reflection on the sides of the mountain-ridges, revealed to them with a dismal effect, the dreariness of the scene, and filled their imaginations with fears, that in these dark caverns, which the unilluminated parts of the mountains appeared to be, there

might be secreted men in ambush, against whom, in such ground as this was, their horses could do but little. The troop now slackened their pace into a more cautious gait, and the advance-guard returned to the main body to report that a large body of rebels were on the mountain brow, shouting like Indians, and dancing around a great fire. At the communication of this intelligence the sound of a bugle was heard, reverberating in a thousand repeated echoes along the mountain-sides, and glens, and ridges, and peaks, and the troop having given "three cheers for the king," advanced cautiously. In front of the large rock above mentioned, now appeared, standing in bold relief, by the glare of the fire, a man clothed in shining armor, and burnished helmet, who, on the approach of the troop, cried out, "Who goes there?" A voice hoarse from fear answered, "The King's troop of-Fourth Dragoons."

"Halt, under pain of death!" cried Terry. "I am the genius of this place. These mountains are my abode, and I will allow no invasion of my domains at this hour of night. They call me the 'Enchanted Warrior.' My men are perched by every rock, and hid under every bush. Look at yonder fire, around which one hundred men, warriors all clad in mail as I, keep guard. Advance, if you dare."

There are whispers and confusion among the men.

"Listen again," resumed the warrior. "To show

you I am what I represent myself to be, here I stand. Let any five men of you dismount, or from where you sit, discharge your pieces against this breast ; and if you find your leaden messengers have no power to hurt me, then confess I am the enchanted warrior. But if I send my messengers of death after you, then woe betide you ! What say you ? Will you try it ?”

“ Yes. Stand forward, five guards,” said the leader. “ Steady ! present ! fire ! ”

A loud laugh from the warrior followed this discharge. The second guard presents and fires. The same effect follows.

“ Go on—try it again,” cried the intrepid warrior.

A third discharge followed, and the bullet was flattened against the rock about a yard from his body.

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! ” cries the warrior. “ Here are your leaden bullets for you again. There is one that has actually passed through my body ! Let me now try my luck.”

Click ! went the rifle of the warrior, and the sergeant and a private fell dead from their horses.

“ Now, men, come to victory ! ” he cried, pulling a rope or cord to which was attached the blazing torch of pine chips, and flinging it towards the dragoons, he leaped down on the road. As quick as lightning the whole troop of sixty horses turned round, and without as much as waiting for the word of command, made the

best of their way back to the town. The heath now on the mountain-side took fire, and the crackling with which that beautiful shrub burns, together with the screaming of night-birds, and the loud noise of flocks of game, resembling very much the report of musketry, created in the minds of these royal troops sensations akin to those of men flying from a city on fire, and they never looked back till they were all safely entrenched within the walls of Cloughmore barracks. Upon the troop being in line and the roll called, it was found that two men were wanting, whom the Lieutenant reported as having fallen at the action at the mountain, where, as he stated, no fewer than three thousand men were assembled in rebellion, commanded by experienced French and foreign officers. The same gentleman gave it also as his opinion that nothing less than the capture of the town was intended, as he could hear the voices of men and the report of their small arms till he came very near the town. In evidence of the correctness of what he stated, he pointed out the blaze into which the northern side of the town was converted by the enemy. He exaggerated the dangers of sending so few men to rout such a formidable force, not forgetting to point out the advantageous positions of the enemy, who, he said, planted behind rock, and from behind the ricks of turf, took such deliberate aim "at our men, that it is miraculous how we escaped with such trifling loss—two killed



only, and only a few slightly wounded." On being questioned as to why the Lieutenant did not in the retreat recover the bodies of the two who had fallen, he stated, that in attempting to do so, the whole body of rebels rushed down on the road to cut off their retreat, that the horses became restive on hearing the yells of the rebels, who flung lighted brands on the road to frighten them. He could not say whether many of the foe had fallen, but he was certain there must be many of them wounded, from the deliberate aim which the lights and fires of the enemy enabled his own men to take. This mendacious report having been received by the Colonel, the "big drum" was beaten, and the whole military force of the town, including the yeomanry, was called to arms. Picket guards were appointed at the cross-roads, a cordon of sentinels on that side of the town next the mountain, and every order given and precaution taken that the military tactics of that period demanded. The Colonel, in the mean time, with the advice of his council, thought it prudent to communicate the report of Lieutenant Scarecrow to the Castle of Dublin by express, with a desire that a detachment of light artillery should be sent immediately, to subdue this powerful and seemingly formidable host! "The enchanted warrior," in the mean time, in company with his useful fool, returned home, to snatch a few hours' repose, well satisfied that the fugitive was safe now, and that at all events, there

would be no more hostile visits to his mountain, for this night at least. Thus, by the skilful stratagem of a man, the best military plans may be defeated, and the securest designs of tyrants may be frustrated by the bravery of a peasant.

When Terence O'Mara returned home, at the hour of one o'clock at night, he found a good warm supper ready for him at the fireside, simmering in the skillet ; and, contrary to custom, he found his fair wife and eldest child at the bed-side, repeating the rosary aloud, and with tears in their eyes.

"In the name of God, what keeps ye up so late ?" said Terry, lighting a "slishogue," or chip pine of bog-wood, and going into his bed-room.

"Ah ! it is we ought to ask you what keeps *you* up, and what keeps you out so late as this ?" she cried, with a look that betrayed the agitation of her soul.

"Hold, woman," answered Terry. "I have good news to tell you. Father O'Donnell is escaped."

"Thanks be to God !" said the pious matron. "I always thought the Lord would never allow his enemies power over that saintly man."

"What in the world ails you, though ?" he resumed. "Something must be wrong. Has any thing happened since I left—are my children well ?" Tell me what ails you, dear wife," he continued, raising her up in his arms, and looking into her face.

“Well, it’s nothing but a dhreame that I had—the Lord save us !—when I saw you shot down, and me and my dear children massacred by the yeomen.”

“Well, what else ?”

“That was all, Terry *asthore* ; but it was so clear a dhreame, and so bright before my mind, that I actually saw the men’s faces who did it, I thought, and could know them if I saw them now. Then I roused up little Bridget and Michael—Timothy was too young—and we said our prayers to God to save you and us from what I saw.”

“Well, Nelly, I thought you had some sense before now,” answered the intrepid Terry. “Don’t you know the church and the priest tell you not to believe in dreams, nor credit them, and you put your mind ‘through and fro’ with such phantoms ?”

“I know that well,” she calmly answered, “and I know the church and the priest both tould you to keep from night-walking and secret societies, and yet you see you are not doing their bidding.”

“That may be true enough, Nelly, my dear. But see what a country we have ! Overrun with cut-throats, perjurers, and tyrants, all of foreign birth or race, while we the natives, the descendants of princes, and lawful heirs of all this island produces, are aliens in our native land, serfs, without right to any thing, not even to live, unless it be for the use and benefit of our lords and

masters. Would you blame me for plotting to free the country from the cursed sway of England and her Irish traitorous auxiliaries?"

"Of course not, if it wasn't a sin, or if you did not run the risk of your life."

"Oh! I must not mind that. God gave it, and he can take it again; and if my country ask it, here it is, with a 'Cead mille faulte.' Is not Michael there to succeed me, and serve his mother, should his father fill a patriot's grave? And if Michael falls, have you not little Tim to succeed him, and to fight for fatherland and against John Bull? And please God, ere I am called off—you know I am 'enchanted' according to the yeomen—we will have another little fellow or two, perhaps, to make up a full number of defenders."

"D'e hear how you talk opposite the youngsters?" she said, smiling. "'*Is thu beal gon sthœ,*' your mouth is one of no discretion."

The contents of the warm skillet, and they were not to be despised, were soon made away with by the "enchanted warrior" and his aide-de-camp, Darby Anglum, and they retired, the one to the settle-bed, and the other to his sleeping-chamber, to rest after the campaign of the past day.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE COUNSELS OF THE GREAT.

Now, Tuesday, the day appointed for the execution, dawned ; but the victim whom the gallows claimed by British law, had escaped its fangs. What was to be now done ? This was the leading head of deliberation among the civil and military council sitting at Cloughmore this eventful morning. Shall the gallows be defrauded of its usual tribute ? Shall there be preparation for an execution, and no execution take place ? Somebody ought to be hanged in order to strike salutary terror into the rebellious peasantry.

Lord Barterborough was present as president of the council. So was Sir Anthony Sharper, the patron of the town, and Sheriff Juggler. A. B. Westrop, J. P., and Colonel Clive, with Lieutenant Scarecrow, completed the number. It was not yet clear daylight, and the council had sat for several hours. Witnesses were called from among the officials of the prison, who generally swore

that the present prisoner was the priest, and that the man who left yesterday was the same who entered, and nobody else. The very guard who watched at the cell door, whom we have before introduced as putting back the clock, swore positively he kept his eye continually on the prisoner, and that he could not have escaped or changed dress without his seeing it.

“Are you positive that the prisoner is the same who was tried at the last term of assize in this town, and capitally convicted?” said Sheriff Juggler.

“Yez, ’e his,” emphatically enunciated the British boor.

“My opinion is,” resumed the Sheriff, “that we had better execute this present prisoner, as we have advertised an execution. It does not appear to me in *evidence* that this is not the priest who was sentenced to death by my Lord Toler. At any rate, there appears to be a doubt, and as there is a doubt, we ought to make sure of our man, and have the execution for the public good. What think you, gentlemen?” he said, looking around, for the approbation of his associates.

“I, for *von*, second your motion, Sheriff,” said Sir Anthony Sharper.

“I likewise,” chimed in A. B. Westrop. “We ought to make an example, and whether or not this is the person we—the law, I mean—condemned, matters not much if he is guilty, or not loyal to the crown.”

“Hear, hear!” followed this speech of the Cromwellian.

“You, Mr. Sheriff, and Sir Anthony, ought to be the best evidences in this puzzling affair. You both live in this very town. Surely you must have known the priest O'Donnell, and you ought to be able to say whether the prisoner is the identical individual,” said my Lord Barterborough.

“As for me,” said the Sheriff, “I knew him by sight, that's all; but I go according to evidencè of the turnkey's, who swore positively that this is he. I know nothing as a private individual. My ca-capacity as sh-sheriff raises me above priv-private rights or feelings.”

His Lordship smiled and looked towards the Colonel, who never opened his lips during the examination of the worthy witnesses. There was really great danger of the Captain at this juncture, who, on attempting to prove himself what he was, had a pistol of one of the guards presented at his breast, with a threat if he “spoke one word” that he should die instantly. Colonel Clive at length broke silence, and said, that notwithstanding the apparently consistent testimony of the jailers, he had a strong doubt as to the identity of the present prisoner with the one lately convicted, and “I am sorry to differ with his honor the Sheriff,” he said, “in his construction of that portion of British common law regarding ‘the doubt,’ which should be always interpreted in favor of a prisoner, instead of against him. Indeed, there is hardly

*a doubt* in the case, as it is almost self-evident that the present gentleman is not the same whom I saw in the dock at the late assizes. It is better that a thousand guilty men should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer death unjustly."

"That is, provided the innocent man was not as deserving of a gallows as the guilty," rejoined Sir Anthony seriously, shaking his head and looking towards the prisoner. The whole council enjoyed a laugh of very limited duration at the expense of the knight of the red nose, and the Colonel having ordered the prisoner back to his cell, the council turned its attention to other important deliberations. Mrs. O'Donnell and the remainder of the family who made the visit to the prison the day before, were next introduced into the Council Hall, but, being asked to give their evidence they refused, excusing themselves on the grounds of their relationship with the party accused as well as the escaped prisoner. They were consequently locked up in jail for contempt of court, as well as for being aiders and abettors in the escape of the priest. Colonel Clive was opposed to this rigor also, but the remaining members of the council, including Lord Barterborough, being adverse to him, he had to succumb. The question of a substitute for the escaped priest was still on the board, and Sir Anthony moved again that, as this foreign gentleman bore such a likeness to the priest, he should suffer in his stead.

"Why, Sir Anthony," said the Colonel, somewhat



warmly, "that is now decided. This course you recommend would be barbarous as well as unjust. Besides, it would be dangerous. We are now at war with France, our natural enemy, and if this gentleman, holding such a high commission in the celebrated 'Chasseurs de Vincennes,' were to be sacrificed in cold blood in obedience to a low instinct of vengeance, or to 'strike a salutary terror' as it is called, you cannot foresee the consequences to the whole nation—nay, the whole empire: besides the injustice of your course."

"I do not care about consequences, let them take care of themselves," said Sir Anthony. "All I ask is vengeance on rebels, conspirators, and Papists. And as for justice"—

"But, Sir Anthony, I do care for consequences, and if that gentleman is to be hanged, he must be hanged in spite of my troop. That I beg you to remember."

"Well, Colonel," said the Knight, "I yield the point; but if you are at a loss for somebody to hang, I have a useless old butler about the height and a little above the age of priest O'Donnell, and he is a Papist besides, though a simple and harmless one. You may hang him, gentlemen, if you please, to produce the desired effect."

"Good God! what do you say, Sir Anthony? Have I misunderstood you? Do you propose the murder of an old and faithful servant to prop up a false-

hood, to give currency to a delusion? Monstrous proposition!"

"I am a loyal subject, Mr. Colonel," answered Sir Knight, "and I will do any thing to serve my king."

"Very well," said Sir Anthony, "but your king, I doubt, would reject such a service as you would offer. I am convinced, however, his majesty would accept the sacrifice of your own life, that the losing of your head in battle for the king would be a very meritorious act, but I should consider that the hanging of your faithful butler would not be regarded by his majesty as any thing like a compensation for the honor that would accrue to him by the loss of your own life in the service of your king."

"My life is at his service any day that his majesty's crown may need its sacrifice," said the chivalrous Knight.

"I am very glad to hear you are ready, Sir Anthony, for we are just going to dislodge those rebels who are, if report be true, intrenched on the brow of Knockmel-down, and I will expect to see you there at the head of the militia of the barony."

At this stage of the proceeding a messenger was introduced by an orderly, who stated that on his way from the market of Dungarvan, about half way up the mountain road, he fell in with the bodies of the two soldiers killed in the encounter last night, and they were now at the "gate waiting to be released by your honors paying me

for the *fare* of the two dead jintlemin." Upon being informed by the Sheriff that it was no more than his duty, as a loyal subject of the king, to do that piece of service for nothing, the cunning little red-headed carman, named "Skith Flanagan," answered, "that as fur lyilty he didn't think he had less uv it than his neighbors ; but he knew he had but very little money, and he didn't think their honors or the king would ask him to work for nothing, or spile his clothes with all the blud he got on him sthrivin' to lift up such heavy big min as the two dead sogers." "Look," he continued, "there is mee whine span new frieze 'half coat,' worth thirty shillins at any rate, full uv blud, distroyed intirely all out ! I'll have to burn it whin I get home to get rid of the dirty blood of the infarnal sassenaghs—I mean the two honorable deed sogers, your honors."

Colonel Clive handed the cartman a guinea, who with the most profound bow was about to depart, when, on the suggestion of Lord Barterborough, it was agreed to ask him a few questions about the number and strength of the rebels.

"Your name is Flanagan ?"

"Yis, your honor."

"You came down the mountain road, did you not, on your return from market ?"

"Yis, your honor, the mountain road exackitly."

"At what hour did you come by that part of the road which is called 'Cloghnagour ?"

“ Well, your honor, I can’t tell the hour, as I neither saw moon, stars, nor sun, and I’m too poor to carry a watch.”

“ You can’t say then, but that it was late at night ? ”

“ Yis, your honor, very late at night. So it was, your honor.”

“ Did you see any men there in arms, or was you interrupted by any sentinels or guards at that part of the road ? ”

“ Did I see ? ” repeated ‘ Skith,’ as it were in ridicule of the Colonel’s simplicity. “ How could I see whin it was as dark as pitch ? I could not see mee hand if I stretched id out from mee. Indeed I have neither cat eyes nor owl eyes, thank God, but neat Christian ones, and I can’t see impossibilities.”

“ Mind what sort of answers you give here, my good fellow,” said his lordship. “ You must tell the truth, and the whole truth.”

“ Till the thruth ! I’m sure ’tis the thruth I’m tellin’, and nothing else. You are the furst who doubted Skith Flanagan’s word in all mee life, so you are.”

“ On your oath did you meet any armed men on the mountain, or could there be such men there without your knowledge ? ”

“ Without my knowledge ! Faix, there could be millions uf min there without my knowledge. What knowledge could I have uf um at the hour of midnight

or second cock crow, as I'm sure it was whin I came that road."

"As you saw nothing, then perhaps you heard something such as the report of shots of small arms, blowing of horns or bugles, or rebellious shouts for liberty or other treasonable exclamations?"

"Axclumashuns! In troth there was plinty of that, and I heard some shots too, and loud skrieching '*Bunan leans*,' bitterns, and plovers and woodcocks and grouse, and many other wild animals who were roasting in the burning heath. There is no doubt but I heard dreadful cries, skrieches, and all such things. You could see pins on the road by the light—so you could."

"That is something to the point," said Lieutenant Scarecrow, who trembled in his boots for fear of the invalidation of his false report.

"But the knave contradicts himself," remarked the Colonel. "He said a few minutes ago 'that he could not see his hand by the darkness,' and now he says 'the whole mountain was in a blaze,' and that you could 'see pins on the road.'"

"Yes, your honor, but that was only while the fire blazed; but whin it wint out it was twice darker than before the fire was lit. When the fire was lit I was far south of the Knock; but with my slow horse and heavy load, whin I reached the place your honor mintioned it

was as black as ould Nick, and there was no more light there than there is in the soul of an unbaptized heretic. I beg your honor's pardon for saying so."

"Skith" was now dismissed; and after a resolution was passed that if no better substitute for Father O'Donnell's head could be found, the head of one of the dead soldiers should be affixed to the court-house bell-tower to awe the peasantry—the council, after having sat for over four hours, was now dissolved. Before quitting the council chamber, however, the Colonel, after the departure of the under officials, invited the party to his quarters, where he told them something in the shape of a "déjeuner à la fourchette" awaited them after the fatigues of a sleepless and anxious night. The invitation was accepted by all save my Lord Barterborough, who pleaded as his excuse for declining the feast that his son and heir Lord Edward was preparing this morning to set out on his continental tour, to perfect his education by travel. On this excuse his apology was accepted by the Colonel, who, after escorting the lord to the carriage that stood at the gate, returned to conduct the rest of the party to his well-provided breakfast table. Though an experienced physiognomist could not but read in the naturally calm face of the Colonel something like a cloud of disappointment at not having his board honored by the presence of the lord, for whose chief and special pleasure he intended this compliment,

yet it required but very ordinary powers of observation to perceive the effect which his absence had on the rest of the guests. In fact, the faces of Sir Anthony, Sheriff Juggler and A. B. Westrop, J. P., were all smiles, and nothing contributed so much to this genial hilarity as the absence of my lord. The second class of aristocrats in Ireland are obliged to conduct themselves in presence of one of the nobility with the same behavior that a cat or timid lapdog does in presence of the majestic Newfoundland or English mastiff. They must keep silence, and look up to him to catch the approbation of his eye ere they dare to dip their spoons in their soup, or put a fork to their mouths. Indeed the "squireen" has to pay the same deference and worship to the lord that himself exacts from the peasant; the only difference in the condition of the slaves being, that the noble is a gentleman and often a man of education and letters, whereas the "squireen" is almost always a low, brutal, uncultivated savage in broadcloth, whose yoke over the peasantry is infinitely more galling than that of a despot or absolute prince over his serfs or vassals. Sir Anthony and his two worthy fellow-officials, the Sheriff and the Justice, enjoyed themselves amazingly on the good cheer of the English Colonel, in consequence of the lucky circumstance of my Lord Barterborough's declining of the invitation, and now when thirst and hunger were appeased and the appetite no longer sustained its urgent

calls "for generous wine and all sustaining *beef*," the Knight, with a tumbler full of glowing Burgundy in his right hand, proposed "Here's a health to the king, God bless him ! and may we, his loyal subjects, in this day's expedition prove to his majesty how ready we are to sacrifice our lives for the stability of his throne. Here is success to this day's expedition !!!" Hip, hip, hurra ! followed three times three.

The proper honors were paid to these loyal toasts, by each of this gallant company, who, now well pleased with the entertainment of the Colonel, and proud of their loyalty, went out from their substantial repast, to take their places at the head of their several detachments, in the expedition against the rebels of Knock-meltdown. They were in high spirits, and under the influence of the inflaming juice of the grape, loud and bitter were their threats of vengeance against the doomed disturbers of their loyal repose. Sir Anthony especially gave utterance to high tory wrath, and on mounting his spirited black charger, like some of the heroes of Homer, addressed the animal in these words : "On, my sporting Sampson, on to the havoc ! Thou shalt wash thy feet this day in red rebel Papist blood ! By all the gods in Olympus, thou shalt, or leave thy master a corpse on the battle field !"

Similar vauntings, and louder and more savage threats of vengeance proceeded from the lips of his half-



drunken and Orange subalterns ; and thus inspired, like bloodhounds in the leash were these savage dogs of war about to be let loose on their innocent and unprotected countrymen !

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE REBELS.

AT the break of earliest dawn the drum and fife sounded merrily through the main street of Cloughmore. And gay were the colors that were flying in the gentle breeze of the morning, and spirited were the horses that capered and danced under their riders, as this disciplined and well-formed procession moved at a smart pace through the stirred up and alarmed town. The young folks rushed to the doors and side-walks half dressed, and the old cautiously raised the window blinds, to gaze at the novel spectacle. There were various and different conjectures among the townspeople, regarding the cause of this early movement of such a formidable array of horse and foot. Some thought that the military was called off from the town to repel some foreign invasion that had taken place within the past few days ; and it must be confessed that "the wish was father to the thought" with this very numerous class of the people of

Cloughmore. Others, and not a few, were under the impression that this early move of troops was nothing more than the guard which led the beloved parish priest to execution. The boys, and those who were courageous enough to venture to the side-walks, however, combated this conclusion, by asserting that "Father O'Donnell was not there. Not a bit of 'im. Hadn't we eyes in our heads, and would we not know him if half of 'im was burnt?" There was a third class of privileged persons, such as the Orangemen, and a few of those in the secret, such as "Darby Anglum," and "Skith O'Flanagan," who were well aware of the purpose and destination of this army.

The column was about seventeen hundred strong, and marched in the following order: Three hundred of the fourth dragoon guards led the van, followed immediately by about two hundred yeomen, led on by "Sir Anthony," or rather driven on by him, for he rode in the rear of his troop, between the cavalry and the infantry, where he kept an animated chat with Sheriff Juggler, and A. B. Westrop, who followed the yeomanry, comfortably seated in their gig. About eleven hundred foot soldiers, with a dozen artillerymen in charge of two light field cannon, which brought up the rear, completed this armament. Cautious and slow the column moved along, as its head gained on the gradual ascent of the winding road, and dreadful was the alarm

created through all the ranks, on beholding the advance guard rush back at a rapid gallop, to report that the enemy was in view at the very pass where the troopers fell in the action of last night, as they could tell by seeing their helmets and knapsacks on the roadside. The report further stated that the rebels were commanded by a personage much resembling the escaped priest, and another leader formidable by his tall stature, and the shining armor and helmet which he wore. The column here halted, to receive the final orders of the Colonel, regarding the treatment the rebels were to receive. He was sorry, he said, to have to inform them that they were to give "no quarter" to such ungrateful and disloyal subjects. Such, he said, were his instructions, and whatever might be his own private views regarding the humanity of such instructions, certain it was, that as there was no discretion allowed him, he must fulfil his orders. There was to be one exception to these general orders regarding "quarter;" the escaped priest, if among the rebels, as most probable, must be taken alive if possible. And though he had not yet received any orders from the government on the subject, he could promise whoever succeeded in recapturing the priest a very handsome reward.

Two hundred picked men were now ordered by the Colonel to lead on the attack, consisting of one hundred and forty tall grenadiers on foot, and sixty cavalry, forty

of whom he picked from the yeomanry corps, on account of their knowledge of the place. The Colonel had now an opportunity of testing the loyal bravery of Sir Anthony, and the courage of his troop, for not only did the men refuse to go in front, but Sir Anthony countenanced their disobedience. The latter insisted that he and his troop, if they were not to keep the place they held in the march, in the centre, had better fall back to the rear, to frustrate any attempt the rebels might make to turn the flank of the regular soldiers of the line, or cut off their retreat to the town.

“Sergeant Fury,” cried the Colonel, “arrest Sir Anthony Sharper, captain of militia, for insubordination and mutiny. Fourth dragoon guards, surround, disarm, and dismount the detachment of yeomanry cavalry that form the contingent of the disobedient captain.” The order was about being instantly put into execution, when Sheriff Juggler and the worthy justice of the peace, Westrop, remonstrating with “Sir Anthony” on his rash conduct, which they said would lead to his disgrace and the ruin of his family, the knight gave in when the irons were about to be placed on his hands, and the mutiny was happily suppressed.

“Onward, advance,” set the column in motion again, and Sir Anthony and his men moved on like automata, through fear. They had not advanced many yards forward, when a spark was seen to issue from be-

hind the famous "Cloghnagour" rock, and then instantly the report of a rifle, and Sir Anthony dropped from Sampson's back dead on the road. Another, and a second, and a third discharge succeeded the one that bore Sir Anthony's doom, without the knowledge of where they came from, or how numerous the body from whom these fatal shots proceeded. The yeomanry corps staggered and hesitated at every step, on seeing no less than four of their comrades cut off by the unerring aim of their invisible opponents. They began to think of all they heard of the "enchanted warrior;" their imaginations became confused, and they would have turned back if they dared, but they knew that the naked bayonets of the red soldiers were at their backs, and that retreat was no less fatal than to advance. Providentially, one of them perceiving a gap in the stone wall that fenced the road, turned his horse to the left, and passing along a narrow defile, partly formed by a mountain torrent, and partly by nature, he gained the level plain, and scampered back towards the town in full speed. He was followed by the whole of his cowardly associates, who, with both hands grasped around their horses' necks, and their bodies hanging at one side, so as to be protected by the shoulders and necks of the animals, were soon out of the reach of the enemy's fire. "A good riddance of yourselves and your cowardly captain," exclaimed Clive, "you wretched, headless cav

alry. Forward, dragoons ; double quick march, and dislodge that enemy from behind the rocks. Advance at full speed. Take the priest alive if you can. I cannot believe there is any thing of a formidable force there after all," he said, addressing himself to the Sheriff.

Off the dragoons rode, shaking the very earth, and causing the mountain to resound with the echo of their heavy tramp. They have quickly gained the formidable pass, when, wonderful to relate, there is not a single soul to be seen. The only sign of life is a few live coals of a peat fire, that lay in cinders and ashes, at the foot of the great rock of "Cloghnagour !" But hark ! what, or who is that running along the level flat between the two mountain peaks on foot ? A solitary individual foe. "Pursue him, guards, and take him alive, if possible," shouted Sergeant Fury, who had the command of this forlorn hope. With that they put spurs to their panting steeds, and giving them a loose rein, make like the greyhound after the timid hare, to seize their victim. Now they are within musket-shot of him. Now he looks back at them, and hears their calls to him to surrender. In a few moments more he is their prisoner. They have but to pass that little hillock, with the peat stack on its top, that for a moment shuts him out from their view, and if he yields not when called on, he falls a victim to his own folly. But crack goes the rifle again from behind the turf-stack, and one of the fine

red-coated cavalry falls and bites the "Canavaun" in death ! He is quite dead. His brave comrade stops a moment, to gaze on his brother dragoon. He hears the words of the flying rebel exclaiming, " Now take me if you can. No surrender." The pursuing trooper redoubles his speed, and just reaching the summit of the knoll, cries out with all his lungs, " Now, brigand, surrender, or die ! " His voice is heard by his comrades in the rear, who fancy that the rebel is a captive, and slacken their pace. " But what the devil, where is the robber ? " exclaimed the foremost dragoon ; " enchanted, fled through the air, or sunk through the earth ? I can see for a mile around me, but hang the bit of the murderer I can see. Oh, I know what he has done. He has only cast himself on the ground, to reload his murderous piece. Ho ! ho ! ho ! lads, come forward quick ; the fellow has taken to cover."

" Cover the mischief," they exclaimed ; " where is the cover here, but cussed heather ? "

" 'Ang me dead ; may I be 'shot, if I can see the green rebel. Shawners, my covey, 'e 'as disappeared ; 'e must be a ghost or a devil. Blow my heyes out, if I can see him."

" The Cownell, I guess, will blow your heyes, or string you high up enuff, if you let the prisoner escape," answered Corporal Shawners.

" Let 'im escape ! ' Not I. He wasn't a prisoner ; only pursued."



The Colonel forthwith came up, and so did the whole force, but no prisoner, nor any account of one could be given by the unhappy soldier who chanced to be foremost in pursuit of the enemy. All that poor Private Gummell could say was, that he pursued the flying rebel up to this, and that he must either have vanished into air, or sunk into earth in this precise spot where he now stood.

The poor fellow was unhorsed immediately, and after a summary examination, ordered on his knees, and one of the grenadiers singled out from his rank, and on a given signal a bullet pierced his heart. "I will enforce something like discipline in this troop," said the Colonel, "or decimate you by lot, you cowardly rascals! Would to Heaven, Mr. Sheriff," said he, addressing Juggler, "you had kept your dastardly yeomanry at home at their congenial warfare of murdering old men and defenceless women and children, rather than that this confusion should be created among our men by their contagious cowardice."

He then ordered the whole troop to deploy into a wide circular line, so as to take in the whole plain as far as the road between the two peaks of the mountain; and giving them instructions to close in till they all met in the centre, so that if there were man or mouse secreted there he could not be missed.

The men were disposing themselves under the in-

structions of their officers, and the sound of the bugle announced that all was done according to instructions, when on the opposite, or left peak of the mountain, near its base, a man, wrapped in a cloak, was observed to move in rather a hurried gait up the side of the hill. The Colonel placed his telescope to his eye, and taking a close view of the man so spied, cried out to Sergeant Fury, "Go, capture that man, who is, if I am not deceived, the escaped priest. Speak not a word to him, and do not offer him the least violence." In less than fifteen minutes the order was executed, and Fury, coming back to make his report, remarked, that he doubted not it was the priest, for he could recognize the cloak, which was seen by himself frequently on the prisoner; and it being rather an elegant one, he could not be mistaken.

"All right," answered the Colonel. "Fury, take that horse of Gummell's, and mounting the prisoner on it, conduct him back to the town well guarded. Tell Captain Jones to lead back the whole of the dragoon guards, as there appears to be no enemy here, nor sign of one, while myself, with the infantry, will prosecute the search for this missing rebel, who, you say, disappeared here."

Sergeant Fury touched his cap, and went to execute his orders. In the mean time, the search for the "enchanted warrior" commenced, and there was not a foot of the square mile that constituted this mountain level

but was walked over foot by foot and inch by inch by the Colonel and his eleven hundred men. This search was not confined to this smooth surfaced plain, but the bog-holes, out of which turf was cut, the ravines, the turf-clumps, or "*grogawns*," and every other possible hiding-place, was examined and searched most carefully, but all to no purpose.

The Colonel next visited the small circular lake in the neighborhood, into which it was said the "enchanted warrior" was often seen to plunge when closely pursued. He saw no possible hiding-place on the "gloomy shore" of this small collection of water, except a few large rocks, which in one place bordered it, or rather rose from its verge on one side. He attempted to sound the lake, but, though he sunk a lead several score fathoms, he found no bottom.

Finally, it being now near noon, and the sky becoming suddenly overcast with dark portentous clouds, the Colonel, chagrined in mind, and soured in temper, ordered a quick retreat back to the town of Cloughmore. No time was to be lost in making good their retreat, for the column had not advanced a mile, when the thunder roared over their heads, the forked lightning struck the earth, which groaned and shuddered beneath their feet; and the heavy rain, which a frightful south-east wind blew right in their face, drenched them to the very skin. That fine body of men which at six o'clock on this eventful day moved along from the town so gay, so neat, and

in such good spirits, returned back about four o'clock in the afternoon, in the most wretched plight, with their firelocks and buckles rusty, their red coats washed almost white, their pantaloons and boots coated with mixed bog and road mud, their feathers, gay and formidable furs, flabby and deformed: and, to add to their woes, their stomachs empty, after the foolish and profitless expedition to Knockmoldown.

The peasantry, on the other hand, felt rejoiced that God, as they said, "did not allow the holy priest to die without showing his anger." For it is believed by them that the Lord always manifests his displeasure to mortals by sending "thunder, wind and lightning," or other celestial phenomena, when any remarkable instance of injustice or perjury takes place, such as the conviction of Father O'Donnell exemplified.

"O the Lord save us!" said Mrs. O'Halpeen to her husband Mihaul; "isn't that a shure sign that Father O'Donnell is put to death wrong!"

"Well, Mavourneen" (my dear), answered Mihaul (*Anglice*, Mike), "didn't we know that well enough without tunder or lightenin', the Lord betune us an' harm."

"O wisha murther, isn't it a wonther God doesn't kill the villians out an' out? For there is

'Thunder, wind and lightenin'  
As plain as you may see,  
To let each faithful Christian know  
Their woeful perjury.'

“Hould your tung, woman ; why should we ask why God doesn’t do this or that ? I thought you knew your catechism better than that,” said Mihaul, crossing himself.

Another loud roar succeeded a flash of bright, stunning lightning. “O Dieu le m’anim” (Lord, save my soul), cried Judy, “it’s the last day of the world. Come, let us say the rosary.”

“Wid all me heart,” said Mihaul, who, though he trembled like a leaf, sought to comfort his wife by seeming courage. Both went on their knees, and with contrite hearts and trembling, but fervent language, repeated the whole seven decades of that beautiful exercise of prayer ere the storm abated.

We may here remark, that, though thunder-storms are of rare occurrence in Ireland when compared with other countries, and are seldom or never injurious in their effects to either life or property, the peasantry, regarding these phenomena as so many warnings from the Deity to his creatures, are strongly impressed with the fear of His awful attributes on such occasions. Nor can this feeling be condemned as superstitious or wrong. We know from sacred tradition that God frequently communicated his will to men, when the most awful thunder and lightning rent the elements, and that the stoutest hearts will quake and faint with fear at the terrors that will precede his second coming to judge the world.

And although science satisfactorily accounts for the production and formation of these electrical commotions in the atmosphere, it cannot tell, for it is not within its province to say, whether the great Creator does not frequently now, as well as in former times, make use of these natural causes to bring about moral and religious effects. Many a man has been prevented from committing a crime by hearing the distant thunder bursting over his head.

So far from condemning, then, we should rather encourage these sentiments of humble and repenting fear of God's Majesty, with which the Irish peasantry recognize His terrible voice in the loud roaring of the thunder when it shakes the earth, or kindles up the boundless expanse of heaven by its dreadful light.

*"Pugnabit pro eo omnis orbis terrarum contra insensatas."* "The universe will fight for Him against the insensate."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE CAPTIVE.

Joy of the most tumultuous character pervaded the fourth dragoon guards of King George the Third, as they returned from their formidable expedition to the sides of Knockmoldown.

The Sassenagh troopers are in great glee, at the idea of having secured the rebel priest, as well as at the prospect of having established their clear claim to the liberal reward which they expected for having secured him alive. Many a gross jibe and ribald joke was indulged in at the expense of his Reverence, whose capture, singular enough, took place on this Tuesday of the last week of Lent.

“Ha, old feller, your miraculous powers have failed thee at last,” said a sheep-faced old puritan that you would take for one of Cromwell’s own chosen few.

“Ye’es, she’s na’ wort a flap-jack now at saugh slights o’ hand, I warrant,” said a brutal Cornwall trooper, who held one of the reins of the prisoner’s horse.

“Dinna sport, mon, dinna trifle, haud weel your haud, or tin to ane he may slip yer hands or disappear through the grun, as the ither reebel did frae Private Gummell, and then, mon, hae a care ye na git yer nic cracket, mon, instead o’ the Dominee,” said a Scotch Highlander who had doffed the kilt of his barren mountains for the “brecks” of the dragoons.

As they approached the town, the hedges and fences were crowded with the townspeople, particularly the young of both sexes, who had come out to see the return of the dragoons, as well as to sympathize with the recaptured priest. Many a loud prayer was offered by them for their benefactor, as they supposed him to be, when seen by them at a distance, while his guards were saluted with a vehement hooting. As the troop approached, however, and the prisoner was recognized, the sorrow which was depicted in the countenances of the peasantry was replaced by a sudden mirth, and a suppressed laugh ran along the fence line as the people got a nearer view of the prisoner. At length the humor of the townspeople broke out into audible jokes and witticisms at the stupidity of the dragoons.

“Oh, Dick, Lord bless us,” said a servant girl, “doesn’t his Riverence look mighty well after his long time in jail? I can’t help laughing, I’m so rejoiced.”

“Begor, he does look well,” said Dick. “Yarrow, I wondhur where they caught him. The Lord be praised,



he must be a great man, intirely, whin it required so many sideurs (soldiers) to catch him !”

“Dragoons, draw and disperse these idle spectators,” said Lieutenant Scarecrow, who felt indignant at the audacity of the townspeople. The fences were soon cleared, the heads drawn in from the windows, and a closer guard placed around the prisoner, so that he could not communicate, even by a look, with the people. The court-yard of the prison was just opened, and with three loud cheers for the king, the prisoner was given up to the Governor. But that official, whose face was radiant with royal smiles since he heard of the recapture of the priest, now became suddenly overwhelmed with grief, when he was satisfied by the testimony of his senses, that this was not the man. “Mr. Bremner,” said Lieutenant Scarecrow, “is not this the escaped prisoner? Do you not recognize him as Priest O’Donnell?”

“No, sir, nor you can’t recognize him nor nobody else. If I am not mistaken,” continued Bremner, “that is Lord Barterborough’s fool, Darby Anglum.”

“Begor, thin, you’re right for wanst, Mr. Bremner,” said Darby, bursting out into loud laughter. “I am shurely mee Lord Barterborrow’s friend and fellow-servant. Yes, faith, and clothed by his high lordship’s honor and glory. He, he, he! haw, haw, haw! continued the fool. I had my whine saddle ride on a dhra-

goon's horse, and all for nothing. Id bates Banher and Ballinasloe, haw, haw, haw !”

“Whoever he is,” said Sergeant Fury, “keep him in close custody till the Colonel arrive. You will find the knavish priest is counterfeiting madness. I will wager 'tis nothing else.”

“Counterfeiting humbug, Sargeant,” said Governor Bremner ; “do you want to deprive me of the sight of my eyes ? Do you think I do not know this fool as well, and better than I do you ?”

“I have no more to say about it, sir. I have done my duty, and but acted according to orders,” replied the Sergeant.

Soon after this dialogue, the court-yard of the prison received a coach and four within its ample gates, and in this carriage were seated Colonel Clive and Lord Barterborough. They came to examine the captured priest, and to decide regarding his execution. A subordinate turnkey was dispatched with instructions to conduct the prisoner from his cell to the presence of these high officials. A fit of loud laughter seized the simpleton at the idea of his being mistaken for any “dacent gentleman.” “I am glad to meet mee lord safe and sound here,” said he, turning to Barterborough, “after this mornin's great battle up at Poul nagour.”

“Who the devil is this you have got here ?” exclaimed his lordship in astonishment.

“Mee loard, I’m no divil at all,” said Darby, whose ears were very acute; “but an hanist man, as your honor and glory can prove, who know me and supported me this twenty years.”

“Confound me,” said the Colonel, “if I know who is accountable for this blunder; but the report being made to me that he was the escaped priest, I of course ordered him back to the town under a strong escort for execution.”

“For exicution,” exclaimed Darby, who understood not the meaning of the word. “Yes, and for a good dinner, and good pair of new breeches, too, for now I will be a gantleman out and out, if I only could get a velveteen breeches, as I has a dhragoon’s horse and a marshal’s cloak. But if exicution be a clane shirt, your honor needn’t mind it, for it was only yisterday I got this shirt from Miss Mary O’Donnell, God bless her; and this cloak I got from another O’Donnell, long life to his Riverence. All I want now is a good pair of shorts, if it plase your honors; I don’t want the ‘exicution’ at all.”

It was with difficulty that the lord and the Colonel could command their gravity after reflecting on the ludicrous position of matters, and listening to the above speech of the simpleton. At length Barterborough, pretending great indignation at Darby, addressed him, saying, “You arrant knave, how came you by that cloak?”

“Arrint knave! that isn’t my name at all, mee Lord, but yer own auld friend Darby Anglum. Yarrow, maybe your honor and glory don’t know me in account of this cloak,” said he, throwing it on the table that stood in front of him.

“Silence, sirrah, or I will hang you. Answer what has been asked you.”

“Hang me! O Virgin Mary, what for? Did I ever steal, or lie, or kill, or rob, or” —

“Where did you get that cloak?”

“Where did I get it, eh?”

“Yes, where did you get it?”

“I didn’t get it at all, shure. It was gev me by that holy man Father O’Donnell, for God’s sake; so it was. Now did you ewor hear the like, to say that Darby Anglum ewor stole any thing, let alone the priest’s cloak? newor, newor!”

“And where did you see the priest?”

“Where did I see him?”

“Yes.”

“I saw him in chapel celebratin’ the Holy Mass, where you could see him if you wur of the right faith! I saw him goin’ to sick calls. I saw him at the fair when the boys wor fighting, making *pace* atween the ‘Caravats’ and ‘Shanavests.’”

“Where did you see him last time?”

“ I saw him in the road going up the mountain near where the battle was to-day.”

“ And where did he go then ? ”

“ He went to Cork I believe to sail to Amerikee, I think ; may God preserve him on his journey.”

“ You see,” whispered his lordship, “ my conjecture was correct, regarding the destination of the escaped priest ; and what confirms me in the notion of his having made for Cork is, that his brother Thomas has attended him, and that I am informed they had engaged relays of fresh horses at all the post-towns from this to Cork. It was a planned thing, you may depend on it. You can rely on the testimony of this idiot, who won't tell a lie if he was to escape hanging by it, but you have to repeat the question once or twice before he can comprehend what you say.”

They were now joined by the Sheriff, who came with his death-warrant, and who asked the Colonel whether the priest was well watched, for that there were reasons for suspecting his resolution to commit suicide rather than die the ignominious death of the gallows.

“ Catch the hare first,” answered Colonel Clive, “ before you prepare to cook him. Where is your priest ? ”

“ What do you say, Colonel ? My God, did I not escort him inside these walls within an hour, and only went to the court-house to procure the death-warrant and give instructions to the hangman ? ”

“ So, so, but you see your prisoner turns out to be no other than his lordship’s entertaining guest, honest Darby Anglum.”

“ Why, Colonel, you must joke. My lord, I assure you I saw ”——

“ We are in too serious a mood now, Sheriff, to indulge in such comical tricks,” said the Colonel ; “ there is your recaptured priest for you.”

“ Faith, I’m very like him now, shurely,” said Darby, “ in this cloak. Amn’t I, mee lord Shurruff ? ”

“ Well, well, what’s to be done in that case ? ”

“ What do you recommend ? ” answered the Colonel, giving a meaning look towards his lordship. “ We await your wise counsels. Speak your mind.”

“ My mind is at once to hang this fool in place of the priest, for sure he deserves hanging at any rate on account of his treasonable trick.”

“ Hang me ! ” cried Darby. “ Do if you dare and mee lord prisent. You want hangin’ yourself maybe, or killing, like ‘ Sir Anthony ’ the ‘ *Keolaun*, ’ who niver let Darby inside his beggar kitchen. His head is now up the ‘ boreen, ’ with the dogs and weasels eating it, and yours ought to be there too, you hangman,” said the fool, rushing at the Sheriff as he spoke with clenched fists.

“ O save me, save me, or he will murder me, take away your fool my lord,” cried the half-strangled official of the rope.

“ You ought to have a little better sense, Mr. Sheriff, than to bandy words with a poor simpleton, and somewhat more humanity than to recommend the murder of a poor harmless creature, such as we all know Darby to be,” said Lord Barterborough, rather bitterly.

“ It is really a shame,” added the Colonel, “ that men having the administration of justice confided to them by the sovereign should display such utter incapacity, such puerile levity, such absolute want of common sense, and I may add, such barbarity, as I must confess I have witnessed in the servants of the crown almost without exception since I have been intrusted with this unlucky command. I am not at all astonished that the people have lost all confidence in their natural leaders and rulers ; I am not surprised that they should become disloyal and rebellious under such treatment as they have met from those whose chief duty it was, and is, to protect them in their lives and properties. Think of the idea of unhappy Sir Anthony Sharper proposing to hang his own butler ! and you, Mr. Sheriff, proposing the execution of an idiot, a perfect innocent, and all this, as you say, through loyal motives—to keep down the peasantry and maintain the king’s rule in Ireland ! Better that the island should sink in the ocean ; or that the Hottentots or Algerines should rule it, than that its sovereignty should be upheld by such blundering misrule as I have witnessed since I came to the country. Mind,

I do not blame or censure the administration in London or Dublin ; I only include in my unreserved condemnation the local government as administered by Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace, Town Councils, and other minor officials."

To this severe reprimand the sheriff answered not a word, but humbly awaited the Colonel's instructions regarding the duties of his office, and the disposal of the death-warrant. It was agreed that the Sheriff should dispose of the body of one of the soldiers, who fell in the action of the morning, so as to awe the peasantry. The head of one of the yeomanry, who was a natural son of Sir Anthony, was accordingly affixed to a pike after a mock execution under the instructions of the Sheriff, and placed on the highest gable-end of the court-house of Cloughmore, where it remained for many a day, to shock the public eye, and it was from this circumstance, that the impression went abroad that Father O'Donnell was executed, instead of having escaped, as it is the object of this history to show. This impression, however, though a general one, was not universal, for the officials, who were actors in the deception, knew well that the priest had escaped their hands, and so did his friends and relations, as well as those few of the people who knew of or aided in his delivery from the power of his enemies. Among these latter we must not omit to include the honest fool Darby Anglum, who we are happy



to say escaped hanging on this occasion, and spent the remainder of his days partly at the "Great House" of his noble patron, and partly at Fairy Hill Cottage, the homestead of the O'Donnell family.

The comparatively few, however, who were aware of the escape of the priest, either were not of sufficient influence or sufficiently communicative to do away with the general belief of his execution, and though from that day to this a tradition existed confirmatory of the facts in the case, this tradition has ever been of a particular and local nature. Electricity had not yet descended from her aerial dwellings with her lightning messengers, to subserve the aspiring intellect of man, nor had the fire-king, emerging from his hidden recesses in the bowels of the earth, dared to commit his glowing car, on his iron causeway, on the surface of our planet ; and hence the historian of that period has to contend with a dearth of facts, and lack of materials, which renders his task one of difficulty, and which the facility and extent of modern sources of information, must for the future abundantly provide against, and for ever preclude.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE FATE OF THE FUGITIVE.

WE shall now take leave of the Council and its deliberations, about their prisoner the fool, to see what became of the fugitive and his attendant brother. The reader will not forget the address, which Terry O'Mara displayed, in stopping the pursuit of the priest by the dragoon-guards. It was to this stratagem that he owed the success of his escape, for the darkness of the night, and the febleness of his health, consequent on his imprisonment, rendered his progress comparatively slow. Besides these unavoidable impediments to the rapidity of their movements, their speed was furthermore retarded by the loss of a shoe by the animal which the priest rode. They had to be very cautious likewise, in avoiding one or two patrols of yeomen, whom they could distinguish from the boisterous choruses of their loyal songs of "Croppy lie down," "Boyne Water," and other Orange *doggerels*, with which they enlivened their

nightly promenades during these rebellious nights. The fugitives on both occasions escaped the vigilance of these drunken night guards, by getting inside the road fences, and halting under the shade of some hawthorn or birch-tree, or making the best speed they could through the fields and over the fences, till they were a mile or two in the advance or rear of their enemies. These incidental delays would have made the recapture of the priest an easy feat to the party of dragoons, long ere he reached Dungarvan, had not the gallant conduct and unexampled daring of O'Mara retarded their hot pursuit, and drove them back in a panic to their head-quarters. Between two and three o'clock in the morning, having arrived in Dungarvan, the clergyman took affectionate leave of his brother Thomas, having been met by the Rev. Mr. Murphy, who expected him anxiously during the night, and who undertook his further escort to the ship which was to receive him on board. This was a gallant yacht named the "Joan d'Arc," which was commanded by a brave Irish exile, one of the "Wild Geese," Le Barry, who volunteered on this dangerous expedition from hatred to England, as well as from friendship to his friend Captain O'Donnell. The vessel lay anchored a little outside the bay of the borough, in the shade of an island rock, to avoid observation. A rocket was shot into the air by the party on shore, who stood opposite to where the craft lay at an-

chor, and in a few minutes a boat manned by four marines was observed moving silently but rapidly towards the shore. The parole from the boat was given "St. Denis," which being responded to by "St. Patrick," a plank was shoved ashore, and Father O'Donnell having embraced his faithful Rev. friend, bid adieu to his native land and defiance to his persecutors. On his reaching the "Joan d'Arc," he was received with great courtesy by Commander Le Barry, who after having congratulated him on his escape under the flag of France, took him to his cabin to invite him to repose and to get from him a brief account of his escape, and hear the fate of his friend the Captain. On hearing that the Captain was left behind in prison, the eyes of the vehement Le Barry emitted sparks of fire through rage, and it was with difficulty that he was restrained from firing on the town of Dungarvan. This adventure being altogether a private affair undertaken wholly at the risk of Le Barry and O'Donnell, with the sole connivance of the French monarch, this bold project of bombarding the town was at once abandoned. Besides, the innocent in this case would have to suffer, while the guilty would be sure to be out of reach of harm, and besides, such a step might do no good but much injury to his friend's case. A council of war was held by the few officers of the ship, consisting of commander, lieutenant, and midshipmen, and a seat at the council table was given to Father

O'Donnell ; when it was resolved, that the escaped priest should be first placed out of danger, ere any further steps should be taken for the release of the Captain. The rage of the gallant Le Barry was now changed to the gentle dew of tears, when he found he could not assist his bosom friend. But what could he do ? He had only about twenty-five men on board ; he was specially warned not to compromise his royal master, the "Grand Monarque," and the distance from shore of the place of his friend's imprisonment, made it utterly impossible to expect to succeed in his rescue.

The stern command was now given in the Captain's martial tone of voice, to haul the anchor, unfurl the sails, and prepare a return to "La Belle France." Instantly the nimble sailor runs up along the tall mast, or balances himself on the giddy yard-arm, while the marines and other hands seize on the lever bars and work at the capstan, or secure the portholes against the encroachment of surly waves. And now the melancholy clank of the plaintive anchor-chain rings along the beach and is borne by the breeze over the bay, and the grave chorus of the sailors loosing their canvas to the wind, and balancing themselves on their unsteady footholds, is re-echoed from the rocky shore, and the sprightly vessel herself, as if conscious of the dangers of delay, dances on the surface of the watery plain, and like a greyhound in the leash, seems eager for the expected race.

Off she starts with her prow to the south-west, guided by a faithful hand at the steerage ; with her snow-white pennons to the breeze, she dashes amidst the opposing billows and sets their foaming rage at defiance. To one on the sandy beach she now appears like a swan riding over the surface of a rippling lake, or like some beautiful sea-bird, with expanded wings, skimming over the ocean, now appearing and now disappearing on the surface of the uneven surges ! They had scarcely cleared the shallows, and gotten outside the perils of the rock-bound coast, when one of the sailors from the topmast cried out in the usual tone, " Sails ahoy ! " and the Captain soon perceived by his telescope that two British frigates were in pursuit of his little ship. To make resistance against such formidable opponents, the Captain thought would be utter madness. He therefore spread all his canvas to the breeze, and keeping as close as he could to the shore, keeping the starboard tack, he attempted by this means to keep out of gun-reach of his gigantic pursuers.

The heavens now began to be overcast with black portentous clouds ; the loud roar of the thunder of heaven soon silenced or rendered unheard the cannon of the frigates, and the summits of the Cummerah Mountains and the neighboring hills enveloped in dense surcharged mists, blazed with the incessant flashes of the electric fluid. The terrific chase continues unabated

around Ardmore Head, outside Youghall Harbor, past the Cove of Cork, and so far the gallant "Joan d'Arc" saved her distance and kept her ground; but now in order to be able to double Cape Clear and reach the wide Atlantic, she has to change her tack, and the rising violence of a strong breeze from the south-west compels her to reef her sails and lighten her canvas. Oh, horrors! the breeze will be instantly a gale, and the gale threatens to be a hurricane, and what is to become of the "Joan d'Arc" then? There are two poor sailors overboard—Lord, have mercy on them! and there is Father O'Donnell giving them absolution ere they sink for ever under the mighty waters! The topgallant-mast and the mizzenmast are gone, and so are the yards and every tack of canvas from her bare limbs! She is now almost at the mercy of the waves and of the British frigates, but the gigantic hunters themselves are obliged to save themselves from the rage of the elements, and with close-reefed sails, to seek for refuge in the Cove of Cork. The "Joan" has escaped one enemy, and the most merciless, though not the most powerful of the two, that is, the wrath of the English men-of-war; but she is carried before the wind, and nothing but the hand of Heaven can save her from the doom of a watery grave. No one despairs as yet, however, and the manly bosoms of all burn with emulation in the work of saving their ship and themselves. Nothing is heard on deck but the

voices of captain, soldiers, sailors,—all encouraging one another to work for the common safety, to struggle against the threatening destruction. The mainmast is at length snapt in twain, the rudder torn away, the deck swept clean of guns, bulwarks, and stores ; the bravest and most active of the sailors and soldiers carried overboard by a mountainous wave, when the brave Le Barry at last exclaims, in French, “*Mon Père, tout est perdu ! O mon Dieu misericorde !*” and rushed down into the cabin to inform the father of their despairing condition. He found the faithful servant of God on his knees, and with uplifted hands, calling on Heaven for mercy, mercy, mercy ! Having made a brief confession, and received the absolving sentence of Heaven, he assisted the priest up to the deck, during a sort of fitful calm of the hurricane—as if it repented of its cruelty by the sacrifice of so many men—who, with uplifted hand, pronounced the absolution over the poor fellows overboard ere they sunk to rise no more ! Another sea heaves itself over the trunk of the “*Joan d’Arc,*” and the Captain is swept from his side, and the priest himself is hurried in an eddy of water back senseless into the cabin. All is now lost, as the hull of the yacht is borne on before the storm without a mast and without a rudder, or a living soul to steer her, and it is well that her gallant crew perished in one mighty gulf, for soon a more terrible death than that of drowning had awaited them. She is now urged



on by the force of a rapid wind, assisted by furious billows, and the wild breakers of Malbay are grinning with rage, and destruction is re-echoed from every cave and nook and cavity of those terrible cliffs against which she is about to be dashed. A few moments more, and not a trace of the gallant "Joan d'Arc" could be discerned by the eye of a spectator who might chance to have witnessed her fate from the shore. She has either sunk to the bottom of the ocean beneath the violence of the waves, or, crushed against the dreadful cliffs that form the barrier to the encroachments of the dread Atlantic on the western coast of Ireland, her wreck must have been forced into the caverns of this iron coast, or scattered in indistinguishable fragments over the raging element. The fate of this unlucky vessel, however, was not witnessed by a single person from shore ; for the wild coast against which she was driven is uninhabited, save by the millions of sea-gulls and other aquatic birds which seek here safe retreats for their incubation and young ; the violence of the storm had caused all persons whose occupation was outside doors to take refuge in their houses, and the amazing rapidity with which she was drifted before the wind must have hindered her from being observed from the shore. Thus her falling into the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of the Irish and English seas was as fatal to our "Joan d'Arc" as the falling into the hands of the English was to her namesake, the

Maid of Orleans, in the reign of Henry VI. in 1430 ! Alas ! that the enterprises and noble attempts of the brave and chivalrous should so often miscarry, and that the fate of the "Joan d'Arc" should be similar to those of many more powerful and promising expeditions on behalf of Ireland. The rude and merciless elements have more than once proved the best allies of English tyranny and injustice in Ireland, and her own wild and stormy coasts have been no less fatal to the liberating expeditionary armies of her allies, than the native treachery of her degenerate children or the wanton cruelty of her unscrupulous conquerors !

But the day is fast approaching, yea, the time is almost at hand, when the waters of trial and persecution will recede from thy fertile soil, O Erin ! leaving thy fair plains more productive in all temporal blessings than the valley of the plenteous Nile, and elevating thy sons as far above the modern nations that surround thee in all the ennobling virtues of humanity and civilization, as they are already *supreme* in faith and all the divine virtues of revelation and religion ! But we must not anticipate what properly belongs to a future period of our narrative to unfold.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE AMBUSCADE.

DURING the confinement in jail of the family of the O'Donnells, our friend "Terry," the "enchanted warrior," was not inactive in his favorite vocation of defeating the designs of the enemy of his country. The female and younger members of the family of "Fairy Hill Cottage" were liberated after a few days confinement, through the interference of Lady Barterborough, who was shocked that the innocent wife and children of neighbor O'Donnell should be punished for a violation of law for which their uncle alone was responsible. Thomas O'Donnell, the proprietor of the college, had to abscond and go on his "keeping" to allow the storm that threatened him to pass over his head. With the permission of the family, Terry O'Mara came to reside at "Fairy Hill," and had the chief care of the farm intrusted to him during the probable absence of its legitimate owner. Having therefore changed his own home-

stead on the hillside for the cottage, O'Mara disguised himself in the habiliments of "the man of all work," and by this means got frequent opportunities of visiting the Captain in his cell. Though he was never once allowed to enter the cell door, and had to endure the presence of a turnkey whose business it was to report the conversation between them, yet he managed, by speaking in a rapid tone and mixing a few words of Irish with the flat broken English he assumed, to puzzle the Saxon guard, and to give the Captain to understand that an attempt would be made for his release. He learned from the Captain that offers of pardon were made himself, provided he renounced the French service, and disclosed any important secrets he might possess regarding the policy of the French monarch, who was suspected of secretly aiding the American revolutionists, and on that account had war been declared against him; but that on his contemptuous refusal of these humiliating terms he was in a few days to be sent to Dublin castle, to stand his trial for high treason to his majesty George III., as a rebel, and a French spy. It was in vain that he showed his protection from the French king, and his commission as Captain of the "Chasseurs de Vincennes," or threatened the probable result, namely, the execution of many English prisoners during the impending contest of war, for any illegal detention of his person—all would not do. He was a British subject,

and he was entitled to all the privileges of the "glorious constitution," which was a yard of hemp rope, or to an ounce of lead, if found guilty of conspiring with the French, "our natural enemies," for the freedom of his wretched country. O'Mara was present when an official communicated these final conclusions come to at the "Castle of Dublin," and the termination of all further negotiations regarding the disposal of the prisoner.

The Lieutenant, who delivered this message, instructed him, furthermore, to be ready at a moment's notice to start for the metropolis, nothing preventing the setting out immediately of the escort in whose custody he was to go, but an order from the Lord Lieutenant, which was hourly expected, and only delayed by his excellency, who was on his way from England, where he had gone to consult the sovereign regarding the critical state of the country. Upon inquiry what was to be the mode of conveyance to the metropolis, he was informed that he must go on foot, as the commanding officer received no instructions to that effect. Colonel Clive had left for England the day after the expedition to the mountain, and the command now in his absence devolved on one Captain Kidd, whom we have not yet introduced, because he was absent up to the departure of Colonel Clive. This was the person who acquainted the Captain, that since Colonel Clive left no orders, he could not procure him a horse; that there was not

one to spare besides, and "even if there was," he said, "I do not consider you entitled to the accommodation, owing to your having renounced the allegiance of your lawful sovereign, and joined the French service."

"I renounce allegiance to a lawful sovereign! You are in error sir, I tell you," replied the Captain. "I never yet had a *lawful sovereign*. I never acknowledged your English king as my sovereign, and it was my native love of loyalty that induced me to quit a loved country, where I had no sovereign to serve or uphold, for one where there is indeed a king, who rules over happy subjects."

"This is adding insult to treason, sir, and I shall note it down," said Kidd.

"Don't let one word escape. But mind, I am a French naturalized subject, and that I never gave, nor owed allegiance to your monarch of England. If this is treason, I must plead guilty of the charge. But to return to my mode of travelling to Dublin, you may as well murder me at once, in my present state of health, and such weather, as compel me to travel such a distance on foot. This you can yourself understand, by my appearance."

"Well, your honor," interposed O'Mara, "won't you allow the Captain to use my master, his brother's gray mare, or rather one which young Lord Barterborough has in grass with us, to ride on to Dublin? Eh, your honor, Gineral Kidd?"

“ Well, let’s see,” replied the Saxon Captain, reflecting. “ Yaus, I consider you entitled to ride your own ’oss, if you can procure one. I shall consult with Lieutenant Scarecrow about it, but I guess there will be no trouble on that head, especially as you *h*appear indisposed.”

“ Long life to your honor,” said Terry O’Mara. “ I know we can borry my Lord Barterborough’s gray ‘ Seagull,’ as his lordship was so kind to interfere to get the ladies out of jail. I’ll have the mare ready any minute.”

In order that the reader may learn the cause of Terry O’Mara’s *fib* regarding the “ Seagull,” it will be necessary to state, that at this period, or about it, no Roman Catholic could possess a horse over the value of five pounds sterling, and whenever Catholics owned animals of more than this value, they were held in trust for them by some liberal Protestant of their neighborhood. It was so in the instance of Thomas O’Donnell’s “ Seagull,” which young Lord Barterborough consented to own nominally, in order to save the beautiful animal for her proprietor, from the avarice of some low Protestant yeoman or trooper, who could come up any day to the farmer and offer him five pounds, which if he refused to accept, the Protestant took forcible possession of his unfortunate Catholic neighbor’s horse ! Such was *one* of the enlightened laws by which

Protestantism attempted to establish herself in Ireland, and yet she raises her head like a prostitute, and claims herself to be the mother of all the liberality there exists in Christendom, styling herself patroness of learning, liberty, and laws !!!

But to return to our narrative. After "Terry O'Mara" had received instructions to have "Seagull" ready at any time within a week, when she might be required, and having been instructed to go by the mail-coach to Dublin himself, in order to ride the mare back, he started off to the cottage, to set about the requisite arrangements. Having given Cuddihy, the ordinary ploughman of the farm, a few emphatic instructions about certain preparations unintelligible to him, O'Mara himself set about exercising the gray mare. He drove the mare twice a day up towards the mountain on full gallop, over hedges, ditches, and brooks ; and at his return to the cottage, he made her leap over a heap of burning wheat straw, which he had caused to be placed in the centre of the avenue. After four or five turns at such strange exercise, "Seagull" took a particular pride in prancing up towards the blazing barricade, and flying clear over it at a bound, with her rider safe in the saddle.

Dinny Cuddihy was puzzled and alarmed at this extraordinary training, and though forbidden by O'Mara to open his mouth on the subject to any body, was heard



in the kitchen, when the former was out, to mutter to his neighbor Patcheen Meer, "that Terry must be cract, or that the fairies had a houl't on him, for he was laid out in either killing the mare, or *taching* her such thricks as would keep her from sellin' for evur. He was afraid the masthur would be the loser." This he would speak in the lowest whisper, for fear Terry would catch his meaning; and if that should happen, he looked on himself as lost, for Terry was regarded by most men as "enchanted," otherwise, they said, "how could he sink into the ground when he liked, or have escaped the many shots fired at him by the gamekeepers, who had so often chased him in vain. Shure, he must have a charmed life, and nothing could kill him except a silver bullet shot out of a good rifle, for he was often shot with lead to no purpose."

O'Mara having learned on one of his daily visits to the prison, on what day the Captain was to set out for Dublin, and having left "Seagull" ready saddled at the town hotel, for the latter, on the eve of his setting out, suddenly disappeared himself from the cottage, attended by Cuddihy. Nobody knew of where they had gone to, but it was found that one of the "staggeens," or working-horses of the farm was gone, too, together with the two donkey jacks of their kind, which were the ordinary carriers of milk-panniers to the town.

The remaining portion of the family were astonished

for what use the two famous donkeys were taken away, knowing their irreclaimable propensities to kick and bite all quadrupeds, and other animals not of their own species, and they had an especial antipathy to horses. In fact, so obstinate were these two jacks, called "Caster and Pollux" by a classical schoolmaster of the neighborhood, in following and putting in practice their illegal habits of biting and kicking, that they had always to be muzzled when harnessed in straddles. Besides this pair of quadrupeds, the "staggeen horse," with a dray cart-load of wheaten straw, and the valiant Denny Cuddihy, were all that accompanied O'Mara. They travelled all that remained of the night, since their starting, and all the following day, until about one hour or so before dusk, they arrived at the city of Kilkenny, where, having prepared feed for their beasts, they intended to put up for the night. They had scarcely grained their animals, and partaken of a slight refreshment themselves, when they were startled by a troop of guards, twenty-five in number, who rode up to the hotel, the "Ormond Arms," with poor Captain O'Donnell guarded in the centre of the body!

"Come, Cuddihy, come, you knave!" cried O'Mara, after having heard the commander of the troop, Lieutenant Scarecrow, cry out that his men had twenty minutes for refreshments, and to guard well the prisoner; "come, Cuddihy, let us haste, or our stratagem is spoiled—the Captain is lost."

Our force, now consisting of the respectable quadrupeds already described, with two men, all together counting five *individuals*, made as great haste as they could, across the Nore by the stone bridge, to occupy the "road to Dublin." Having travelled about two and a half Irish miles outside the "Faire Citie," on the Dublin road, they halted near the gate of what is called a "gentleman's house," which lay inclosed amid a plantation of magnificent trees, that hid it from the vulgar eye. At this gate, there was an ample semicircular space of a well-gravelled carriage-road, leading to the "great house," and wide-spreading beeches, and majestic elms, through their embracing and intermingling branches, formed a graceful arching arbor over the road for a distance of half a mile. This, added to the lateness of the hour, rendered the place almost dark, so that those who passed by must not have observed "Terry" and his party, or they must have taken them for tinkers, who were preparing to put up for the night in such a sheltered place. It was then, for the first time, that the plan of O'Mara was communicated to Cuddihy, together with strict orders as to what was to be his share in the affair. The latter, however, did not much relish these plans, nor the commands of his leader, and began to urge his objections.

"Not a word from you, Denny," he said, "under pain of instant death;" at the same time drawing

a concealed "skine blade" from under his overcoat. "See, is that gate open?"

"It is."

"Very well. Now have your live coal ready, and when I say 'fire,' light this 'suggawn-braud,' '*great strawrope*,' and fling more straw on it; and when I cry 'cut,' then slip off the muzzles of the donkeys, cut their girths, and face them towards home."

Soon the heavy tramp of troopers' horses was heard from the west. "Draw!" cries O'Mara, and soon the whole cart-load of straw was drawn like a hedge across the road. "Fire!" was next given, and now the whole place smoked and blazed like a wall of fire. Terry then approached the guards, and addressing the Lieutenant, requested him to visit his master, who lived in the "great house inside," and who was afraid of attack from rebels. The gate was in the mean time opened by Cuddihy, who after having done so, stood ready to loose his formidable donkeys on the opposing foe.

"Scoundrel!" cried Lieutenant Scarecrow, "how dare you obstruct the king's highway?"

"Cut!" answered Terry, after stopping the Lieutenant's sentence by a bullet in the mouth. "Cut! cut!"

With that, the asses rushed forward on the troop, and braying in high tenor notes, and rearing and kicking in gallant style, they set about biting the horses, some of whom were overset. Terry, in the mean time,

struck with his "skine" at the thongs with which Captain O'Donnell's horse was tied to those of two dragoons, and crying "*Over!*" "*Seagull,*" as if conscious of the consequences that were dependent on her leap, flew like a bird over both fire and smoke. The dragoons attempted to follow, but their horses became restive, and balked. They fired several shots, but the smoke and the darkness intercepting their aim, the shots took no effect.

The whole troop now rushed in the gate of Colonel Bruit, for the want of a better way, and drawing up before his hall-door, alarmed his whole household. The Colonel rushed, sword in hand, attended by his servants and tenants in arms, whom he had to defend his house against apprehended attacks of rebels, and ere he was aware who or what they were, another of the king's men fell lifeless from his horse, by a bullet discharged from one of the king's own muskets.

Thus ended the ambuscade of the Nore, and by this means was another O'Donnell rescued from the grasp of the minions of Britain.

Terry and his timid companion returned by one route towards home; but the Captain took a rounder but safer road towards the same locality. The dragoon guards put up at Colonel Bruit's that night; and if they lost their prisoner and one or two of their troop, they gained good lodgings and good cheer to compensate them for their misfortunes.

## CHAPTER XI.

## DANGEROUS CURIOSITY.

THE Captain, on his way back to the ancestral cottage of "Fairy Hill," borne along by the surefooted "Seagull," took the old road by the foot of "Sliab-na-man," in order to escape the vigilance of the patrolling detachments of yeomanry which he knew frequented the mail-coach roads, to the great annoyance of the neighboring peasantry and inconvenience of travellers. When within about three miles of the village of Mullinahone, he slackened the flying speed of the "Seagull" into an easy trot, as well with a view of giving his animal breathing time, as to apply his mind with more attention to the conflicting and confused ideas that agitated his reflecting faculties.

What was the next step that he was to take? Was he to consult for his own safety by flight, or resolve to devote the remainder of his life and experience in aiding his fellow-countrymen in emancipating themselves from the galling yoke of British tyranny? They were not

voluntary slaves, as he had ample proof of in the bravery of O'Mara, and the determination which his few sworn unarmed peasants had shown in their design to rescue his dear reverend brother. It was not for want of courage, or through lack of heroism, that these poor people were trampled upon. No; all they wanted was a leader, a captain, who, with a thorough knowledge of military skill and modern tactics, would reflect back on the public view the honesty and bravery of the peasantry themselves,—a man in whose countenance all men could read an inextinguishable hatred of the oppressor, and an ardent, enthusiastic, holy love of Erin and her people, her history, her language, and her traditions. He did not feel, to be sure, that himself possessed, in any adequate degree, these requirements, or the indispensable qualities of the leader of his countrymen; but was he to desert them on that account? If he could not presume to become the leader, was he, on account of his conscious short-comings in this respect, to neglect to do all he could, for his down-trodden and martyred country? “Though I wear the livery of the ‘Grande Monarque,’ and would shed my last blood in defence of the ‘fleur-de-lis’ of glorious France, is not Ireland my country, and my first love due to Erin, my mother, the idol of my soul? Yes, my country,” he continued, in soliloquy, “from this hour forward, my sword and my life are at your service. While this right hand has

power to strike down the meanest of thy tyrants, or to shield the humblest of thy sons or daughters, thou shalt never want an avenger or a protector. Farewell, my commission ! farewell, France ! farewell, the favor of his most Christian majesty ! Henceforth I am thine, Erin of the silver streams and emerald hills ; and whether as rapparee, rebel, or felon, I shall serve thee like a loyal son and true knight, so help me God ! ”

While these thoughts occupied his mind, the Captain had just advanced so far on his journey as to place him on a line with the little town above mentioned ; and passing by the ruin of an old castle called “Holly Mount,” which stood on his left, he perceived, by the faint light of a waning moon just rising, that a party of horsemen and a carriage were approaching. They were just on an eminence of the road called “Barna na-Guihe,” or “Wind-gap,” when his keen eye perceived them against the now brightening horizon ; and, after having appeared like a vision, they soon were lost in the shadows of the hill. Taking them for a party of yeomanry, he thought it prudent to turn his horse aside ; and, having dismounted, he sheltered himself and his faithful animal on one side of the old castle, to avoid being observed by those who approached, whoever they were. Having hitched his horse to a stump of an alder-tree that grew from a crevice in the old ruin, and drawing out his watch to learn the hour by the feeble light



of the moon, his attention was instantly arrested by an angry discussion which, as he imagined, issued from under the ground beneath his feet! He placed his ear close to the earth, to learn what the voices were or what the purport of their confused debate, when there was a sudden pause, and loud laughter seemed to succeed articulate voices. Creeping on his "four-alls" to the road-side, he could perceive that the cavalcade which he had previously observed were now passing by under the very shadow of the old castle, and he was astonished to learn that, though their pace was a quick and hurried one, they made no noise, but glided along as if the horses had no feet.

"Is this a fairy land?" he whispered to himself, "or are my senses imposed upon by some mocking demon of these dreary hills? There are articulate voices issuing from the earth, and laughter, as if to scorn my attempt to catch at their meaning; and here are a carriage and horses gliding rapidly along a hard road, without making the slightest noise!" Creeping closer to the road, however, the mystery was soon resolved; for he heard the riders conversing in intelligible though whispering tones, and he could see that the horses' hoofs and the carriage-wheels were heavily and securely muffled. "Ha, ha!" he said to himself; "I see now what you are up to, my would-be fairies. You are some loyal guards in escort of some cowardly lord,

who is afraid to ride by daylight ; and to escape the just vengeance of some outraged or injured peasant, you travel at midnight, and with muffled wheels and hoofs ! Perhaps you are wise. I will not interrupt you, however ; so pass on, gentlemen."

Returning back again to where his horse was secured, he not only heard the voices anew, but could hear distinctly what was said ; and from the speeches, and toasts, and songs, that issued from the ruins of "Cūslawn a Cullen," "Holly Castle," he concluded that, instead of a conclave of fairies, he had fallen in with one of Crop-pies ; and that the potteen was freely used among them, he concluded from the speeches that were made and the toasts that were proposed. "Fill yeer glasses," said one sharp voice ; "fill to the brim. Here's to the sowl of Father O'Donnell, God rest him, and confushion to his inemies !" "Amen !" followed from about twenty voices.

"What's the time o' night, General," said another, who appeared to be the guard or watchman of this troop.

"Just half-past eleven precisely," answered the General.

"All right. In one hour more, boys, we'll have the murderers. Look to your flints and blades," replied one who acted as his lieutenant.

"Come, let us have a song to shorten the night,"

said another, commencing to practise his own counsel.

“The gladiathur,  
Bould and daring,  
From night to morning,  
To watch the tower.”

“Silence, I say,” cried the General. “No songs, no songs, I tell you. All must be ‘*sub silentio.*’ That is to say, ‘*Ultra posse non est esse.*’ ‘*Is deccur garric cuir a sa thur na besse.*’ ‘It is hard to hunt a hare out of a hareless bush.’”

“Bravo, Gíneral! Here is to your high larned tongue. It is yourself will give the orders—will make King George quake. Three cheers to the Gíneral!”

“No songs, I say,” repeated the General. “‘*Dixi,*’ that is my hight behest.”

“No songs, no songs,” cried several voices.

“Well, then,” cried the disappointed songster, “let us have a ‘*skial feniaght,*’ ‘a story of ancient times.’”

“‘*Concedo,*’ of my own power, you may amuse yourselves with a tale or legend in a low appropriate tone of voice, but with no songs, or uproarious confabulations. Do you mind?”

“Glory, Gíneral, to your own soul. ‘*Dieu go dough loth.*’ ‘God for ever with you.’”

“Come, thin, the story; the story. Come, O’Raferty, you are a new comer. It is your turn now to begin. *Shule lath,* ‘Come on.’”

“ Oh, axcuse me, gintlemin, axcuse me.”

“ No axcuse, ‘ *Ma Boughal*,’ no axcuse ; the General orders.”

“ Well, the only story I have is a throe one.”

“ All the betther. So much best. Silence, boys, till we hear the story ; not a word out of yeer mouths.”

As the story would be too long to put into this chapter, and as it will require a separate chapter for itself, we may as well finish this by saying that the “ General” of this nightly party of Croppies was a schoolmaster named Walsh, called by the peasantry “ *Shawn Kaum*” or “ Crooked Jack,” from the deformity of his body ; and that by his pretended knowledge of military tactics, and his recital of the persecutions which he said he suffered in the North of Ireland from the Orangemen, he was chosen by the peasantry as a leader, and all confidence reposed in his patriotism and virtue. The false statement, too, that he was intended for the priesthood, which vocation he was obliged to relinquish in consequence of his sufferings for the “ glorious cause,” as he called it, added to his chance of establishing himself in the confidence of the people. Being somewhat of a classical hedge-school master, he got the sons of the middle and better classes of the peasantry into his power ; but when his low habits of drunkenness and dissipation, repressed for a time, began to be known, he was turned out of the farmers’ houses, and afterwards turned spy, betrayed the

confidence of the peasantry, took the government "blood-money," and brought desolation and woe into those families to whose charity and hospitality he owed his elevation from poverty and degradation, to a position of comparative comfort and respectability, had he not the abandoned soul of a traitor, and the cursed tongue of a hired perjurer. As we shall have occasion to refer to him more than once in the subsequent part of this work, we dismiss for the present, with these few remarks, *this* perjured Synan, who was no doubt deputed by the government of the day, to ingratiate himself into the favor of the people, for the purposes of treachery and betrayal.

## CHAPTER XII.

## PAUDEEN O'RAFFERTY'S STORY.

“ONCE on a time, as that famous Connaught man Mactough, or Saint Coleman”——

“Connaught man, Inagh,” cried twenty voices. “Shure Connaught never gave birth to such a great saint.”

“Hush, men,” interposed the General; “did I not ordher ye to make no distinction between Munster, Leinster, Ulster or Connaught, designated in the learned language of my classical lore Mononia, Ulidia, Ultonia, and Connactià? Go on, O'Rafferty, my boy, go on.”

“Once on a time that holy Saint Coleman was out on a preaching retreat near the sea-shore of Ouraun More, and the people of five counties were listening to his holy words and sublime prophecies. Well, so great was the desire to hear his reverence speaking so grand intirely, and so greedy were the congregation in devouring the wholesome food of the soul that fell from his

lips, that they forgot their bodies altogether ; begor, a thing that is seldom forgot nowadays, but ‘*Faug a mead skude mar a tha sha,*’ ‘Let that be now.’ Well, the crowds of people were almost dead of hunger, and they had no water to drink, except the salt sea-water that dashed against the rocks of the shore.

“In a neighboring castle in the county of Galway, there lived a cousin-german of the saint, who was just after marriage, for it was about shrove-tide, and, contrary to the Church law, he was going to have his grand wedding feast on Ash Wednesday. Although being near related to the saint, this prince did not care about the Church discipline, nor had he any fancy for the mortification or preaching of the holy man. I suppose from the fact that he had prepared the grandest dinner that ever was seen in Ireland on Ash Wednesday, his princship must be a Protestant of the olden times, or if not, he must be what is the next thing to it, a gluttonous Pagan. Be that as it may, on this occasion, some women were fainting in the crowd ; some men even were obliged to sit down on the strand from sheer fatigue, and some gorsoons were almost dead of hunger. With that, the saint’s servant, or rather his clerk, that used to serve Mass for him, went up to the rock from which he was preaching to the multitude, and touching him on the shoulder, said, ‘Your Reverence, begor, you have preached enough, and too much, already.’

“ ‘ Oh, you heathen, to speak so,’ answered the saint.

“ ‘ Heathen or no heathen,’ said the clerk, ‘ I think as you have been feeding the soul now for two days, it is time you should provide one meal, at any rate, for the body.’

“ ‘ Whist, you villain,’ says the saint. ‘ Is it interrupting me you are, in the middle of my sermon ?’

“ ‘ Whist, your Reverence,’ says the clerk. ‘ God forgive me for speaking back to your Reverence. Do you know that there are five women here below fainting, and some ten or twelve gorsoons almost dead of hunger. It’s a nice story, indeed, to see people dying on account of preaching.’

“ ‘ Oh, dear !’ says the saint, ‘ what will we do for them to keep them from dying of hunger ?’

“ ‘ How do I know, your Reverence ?’ said the clerk ; ‘ yourself, that know almost all things, can best tell. There is your cousin, “ *Brien O’Glanna*,” who has as many as two hundred head of cattle, one hundred stags, and fowl in proportion, to dine the one thousand gentlemen and their ladies whom he has invited to his wedding ; but, the divil a bit of it he would give’ ——

“ ‘ Hold your cursing, you thief,’ says the saint, ‘ and pray to God, and he will send relief.’

“ ‘ Begor, hunger would make a saint curse,’ said the clerk ; ‘ your Reverence, I am praying this two days, and that did not fill my belly.’



“ ‘Hold your tongue, you graceless fellow,’ said the saint. ‘Go on your knees, men and brethren,’ he cried, and that great crowd obeyed him like one man. And a ‘*Dieu More!*’ (Great God!) they were not two minutes on their knees, when about three hundred large dishes of smoking meat rushed along the country over hedges and ditches, all in a row, through the air! Then they fell to; although it was a fast day, the saint gave them all a dispensation, and every man, woman and child eat their fill, and more, that time at least.

“ ‘But ‘*Dieu le cour cuin!*’ (the Lord help us!) what’s this I see!’ exclaimed the saint; ‘a whole army of mailed warriors racing like the wind after the dishes! Ah, the wretches! they loved the dishes more than God’s law, or the hearing of his word, and now they come half drunk to cut us to atoms for the affront of depriving them of their forbidden dishes.’

“The saint’s cousin, the prince, was the first of the pursuers who came up, and looking daggers at the saint, he threatened his life, and that of all his hearers, for robbing him of his grand banquet, and disturbing his wedding ‘by magic,’ as he said. ‘Nonsense, man,’ cried the saint, ‘you can get another great dinner ready easily, and return home now in the name of God, and God will bless you.’

“ ‘The divil a home I’ll go,’ answered the lord, ‘till

I take the life of you, and some of your stupid superstitious hearers.'

“ ‘O, God forbid!’ says the saint. ‘Would you allow so many people as are here to die of hunger? or do you grudge them one good meal, and disgrace the ancient hospitality of holy Ireland? Oh, fye, fye! brother, fye!’

“ ‘But whether God forbid or not,’ says the wicked lord, ‘I order it. Men,’ he said, addressing the mailed knights, ‘take this troublesome saint prisoner. I will provide for him in my castle dungeon, where he may have time enough to pray, and kill a couple of hundreds of his hearers, and let us drive the rest prisoners to our castle.’

“ All drew their swords, and made a rush towards where the saint was, when he lifted his hands to heaven, and having prayed to God, he cried, ‘I forbid ye to move an inch;’ and oh, wonders! their hands stood stiff with their swords lifted in the air, and not a man of them could move a step, nor stir, till, after being kept there two hours, listening to the saint’s sermon, they were all converted,—the tears run down like *‘shri-hawns,’* or rills, on their faces and armor; and, at last, by solemn promises to do penance, and spend the whole lent on one meal, without any meat at all, the saint prayed again to God, and the knights’ arms were loosed, and they returned home better men than they came.

“This is my story, and a throe one it is; and I hope when we fight against the Sassenaghs, their swords and hands will stand stiff in the air, like those of the enemies of Saint Coleman!”

“Mr. O’Rafferty’s story! Hip! hip! hurrah!” cried the General. “That certainly was very interesting. I often heard tell of the story of ‘*bohur na mease*,’ ‘the road the dishes took,’ but never before heard such a particular relation of it. Who will favor us with the next story? We have some time yet to dispose of ere the hour of action arrives.”

Then commenced a regular altercation among them about the honor of being the narrator of the next and the truest story, when, at length, upon an appeal to the General, one Mickey Lileash, or Cat Lillis, had the honor of being preferred.

“In the county of Galway, near the boundary of Clare, as Saint Patrick and his disciple Benignus were once travelling on foot, having been led astray by the fog that prevailed during the day, they lost their way and were benighted. At length they came to a miller’s house, named ‘Leibaun,’ who happened not to be of the Milesian race, and was besides a pagan, and demanded the usual hospitality of food and protection for the night. The savage miller abruptly refused them, and told them in a very rough voice, that, if they did not retire from his premises, he would soon cause them

to repent of their assurance in asking any favor from him, who had none, he said, of the blood of Milesius in his veins, but who, on the contrary, detested his race and institutions.

“ ‘Well,’ said St. Patrick, ‘as we are so fatigued that we cannot go much farther, and as we must take to the woods and caves for the shelter you refuse, in the name of God allow us to leave this package, consisting of a few articles of clothing and the vestments of our profession, to remain under your roof till morning.’

“ ‘You may leave that, if you wish,’ answered the sulky pagan ; ‘but take yourselves away from my presence as fast as you can, or my wolf-dogs will be sent to escort you. I suspect you are some of those superstitious priests who we hear are come to disturb our ancient established religion in this country.’

“ ‘We are servants of the King of heaven,’ answered the saint. ‘Good night !’

“ So saying, he left the house, after having hung up the package containing the vestments on a wooden peg or pin that protruded from the wall of the house. The pagan rejoiced that they left the parcel, for he thought, as the strangers must necessarily perish by the wolves or from the coldness of the night, whatever the package contained would become his lawful prize. During the night, before he retired to bed, the last thing the

millar heard of his visitors was the chanting of hymns and sacred songs, with which they caused the neighboring forests and cliffs to resound, and to his utter astonishment, he concluded that the strangers were not only alive, but the usual howling of the savage wolves was unheard, as if they were awed by the charming influence of the sacred melody in which the two men of God celebrated the praises of their Lord.

“On the following morning the saint sent his clerk for the vestments, to say mass in a beautiful cave which they discovered by the daylight, not far from their resting-place, when, lo! to his utter wonder, there was neither house nor mill, nor any sign that there was ever a house; but the vestments he found hung on the self-same peg in the air on which he had placed them the night previous. Since that time, there is only an awful gulf in the place where the miller and his house and family sunk into the bowels of the earth, in punishment of his inhospitality and impiety to God and his servant. This is the origin of the name of ‘Paultee Le Bawn,’ or ‘Le Bawn’s Gulf,’ which that place has been called ever since, and which is a well-known tradition of the people of that country. This is my story, and as ‘Le Bawn’ sunk for refusing to give hospitality to holy Patrick and his disciple, so may sink all those who would persecute the sons of that glorious saint!”

Loud acclamations and copious drafts succeeded these stories of the Whiteboy shanahies, and it was some minutes ere the Captain's voice, notwithstanding his Latin quotations, could either be heard or obeyed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## GOING FROM THE SMOKE INTO THE FIRE.

WHILE the Captain remained a listener by the ruin of the "Old Castle," partly detained by his curiosity, and partly by his doubts as to whether or not he should seek direction from some of his obstreperous fellow-rebels as to the safest route towards the place of his immediate destination, the cry of "To arms! to arms!" rung on his ear; and ere he could again reach the back of his "gallant gray," a dozen rude hands were on his collar; and the shouts of "We have him now! here is one of 'um, at any rate!" brought the leader of the band of desperadoes from his cavern to the upper air.

"Yes, Captain, we have one of the tyrants, at any rate. Your bread is baked for certain. Where are the rest of your associates?—come, tell at once, or you die this minute—speak out instantly!"

All these and several other abrupt and contradictory

questions, commands and threats, were uttered ere O'Donnell found time or a chance to say, "Be quiet, my friends, and I shall tell you all."

"Aye, frinds, indeed! how frindly you are now, you villain of a pujured judge! On your knees at once!"

"Give me time, and don't choke me, and I will give you a full and satisfactory account of myself."

"*Bowl, doeg, marrig!*" "*strike—burn—kill!*" cried the drunken and infuriated miscreants simultaneously.

"There must be some mistake here. I am not the man you seek at all."

"We know better. Did you not dine at Lord Barterborough's?"

"No, I assure you, never."

"Oh! do you hear? What brought you this road, then, at this hour?"

"Sure you won't let me tell you. Call your Captain, as you style him, and I will tell him my whole history."

"Oh, you will indeed! Come follow us." He was now ushered into the presence of the Captain, after having been forced through a circular hole in the wall of the castle, within about a foot of the ground outside, but as many as eight or ten feet from the floor of the cellar, in which the Captain and his guards were assembled. The Captain of Croppies, assuming as much dig-



nity as was consistent with his rather tattered habiliments, which were kept from falling off his body by a sort of belt, or rather cord of green baize or flannel, which girded him tightly around the middle, under which he wore a case of pistols, and a silver hilted dagger, now commenced a minute scrutiny of his prisoner. His inspection was frequently interrupted by the extinguishing of the "slishogues," or pine bog-chips, which served him and his associates in place of candles, and which it took the whole care of his most active attendants to keep snuffed and burning. After a solemn pause, and before allowing his prisoner leave to speak a word, this midnight Rhadamanthus, heaving a sigh and making a speech on the responsibility that devolved on him in virtue of his office of chosen leader of a trusty band of patriots, at length pronounced his horrid decree, and "that sentence is, that you must die within one hour. You killed Father O'Donnell."

"I to have any thing to do with his"——

"Yes, you and your friends, associates, and fellow-tyrants; you must therefore die the death."

"You are under a grievous mistake. I neither consented to his unjust sentence, nor has Father O'Donnell suffered death, as you erroneously imagine."

"Hold, sir, hold your tongue; have I not seen his head on the accursed spike of the Saxon, in the town of Cloughmore? Did I not witness the thunder, wind and

lightning, the signs of Heaven's displeasure that enveloped the atmosphere and the earth alike in their terrible and wrathful mantle, at the very hour of his execution. The very elements, the inanimate creation stood in mourning, and gave expression to their loud and wrathful lamentations at the foul murder of England, while you and your associate judges and sheriffs were feasting as if at a wedding, at this your triumph over the poor down-trodden Celt. Death, death, sir, is too mild a punishment for the vile execution of an O'Donnell, by your guilty hands."

The whole party applauded this cruel speech of a half-crazy and drunken desperado, and the sad reality stared the Captain of the "Chasseurs de Vincennes" in the face, that he had escaped from the meshes of English cruelty and injustice, to become entangled in the snares of a lawless and desperate band of Croppies, in comparison to whose summary and cruel sentence of death, that of English injustice itself would have been preferable. All his protestations of innocence of the crime laid to his charge, of being the judge who sentenced his own brother to death, were unavailing. All his arguments to prove his identity as Charles O'Donnell, only provoked the scornful laughter of "Shawn Kaum," and his midnight gang. The dreadful moment now approached, when three of the best shots were chosen to execute the summary sentence. The Croppy Chief took

great praise to himself, for the generosity he exhibited, in permitting his victim to die a soldier's death, instead of being hanged like a dog, and he promised O'Donnell the favor of a decent burial in the neat green mound in front of the old castle, for the generosity of the latter in bequeathing him his gold watch. Being asked if he had any commands to communicate to his friends, O'Donnell drew a small memorandum book and pencil from his breast coat pocket, and wrote a few lines to his brother Thomas, acquainting him of his own sad fate, telling him where his body might probably be found, and begging of him, in charity, to procure for his soul the suffrages of religion. Having discharged this, his last earthly duty, as he had every reason to believe, he knelt, and with his hands crossed on his breast, poured forth his fervent prayer to his Creator for mercy and pardon for the sins and transgressions of his life. The executioners had their firelocks presented, and, standing within three yards of their victim's breast, waited for the signal of "fire" from their leader, when a voice of one exclaiming, "you murderers, desist," startled the whole party, and a horseman, brandishing a heavy whip, rushed into this mad circle of inebriate half-savages.

"Father Murphy!" muttered the Croppy Chief, whom the priest recognized as the teacher of a country grammar-school, of a neighboring parish. "Great God! is it you whom I find presiding over a scene like this, Walsh?" said the priest.

“I was but a very unwilling actor here,” rejoined the false-hearted Croppy, “but this being one of the judges who condemned Father O’Donnell, the boys here were determined to have blood for blood.”

“Scoundrel, what evidence had you, that this gentleman is one of those judges? Know that you were going to murder the brother of him whose death you pretended to revenge, and that, for the death of one who is now living and well.”

“Oh, murther, did we not see the head of our priest on the spike over the court-house, at Cloughmore?”

“Nonsense, sirrah, nonsense. I fear your head will be soon there, for your crimes deserve such a fate. Let me find you away from this neighborhood, off to your native north, within one week from this day, Walsh, or I shall myself inform on you, and give you up to justice. And you men,” he said addressing his deluded followers, “renounce this dangerous man’s company, or he will hang you all some day. Come, now on your knees, and ask this gentleman’s forgiveness for the unpardonable injury and insults you have offered him.”

So they did, and after having faithfully promised the priest that they would renounce “Shawn Kaum’s” leadership, and bury their arms, till some national occasion demanded their use, the Croppies separated for their respective homes, and the Captain and his Reverend friend took the road towards Knockmoldown.

“My God, how providential you came by this old ruin to-night. I should have been by this time decently buried,” said the Captain, breaking the silence, which was observed for about half an hour between them.

“I shall never cease to thank God for this providence,” said the priest. “But how dreadful must have been your sufferings while in the hands of such barbarians, and especially when you were on the very eve, almost in the very act of being murdered !”

“The sensations of my soul were dreadful, indeed, especially when I felt that I was going to suffer by mistake, and by the hands of those misguided men, who if they knew me, would die to save me.

“To die on the field of battle, surrounded by brave comrades amidst the dazzling pomps of glorious war, or even to die by the rope of our hereditary Saxon foe, in defence of a principle, or to perpetuate the wholesome hatred of their detestable usurpation of our land,—either of these deaths would be charming happiness in comparison with my sad execution by a set of drunken Croppies in the shadow of the ruin of one of the castles of my ancestors. You were my angel, indeed ! but what brought you this way, may I ask, at this hour ?”

“Well, a most singular succession of incidents. It happened yesterday morning, that the parish priest, our neighbor of St. Molanafide’s, got his leg broke by a fall from his horse ; and having no assistant, he wrote to our pastor, Dr. O’Healy, to beg that he would permit my-

self or Fogarty to attend to any sick calls that may come from his people, till the bishop could provide for his parish. And as Providence would have it, about two hours ago I was roused by a peasant to inform me that his wife was in her last agony, consequent on protracted confinement, and on my way to where the peasant directed me, I somehow or other lost my road, notwithstanding my knowledge, as I thought, of every by-road, and almost hut of this mountain district ! It is to this sick call, and to my unaccountable missing of the more direct road, that you owe your delivery without a doubt. Who cannot see the hand of God in the affair ! In fact, O'Donnell, you must be destined for something extraordinary, or Providence would not so visibly have interposed in your behalf."

"I gratefully acknowledge God's special favor and mercy in my regard, but I do not think I will ever be any thing but an unhappy exile from my beloved home, the sport of fortune, and the representative of a family doomed, I fear, to everlasting obscurity and decay. Tell me, Father John, how did my brother feel when you saw him last ? Did he reach the 'Joan d'Arc' in safety ?"

"Yes, perfectly so, and in good spirits. I went with him to the water's edge, and saw him ascend the gallant vessel, and waited till the brave craft flew, like a fairy, over the smooth sea. But that dreadful storm, which soon after rose, alarmed me much about the fate of the 'little bark.'"

“It was a truly awful one, I am told ; but the Captain, Le Barry, is an experienced sailor, and I hope they were out in the channel ere it commenced.”

“O yes, they had time to be, but, for twenty years, I never recollect to have witnessed such a hurricane while it lasted. The peasantry interpreted the hurricane and thunder and lightning as manifestations of divine displeasure, on account of the perjury committed at Father Senan’s trial ; and the general impression is that he was executed.”

“So I believe. I can never forget your kindness to my poor brother, Father John, and I trust the part you acted in aiding him to escape his pursuers will be of no prejudice to you hereafter.”

“Don’t mention it, my dear friend ; your brother was more than a brother to me, and I would risk my life any day to save his. It is not very clear to me, however, that I will not have some little difficulty on account of having accompanied him to the beach, for on my return back, at daybreak, with his horse and my own, I was met by that perjured renegade, Sergeant Mally, who eyed me rather suspiciously, and who, I am sure, reports every thing he sees or hears to head-quarters, for he is fishing for promotion.”

“I should be sorry, but you must count on my aid if ever you get into trouble ; and though now in trouble myself, I can tell you that I may not be long so, for I stand high in the esteem of the French king.”

“No doubt, no doubt. We must part here for the present, I to my sick call, and you to ‘Fairy Hill,’ I suppose. Convey any commands you may have for me through that brave fellow, O’Mara. God be with you.”

And off started Father Murphy to his sick call, and the Captain made the best of his way towards the residence of his brother Thomas, or rather to the mountain in its vicinity.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## A SAMPLE OF ENGLISH "JUSTICE."

ON approaching the town of Cloughmore, the Captain saw the necessity of extreme caution, to avoid being recaptured by the enemy ; he, therefore, betook himself to the house of O'Mara on the hill-side, ere he would venture to return to the cottage. It was twilight, and the eastern sky began to reflect the crimson rays of dawn, when, just as he dismounted to throw down a gap in the stone wall that crossed the entrance of the "boreen," or narrow avenue leading to the farm house of O'Mara, when who should salute him with a "good morrow, Captain," but "the enchanted warrior" himself!

"In the name of wonders, O'Mara, is this you, or is it your ghost I see?" exclaimed the Captain. "You have not been nicknamed 'the enchanted warrior' I perceive without reason. How on earth did you get back as soon as I, who almost flew, so rapidly was I carried along by this noble animal of Tom's."

“I am no ghost you may be sure, Captain, but the same ‘old three and four-pence’ that I was when we met last evening at the battle of the Nore. You got the start of me a little, sir, or I would have been here sooner, and then off to the cottage where I expected to meet you to report progress. All is in confusion in the town since the return of some dragoons, who, unwarned by the ridiculous tales about the affair at Knockmeldown Gap, report your having been rescued by a large force of rebels! The lying villains, to have the brass to make such a statement, and not a soul present with me, but Cuddihy and the two jackasses, which, to say the truth, contributed in no small degree to our glorious victory!”

“Indeed! How did you come to hear these reports, or have you been to the town?”

“When I parted with you after the rescue, I fell in with a hackney-coachman returning from Dublin, whom I persuaded to give me a ride, on account of the danger which I represented as likely to occur to him on his risking to travel alone, through such a disturbed district. He gladly took me up to keep him company, and while at the hotel to bait our horses, we learned the facts which I have stated, and that martial law was about to be proclaimed, and all persons under suspicion of disloyalty were to be imprisoned till things should become more ‘settled.’”

“What had I best do under these circumstances?”

“Why, let us come in first, and have some refreshments ; you must be both hungry and tired, and putting the mare, my “colleen das” Seagull, in my stable, to feed and rest, I will next put you in a place of safety, where you will be secure from the search of the open foe, and the treachery of secret enemies. This mountain will lend us its friendly shelter, and we shall be safe while under its screening shadows. We shall be as well off as the hare and the fox, at any rate.”

“As you order it, my dear friend.”

“Well, then, hand me the reins, if you please, and while I am taking care of ‘Seagull,’ go you in and see what Nelly has ready, and if she has any thing you can eat don’t wait for me, but commence as soon as you can.”

Nelly had not only a good repast of chickens and ham, with some greens, ready for her husband, but besides remained up all night to keep these things warm for her expected guests. She courtesied slightly, but respectfully, to the stranger, as he entered, asking him if he was the gentleman her husband, Terry, expected last night.

“Yes, I suppose,” answered the Captain ; “I am brother of your late pastor, Father O’Donnell, who, I know you will be glad to learn, has escaped the hands of his cruel persecutors.”

“Thanks be to God, sir, I have heard of that. You

had better sit down, sir," she continued, "fatigued, and cold, and hungry, as you must be, after your journey. You didn't see this man of ours any where, sir?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, he is just coming in."

"He is becoming a great stroller of late, sir, but if it be for the good of the poor old country, we must not complain," said this patriotic matron.

Terry soon entered, saluted his wife with a "God save you, Nell," and sitting down to the table, on which was spread a snow-white home-made bird's-eye linen cloth, two large blue delf plates, and in the centre, on a large dish, the substantial viands above mentioned; and after crossing himself, and saying a short grace, he helped the guest and himself plentifully, not without a few compliments on Nelly's cooking and care, in having them in such nice preparation for hungry stomachs. A good glass of genuine potteen, that never was defiled by a gauger's rule, formed the only dessert of their substantial meal. Folding up the remainder of the ham and chickens in a large coarse towel, and taking a bottle of the "mountain dew," with another of fresh new milk, and grasping his rifle and powder-pouch, and giving a double-barrelled fowling-piece to his companion, Terry bid the good housewife a hasty adieu, and made in haste for the base of the western peak of Knockmel-down, followed by the Captain.

When they went off, the matron took her beads, and

said an additional decade on them, and having gently crossed herself, and sprinkling the holy water on her children, "for," she said, kissing them, "I feel something in my mind that makes me sad," she betook herself to rest. The Captain being placed in security by Terry, he returned from the hiding-place to reconnoitre, and had only proceeded a few roods towards the road, when he caught sight of the helmets of a party of yeomanry ascending leisurely towards the rock of "Poul na gour," the scene of his late encounter with the detachment of dragoons. He narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by them, and so he had to use his legs to escape them. He first ran in a direction opposite to the one he intended to take, because it was harder for their pursuit; but, when he reached some hundreds of yards on the hill's side, he took a south-western course, and being favored by the descent, he gained ground on his pursuers, and managed to place the same knoll by which he escaped from his former pursuers, between himself and them, and while covered by the hillock he instantly regained his den.

"The enchanted warrior, again, by Jove!" exclaimed the officer of the party. "There is no use in searching for him, but I mistake much if I do not know who he is."

This troop of yeomen was commanded by Sheriff Juggler, who volunteered to conduct the yeomanry to

Dungarvan, whither they were on route on account of the rumors of invasion which prevailed, since it became known that a French vessel was seen in the offing at that seaport. Having consulted for a short time with one of his subalterns, within hearing, and almost over the heads of the hiders, a dozen men under command of a Sergeant Ripley, were despatched to O'Mara's house, while the commander himself, with the main body, remained stationed on the knoll, to see if the "game," as Juggler called him, would uncover again. When Terry heard the orders given regarding the search of his own house, it was with difficulty that he was prevailed on by the Captain to refrain from rising up from his hiding-place, and running to the defence of his wife and children, for his experience told him what bloodthirsty villains they were. He kept quiet, however, for the sake of him whose life he valued before his own; and in about half an hour a volley was fired by the yeomanry, and after a cheer of God save the king, their horses' tramp was heard moving off from the scene.

The fatigue of the previous night and the day before now overcame Terry and his companion, and in a few moments they were both sound asleep in a bed of heath and "canavawns," with which the subterraneous cell was provided.

O'Mara had only slept a few hours, however, when he suddenly broke forth from his sleep, exclaiming, "Oh,

my wife, my darling wife, and my dear children ! Oh, Captain, I fear I am undone ! Keep you quiet, however, till I return ;” and grasping his rifle firmly, he rushed upwards from his retreat. It was now the afternoon, and all traces of the savage yeomanry on the mountain had disappeared, but when Terry advanced a few hundred yards, so as to command a view of his own house, nothing of it remained but a smoking ruin !

“ Great God !” he exclaimed, “ my dream was true ! Oh, may the Lord save my wife and children !” and he bounded like a wolf-dog over the brown surface of the uneven sward.

Poor patriot ! the Lord has saved the souls of those most dear to you, but expect not that their lives are safe after a visit from the cruel soldiery of England. Now for the first time since the razor touched the manly cheeks of O'Mara, did the scalding tears, in torrents, rush from his flaming eyes. And how could he be blamed, for, there before him, hacked, naked, and mangled, he sees the body of his dear, virtuous, and comely wife, hanging from the birch tree that stood in front of his burned homestead, with two of her children poniarded, and suspended by the flaxen hair of their mother down by her sides !

“ Oh God ! oh God ! what a sight is this !” cried the heart-broken patriot, falling down on the earth, which drank in his tears, and which he smote with both

his hands and his forehead. "Oh that I could without sin follow you, beloved wife and children of my inmost soul, into the land of spirits, into the presence of the great God himself, to tell him how pure, how innocent, and good you were, and how damnable the sword, the hand, the law, the government that shed the blood of my peaceful family! O vengeance! vengeance! vengeance! I devote myself to thee, as thy slave and agent for ever, while a drop of this blood burns or flows in my veins! O Heavens, have ye seen this act of murder, and were ye silent? O God of thunder and lightning, why did you not strike down the human demons, who perpetrated this deed of blood? O unhappy man, why do I blaspheme? Forgive me, O Lord of mercy! Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Oh, I have lost my reason, and feel my brain burning in my head! Now farewell peace, and henceforth welcome war, plague, famine, and death! From this day I renounce the world and its laws, commerce, and pleasures, since it is so cruel as not to shield these my innocents from this dreadful fate." And this is a specimen of the working of the 'glorious British constitution,' this a sample of the civilization of England. He then took a portion of the clotted blood of his wife and children, and gathering it in cold livid lumps into his handkerchief, cast himself on both his knees, and with uplifted hands swore, that for every drop of this pure, sacred



Celtic blood, he would shed a quart of that of the cruel enemies of his country and race, or cease to live.

“It’s all over now, Captain,” said he, as he rejoined O’Donnell in the cavern. “I am now alone again in the world. My poor wife and darling young ones are hanged, with their bodies butchered and transfixed on the cursed tree that stood at my very door. Oh, Captain! Captain! why did you not allow me to go up and meet the villains, whom I well knew capable of these cruel murders?”

“O Lord, what a wretched country! what dreadful times!” said the Captain. “Blame me not, friend, for not letting you go up to be murdered by these blood-thirsty yeomen. What could you do among so many?”

“I could have died like a man, and be now with my wife and children in the next life, although I am not worthy of being in the same place with them. At any rate I should have been spared this dreadful sight?”

“Be calm, my friend. A day of retribution will come, when you will receive satisfaction for these things. Let us prepare for the decent burial of your beloved wife and children, and then turn our minds to avenge your injuries.”

“O Captain, my heart will break within me! I shall never again know peace till the tomb inclose my wretched body. In vain will the sun rise and set for me; it cannot penetrate the gloom of my forlorn heart by a

single ray of its glorious light. In vain will the charming music of nature reach my ear ; in vain will the birds sing, the trees blossom, or the ten thousand rills of Erin, of the green hills and silver streams, send forth their soft melody on the wings of the gentle zephyrs ; thy heart, unhappy O'Mara, shall be insensible to their charming influence. All the world will rejoice and reflect back the smiles and joys and gladness of spring, summer and autumn, but this heart of thine shall sit uncheered and solitary, like a hard flint rock, shaded by the torrent of a mountain cascade, or like a pine stump, damp and cold under the accumulated turf of ages at the foot of yonder mountain. Alas ! alas !" he continued, covering his eyes with both hands and giving vent to the pent-up fountain of grief within his manly heart ! As the wild hurricane is succeeded after its spent rage by the plaintive moaning of the careering wind, so the heart of O'Mara, when the first violence of its passion subsided, gave way to the habitual grief of the Celtic temperament, and vented its sorrow in such melancholy laments as the foregoing plaintive effusions of his afflicted soul.

## CHAPTER XV.

## A WILD SCENE OF NATURE.

LEAVING the Captain and his companion Terence O'Mara to discharge the sad offices of burial to the dead, alone and under the favor of the sacred night, let us, gentle reader, conduct you in safety to the scene of the wreck of the ill-fated "Joan d'Arc," to see if we can find any trace of our hero, the escaped Father O'Donnell.

There is on the western coast of Ireland, in the County of Clare, an extensive country district designated on the map of the island by the proper Celtic name of Moher. It will be hardly necessary to acquaint the intelligent reader that the "cliffs of Moher" rank among the most stupendous works of nature, and present to the tourist as well as to the naturalist, subjects on which to gratify the most intense curiosity, or to exercise the profoundest speculations of geological science. Here the Atlantic has for ages and ages dashed its most powerful

aquatic batteries against those everlasting limestone and granite ramparts that resist its encroachments on mother earth, and bid defiance to the repeated aggressions of old Oceanus. So precipitous and sharp are the outlines of these cliffs, that on a view of them from a distant promontory, or from the ocean's bosom, they appear as if some gigantic being of ancient times had chopped their face with some huge axe, and thus divided that isthmus or neck of land that united the present Ireland with the one that sunk into the deep waters, and the western coast of which, according to tradition, reached within a few leagues of "Ireland Mickla," or Great Ireland, as this new world was anciently called in the books of the learned. In addition to the dazzling height and steepness of these mighty walls, there is this among other strange phenomena, that the most ponderous bodies, such as rocks, cannon balls, or other weights, when thrown from above never reach the water perpendicularly, but are attracted or carried towards the base in a semicircular course to where the sea has undermined the cliffs. Wild and tempestuous as these threatening precipices are, they are not without their utility to man, and their apparent inaccessibility becomes the cause why numerous families derive from them the means of an honest support ; for the fronts of these cliffs, from the watermark of the ocean to their highest summits near the land, are made the nestling-places of millions of sea-fowls and gulls,

which the peasantry, suspending themselves in baskets secured at the top of the precipices, pick off with snares from their eggs, which they never desert during the whole season of brooding. Thus a most superior quality of feathers for bedding and other uses is procured, and a population that otherwise could not subsist on this stormy coast obtain from this source a comfortable livelihood. It was at the base of these precipitous steeps that the unlucky "Joan d'Arc" was finally crushed on the day of her wreck, and on a shelf formed by a protruding table flag at the mouth of a dark cavern reached by the water in stormy weather, that Father O'Donnell found himself the sole survivor of the late disaster! During hours he remained void of feeling or sensation on the elevated platform on which he had been providentially cast; but when the vindictive spirit of the storm passed away, and nature recovered her calm equilibrium, the genial heat of the vernal sun and the gentle breathings of the sea air, revived his torpid feelings and rekindled the half extinguished fire of life. His first sensations were similar to those of a fatigued traveller in a strange land, who, after a tedious journey, by night reaches an unknown city, and when he awakes in the morning finds his mind bewildered, and is unable to say where he is or how he came hither. Gradually, however, he reflects on the long roads he has traversed, or the seas or rivers he has passed, and on the new ob-

jects that presented themselves to his view during his voyage, and by means of this connected chain of thought he forms a confused idea of where he is. This was exactly the case with Father O'Donnell. He recalled his escape from prison, his embarkation on board the "Joan d'Arc," and the horrid scene of the storm and wreck, but he could not tell on what part of earth he was cast. He saw the ocean before him, and inaccessible cliffs overhead ; but his mind was not yet sufficiently recovered from the shocks it received to inform him whether he was on the coast of Ireland, England, France, or that of any other European country. Gratitude to God for his miraculous preservation engaged his first attention, and his next care was to see if there was any possibility of his reaching the ruin of the vessel, which he could observe several fathoms beneath him, wedged in the midst of torn fragments of rocks that piled over one another and formed a sort of breakwater before these gigantic sea walls. By carefully examining the crevices and cavities of the rocks beneath him, and by making use of some ropes of the rigging which he found within reach, he was enabled, without danger, to descend to the wreck. A single solitary corpse was all that he could find, and this was that of one of the sailors whom an accident confined to his hammock during the storm, all the rest of the crew and officers having been washed overboard long before the ill-fated vessel reached her

present state of embedment among the rocks. Having hauled the body to his sunny shelving rock on the cliff-side, he prepared to give it the rites of Christian burial by digging a tomb in the entrance of the dark cavern which he found on the verge of this resting-place of ospreys, cormorants, sea-gulls, and other species of aquatic birds. The mouth of the cave was spacious and lofty, and he was surprised to find it not only draped with creeping woodbines and carpeted with a rich coat of luxuriant vegetation, but the soil from which it sprung was dry, rich, and several feet deep. "I do not know on what coast I am cast," he said to himself, "but if the evergreen shamrock and friendly woodbine are a conclusive sign, I am still indebted to my native land for this necessary protection." Having paid a second visit to the shattered hull of the "Joan d'Arc," he was agreeably surprised in finding in one of the chests of the cabin, vestments, chalices, and all other conveniences for celebrating the holy sacrifice of the Mass. "Thank God," he exclaimed, the tears of loving gratitude rolling down his melancholy cheeks, "I am myself again. This cave will be my parish church, the music of the ocean my organ, and these myriads of birds the choir that will join me, even here in this wild precipice, to offer due homage to God and in praising his mercies that endure for ever." And standing on the extreme verge of the rock, facing the mighty ocean, he chanted enthu-

siastically that divine hymn, the "Te Deum Laudamus:" then turning to the body of the sailor, he piously read the burial service out of the Roman ritual, beginning with the "Non intus in iudicio," "Enter not into judgment," and continuing with the "Deus cui propium est misereri semper," the "Benedictio tumuli," or "Blessing of the grave," and finishing with the "Requiescat in pace, Amen," which chanted by his powerful and sonorous voice penetrated far into the gloom of the awful cave, and borne over the deep was reëchoed in a thousand keys from the cavities of the iron cliffs!

The low murmurs of the now subsided waves seemed to chime with the solemnity of the occasion, and for the first time since creation the sweet chant of devout hymns mingled with their savage mutterings. After having complied with the demands of charity by burying the dead, he next set about discharging that never to be omitted duty of a good priest, that is, saying his office or reading his breviary. And as he read attentively and devoutly the divine lyrics of the royal psalmist, or chanted the lamentations of Jeremiah, or meditated on the profound dogmatic sentences of St. Paul's epistles, or imbibed the clear illustrations and satisfactory homilies of St. Gregory or of others of the fathers, his soul became the centre of feelings of devotion and love and confidence of the most consoling and ecstasitic character. The part of the office for this day prescribed spoke of



boons of God to man in the natural order, none is more universal, more consoling, or blessed, than that of sleep. And so I dismiss the subject, not wishing to disturb the repose of my hero by disputations regarding the merits of the few foregoing reflections about the happiness and consolations of a calm sleep ! The very ocean on this her wildest border, the loud roaring west wind, the clarion toned eagle, the moaning sea-gull and hoarse cormorant and night-crow, all had rested and ceased their wonted clamor, uproar and screaming, at this hour which we describe, and during the repose of our prophet priest. Let us yield to sympathizing feelings of a like nature, and pause for a moment !

## CHAPTER XVI.

## “THE LAVERAGH LYNCHAGH ;” OR, LONG-HAIRED PRINCE.

IN the days of Pagan Ireland, some time before the reign of Dathi, there lived and ruled a prince of the above name, not very euphonous to English ears, and his government comprehended a great portion of the country beyond the Shannon, including the western part of the county of Clare. His castle, whence he sent forth his severe decrees, was located in a country of great scenic beauty, and was strongly fortified, both by nature and art. In the centre of a lake about a mile in circumference, stood a bold limestone rock, elevated about threescore feet above the level of the water, and on the summit of this dark frowning projecture was raised the solid square fortress of the “Laveragh Lynchagh.” Whether or not the lake was artificial or natural, cannot be now ascertained, and constituted a matter of dispute with the contemporaries of our prince, for sometimes its

the mercies and power of God, who can save from the "profound abyss," "from the mouth of the lion," "and from the noonday demon;" and from the spiritual joy with which his soul was filled, the pious father concluded that the hand of God was at work in bringing him through all his trials; and under the influence of feelings akin to those which the inspired feel, he exclaimed aloud, "Oh, my God, I thank thee for making an instrument of thy servant, like Daniel, to glorify thy name; for I know it is for the accomplishment of some inscrutable design of thy providence that thou hast conducted me to this gloomy cavern. Make known to me thy will, and I will perform it. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" and with this act of resignation terminated his first day's service in his new missionary station.

The cold shadow of night gradually spread her fading influence over the face of Nature, enveloping alike land and water in the gloom of her melancholy covering, and the keen breeze from the western billow reminded our hero of the prudence of seeking some shelter from its chilling effects. Accordingly, retiring some distance into the cave, with a stone for his pillow, the earth his bed, and his dripping cloak his only covering, he yielded his wearied limbs to the embrace of a sound and undisturbed sleep.

O soul-satisfying sleep, what a boon thou art to

man ! Thou art equally accessible to rich and poor, young and old, and, like the benevolence or mércy of God, all partake of thy unspeakable joys ! All the other pleasures of earth combined are not equal to one embrace of thy oft-repeated and refreshing visits ! Thou disdainest not the lowest cot of the poor man, but rather preferrest to linger under its humble roof than to take up thy abode in the embroidered chambers of kings and princes. Thou art present to relieve the slave after his day's toil of unrequited labor, as well as to refresh the warrior or patriot oppressed by the fatigue of his noble struggle for his country or her altars. The shipwrecked mariner finds in thee his best friend, as well as the rude and simple hunter of the forest, after his day of fruitless chase. How truly the ancients called thee divine, O best friend of weary mortals ! If thou, being but the image of death, art so pleasing, so consoling, so full of innocent and unalloyed pleasure, what a boon the reality of this image, the substance of this shadow, must be, in that eternity where its joys shall never end, and its calm shall be interrupted by such ravishing and ecstatic dreams ! I speak here, of course, of the sleep or death of the just ; for the wicked, as they shall not enjoy the eternal repose of Paradise, so they cannot, even here below, participate in the sweets of a calm and blessed sleep, such as the pure and just enjoy. All I say, or wish to be understood as saying here, is, that of all the

wealth and attendants on board of ships, faced the Atlantic Ocean, and went back to the cradle of their ancestors in Spain, rather than live under the sway of one whom they regarded as a curse to the race of Milesians, than the father of his people.

At length, however, a circumstance happened which roused the patient forbearance to an irresistible degree of fury, and soon rid the land of the "Laveragh" and his government. The twenty-first anniversary of the royal shaving was at hand, and, in the height of the general expectation, the lot of royal barber was found to have fallen on Bein MacConnaul, a young noble, the only heir of his house, as distinguished for his eloquence and virtue as he stood high in the esteem of his sovereign. This unhappy lot fell on the nobles and on the whole body of the people, like a shock of electricity. The question of the royal shaving became the question of all the demagogues and disaffected over the wide face of the princely territory. Resolutions were passed, vows were registered, and pledges given, that sooner than let MacConnaul perish or enter the castle of the long-haired prince, all the swords in the land should be unsheathed, and the last blood in their veins should be spilt, if necessary! Even the "Laveragh Lynchagh" himself seemed to be touched by the universal grief, and he answered to a deputation that waited on him, that he would rather that half his tetrarchy should be lost, than that the

loyal and patriotic line of the MacConnaul should become extinct. "But fate must not be resisted," he sternly replied, giving the deputation to understand, that as in his majesty reposed the source of all true nobility, he would issue letters-patent to re-establish or reinstate the house of MacConnaul, or that something else should be done so that the nobility should not suffer from the extinction of one of their privileged order. With an answer, in substance as the above, the nobles were bowed out of the presence of the "long-haired prince;" and well pleased with their reception they returned to their castles. MacConnaul in the mean time prepared most cheerfully for his fate, and far from murmuring he rather regarded it as a privilege to be called on by fate to suffer for his country; and with as little delay as possible, having bequeathed his vast hereditary possessions to religion and bidden farewell to his domestics and vassals, without daring to trust himself to appear in presence of his betrothed, to whom he only sent a coronet of gold and a poem of consolation, written by his own hand, he prepared to enter the castle.

Apart from the fact that the MacConnaul house was the most loyal supporter of the prince, and on that account was his life of value to "Laveragh," the tyrant's heart was for once touched with his youth and beauty, and having extracted a solemn promise from the young noble that he should never reveal what he should wit-

waters appeared almost entirely dried up ; and besides, there was no stream or river from which its waters might be supplied ; and certain it is, that though the castle remains to this day, and the rock on which it stands, the lake is no longer to be seen, nor as much as a swamp, or any other evidence that the beautiful plain around the ruined castle was once the bed of a considerable body of water. Be this as it may, we know from history, and the mother of history, tradition, that there was such a lake, as we can see there was such a castle ; and that it was the stronghold of this blackheaded prince, cannot be for a moment doubted. He has been depicted by bards and painters as a man of very stern look ; his hair dark as the raven's wing, and flowing over his shoulders ; his eyes bright and glowing as a comet ; his figure tall and gaunt, though of wiry and masculine formation ; in a word, his whole mien was such as to inspire terror rather than command love or esteem. It is true, his rule over his subjects was mild, and marked by frequent acts of unprecedented liberality ; but still, there was something in his looks and general character which detracted from his frequent acts of generosity, which dissatisfied the people, and caused them often to wish that his young sons would come of age, in order that their allegiance might be transferred from one who lived so retiredly, and whose conduct they could not understand, to whichever of the young princes deserved by his virtues

and martial exploits to rule in the ancient seat of his ancestors. Already "Laveragh" had ruled twenty years over his obedient subjects, and already twenty of his most worthy nobles, chosen by lot, fell victims to his mysterious and inexplicable tyranny. This monarch, it seems, shaved only once a year, about the first of May; and as he disdained, or was ignorant of the use of his razor himself, one of his nobles was obliged to discharge this act of vassalage to his prince; but it was well understood that whoever was chosen by lot to fill this office of royal barber, was never to return to his family, but either confined for life in a dungeon of the castle, or put to death privately, or without having any explanation giving the cause of such a proceeding. The only reason he assigned to appease the murmurs of his subjects, was that a certain Druid prophet named "MacBrenagh" ordered it so, as a step that was required by fate for the security of the throne, and the prosperity of the people. Oftentimes rebellions were just on the eve of breaking out, and men were leagued and sworn to attack the tyrant in his Island Castle; but, by the influence of the Druid priests, and especially of "MacBrenagh," all sedition was speedily suppressed, and peace and order restored all over the realm of "Laveragh Lynchagh." This state of things continued for twenty years, causing the emigration of many houses of noble blood to Leinster and Ulster, and there were some who, putting all their



ness in the operation of shaving, an exception was made in his favor, and to the amazement and joy of all men, after having spent a few days in feasting at the royal table, the noble barber returned to his vassals and castle !

The people were in ecstasies at the safety of the young noble, and he was continually asked how he escaped the dungeon or sword of the long-haired *ree* or king. The prudent MacConnaul acknowledged and thanked them for their courtesies, but ever evaded the most remote hint to what he had seen. To one he made one answer, and to a second another, and to a third a different one, as he judged of the capacity or penetration of his interrogators ; but the shrewdest answer he could make satisfied not the curiosity of the suspecting and sagacious people, and most of them departed more convinced than ever that there was some unexplained prodigy in "Cuslaun aglaun Duv," and, that the king had something about him which he wished to conceal, or that he probably made his "Baltinne," or "May dinner," on the carcasses of each of his unlucky barbers. Soothsayers were consulted and prophets bribed, and the stars themselves read to find out the exact truth, but to no purpose. The answers received were all either absurd or self-contradictory, so that up to the escape of "MacConnaul" there was no clue found to the mystery flung around the "long-haired king."

MacConnaul slept ill the night after the shaving, and during a whole year he was tormented in mind, which seemed weighed down under the burden of its own secret. The fair tint of health had gradually left his manly cheek. The hunting-spear and the broadsword rusted in his lordly hall, and his broad shield was unused and dusty. Even his harp, with which he delighted and elevated the soul of the fair lady he was betrothed to, hung neglected in his high-roofed dormitory, and his beloved "Gilla Grenia" had not heard his soft voice chanting the noble deeds of heroes, or the more pleasing conquests of love, for a whole month. And sad were the forebodings of her pure and fluttering heart, when she heard not the echo of his golden bugle on the sides of Mount Callan, or saw not his well-trained deer-hounds coursing the red-skinned antlers on the hills of Burren ! MacConnaul sought the counsel of wise men to resolve his doubts ; and after due sacrifices to the sun, which his fathers worshipped, he made a pilgrimage to the shrine of a celebrated druid prophet to seek for instruction in his present doubts.

Having offered gifts and confided the burden of his troubled bosom to the "Sacred Seer," MacConnaul returned home, renewed in spirits and high in hope, and going into his extensive ancestral woods, there, according to the counsel of his druidical director, he breathed his secret at the foot of a wild ash or "cauran" tree,

and thus eased his conscience of the heavy burden that oppressed it. It happened at this time, that the people were preparing to celebrate the festival of "Baltinne," or the "Irish Pan," and accidentally, or by the guidance of Providence, coming to the tree to whose keeping the secret was intrusted, behold, they no sooner began to blow their rude pipes, made of the tender limbs of the mountain ash, than out came the mystery of the shaving and the secret of the long-haired prince. For the music given forth very distinctly uttered the following couplet :

\* "Tha da claus Coppel  
Eir a Laveragh Lynchagh."

"The savage prince whose yoke you've borne for years,  
Instead of human, hath a horse's ears."

This startling intelligence, communicated by inspiration, was soon spread, as if by magic, through the length and breadth of the country. From castle it flew to castle, from village to village, and from town to town, till the face of the tetrarchy presented the appearance of so many invaded beehives, so loud and clamorous was the commo-

\* Does not this legend bear a striking affinity to the fabled Midas of Ovid? Nor is this the only instance of almost perfect identity between the tales of ancient Irish bards and those of the classical Greek and Roman poets; and is it not more than probable that the latter were modelled on, if not copies of the more ancient Irish and Etruscan legends?—AUTHOR.

tion that pervaded every hamlet and village and town over the country. The people marched from all directions towards the tyrant's stronghold. They were led on by the nobility. The very Druid priests, who were hitherto the stoutest pillars of his throne, fail to sustain him, now that they see him deserted by all. The splendid endowments and costly presents bestowed on that crafty class of state-paid officials, failed to make them proof against the increasing disaffection, and in the hour of need they denounce him who hitherto flourished by their predictions and second-sights. Finally, the life-guards of the prince revolt, refusing to serve a monster who was part human and part equine; and ere the feast of "Baltinne" was closed, poor "Laveragh" lost his head, and his huge ears were nailed, for public edification, to a great mountain-ash tree that stood before his castle-gate, where they remained for many a day, as a memorial of such a wonderful deliverance from tyranny, the very birds of carrion themselves appearing to have no appetite for the flesh of such a sacrilegious and inhuman monster! The lake has since disappeared, with the royal palace, the castles of the nobles, and the dwellings of their vassals and tenants; but the ruin of the island castle, together with the memory of its occupant, still exists, to attest the ancient splendor of Erin, as well as to prove the indestructible character of her annals and traditions of her people.

There were many great kings before Agamemnon, many patriots before Brutus, Tell or Wallace, or Brien Boru, and many revolutions and dethronements of tyrants before Tarquin or Nero, if the pen of the historian or the inspired numbers of the poet had not been wanting to immortalize such exploits. We therefore claim from our readers the same credit for the foregoing brief history of the "Laveragh Lynchagh," as must be given to many other equally authentic memoirs of very distinguished personages in all ages of the world and in various stations of life, but the memory of whose exploits is lost to posterity for the want of proper historians.

We give our readers this assurance, however, that we have neither added to nor taken from the foregoing, but given it as it was often related to us at the old fireside, by grave and venerable men, not far from the splendid ruins of this selfsame castle of the old horse-eared tyrant aforesaid.

Many a time we strolled around its ruins, to gaze with wonder on its massive masonry, and the adhesive quality of the mortar used in its construction, which converted the whole edifice into one solid mass, as if it were cut out from some gigantic quarry. Often did we climb the ivy-clad walks of its gables, and partitions, and buttresses, and ramparts, to reach the nest of the hawk or raven, or to gain a view of the charming scenery around, from one of its still preserved turrets. Alas!

then we were too thoughtless or ignorant to appreciate the thousand treasures of ruined castles and abbeys, and round tower and rath and lis, and cave and "crumlagh," as well as story, and tradition, and legends, all illustrative of the glory and renown of our native land, which might be collected or visited in almost every acre of the classic soil of Clare. Now, we must be content, after the example of one who had lost a great fortune, to economize the scanty supply which has remained with us, and attempt to save one legend of our country from the oblivion that awaits millions of others far more interesting and valuable than any that adorns our scanty pages.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE HERMIT'S NOVITIATE.

Two full moons had waned and disappeared, and a third was rounding her gibbous shoulders, and Father O'Donnell had not heard the voice of a human being. The shrill, clarion-like notes of the eagle returning with his prey, the hoarse croak of the cormorant, or the melancholy plaint of the bittern or seagull, were the only voices that broke in on his solitude. These winged tribes of the air, of various habits, and differing in their manner of life as much as they did in the color and shape of their plumage, notwithstanding that their numbers were countless, and the wild region which they had chosen for their dwellings barren, yet seemed to enjoy peace and contentment, and their government might be advantageously imitated by men, as it occurred to the mind of our hermit. He therefore learned, and gradually began to practise, the contentment, the frugality, and the cheerfulness, which evidently reigned in the

feathered republic which had established itself, from time immemorial, on the inaccessible high places above and around him. Here the eagle, though his royal lineage could be traced back to the flood at least, claimed no homage from his subjects, and was content with that calm, undisputed dignity which belonged to his family ; and though he might safely and without danger to his aerial throne, enforce the support of his eyry on the subjects of his own kingdom, yet he seldom, except in seasons of great famine, urged this right, but rather levied on the quadruped race these necessary supplies. Nor, after the bad examples of human kings, was the soul of the magnanimous king of birds liable to be disturbed by the satire or mockery of inferior subjects ; and he often allowed the sparrow or the wren to perch on his back and peek at one of his gigantic feathers by way of insult to his authority, without the slightest manifestation of spleen or vindictiveness against these vulgar satirists and impotent rebels against kingly sway.

From these, and like observations, on the only living beings around him, our hermit's well-instructed and active mind drew reflections to entertain himself with, and keep up his spirits, during the few hours of the day that were not occupied with his devotions. His first occupation in his cave was to smoothēn the top of a fragment of rock which had fallen from its roof, so that he could use it as an altar, on which to offer the holy sacri-



fice, and, after some months' labor, he shaped it, by the aid of some iron instruments found on the wreck, so that there was not only platform, table, and steps, but even a rude tabernacle, crucifix, and candlestick, were all formed out of the one ledge of rock, by rude but incessant chiselling ! What cannot industry do, inspired by devotion ? Here, in the wildest spot in Ireland, or probably in the world, the scene most likely of violence and crime, whose record is only kept in the dark archives of eternity, the prediction of the prophet is fulfilled ; the victim of peace is daily offered ; the will of Heaven is exactly carried out ; the privations of nature become sweet, and the horrid cave becomes the consecrated dwelling of a saint. Every morning at the dawn of day, long ere the lazy autumnal sun showed his round lewd face above the mists of the ocean, the father had his mass said, and his thanksgiving, and little hours finished, having chanted the matins and lauds on the night previous, as is ever the custom of priests. He next proceeded to the mouth of his great cave cell, to gather some herbs, or pick up whatever Providence might have sent in his way for the support of life. Oftentimes he made his only meal on the tender flesh of lambs and kids, which the young eagles of the eyry had, after satisfying their gluttonous appetites, thrown over the cliff, and which fell at the mouth of the cave. At times he was satisfied with a few handfuls of the

*whortleberry*, or "*whurts*," which grew in great abundance on the surrounding cliffs, or contented himself with a few bunches of trefoil, or clover salad, which constituted the chief vegetation of these steeps. On one day a fish thrown in by a wave would supply his repast ; on another, he would be satisfied with picking some heads of wheat and ears of corn, which the crows and rooks, having plundered from the farms, brought to secrete in these precipices, as their winter supplies. The same marauding parties also brought a considerable quantity of potatoes, which were his only vegetables, and of which he planted some on the small plot of soil which fronted the cave, and between rocks, where they grew luxuriantly, and produced abundantly. Thus, by the providence of God, were the earth, the sea, and the air made to contribute to the support of one whose chief occupation was the worship of God, and who had no thought of what he "should eat, or wherewith be clothed."

How little will suffice for the support of man, if he only live within moderation and according to nature ! And all the wealth that ever was amassed, or all the treasure that ever was dug out of the earth, cannot give a man much more than his food and clothing. Why do men then run over sea and land, dig into the bowels of the earth, and contract diseases by which they die in millions before their time, when all they can really en-

joy is only what our hero, Father O'Donnell, got from a wave of the ocean, from the crow or eagle, that soared through the air over his head, or from the small patch of sixteen feet square that stood before his cave on the Atlantic coast? The gold-hunters say, they want to get rich, in order to be able to do good, to give to charity, or relieve the poor, according to the counsels of the Gospel. Yes, but the very fact that there is such a scramble for riches, is the chief cause why there are poor at all. If all men were to live according to nature, and were content with a patriarchal competency, there would be probably very few poor; too few to require that we should put ourselves to such extreme care, labor, and trouble, not to say danger and sin, to relieve their wants. The Lord, who tells us to give, if we have abundance, nowhere tells us to have or get all we can; on the contrary we are warned of the danger of possessing much of the goods of this world, and strongly counselled to get rid of them as quick as we can, by devoting them to charity, in order to avoid the very great danger of riches, which may obstruct our entrance into that fold of heaven, the door of which is so narrow and difficult of entrance. Hence the primitive Christians and martyrs, the anchorets and hermits of after ages, and the religious orders of modern times have ever showed the sincerity of their conversion, by renouncing the world, selling what they possessed, and distributing their means to

the poor. On the other hand, wherever the spirit of religion has grown cold, or the church has suffered from revolutionary innovations in creed, these customs of the first ages, of the middle ages, and of all that is heroic and admirable in the present age, have been laughed at, condemned and disused, and the doctrines and counsels of the Gospel regarding poverty, chastity, and the danger of riches, and the value of self-denial, are exploded as remnants of a barbarous and unenlightened age, and fragments of a Christianity not yet improved to the modern optimist pattern!

The life which Paul the hermit chose from inclination and free will, and in which he persevered for eighty years, Father O'Donnell was invited to embrace by the evident decree of Providence: and though we cannot record of the latter, that he was fed by a raven, who brought him his daily ration, as of the former, yet we consider the life of the one equally meritorious with that of the other, and both favored by Heaven with like graces and privileges.

After living in the manner above partly described,—his time alternating between short slumbers, frequent and protracted mental and vocal prayer, the reading of the Divine office, the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, and patient labor around his little sanctuary, and in his little garden,—when about eight months of his novitiate were expired, our hermit one day heard voices

above him in the air, and looking up he saw baskets with men in them suspended over the face of the awful precipice, but at a dazzling distance overhead. From catching at a few words, spoken by these men above, in the native Gaelic, he not only had no doubt he was yet on the Irish coast, but he knew from the occupation of the men, who continued to snare the birds off their nests, with nooses of horsehair, affixed to long rods, that he was on the coast of Clare, and that these were the "Cliffs of Moher;" "and," said he to himself, "I will wager my life this cave I now use as my church, and presbytery, and granary, is no other than the much talked of subterraneous passage of "Laveragh Lynchagh, where he used to conduct his victims from his castle to this precipice, and then fling them to the ocean." As our hermit, as we shall in future call him occasionally, was an antiquarian, and as he knew well the ocean here was about two miles in a right line from where the castle of the "long-haired prince" ruled, he concluded that this was no other than the oft-spoken of, but long lost "Boher duraghe," or "dark road," on which the victims of the "Laveragh" were led to eternity. This was our hermit's conclusion, and it was correct, as we shall show more fully in a subsequent chapter, leaving him for the present to his meditations on the vicissitudes of life, and the wonderful ways of God! The "*Te Deum*" concluded the exercises of this day, and he

prepared to offer a mass of thanksgiving on the morrow, for having heard the voices of fellow-beings, the first since the shipwreck, and having in this providential manner gleaned very agreeable information regarding the state of the country, from the protracted dialogue of two industrious bird-snarers overhead. He might have easily made himself heard by these friendly peasants, and through their assistance get released from his captivity ; but having now lived several months the life of a hermit, and feeling that spiritually he was a gainer, and being under a species of conviction that God's hand had placed him here for some ulterior view, he overcame the temptation that suggested to him to consult for his freedom and personal safety, and resolved for "better for worse," to put up with the inconveniences of his state, and become thus more dependent on God for his supplies!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE RAPPAREES.

LEAVING our hermit to his solitude, and his ascetic exercises in his "vast cave," we must return to the Captain and his faithful Achates O'Mara, in their new mode of life on the favoring declivities and haunts of old Knockmoldown. When the report of the rescue of the state-prisoner became general, and it was authenticated by Cuddihy, whose laziness led to his arrest, that O'Mara was the principal agent in that disloyal exploit, a large reward was offered for the escaped Captain, and for his rescuer; and as the only way of escaping their enemies, they had to take to the hills for their "keeping." Though the peasantry might be depended on as faithful, hospitable, and all that, yet the Captain did not think it prudent to expose their patriotism to the persecution that awaited it in case of discovery, or to the temptation of the liberal reward offered in the gov-

ernment proclamation for his own arrest. He therefore at once made up his mind that nothing remained for him but to embrace the proposal of his companion, to "roam a wild Rapparee," till such time as Providence might enable him to take a more active part in the emancipation of his country and her sons, from their present degraded condition.

After having provided themselves with a sufficient supply of ammunition, and a few articles of heavy woollen clothing, with some provisions, armed with pistol, rifle, and fowling-piece, the pair, thus equipped, under cover of night sought the remotest wilds of the mountain. There, under the guidance of O'Mara, the Captain soon found himself snugly domiciled in a subterraneous dwelling of three chambers, in one of which was a "heather couch dry," specially prepared for his honor. The interior of this artificial underground dwelling was perfectly dry and well ventilated, and from a wooden candlestick with two branches, with its lower end sunk in the floor, a pair of well dipped rush lights cast their tiny chaste light around the doorless apartments of this home of the Rapparee. It may seem incredible to one whose knowledge of mountains is limited to the Catskill, the Green Mountains, or the Alleghanies, that such a place as I here describe, could be formed by one unaided laborer with his spade or "*slawn*." But in the mountains of Erin it could, and in a few



hours. Here, in this "new world," in our ideas of mountains are generally included thick forests, precipitous ravines, vast rocks, and a hard gravelly soil ; whereas in Ireland the mountains are bare of trees, smooth surfaced, and bald, and generally have a crust or coat of peat surface, of from five to fifty feet deep ; the only shrub or vegetation growing on their sides or summits, being the heath and the whort vine, intermingled with a sort of grass with a downy top or blossom, called in Irish "caravaun," and exactly resembling cotton, or the down of the swan. There one needs but to cut a sod of the tough surface, with its locks of graceful heath attached, and underneath to dig out the soft turf or peat, and with very little labor a cave or space can be formed beneath, of several feet or yards square, without the slightest danger of the sides or surface caving in ; and what is still stranger, the sides and bottom in a few days will become so dry, the surface appearing as if lined with a dry spongy coating, that it is perfectly free from dampness. Such were the hiding-places of our forefathers of the faith, in the days of persecution, who like the primitive Roman martyrs, had to return to the bowels of their mother Earth, to be born again into the blessed life of Christianity, or suffer the most cruel treatment from the satanic hatred of their fellow-men and fellow-citizens, on account of their attachment to the sublime lessons and salutary restraints of the Gospel of

Jesus Christ. Poor Ireland, who never had to have recourse to such haunts, to escape the injuries of *her* Pagan children, had her days of trial only deferred, and in the vaunted blazing light of the past three centuries had to hide her head in her mountain caves, to escape the cruelty, not of her own sons, but of foreign tyranny, and the persecution of an imported superstition !

Such caverns, as we here speak of, owing to the industry of O'Mara, were numerous on the breast and sides of Knockmeldown, his previous frequent escapes from gamekeepers, rendering such hiding-places necessary in several parts of his hunting routes. The only entrance to such caves was from overhead, and of a circular form, resembling and shaped like the mouth of a church, and the ventilation, or admittance of air drafts was promoted by two other smaller apertures, one towards the bottom, which also served as a conductor of any water that might ooze from its sides, and the other, towards the roof through a horn or tin pipe inserted at the top, and concealed outside amid the heather. This was the residence of our "Rapparees ;" by day and by night, for months and for years, they never quitted its gloom, save when necessity forced them to look out for game, or when the cause of the peasantry called them to inflict well-merited punishment on a cruel landlord, or a grinding agrarian oppressor of the poor.

Many and daring were their encounters with the game-

keepers, and almost superhuman their escapes from the pursuit of the yeomanry and the local police. Sometimes they would ride into the town of Cloughmore, and by the light of the moon, or at day-dawn, challenge the sentry on guard, with "hurrah for an Irish Republic, and death to King George!" on other occasions, they would attack parties of four and five policemen, or yeomen from their mountain rock fastness, and rescue some wretched prisoners being conducted to jail for some slight offence against landlord law. One day, disguised in the uniform of policemen, they would visit a neighboring barrack to learn the secrets and plans of their enemies, and on the evening of the same day, they would be employed in drilling, and preparing for the expected rising, the peasantry of the adjoining parishes. Now they were employed in the act of disarming a solitary dragoon, and casing him of his despatches, and again they would summon the tyrant of some rural castle to deliver up to them his ammunition and fire-arms. In fact they looked on themselves as at war with the Government which held their country in bondage, and they looked on these acts, from which they would otherwise shrink with horror, as a part of the tactics of the guerilla-warfare which they were obliged to wage. Whether or not they were justified in their incursions on their enemies, we will not here presume to decide, but we must candidly relate the leading circumstances

at least, of the life which our "wild Rapparees" led while unjustly outlawed, and denied the privileges of either law or justice. This much alone we must say, that, however wild their conduct, and sudden the chastisement which they were the instruments of inflicting on the cruel and the unjust, all these acts of theirs fell infinitely short of the cowardly cruelty of the ruffian soldiery against the ground-down peasantry, which they were authorized to plunder and madden into rebellion.

As an instance of the prowess of our Rapparees, in carrying on the system of strategic warfare, to which they devoted their lives, the following well-known facts are recorded as having taken place in the city of Clonmel. A young farmer's son, of the name of Holt, eighteen years of age, was under sentence of death, his sole crime being, to be found with a fowling-piece in his possession on a Sunday morning, at break of day, by a party of police yeomanry, as they were returning from their nightly patrol towards the town of Killenaule. After having been felled to the ground, and otherwise badly treated by the yeomanry, the brave young peasant was conducted to the next barrack of English soldiers of the line; and there, having been tried by court-martial, was sentenced to death by hanging in the front of the county jail, on the next patron, or "pattern" day of market. The severity of the sentence, as well as the extreme youth, and well-known good character of the

young farmer, created the most lively sympathy in his favor, and many of the neighboring gentry interfered for his reprieve, if not for his pardon, and among others Lord Barterborough, of whom his father was a tenant. All was in vain, however; Colonel Clive was now succeeded in command by one whose cruelty was proverbial, and lost no opportunity to make an example of whoever was so unlucky as to fall into his power.

The united prayers of priest and peasant, and gentry and nobility, fell unheeded on the hardened ears of a Government whose instincts were bloodthirsty, and whose hostility to the people was only equalled by their desire to overrun and plunder those whom centuries of misrule had completely subjected to their cruel power. It was shown, on the representation of the most impartial witnesses, that neither the young man nor his father, nor any of his relatives, were connected with the United Irish Society,\* nor with any of the other illegal confederations of the country. No matter: he was found with arms in his hands, and seemed to know their use, and this was crime enough in the eyes of the Government of the time to deprive a human being of life, and by that cruel act to rob themselves of a brave and virtuous subject.

The "pattern" day was at hand, and a large crowd of people assembled on the fair green of Clonmel, gazing

\* This and a few other anacronisms are unavoidable in such a narrative as this.—AUTHOR.

with horror on a gallows of some thirty-five feet high, which stood on its centre, commanding a view of the town and its vicinity. Soon after the slow beating of a savage drum, intermingled with the soul-stirring and triumphant melody of the "Boyne Water," struck terror into the hearts of the assembled thousands. Now a large body of cavalry, with drawn swords, rushed along the centre of the road, crying "Way! way!" and striking at any unfortunate persons or wretched animals which were not quick enough in attending to their war-cry. A company of royal artillery, with six pieces of ordnance loaded with "grape," presided over by as many cannoneers, carrying lighted brands, guarded the entrances to the green. Next came a large body of infantry, four deep, in the centre of which was led poor Holt, firmly handcuffed and tied with chains, on a cart drawn by a mule. The youth held his face buried in his hands, and was apparently in tears. The death-warrant having been read, and the rebellious peasantry having been kept at a safe distance by the fixed bayonets and threatening aspects of the military, Holt, having been allowed permission by the Sheriff, delivered himself of the following few words :

"I am now going to appear before the tribunal of my God, whose pardon I ask for all my sins, and from whose mercy I expect a fairer trial than I got from those who condemned me to die by this rope. I was falsely accused of being a rebel, and I was never guilty of any

crime against king or country. I complain of the treatment I received from the soldiers who arrested me, of the conduct of my jailers, and, above all, of the cruelty of depriving me of the opportunity of having recourse to the comforts and consolations of my religion. I asked, I begged, I prayed for the services of a priest of the Catholic Church, of which I was baptized and lived an unworthy member; but my entreaties, and petitions, and tears, were all in vain. I weep not for having my course cut off so soon, nor are these tears shed for parents, sisters, brothers, or comrades, or even country, though I love them all to excess. No, no; but these scalding torrents flow to appease the anger of Heaven for sins and frailties that I have not had opportunity to confess, or, I fear, sufficient time to atone for, by my heartfelt contrition and sorrow. I forgive all who have injured me, and pray that God may forgive those who have cruelly robbed me of those consolatory sacraments that would deprive death of its terrors, and render this scene one of rejoicing and gladness, instead of one of tears and repentance. May God forgive me, as I forgive all men. Amen."

During the delivery of this brief speech, and while the hangman was busy in oiling his rope and preparing the black cap for his victim, a cry of "Way! way!—God save the king!" was uttered in a stentorian voice, between the two lines of infantry that guarded the

eastern passage to the green, and at the same time two dragoons were seen rushing up at full gallop to where the Colonel stood at the head of his troop.

“An express from his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, to Colonel Bagwell!” cried the first in rank of the dragoons, who, from his epaulettes and superfine scarlet, appeared to be a Captain in his regiment. The seal was instantly broken open by the violent Colonel, the contents glanced over, the great seal at the bottom examined, and in a voice naturally coarse, but now rendered threefold savage by suppressed rage, he roared, “Stop the execution of the prisoner, Sheriff! Let him be remanded back to his cell in the county jail.”

“I beg your pardon, Colonel,” said the *soi-disant* Captain Doyle. “The orders are not to remand him back to prison, but to be conveyed without delay to Dublin Castle.”

“Let’s see! Yes, you are right, Captain Doyle. I didn’t take time to glean the whole contents of his Excellency’s despatch. Hang it! this places me here in a very awkward position, and I fear will have a very bad effect in the pacification of this accursed country. But the powers that be must have their own way.”

“I agree with you, Colonel,” said the express; “and as far as my humble opinion went, I gave it freely at the Castle; but there appears to have been some influence from the country, from some high quarter, brought to bear on his Excellency.”



“Yes, I don’t doubt it. There is a stupid lord here in the neighborhood, and he swore he should have him pardoned, or lose his castle. The confounded ignominious! how can the country be pacified or governed, unless we military men have our own way? But, by Hercules! I will resign this command unless these pardons are put a stop to.”

“I beg you, however, Colonel, not to conclude so hurriedly on the subject. I should say that there is no pardon involved in this very extraordinary despatch. It is my opinion the prisoner is ordered to the Castle because it was rumored that he could give very useful information to the Government.”

“Fudge! fudge! man,” cried the Colonel, whose anger was rising to its storming point. “He has no information to give, nor can he do any confounded service to our people. He is a poor lad, who knows not the definition of rebellion, and who has cried himself to death because I would not allow his priest to visit him. Take ’im away with you, in the devil’s name! and I hope it will be a long day again before I am made such a jackass of, as I am by your despatch, Captain Doyle. Good day, sir.”

“But, Colonel, won’t it be necessary to give me a few men to escort us through this disturbed county”—

“*Disturbed* hell, man! There is not in all Ireland a more peaceful district than this where I have com-

mand. Do you want to insult me, Captain Doyle, by assuming that a county where I have commanded for nine months could be disturbed? No, sir; there is not a rebel nor robber in all this military district, nor in the adjoining ones, except two cowardly poachers who infest the vicinity of Cloughmore. I suppose you and your brave companion—a Scotsman, I guess—will not run away from two shoeless cowardly poachers! No, Captain, as the despatch says not a word about sending an escort, and as the matter has been taken out of my hands, I wash my hands of all further responsibility; and giving you charge of the prisoner, beg to say, farewell, Captain Doyle;” and so having said, he ordered his men back to Clonmel Barracks, cursing, in under tones, the authority that deprived him of his victim, and by robbing him of his temper, spoiled the pleasure that he anticipated, on the evening of this day, with a party of his friends, whom he expected to compliment him on his triumph, and flatter his abilities for governing.

Meantime Captain Doyle and his aid, who were no others than Charles O'Donnell and O'Mara, having secured Holt on the horse of the latter, made off at full speed to their retreats in the mountain, rejoicing at the success that attended their plans. In order to comprehend how this success was attained, it will be necessary to bear in mind that O'Donnell and his companion had repeatedly captured and eased of their arms, clothing

and despatches, certain express dragoons sent from Dublin Castle to various parts of the country, to camps or garrisons where colonels and superior officers commanded ; and it was by means of the uniforms thus obtained, and seals attached to the intercepted letters, that they were able to pass themselves off as Captain Doyle and Sergeant Hainy, and thus rescued Holt from the gallows. This same young man afterwards, in '98, became a distinguished guerilla rebel chief, and the bravest of the brave. When the insurgent troops were cut to pieces and dispersed, Holt retired with a small band of trusty followers to the mountains of Wicklow and in the Galties, where he succeeded in annoying the king's army for several months so successfully that the Government were compelled to treat with him, and finally to secure him full indemnity and a free pardon in his native land. After having lived to a good old age, and reared and educated a fine family, this very Holt died a few years since, lamented by all who knew him, leaving behind him the proud distinction of a noble patriot, an honest man and fervent Christian. Happy man, of enviable life and death. The ancients would have raised an imperishable mausoleum to perpetuate the memory of such ; yet Ireland, so barren of such heroes of late years, and so deluded and cursed by a generation of quack and counterfeit-would-be heroes, allows the body of Holt, her bravest son, to lie undistinguished among the vulgar dead, without a stone to mark the spot where he sleeps !

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE CAPTAIN RENOUNCES THE LIFE OF a RAPPAREE,  
AND RETURNS TO FRANCE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many and daring adventures which the life of a Rapparee offered to the bold patriot who preferred the wild mountain cave to the slavery of more refined dwellings, it must be confessed that such a life was any thing but agreeable to the accomplished Captain of the "Chasseurs de Vincennes." He saw enough of the country, and was sufficiently intimate with the minds of the peasantry, to be convinced that there was no immediate prospect of amelioration for either. He consequently came to the resolution of returning back to his adopted country as soon as an opportunity would offer. His departure was accelerated, too, by the fact that his brother Thomas, who had been imprisoned ever since the escape of the priest, had lately obtained his liberty, on condition of never again setting his foot on his native land or any other part of the world where Britain held sway.

The brothers found means of communicating with one another ; and it was determined, after the almost universal instinct of the Irish heart, that France should become the land of their choice. There, the influence of the Captain at court would be made subsidiary to the advancement and comfort of his brother's family. There, too, Miss O'Donnell and her sister could obtain that education which was denied them in their native land, and afterwards take their proper place in society, which the bigotry of the ascendant Church shut them out from at home.

Beautiful and glorious France ! how attached the exile of Erin is to thy vine-clad hills and fruit-bearing plains ! Never has a son of Ireland trod on thy fertile soil, that his heart has not felt itself beat freer within his bosom, and that he has not thanked God for, even if it were his temporary escape from the cruel yoke of England. And the most untutored peasant on the hill-side of Munster or Connaught almost adores thy chivalry and thy bravery, and looks to thee, of all the other nations of the earth, for that liberty and final emancipation after which his soul sighs, and without which it can never be satisfied, notwithstanding the smooth speeches of demagogues and the loyal preachings of self-constituted leaders ! There is a tradition as wide as the four seas of Erin, as deep and as sanguine as the Irish heart, and as firmly rooted as an inspired prophecy in the soul

of Ireland, that liberty shall never beam over her weeping countenance till thy imperial eagle, O France! perches on her southern coast. Hence, in every part of Ireland, from the cold north to the sunny south, from the wild romantic west to the well tilled and commercial east, in every house and at every fireside, from the fisherman's hut on the seashore to the cottage of the farmer or the castle of the lord, every son of France is received in hospitality with a "Ceade mille faulte," "a hundred thousand welcomes." "*Tros Tyriusve*," every Irishman looks on every Frenchman as a brother more fortunate, but of the same race with himself, and a brother from whose bravery and victory, like that of Abraham, he expects to be yet rescued from the cruel captivity of the worse than pagan tyrants of England. May Providence hasten the fulfilment of these hopes and aspirations, and may none of our readers ever die till the shamrock and the lily are seen blended together in sweet union in all places that are now desecrated by the beastly emblems of Britain! Let Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of the French, take instruction and warning from the error of his great uncle, who, because he neglected to fulfil the mission he received from Heaven for the conquest of England, was rejected like Saul, and died miserably under the hands of the enemy of God, whom he had not the heart to subdue. The present Emperor of France has it in his power not only to equal

but eclipse the glory of his uncle, if he is but faithful to the mission to which humanity and religion call him ; that is, to be the defender of the faith, the rebuilder of the divine temple of God, which is the church, and subduer of worse than heathen England, which, by her cruel persécution of the Just One in every nation in which she has power, is the evident forerunner of Anti-Christ, and whose annihilation is fervently prayed for by the wretched millions over whom her cursed sway extends. Let his majesty inscribe "DELEND A EST CARTHAGO," "down with England !" on his imperial banners, or let his race and his dynasty perish for ever from the face of the earth and the memory of men. France owes Erin a debt of gratitude in return for the services of her glorious brigade, as well as for her contribution to her chivalry and statesmanship, by the emigration thither of some of the noblest Irish families whose descendants have shed a lustre on her crown, and have been the best defenders of her liberties and renown ; and the liquidation of this debt can only be effected by the liberation of Ireland from the yoke of Britain by the active co-operation of the former.

France gave liberty to America by sending her fleets and men, and money and statesmen, to aid her struggling sons against England, and this she did, without being under any obligation to the weak colonies, through sole love of liberty and hatred of British tyranny. Yet,

Ireland endeared to her, and connected with her by the most intimate historical ties, she has permitted for seven centuries to lie bound in chains under the weight of the most gigantic and cruel oppression that ever existed ! When all Europe was oppressed and overrun by savage war, Ireland, then, was at the meridian of her civilization and glory, and there was no nation of Europe to which she was not a benefactor through her scholars, her missionaries, her artists, her saints, as well as through her colleges, her religious houses, her hospitals and her asylums ; and yet, all Europe seems to have forgotten the benefactions of the "*Insula Sanctorum*," and all to have sinned by the dark vice of ingratitude.

When with straining eyes to the west, the oppressed peoples of Europe chanted the following hymn, little was it dreamed that the day would come, when the star of Erin's supremacy would have so suddenly and hopelessly gone down, or that the mother of European civilization should have to call, and alas ! call in vain, on the nations that graduated in her schools, for a practical return of that knowledge in "science, arts and arms," which she communicated to them from her abundance, and gratuitously in their hour of poverty and destitution !

"Far westward lies an Isle of ancient fame,  
By nature blessed, and Erin is her name ;  
Enrolled in books : exhaustless is her store,  
Of veiny silver and of golden ore ;



Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth,  
With gems her waters, and her air with health ;  
Her waving furrows yield with bending corn,  
And arts and arms her envied sons adorn."

DONATUS.

On the fifteenth of August, 1781, after a little more than four years sojourn in his native land, Charles O'Donnell, with his brother Thomas and all the immediate relatives, bid an eternal adieu to Ireland, and returned to his adopted home on board an Irish merchant vessel bound for "Havre de Grace." His embarkation on the same vessel that carried his brother and relatives was attended by no small danger, owing to the vigilance of the authorities, who, notwithstanding the comparative liberality of the Irish government of that day, could not change their cruel natures, and with all the vaunted triumphs of 1782, were still of the old intolerant and ascendant stamp ! Besides, there was a liberal reward offered for the Captain's arrest, and the chance of securing it exercised a greater influence on the minds of the officials of that day, than all the eloquence of Grattan and Flood. The ship cleared out from the port of Waterford, but the Captain, named Philan, was let into the secret of O'Donnell's intended embarkation, and he gave his instructions as to the time and place of his taking him on board. Accordingly, O'Donnell having disguised himself as a sailor, went on by foot from his hiding-place

to Youghall, where he managed, by the aid of a fisherman, to reach "Cable Island," a huge mass of rock some two miles in circumference at the base, cast at the very mouth of Youghall Harbor; and after having secreted himself here, for twenty or thirty hours, he finally succeeded in joining his beloved relatives. The pleasantly situated town of Youghall, washed by the sea and the Blackwater on its southern and eastern sides, and sheltered on the west and north by delightful hills, with its face turned to the rising sun, was then as it is partially yet, one of the strongholds of Protestant ascendancy and traitorous loyalty to England. Hence, it was an enterprise of no small risk to embark from its harbor or escape the vigilance of its Orange myrmidons. As he crossed the long bridge between Waterford and Cork Counties, he was arrested by the guard, and had to submit to a personal search and other insults, ere he was allowed to pass. As he approached the town, he saw a great concourse of people assembled on the strand, and soon learned that it was assembled to witness the flogging of three unhappy men whose crime was that they refused to cry "H—ll to the Pope," or drink other loyal toasts proposed by their oppressors. The form of punishment was this. The men were divested of their clothing, completely denuded, their hands were tied together, and with a rope affixed, were fastened to a "triangle," or to the top of three stout poles stuck into the sand, and fas-

tened at the end. In this position, their hands tied above their heads, their faces together, and each with one leg firmly fastened to the stakes or lower part of the poles, these poor men had to suffer the cruel lashes of a furious and barbarous militia, or renounce their religion by committing foul blasphemy against the most sacred articles of the oldest Christian creed in the world ! His feelings on witnessing this heart-rending scene, all but betrayed O'Donnell to the fury of the yeomanry, who noticed his taciturnity, and ordered him to quit a scene where none but the "loyal" alone were admitted even as spectators. "It was fortunate that you chanced to come on this playday of the yeomen," said Linchan, who steered him to the island, "for if they had not this flogging to engage their attention, it would be impossible for a bird to leave this part unknown to the villains."

"Indeed, Mr. Linchan ! They must be very vigilant and loyal, then, in your old borough."

"As vigilant as ould Nic, sir, and as loyal as well-fed bloodhounds, as long as they are allowed the plunder of the poor Catholics. God help them."

"Are not the Catholics by far more numerous than those miscreants ?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, they are two to one ; but you know our religion tells us to bear persecution patiently, and the clergy are continually forbidding the effusion of Christian blood."

“Ay, but the true Christian blood is daily shed in torrents by worse than pagan savages, and if resistance was ever justifiable in self-defence, it is now justifiable. 'Tis better to die at once, than to lead such wretched lives. It would be much better for those unhappy men who are cut up under the triangle, to be shot instantly, than to suffer such a torturing living death.”

“I allow it would, but as they suffer for religion's sake, will not God reward such suffering, and are they not martyrs? and the old martyrs, you see, never rebelled, although they often, at least the Christians, had it in their power to overthrow the cruel tyranny that persecuted them, as we read in history and the lives of the Holy Fathers.”

“Ay, I see you take a very Christian view of these things. I must confess I have not so much of the spirit of the martyr as you, my friend. For if I was more powerful than my enemy, as you are in that city, I would make him the sufferer, especially if he was a criminal and deserving of death.”

With this and such other conversation, the passage to the Island Rock was shortened, the landing was soon made, and having paid the honest fisherman a guinea, O'Donnell waited in security for the vessel on its return to beautiful France!

## CHAPTER XX.

## MAC AN 'ULLER, OR THE EAGLE'S SON.

FATHER O'DONNELL had already spent a novitiate of one year and a day, in his vast cell. He saw the glorious face of the summer sun change to the golden and more chaste one of autumn. He witnessed and withstood his sour and uncheering aspect during the short, but tedious hours of winter, and he observed and rejoiced at his triumphant exodus, from hyemal gloom, through the waves and tempests of equinoctial barriers, towards the more promising regions of genial spring. He saw, and went through the worst of his new life, the period of probation and inception, and he calculated to make this his nature-built-tenement, his home while he lived, and his grave when he died! He was continually employed mentally in acts of worship and adoration, and corporally in recitation of "the divine office," in the celebration of Mass, and finally in exploring his cave, and in working at the sanctuary, and

altar on which he celebrated the awful mysteries of the Christian Sacrifice. True, he had no "minister" or clerk to serve his Mass, but, under the circumstances, or in any case of ordinary necessity, the services of a clerk at Mass are dispensed with by the Church. The writer of this book has often been obliged, within the past five years, even in this very State of New York, to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice without an assistant; a thing which we presume has happened a thousand times, in various parts of the wide field of missionary labor, comprehended in these United States! This was not indeed the hardest necessity which our hermit-priest had to contend with. He had in the course of time, after his first supplies were consumed, to grind the flour from which to make his bread out of the few ears of wheat which he raised in his little garden, or from what the rooks brought him, and he had to bake his pure unleavened altar breads between two stones instead of irons. And, at a later period than that we now describe, he depended on Providence and the ocean, which once, on occasion of great scarcity, brought him a cask of wine, which, with extreme economy, proved sufficient for the necessities of his altar, during the remainder of his life!

The water which he required for the sacrifice, as well as for his own necessities, had to be caught from a single drop of distillation which fell from the roof of the

cave ; yet it not only afforded a sufficient reservoir after a day's accumulation, for the purposes of extinguishing thirst and for cooking the hermit's meals, but the very birds supplied their wants from its abundance ! And these winged neighbors of our hero became so familiar with him, and so little feared his presence, that he seldom took his daily meal without having a crowd of them around him to pick up the crumbs that fell from his frugal table ! At first, it was only a robin-redbreast or a "blue-bird" which took these liberties, but, after a short time, and especially during the winter, the wild-dove, the hawk and the very eagle, monarch of the feathered race himself, flew into the cave in search of food, or to observe the movements of the new tenant of this, their undisputed retreat since creation.

When the devotional exercises of the forenoon were terminated, and till his hour of refreshment, which was about three in the afternoon, our hermit was employed in carving sacred images, on and around his altar, except when occasionally he, by way of variety, devoted a day or two in exploring the cave, and measuring its height, width and length. The height and extent of the cave near the mouth, on the ocean cliff, was considerable, being from sixty to a hundred feet high, and of equal breadth ; but, as you advanced landwards, it assumed the form of a corridor, about four feet wide, and ten in height. The hermit made several unsuccessful at-

tempts to reach the end of this passage, which seemed to be endless, and which from the smoothness and regularity of its sides and roofs, seemed to be chiselled out by the hand of skilful art, rather than a rude formation of irregular and fantastic nature.

One day, however, after repeated unsuccessful previous attempts, the Father providing himself with several of the wax candles which he had rescued from the wreck, and of which he was very sparing on account of the altar, determined to get to the end of the cave, should it lead even to the "Tire na hoge," or "elysium of perpetual youth," of the ancient Irish, and with this determination he set out on his exploring discovery immediately after his Mass.

On and on he moved, by a long and level smooth path, apparently well beaten, till he had advanced a distance that appeared to his fancy to be several miles, but from mentally counting his paces, he judged was not far from being two miles from his starting point. He soon after this reached an irregular ascent, which, on a hurried examination, he concluded to be the remains of broken stairs descending from an upper chamber. Fixing his candle between the fragments of a broken rock at the foot of this ascent, he crept up over it, where, to his delight and astonishment, the light of heaven and the rays of the cheering sun fell on his obscured vision. He approached the crevice through which



the light was admitted, and placing his eye close to it, he could distinctly see the ruin of an old church or abbey, with its creeping ivy, shattered window mullions of stone, and the slabs and tombstones of the dead which were buried within its once consecrated walls.

“Alas !” he exclaimed, “I see now, and know too well where I am ; for have I not here under my eye evidences of the civilization of England in the ruin and desolation that exist in this once sacred edifice consecrated to the worship of the Most High ? I will return to my cave home over the Atlantic wave at the end of this dark gallery, and think my lot happy to be able to live in my native land, without being subject to the laws or exactions of Britain.”

He was about to return, when, as if to banish every shadow of doubt from his mind, as to where he was, he spied two shepherd lads driving their flocks of sheep within the ruin, which was used as a pen as well as a cemetery, and he heard one asking the other, in the native dialect, “*Avoic athu an fuller ?*” “Did you see the eagle ?” The hermit waited to hear no more, but made the best speed he could back to his great cave.

By way of satisfying the minds of our readers as to the probability of this cave which we have described, and such like subterraneous caverns, being the work of nature, we will merely remind them of the powerful agencies of fire and water which are begotten in the

womb of the earth, and which are working constant changes and partial revolutions beneath her surface. It is not at all impossible, but most likely, that the subterraneous passage described by us in this chapter was formed by the gradual draining off of a large body of water which once inundated the country back of the cliffs of Moher, and took this nearest course to the ocean. Very probably it has been the work of thousands of years, and that a great part of the work was done before the stratum through which it has been formed had attained its present petrified and durable shape. There is a remarkable illustration of the force of water in excavations of this sort, at North Adams in Massachusetts, where, besides the formation of a natural bridge, the hard marble rock has been scooped out to the depth of some thirty or forty feet for a distance of near a mile in length. Had this celebrated natural curiosity taken place under ground, instead of being on the earth's surface, it would form exactly such another cave or passage as that which reached from the ruin of the castle "Laveragh Lynchagh," and subsequently that of the abbey of Augustinian monks, to the Atlantic Ocean. This is but one way, however, of accounting for the existence of this wonderful cavern; the reader will have to consult the geologist for further light on such formations.

The hermit-priest had returned from his antiquarian

expedition to the end of his underground avenue, and from the day's fatigue felt rather an unusual appetite for his meal of dried fish and wild salad, when the screaming of the male eagle, which he had named Hector, attracted his attention. It was the season of incubation, and the eyry was yet untenanted, save by the female eagle, and hence he thought it strange that he should hear the same repeated minute screamings and chirpings and loud cacklings as when the eaglets were roused to the prey. The screeching becoming louder and more alarming, our hero moved towards the mouth of the cave, where, to his utter amazement, he found the aforesaid king of birds nicknamed Hector, with his wings spread over a beautiful child, apparently asleep; and no doubt the unnatural and alarming shrill screams were so many urgent invitations to his partner, Andromache, the eagless, to come and feast on the noble captive of the day. The hermit-priest immediately grasped the child, whom he finally, not without some difficulty, rescued and secured from the merciless claws of his royal neighbors of the feathered tribes. His first impression was that the child was dead; but on pressing it to his bosom and placing his mouth over its nostrils, he found its heart beating and perceived that it breathed; and with a little care it soon revived from the swoon into which the rapid flight of its captor through the air had thrown it. It was a charming male child, apparently

of some months old, and the scarlet silk frock, with the gold and silver embroidery of its head-dress and little sandals, pointed it out as belonging to wealthy if not noble parents. The venerable Father was in ecstasies ! He did not know what to think. Was it not plain that the hand of God had conducted him to this spot ? What was to be done with the infant "Mac an 'uller ?" How could he support it by a sufficient supply of proper nourishment in the horrid cavern ? But will not the Lord, who sent it, provide the food, as he does for the young eagles ? Is it possible that the half-sleeping vision which he lately had was a true prediction or supernatural revelation, the fulfilment of which had already commenced ? "Surely," he continued, in soliloquy, "the Lord has not seen me worthy to reveal to me the future secret but glorious destinies that are in store for my beloved country ; and yet I cannot conceal from myself that these unbidden inspirations have passed before my mind, and that this unexpected and extraordinary portion of my late visions is the first which I find fulfilled. O beauteous and noble "*Mac an 'uller!*" thrice welcome be thou to the arms of thy strange but loving father ! O my God, bless this child ! nourish, protect, and teach him to do thy will here on earth, to the glory of thy name, the honor of this thy faithful kingdom of Ireland, and the salvation of his own soul ! Fain would I now, like Simeon of old, close my eyes on

this world, since they have seen, and my arms have embraced the stock, the plant and the root from which will spring the DELIVERER of my holy country from foreign oppression! O, I now see the vision was true which appeared to my mental eyes on the feast of thy holy annunciation, immaculate and exalted Mary, royal patroness of Erin of the saints! Let me recall again the consoling words of this sacred prophecy, whilst my graceful 'Mac an 'uller' reposes on my bosom.

“THE PROPHECY.

“Unhappy land! what countless woes await  
 The wretched victims of thy plundered state!  
 Thy fertile plains o'errun by savage war,  
 While plague and famine track her smoking car!  
 Thy castles razed, thy heroes chained or dead;  
 Thy temples burned, thy pastors hanged or fled;  
 Thy sacred virgins in their cloisters slain;  
 Thy holy hermits' blood, like vernal rain,  
 Spilt by the cruel Saxon's bloody sword,  
 His lips the while invoking name of 'Lord.'  
 Now, demon-like, accursed Anglia's yell  
 Is raised aloud, 'To Connaught, or to hell!'  
 The last chief's dead, broke up his trusty band,  
 And Britain's rule established o'er the land!  
 Established, is't, or flushed with victory?  
 For I must believe in Culmkill's prophecy:  
 'Six hundred days of years she will maintain,  
 By God's permissive will, her cruel reign;

One hundred more her horrid sway shall linger,  
 With power no more the sons of God to injure ;  
 At this a man of PEACE shall raise his head,  
 O Erin, then prepare to wake thy dead !  
 For, like the grain that to the soil is given,  
 Ere the green blade can shoot with joy to heav'n,  
 Or like thy Christ, to whom thou dost appeal,  
 Within the tomb his glories did conceal,  
 Ere he did only and unaided rise,  
 The first of men to mount his native skies ;  
 So shalt thou burst through famine, plague, and war,  
 And ride triumphant on thy victor car ;  
 Thy ancient name again shalt thou resume,  
 ' Island of saints ! '—O haste the happy doom,  
 O sacred bird of Jove ! come with thy prey,  
 Ere age shall rob me of the light of day.  
 The time is nigh, the darling child is born  
 Of Fingal's race ! Erin, thy brow adorn,  
 Put on thy richest green, deck fair thy head,  
 Mount thy old throne, but guard against the ' red.'  
 O joyous vision ! now 'tis near, 'tis near !  
 Fingal's Eugenie's son, the heir, the heir !  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 My feeble eyes now horrid sights descry,  
 That all the powers of human speech defy.  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 Gaul's proud eagles approach thy iron shore,  
 They land, they fight ! 'tis o'er, 'tis o'er, 'tis o'er !  
 France, Spain, Erin, three happy states shall be,  
 And Britain, then, shall cease to rule the sea ! "

## CHAPTER XXI.

## A CHILD OF NATURE'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SEVERAL years of his saintly and solitary life passed by for our hero, without being diversified by an incident of sufficient importance to claim a notice in this narrative. The same devotional exercises were discharged with the most scrupulous punctuality and fervor. The usual hurried and short hours devoted to repose, the protracted prayers and meditations, the accustomed single and frugal meal, the same self-denial and mortification were unremittingly kept up in all their unrelaxed austerity ; and in addition to this duty he had superadded the care and education of the child whom God had committed to his care,—and the little “Son of the Eagle,” as the Irish idiom would style him, seemed to thrive as well on his hard fare and the cheerless accommodations of the vast cave, as if he enjoyed all the luxuries and attentions of a palace. Sent hither by Providence, it was evident that he was watched and nourished by its special care. And,

after a few months, instead of being a burden, the Father felt that his playful simplicity, so highly entertaining, and his affectionate caresses and good temper, with his company, were more than a sufficient compensation for whatever pains he took to watch over the health of the little fellow's body, and to form his soul to virtue. In a few years "Mac an 'uller" became of use to our hero, and contributed not a little to the support of his "Father," as he called him, by the skill which he displayed in fishing and catching of birds; and on one occasion he daringly robbed the eagle's nest and returned to the cave with an eaglet from that same eyry, to supply the wants of which himself, when an infant, was a destined prey. From his expertness in the snaring of birds, the cave was abundantly supplied with wholesome animal food and plenty of downy feathers to revive the failing pulse and warm the decaying limbs of his beloved and venerable father.

When about four years old he had learned to serve Mass with precision and grace, and he asked sensible and searching questions about the nature, institution and ceremonies of Mass! In a word, he was of hardy life and of rude health; and the deprivation endured by his body of what is regarded as the necessary supply and quality of food, only served to develope and ripen his soul, and bring his mental faculties into play before their time. As a specimen of his daring and courage, we will



mention an adventure of his at the age of six, which nearly cost him his life.

He was unaccountably prepossessed, from the first and faintest dawn of his reason, by an unconquerable hostility against the eagles and other large birds which made the entrance of the cave their occasional retreats during storms and before regaining their roosts on the precipices overhead. Probably this deep-rooted hostility originated in the fact that birds being his only familiars and almost playmates, for they often snatched the very morsel from his mouth ; he felt fretted at the advantages they had over him in being able to fly through the air and skim along in safety over the ocean, even in its wildest stormy rage. And he often asked his father "if ever the time would come, when, like the eagle or the sea-gull, himself could soar above the highest verge of the precipice, or glide over the surface of the stormy deep ?"

In his childish simplicity he fancied if he could get possession of the feathered paddles of the king of birds, that he too could imitate his aerial flights ! Accordingly, arming himself with a rude pike which he had formed by affixing a sharp-pointed nail to a reed, he climbed the cliff a second time, and within reach of the eyry lay in ambush for the return of its marauding lord. Both eagles soon returning with supplies to their young, their keen eyes at once and from on high discovered the

invader, and with loud screams and extended wings hovered around the nest. The youthful assailant now uplifted his concealed spear and plunged it into the male eagle's heart ! The partner with this dashed on to his shoulders with her talons and both wings, and the child stunned, was wrenched from his foothold and forced over the face of the cliff. He would have then been inevitably dashed into the ocean beneath and lost, but that having seized the wounded eagle by the leg, the noble bird had strength enough left to keep himself from drowning, and in gaining the mouth of the cave in his fall he thus preserved the life of his youthful conqueror !

The aged priest swooned with affright on having witnessed this dreadful contest between his young protégé and the savage birds of prey. "He is mine, father, and the large one too," exclaimed the youthful victor in a transport, wiping the blood from his hands. The old man could make no answer ; but having embraced him, and assisting him to secure his splendid game, he took him before the altar and caused him to return thanks to God for this his second miraculous preservation.

The young hero was soon busily engaged in divesting his royal game of its skin and plumage, the former of which he converted into a jacket, and the latter was partly suspended in the cave as a trophy of victory, and partly worn in the cap of "Mac an 'uller" during his life afterwards !

The adventures of the youth on the ocean were no less daring and perilous than those encountered on the lofty precipices. He ventured to sail several hundred yards on the surface of the sea in calm weather, on a raft constructed of a few pieces of boards caught by him from the flowing tide, and steered by means of a rude pole as an oar. He became an expert swimmer, and could dive like a seal or porpoise, to reach the fish, or pieces of wreck which in calm weather became visible under the smooth waters. Finally, he thoroughly explored the cavern, and succeeded not only in reaching its terminus landward, but he effected an entrance to the old ruin to which it led ; and to the delight of the hermit Father, he conducted him without much difficulty into the mortuary chapel which formed the catacomb or basement of the old abbey. The Father explored this venerable house of worship with grave and reverend curiosity, and, to his surprise, he found it in a state of tolerable preservation. This happy discovery opened an additional source of gratitude to God in the soul of our hero, and he resolved, on certain solemn festivals, to visit this holy shrine, to offer the holy victim of peace within its undefiled and consecrated sanctuary. Our hero examined every foot and inch of this hidden dwelling of the Most High, with the awe of a saint and the curiosity of an antiquarian. There it stood in the very same position that it did about two centuries before,

when its holy guardians were turned forth on the world, or butchered like so many sheep at the slaughter-house, by the rapacious minions of an apostate ruler or infidel government. There stood the altar, with its tabernacle surmounted by its silver crucifix unimpaired and uninjured by the decay of time. And in front stood the wooden calafalco or cenotaph covered with black drapery and surrounded by tall silver candlesticks. The funereal cross stood planted at the head of the cenotaph, and upon lifting the pall there was the corpse of a priest invested and left unburied beneath its folds ! A large quantity of sacred vessels were also found by him concealed behind the altar. What reflections were not these scenes calculated to excite ! Here was evidently a place that the authors of the ruin overhead had not made out. The funeral obsequies of one of the community was being evidently prepared for when the spoiler came. Part of the sacred utensils were hurriedly stowed away in this secret chapel. The monk who conveyed them thither must have perished of hunger, for his skeleton was there leaning against the marble rails of the sanctuary. The whole community must have been put to death, together with the principal part of the neighboring inhabitants, or else this sacred shrine would have been visited some time or other and its sacred treasures removed !

Alas ! if the bodies of the two friars could be re-

called to life, and interrogated by men as they were by God, what a sad history could they not give of the awful cruelties and terrors of that night, when the Saxon plunderer came like a wolf, to desolate their peaceful home, and devour its defenceless inmates ! They could tell what merciless agent of Harry, Elizabeth, or Cromwell, perpetrated the bloody deed ! But all record of these acts on earth have perished, save what our hero can glean from the melancholy objects before him ; and this is enough to know of these savage deeds, till that *Day* when the earth and the sea shall give up what they have so long concealed, and *Justice* shall be done to the humblest that sleep beneath their surface. Father O'Donnell, and his beloved guide to this solemn and sacred spot, on bended knees repeated the “*de profundis*,” and resolving to return on the morrow to celebrate a “*requiem mass*” for the souls of the two uninterred friars, they retraced their steps to the cave.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE HAUNTED ABBEY.

IT was on the eve of "All-Souls-Day," the second of November, that the discovery related in the preceding chapter was made, and the venerable Father, after having finished the "office" of the festival of "All-Saints," proceeded, "*worthily, attentively, and devoutly,*" to recite that of the dead. It was a beautiful evening! The sun looked cheerfully and warmly from the western sky, chasing the misty clouds before him in his descent, lest they should intercept his benevolent rays to men. The sea birds in thousands, perched on rocks, were airing themselves and arranging their feathers, and the boundless ocean level lay calm and motionless as the heaven that smiled on it from above; while the Father sat, stood, and knelt, alternately during the recitation of the beautiful and solemn "requiem" office for the "souls of the faithful departed." All nature rejoiced and was glad, as on the day when the Creator, drawing her forth

from the abyss of chaos and nothing, first imparted to her newly-formed countenance the impress of his omnipotent hand, and the benediction of his benevolent heart. But our hero's calm brow was ruffled by an additional wrinkle, and a deep shade of manly sorrow was settled on his face! He thought of the pitiable condition of the dead, who were now expiating in the regions of purifying fire, those faults and sins which human frailty, human respect, or some of the other thousand seductions of the world enticed them to commit, and from the consequences of which they looked principally for mitigation and relief, to the communion of saints, and the suffrages of the Church. He lamented the general and increasing indifference to the sufferings of the dead that prevailed among the living, and he shuddered and wept bitterly at the remembrances of the many frailties and imperfections of his own past youth.

This was the first time since coming into his hermitage, that he had the happiness of being able to use black vestments, his only suits previously being one of green, and another of white satin, which he saved from the wreck of the unlucky "Joan d'Arc." He had now, however, several sets of all the colors found in the chapel, and most of them in excellent preservation, owing to the absence of any material dampness in the chapel itself, by reason of the nature of the soil. His young assistant, whom for reasons to be mentioned hereafter, he

had christened Brefni, which we shall call him in future, was very proud of his achievement in having discovered the chapel. "Father," he said, "you have blamed me for too much curiosity, and for asking singular questions, but is it not that curiosity which you censure, that enabled me to find out the entrance into the beautiful chapel, to which I conducted you this morning?"

"Nay, my son, it was rather the mysterious guidance of Providence, that made you instrumental in making such a lucky discovery. I did not condemn rational or useful inquiry or curiosity; it was only an idle, useless, or mischievous one, that I blamed; such as your wishing to know why God had placed you here, or why he has not given man wings, like the eagle, to fly over the ocean, or mount the clouds of heaven with."

"How gently that man slept, whom we saw under the black covering to-day in the chapel, and how much like you when sacrificing, he looked with his long white hair and calm face! How came he to lie there? Is he only asleep, or is he dead, like that great eagle, which I once killed?"

"His body is dead, my son, but his soul lives in a better world than this, a beautiful country beyond the clouds and the sky, where God is king. I shall soon be like him dead, pale, and motionless, and then you will have to dig a grave and place me under the earth, as we will him on to-morrow."



“No, father, you won’t surely die and leave me here alone among the birds. I shall pray to God that you may not die.”

“Ah! my son, you ought not to do so, for by dying I will begin to live with God, in his glorious country above the stars. You, too, will have to die and lie under the earth for years and years, till you rise again at the *last* day, to be judged with all men.”

“But who will remain with me here in this lonely cave when you die?”

“Oh leave that to God, who will probably take you away from this to a land beyond that ocean—aye, far, far beyond its border, where you will be among millions of men, some younger, some older, and some of your own age and size. There, also, if God wills, you will meet friends, nearer and dearer to you than I, who am only your guardian and teacher, by God’s appointment.”

“Oh, I may meet hundreds, thousands, millions, but never among them all one whom I shall love as I do you, ‘Father.’ I love God first, who made the sun, the stars, the heavens, the sea, the rocks, the birds, and the fishes, and who can light up all the sky and the ocean, with the blaze of his loud thunder; but next to him you are dearest to me.”

“That may be for a time, child; but when you will see your real father, you cannot refuse him your first love next to God and his blessed mother.”

“ But when will this be ? I desire to see my real father, to tell if I can love him, and to find if he can give me a larger and better spear than this one, to pierce those eagles which went so near killing me, and that have now placed their nest far beyond my reach.”

“ Yea, this you can have, and many other useful things ; but you must have patience, and wait till God is pleased to send you the means of departure from this cavern ! Kneel down, till I bless thee, my son, ere thou retire to sleep, and rising early on to-morrow, we will set out for the beautiful chapel, to say Mass for all the dead.”

Early next morning, long before the dawn of day, the mortuary chapel of the old abbey re-echoed for the first time during two centuries, the solemn chant of a priest intoning the “ requiem ” Mass !

It was a “ Missa Cantata,” accompanied with incense, six lights, and all the solemnity that under the circumstances was possible ; and though there was neither choir nor organ, the sweet and powerful chant of the officiating priest was responded to and returned back to his ear in countless charming echoes, from all parts of this enchanting oratory. So delighted was the Father with the convenience of the place in comparison with his own rude sanctuary in the cave, and so overpowered with ecstatic devotion, that though the “ requiem mass ” is comparatively a short one, and though he had ascended

the altar about five o'clock in the morning, it was about nine o'clock before he finished.\* After the Mass, he performed funeral service over the remains of the two monks, and having dug two graves of moderate depth, he consigned them to their mother earth ! -

Meantime a heavy tramping of feet and loud voices, mournful lamentations, and fervent prayers, are heard overhead in the old Abbey ruin. After having listened attentively for a while, "the Father" could glean from the conversation of persons just over him, that two shepherds, who were watching the flocks of a wealthy proprietor named O'Loughlin, having taken shelter under an old arch of the Abbey, heard the voice of the priest distinctly, as he chanted the mass, and after several fits of swooning, and half crazed with fear, succeeded in alarming the whole country by the recital of what they had heard. One of the men was a Protestant, and the other a Catholic, and upon appearing before priest, minister and magistrate, they testified consistently and conclusively to the strange miracle which they related ! There was a hurried investigation of the affair before a full bench of magistrates and justices of the peace, who regarded it as their duty to "take cognizance of the strange occurrence," and make their report to the castle of Dublin ! Some laughed at the narration

\* St. Philip Neri often spent eight hours through devotion, saying Mass. So did many of the saints.

of the two honest men ; others were for having them indicted for perjury, for swearing to what, they said, was impossible, that dead men should sing high Mass ; while others, and they were the wisest in their own estimation, were of opinion that it was only the whistling of the winds through the broken arches of the ruin, that caused the voice-like sounds which they heard in half sleep. There was one incident, however, which went to show the candor at least of the narrators. The one who was a Protestant, named Benson, an Orangeman and a pensioner, there and then declared himself a Catholic, and called on Father O'Shaughnessy, who sat on the bench, to receive his recantation ! "What ! Benson, are you crazy, man ?" cried the Rev. Tomkins Brew, J. P., to his apostatizing parishioner, whom he could not well spare, as Benson and his family, and the sexton constituted his whole congregation ! "You must be either crazy or drunk, and to think of such a step as turning papist and probably losing your pension, Benson !" he repeated.

"I am neither crazy nor drunk, your Reverence ; and as for the pension, I earned it well in his Majesty's service, who, I hope, will not deprive me of it ; and if he do itself, sir, I can afford to live without it, but can't afford to lose my poor soul."

"Benson, my man," replied the Reverend Justice of the Peace, "you are very silly to renounce your creed for this imagination. And supposing you did hear

the chant of the Mass, which you did not, is it not most probable that it was the devil that caused this phantom to deceive you? I would not be astonished at all, if it was the devil, who was saying his Mass so early in that popish ruin!"

"Well, your Honor, or Reverence—for I don't know which title is your proper one—all I have to say is, that if it was the devil I heard, he must have a very fine voice for sacred song, and I have very great doubts if he was up so early on 'All-Souls-Day' praying for the dead! I believe rather, that, like his faithful followers on earth, he takes a good nap in the morning, and I always heard it is cursing he was given to, like all well-bred gentlemen, instead of praying. So good-bye to your Reverence, and I wish you luck with the remainder of your congregation, as I and my family will, from this day forward, try to go to heaven in the way that shall be pointed out to us by Father O'Shaughnessy." Having delivered himself of this speech, the ex-Orangeman left the court and joined the crowds of people who moved towards the Abbey of "Glanduff" to pray for the dead.

There is a popular opinion among the peasantry of Ireland, that any priest who dies without having said all his Masses, or discharged his intentions in full, can never be admitted to the society of the blessed. And it is believed that the ghosts or shades of such negligent ser-

vants wander around the precincts of churches or chapels, clothed in their ministerial robes, to see if, happily, any church sexton or server of Mass would be found courageous enough to assist them to offer sacrifice, and thus satisfy their obligations ; and that failing in getting an opportunity of thus discharging their debts, and no other priest undertaking to satisfy them, they will have to remain shut out from heaven till "the last farthing" is paid ! Nobody can deny but this popular opinion, whatever may be thought of the many instances of "Spirits" adduced by its adherents to confirm it, has itself originated in a most correct view of justice and morality—the principle of restitution. The excitement on this occasion among the peasantry was traceable to this very general popular idea ; nor was it to be wondered at, that they assembled in great crowds to the "city of the dead," where their forefathers, for centuries before them, were buried, after having heard the extraordinary relation of two honest men under solemn oath. "It's all past and gone now," said Father O'Shaughnessy to his curate, Father Darby Tuohy, "I neither deny the solemn testimony of Benson and O'Halleran, nor do I give credence to the popular stories of the peasantry about "rising priests ;" but from this latest edition of ghost stories, this much good has happened ; Benson has saved his soul and that of his whole house, whom I have baptized to-day, and the poor people have

offered hundreds of communions and pious prayers for the souls of the faithful departed. Good has come of it, and that's all I care about its truth or falsehood. 'God adds to the Church daily those who will be saved.'"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE DISCLOSURE.

OUR young acquaintance, Brefni, or "Mac an 'uller," had just reached the fifteenth anniversary of his rescue from his rapacious kidnapper, and so far, his life was a contented and happy one. His mind, as well as his body, seemed to improve as if by miracle, and he took not more delight in climbing the frowning precipice to reach the roosting places of the winged tribes on which he levied his principal support, or taking his glorious plunge-bath into the bracing waters of the ocean, to invigorate his body, than he did in learning the Christian doctrine, in serving around the altar, or in mastering the trite but pleasing truths of natural science. He had with remarkable facility mastered the elementary parts of the liberal sciences from the vocal instructions of his venerable tutor, as he had learned to serve God from his example and kind precepts.

About this time, however, a visible change appeared



in his manner. He was contented and happy, to be sure, for he had learned to know and love his Creator ; but the former enthusiasm of youth appeared to have fled, he became habitually silent, the bloom of ruddy health seemed to steal gradually from his cheek, and he seemed one marked out for his eternal home in heaven, rather than destined for a long life on earth. The raging of the reckless storm, the flights and aerial gambols of birds, the beauty and brilliancy of the stars, together with all the other grand phenomena of Nature with which his eye was familiar, and of which he was so enthusiastic an admirer, began to lose all their wonted charms for him. Whether or not he took to heart this his long and tedious separation from his parents, whom he understood to be living and exalted in life ; or, that the narrow and monotonous sphere of life in which he moved was unsuited to his lofty spirit ; or that his soul, enamored of the ravishing joys of heaven, so vividly depicted before his fervid imagination by the sweet music of his teacher's eloquence, languished for their actual enjoyments, cannot now be determined, but Brefni's health was becoming delicate, and evidently tending to decay !

His Reverend guardian perceiving the change, began to be alarmed, and though he did not doubt but the will of Providence would be finally accomplished, regarding this object of its singular protection, yet, he

did not dare to run the risk of tempting that good Providence, and he therefore resolved to send his protégé away on the duties of his high vocation, as soon as an opportunity offered. Calling him to his knee one morning, after returning from Mass in the crypt, with a view of preparing the young man for his inevitable departure, he thus addressed him :—

“ My dearest child, the fifteenth anniversary of your coming into this cave has just passed, and now that you have learned all that I could teach you, now that you have faithfully served God during so many years in this secluded retreat, it is time to let you know who you are, of what race descended, and to give you an idea of what God’s providence seems to have designed in your regard. About seventeen years ago, I joined your parents in marriage in my church, in Cloughmore, in the county of Tipperary, where I was parish priest. Your father was then a noble young gentleman of worth and property, and a descendant of a ducal branch of the royal house of Stuart, but had to change his name to that of Kilpatrick, the title of the hereditary estate, on account of the participation, by his ancestors, in all the rebellions that had for their object the restoration of the House of Stuart, but especially that of 1745.”

“ Ah ! Father, you don’t deceive me with some romantic tale ! ” exclaimed the trembling listener.

“ No, my son ; I tell you what I know to be true.

And when I related to you so minutely the history of the unfortunate House of Stuart, it was with a view to enlist your heart in the cause of this eclipsed, but not extinct, royal race. And I observed the blood rush in a tide to your cheek, and the fire to your eye, at the recital of the injuries of Mary, Queen of Scots."

"But Father, how can I know that I am thus descended? Was it not that eagle which I killed when a child, and whose wing hangs there, you assured me, that brought me hither? Who can tell who I am but God?"

"I have the proof of your descent and identity, as the Scottish Chief's son—but let me proceed. Your mother is descended of the noble House of Ossory, princes of Leinster, and one of the purest that remains in the land! The friendship between the two families originated in this wise: After the defeat of the last hopes of the 'Pretender,' as the lawful heir of the British throne was called, your grandfather was obliged to take refuge in Ireland, and there under the protection of the heir of the House of Ossory, he let the storm pass by in security. It was during the interval of the quiet that succeeded that last attempt of the Pretender, and his returning to Scotland, that your grandfather and his friend pledged their honors, that the next male and female child of either house should be joined in marriage at the proper age. Soon after, your father and

mother were born, and in due time were married by me according to the rites of the Catholic Church, your father having read his recantation and been received into the Church by me a few days previously. After this I was immediately arrested, and tried under a law, passed in the reign of William and Mary, the usurpers of the throne of the Stuarts, which made it death in a priest to join a Protestant and Catholic together in marriage, or to receive a Protestant into the Catholic Church; and having been found guilty by a jury of perjured men, I was condemned to death! My dear brother, however, hearing of my fate in France, where he was captain of cavalry, managed, by great address, to come to me in prison, and by exchanging places with me, gave me the chance of escaping the hands of my persecutors. Poor fellow, I hope he succeeded in escaping their hands afterwards himself, and getting back to his adopted country; you know the rest: how the vessel which was to convey me to France, was wrecked on this wild coast, and I was the sole survivor of the number on board! I was in this cave just a year and a day, when the great eagle, which you afterwards slew, presented you to me unhurt and uninjured! And what proves to me that you are the son of my dear friends, beyond a doubt, and in addition to the similarity of countenance and resemblance of feature, is, that sacred relic you have ever carried around your neck, and which probably saved you from

the many frightful accidents you so miraculously escaped.

“On the day of your mother’s marriage, I presented her with that relic, which I often told you contained a piece of the holy cross of our Lord, and she promised it should never leave her person, unless to be transferred to that of the first male heir that God should send her. You are that heir, my son ; and you are destined to become the ‘head of a house that will give a deliverer and a ruler to Ireland !’ Don’t fight against the counsels of Heaven, but prepare and make ready to enter on the mission that invites you. Clothe yourself in this uniform of my lost friend, the Captain of the ‘Joan d’Arc,’ and keep a sharp look-out, for the vessel is on her way, and will soon be here, that is to restore you to your friends and the predestined field of your labors. May God pour down his choicest benedictions on your innocent head, and endow your soul with a wisdom above that of the world into which you are about to enter. Amen.”

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE DEPARTURE OF BREFNI.

WHEN Brefni understood from his venerable guardian and father that it was the will of Heaven that he should leave, he consented, after a hard struggle with his private feelings ; and every day, after the discharge of his devoirs to his Maker, and his duty to his "father," from the conical summit of a projecting rock, his sharp eye scanned the wide horizon over the ocean, in anxious search for the expected vessel. For a week, from earliest dawn to the hour when the last rays of light died away in the sun-receiving west, this observation was continued, the short intermissions above stated only excepted. Another week of like vigilance passed by, and not a "sail" appeared within the extensive view. Sometimes a cloud or a mist, rising from the bosom of the waters, would present the appearance of a square-rigged vessel driven before the wind, and the bosom of the young man would throb with thrilling sensations ; but,

on placing the telescope to his eye, and bringing it to bear on the deceptive mass, it showed itself to be what it really was—a frail child of the ocean and sun, and destined only to an existence of a few short hours! A third week of more unceasing vigilance followed, with no better result, but that the illusions of cloudy vapors became more frequent and more annoying. At length, after three weeks and three days' watching, on the seventeenth of March, a real ship, not made of clouds, appeared to the north-west; and about noon her slow motion brought her almost in a line due west of where our young coast sentinel was stationed. Panting with excitement, he descended to communicate the fact to the "father," who, on advancing to the mouth of the cave, and placing the telescope to his eye, balanced on the head of the youth, immediately descried her as a Spanish galleon, and apparently on a homeward voyage from some North American port or northern cruise.

"That is your destined argo, my son," he cried; "a royal Spanish vessel, on board of which you can escape to the continent, and then afterwards make your way to France, to meet or hear of your friends. Haste and raise your signal, that may draw the eye of the noble Spaniard to your flag of distress. The gallant ship is evidently becalmed, and they are engaged in airing her canvas."

With the agility of an alpine chamois, the active

youth precipitated himself down the cliff, and with a white flag on a pole in one hand, and steering his raft with the other, he was soon a mile out from land.\* His gestures with the flag were immediately observed by those on the frigate, and he soon after perceived a boat, manned by a dozen marines and sailors, making for him. The Spanish sailors and men-of-war were accustomed to such offices, and passing by the Irish coasts, they had ever a look-out for some rebel, refugee, or rapparee, who sought their humanity and protection from the cruel injustice of English laws. Our young friend was greeted by the hearty "vivas!" and "bravissimos!" of the marines and sailors, who admired his boldness in trusting his life to the frail raft, and the address with which he sprung into the boat. They were in a few minutes alongside the frigate, where, after the reading of a note from the Rev. Senan O'Donnell by the commander, Don Bernardo Castanedo, of which the sergeant of the party in the boat was bearer, young Brefni was taken on board, and treated with every mark of attention by his Excellency. While on board he happily made the acquaintance of an Irish refugee named O'Donohoe, who not only imparted to him the important news of the day, which was the breaking out of the French revolution, but who had actually met Captain Charles O'Donnell, brother to

\* The extreme point of the Moher promontory is called "Hag's Head."



our hero and his rescuer, at the court of his most Catholic Majesty ! This was news, assuredly, that could not but be highly interesting to his venerable brother, the "father" and guardian of his youth, and therefore he hastened back to the cave to communicate it to him. The command of the boat, on her return for the effects of Brefni, was given to O'Donohoe, at the request of the former, who procured the consent of the courteous commander, and, accompanied by four stout sailors only, in consequence of the assurance given by Brefni of the impossibility of any hostile attack on that wild coast, the two gentlemen, seated together at the helm, kept up a very interesting conversation, till they arrived at the cave. O'Donohoe and Brefni only landed, and were met at the verge of the cliff by our hero, who, thinking the former a native Spaniard, saluted him in that tongue, which salute was returned by the officer in good Kerry Irish. The father gave an exclamation of delight on finding a countryman instead of a stranger, the more so, as he could now be sure of a friend for his dear young charge. While this conversation was carried on between the venerable servant of God and the young officer, Brefni was preparing his few effects, not without audible sobs and heartfelt grief, on account of the separation about to take place between himself and his dearest and only friend on earth. "Alas ! alas ! father," he cried, kneeling before the old gentleman's feet and embracing

them, "why do you compel me to leave you? Has it not been ever my greatest pleasure to obey you and serve you at the altar? You know I have no ambition, nor do I feel that I have abilities for these important duties to which you say I am called."

"Silence, my beloved son," answered the venerable Father, who was himself in tears, caused by the concise but frightful description of the French revolution, and the indignities offered to the royal family, which he heard from O'Donohoe. Wiping away the tears from his aged eyes, and embracing his beloved Brefni on both cheeks, and putting a few letters into his hands, he said, "Go, thou son of the eagle, cradled in adversity, nursed in the lap of rigid virtue, nourished with the pure milk of true faith, exercised in the pleasant garden of Religion, trained in the discipline of self-denial and mortification, educated in the grand university of nature, armed with the weapons of innocence and truth, clothed in the splendid garments of charity,—go, adorn the courts of kings, and may the slender but pure drop of royal blood that flows in your veins increase and swell like the widow's cruet of oil, till the abundant stream, having replenished the noblest royal household vessels of Europe, the destitute widow of our native land will be saved and enriched by the superabundant supply!"

The boat shoved off from the rocks, the light and graceful oars rapidly dipt and rose on the surface of the

smooth ocean, and her crew were soon on board the "Isabella." A north-west wind having sprung up, a salute of twelve guns was fired in honor of the Hermit priest, to whom, soon after, the Isabella appeared no larger than the eagle with extended wings, on the horizon !

## CHAPTER XXV.

## STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS INCIDENTS.

OUR hero was again alone in his cave. His early friend, the supporter of his feeble footsteps, the comfort of his declining days, was gone ! Aye, and gone for ever, and at the very time when his services were most needed, yet commanded and compelled to go by him who most needed them. How mysterious are the ways of Providence, and full of mercy in his dealings with men ! In the beginning, and during the youth of our virtuous life, so to speak, he entices us along the arduous road, and supports our tottering steps by the props of sensible or human consolation ; but when we have become hardy travellers, inured to the toilsome journey, and have overcome the most arduous passages of the way, he then withdraws the support that his mercy gave, and leaves us to finish the task by ourselves, unaided by human or earthly aids ! The Father felt the absence of his affectionate companion and faithful disciple, but he became,

on this account, the more united to his God, in being so completely separated from all human consolation. And his natural affection for his adopted and promising son became subordinate, and was completely absorbed in his love for his Maker and Redeemer. He offered the Holy Sacrifice daily, and alone, and the consolation and spiritual nourishment which he derived from this Heavenly Banquet, contributed not a little to the support and strength of his feeble body. For this "bread of angels," though intended to sustain and nourish the soul, yet indirectly, in so far as the state of the soul influences the body, it has been known frequently to contribute much to the health and nourishment of the latter, too; the "*Mens Sana*," in this case, producing the "*Corpore Sano*," as St. Paul assures us that the contrary, or unworthy receiving, caused frequent sickness, and death in the Apostolic ages!

Wholly engrossed, and rapt up in his meditations and heavenly communings, he almost entirely neglected his body; and though the industry of Brefni had left him a goodly supply of dried fish and other preserved provisions, he used them no oftener than three times a week, and scarcely tasted them when he did use them. Weighed down with old age, and its increasing infirmities, like St. Paul, he anxiously desired dissolution and the enjoyment of his God, whom he had so long and so well served. His appearance at this

period of his life looked sanctified and venerable, beyond any thing ever seen by modern eyes. His hair resembling the fair fleece of a spotless lamb, fell gracefully and far back on his shoulders. His beard, which was of equal whiteness, reached almost to his knees. His face and hands were so purely clear as to appear translucent, and seemed as if some waxen composition, instead of flesh and blood. He might be taken for a statue of some venerable saint, by an ordinary spectator of his godly figure before the altar, if the continual stream of tears; that descended from his noble eyes, did not betray him a living being of human mould ! Indeed, leading a life of the most austere sanctity, his figure and countenance were such as we might imagine of Elias, Samuel, or Paul the Hermit, rather than of a saint of modern times. He spent most of his time in the crypt, in either offering the Holy Sacrifice, or adoring the real presence, and although no silver lamp shed its calm light on the tabernacle, the ardent flame of his heart's devotion was seldom absent from before it. For as he had by continual practice of mortification and abstinence, weaned his body almost from the necessity of food, so he nearly subdued its inclination to sleep.

Strange law of our nature this is, and illustrative of that apparently contradictory declaration of our Lord; Matt. xvi., "He that will save his life shall lose it." There is no surer or more expeditious way of destroying

the life, than by tending and nourishing well the body ; whereas the only way to gain even partial success in that immortality which most men aspire to, even in this life, is to mortify and do violence to its passions and the cravings of its appetites ! The Pyramids of Egypt have not saved the anointed and embalmed bodies of her kings from ruin and decay ; but the saints, in trying to annihilate their bodies, and to subdue their disorders, have only succeeded in preserving them from corruption and decay ! This is one of the mysterious but indubitable truths of our nature, which few persons reflect on, and fewer still make the rule of their lives.

Some time after the departure of Brefni, and during his frequent and protracted vigils in the subterranean chapel, the devotions of our venerable hero were interrupted by most melancholy groans and plaints of a wounded man above him, in the ruins of the “ haunted Abbey ! ” The sufferings of the poor mortal, whoever he was, excited the tenderest sympathies of the old man’s noble heart, and he hesitated for some time, as to whether he should not try to reach him, by endeavoring to effect an entrance or ascent to the ruin, where the poor sufferer lay. The invalid being undoubtedly extended on the ground above him, he could hear his heavy breathing and every groan. He was glad to hear him pray in the height of his acute pain, “ Lord have mercy on me, a sinner ! ” “ Good Saviour come to my assistance ! ”

“Mary, Mother of Jesus, pray for me, a poor suffering sinner !” while his companion would answer, “There is no fear of you.” “You will be well in a few days.” “Many a red coat will fall by you yet.” “It’s only your toes that are off.” “You will be well in a few days.” “Apply this ointment, which will cure you in a few days.” “Take that purse, you may soon want its poor contents. Have courage, God be with you my faithful friend and preserver. I must be off to the coast of Kerry : once more, farewell !” While these words, uttered in an agitated, rapid tone of voice, satisfied our hero that his unseen neighbor was in no danger of death, they were at the same time the occasion to him of the most strange conjectures ! He thought he heard a voice to which he was a stranger for upwards of twenty years, sounding in his ears. Could it be that of his brother, Charles, the Captain of French cavalry ? But how could it be ? Did not the commander of the “Isabella,” Don Bernardo, assure Brefni that he had taken up his residence in Madrid since the death of Louis XVI. ? He did, assuredly ; imagination, therefore, must have been the parent of his strange fancy, and he rejected its further entertainment as idle, if not sinful.

The wounded man, in the mean time, as far as could be conjectured, from his active movements overhead, and from the infrequency of groans, seemed to be convaless-



cing rapidly, if he was not completely cured, but he did not quit his tenement in the ruin. On the contrary, he kept close in his retreat for several months, and probably had to devote the day to sleep and rest, and the night to exercise and the providing for the means of support, as it was during the favoring darkness of the latter that he gave any signs of activity or life.

There can be no doubt that, whoever he was, he more than once caught the sound of our hermit's voice in prayer, as well as his own was heard by the latter; for often the exclamation burst from the lodger above: "My God! what's this I hear? Are all the fabulous stories I heard about this ruin true? Do the dead under ground move and speak? Shade of my butchered wife, if you be within hearing, speak and come!" Again the poor man would reproach himself for his credulous fancy, saying, "Ah! what a fool I am. Sure it must be only dreaming I was when I imagined that I hear the voices of the dead, who lie under me here in millions! And even if the dead have spoken, they are as good company as the living any day, and far more harmless. I need fear nothing worse than myself. Let my soul rest secure!"

Our hero would have at once removed his neighbor's fears and doubts by addressing him, but did not wish to disturb the poor fellow, who, he concluded, was some honest outlawed Catholic escaped from his persecutors,

who chose this "haunted ruin" as the safest retreat from the hands of his merciless persecutors. He therefore determined to let him alone, and by addressing his prayers while at the altar in an under tone, guarded against any further alarm of his neighbor's fears or interruption of his repose from this cause !

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## THE TREASURE-SEEKERS.

THE ruined Abbey of "Glanduff" bore always "a bad name," that is, was looked upon as haunted since the days of "Laveragh Lynchagh;" but, during the last twenty years, since the excitement created by the solemn depositions of Benson and his fellow shepherd, the precincts of this venerable relic of Christian architecture were shunned as if all the "fairies" of the enchanted land of elves, or all the ghosts of Elysium, were domiciled within her walls. The only occasions on which it happened ever to be visited was when funerals came there for interment, and these were usually attended by three or four thousand persons, a host sufficiently formidable to awe any number of fairies into silence and good propriety.

The conjectures and disputations among the peasantry regarding the causes of these frequent preternatural sounds and apparitions at the abbey, were various and

contradictory. Some accounted for these phenomena one way, and some in another and a different way ; but the chief impression was, that there was an immense treasure hidden there, and that all the strange pranks that were heard and seen there were so many cunning tactics of the ghost in whose custody the treasure was, in order to guard against the possibility of discovery. And this opinion was confirmed by the dreams and visions of "Seers," "Phileas," and other persons intimate with the "good people," who were so confident in their information as to tell the very spot, and the depth under ground in which it lay ! "The gould" was there for certain, for ould Tom Cauny, the senachie, had dreamed of it as often as "he had fingers and toes on him," and not unfrequently on three successive nights. Judy Muggavin, the crazy or "simple woman," as she was called, often was heard to speak of the "crock of gould," in the fits, "the fallin' sickness," to which she was subject. And, lastly, "Ania Annisa"—Anglice, Hannah Hennessy, the midwife, and "Bride Roe," or Red Bridget, the witch, were once or twice seen on Sunday mornings, rooting hard with spades over the very spot where the "crock" was buried, but, being too feeble, they could never, of course, reach it. There was a host of such authority as the foregoing worthies, to prove the fact of the "crock of gould" being in the Abbey, and abundance of such talk as the above ; but "Bride

Roe's" description of the location and other appendants of the "crock" was the most circumstantial and authentic. According to her account—and she received her information from the "good people" themselves,—the "crock" was buried deep by the western wall of the ruin, and was secured by three covers. The first was stone, the second lead, and the third iron! There was only one "sprid," or ghost, in care of it; but she could easily dispose of him by ordering him to do something impossible for him to perform, such as "to make a rope of the sand of the Red Sea," or ordering him off to procure "two hundred kegs of sixpenny silver coin," or "two hundred barrels of Grecian liquor," things that were known to be utterly out of the power of the fairies to procure.\*

Yet, with all these powerful spells at her command, and all her flattering promises, "Bride Roe" could never get a man bold enough to engage in her enterprise, at the time and in the manner she required. There were

\* What special virtues the above-mentioned articles, "Red Sea sand; the sixpenny coin, and the Grecian liquor," have, we cannot say, but, we assure the reader, that it was the general legendary opinion in the south of Ireland, that the "fairies" charms and spells were at once dispelled and dissipated upon being asked by their victim, or his nearest kin, for the above singular supplies. Gold and silver of other denominations they had in abundance, and would liberally give, but sixpennies and Grecian usquebaugh they had not.

many persons, it must be allowed, who volunteered to try the thing by day ; but to such she answered, that “ the treasure could never be found by day ; and if it should, there is nothing ‘ the sprid ’ would like better ; for, in that case, he could easily impose on the vision of the finders by substituting any other substance in place of the treasure ; and it often happened that those who had, in former times, discovered vast treasures of this sort, and went to bed rejoicing, next morning, when they got up, were mortified and amazed at finding but a few pieces of slate-stone, or a quantity of horse-dung, in the ‘ crock,’ instead of the gould ! ” What was to be done ? Was there no brave man in the county who would try the proposal of “ Red Biddy,” and earn a glorious fame, and grow rich as “ Demur ” in addition ? During wedding and fair-drinking parties, there were hundreds who swore *they* would go in search of the gold if all the “ sperits ” at this side of the pit were guarding ; but when they got sober, and got over the reckless courage inspired by maddening drink, these boasters over their cups, on reflection, thought it was not “ lucky to meddle with the good people,” as the fairies were called by the timid and those who feared their power. Such was the want of daring enterprise among the peasantry of these parts, that “ Red Biddy ” spent the best part of her life in this useless agitation ; and she was “ dead and gone ” ere a single “ bould man ” presented himself to espouse her project.

In the course of a few years, however, there rose in that neighborhood two bold spirits, named "Tighe O'Torpy" and "Considine Brack,"—Anglice, Spotted Considine,—who were great hunters, and not only set ghost, goblins and fairies at defiance, but what was far more serious, the authority of the parish priest, Father Twomy, himself! These two worthies lived in the habitual violation of the laws of the land; and as for the fulfilment of the laws of the church or precepts of religion, "they put it on the long finger." They were frequenters of every night-dance and wake assemblage, and at all other disorderly gatherings of the lawless or vicious, on which account they brought on their own hardened heads the censures of the church and denunciations of the priest; but this, and the consequent disrepute into which they fell, only served to make them more reckless and daring. It being whispered at dances and other nightly meetings at which the pair unexpectedly appeared, that they had sold themselves to the devil for a consideration, "these," thought one "Paddy Hassett," who had long since fixed his mind on the means of getting at the "crock of gould," "would be the very fellows to get at it, if any men living could get at it." These three worthies met to discuss the matter, and they soon agreed on the proposition of "Hassett," and accordingly prepared to put it into execution. O'Torpy, who was a first-rate crack shot, provided himself with a silver bul-

let, formed of a hammered shilling, with which he threatened to lay the ghost, if he appeared ; while the others, equipped with pick-axe, crowbar, spade and lantern, set out on their treasure-finding journey. While avarice was the principal inducement to "Hassett" to go on this gold-hunting excursion, Torpy and Considine declared they did not care whether or not they found the treasure, if they could do some damage to the gentleman, O'Loughlin, on whose estate the ruin stood—that they would be satisfied their labors would not be lost. Ere they had proceeded far on their road to the ruin, Hassett, who was rather suspicious of his associates, proposed that they should swear to be faithful to one another in case of attack from any quarter ; and that in case of success in finding the treasure, it should be fairly divided between them. This was agreed to, after the most vehement adjurations.

In approaching the Abbey, the ruined gables and arches of which stood out before them like so many spectres against the bright starry sky, although afraid and in awe, they affected great courage, and spoke loudly and swore bold oaths, in order, as it would appear, to let any ghosts that might be within hearing know what sort of fellows they had now to deal with, and who would not be so easily scared as were Benson and O'Halloran, the shepherds, on a former occasion. They commenced their work at about one o'clock, or midnight,



and had not labored much, when, sure enough, they came to a stone or flag, such as "Red Biddy" had often described.

"By all that's bad! here is the very stone which 'Red Biddy' often told me of," exclaimed Hassett, as he bent over the limestone slab to which his companion applied his crowbar. "We'll soon be rich men, my friends!"

"I had better have my piece ready to let fly at the ghost, should he appear," exclaimed Torpy. "How gladly I will put an ounce of lead, or rather a bit of silver, in his brain, if he should show his nose, and especially if he be that scoundrel called Shamus a Cauba (James of the old hat), father of the present proprietor, who, they say, is in charge of his ill-gotten gould here. Come, old Caubeen," he added, in mockery, "show an inch of your nose to Tighe O'Torpy, if you have the spirit of a rabbit widin your chicken heart, you 'Keolaun.'"

"Ah! silence, Mr. O'Torpy," said Hassett, who thought they were in a sufficiently dangerous position, without having it aggravated by this unnecessary provocation of the spirits of the dead. "There is no use in being too bold, and I think this is no time to crack a joke," he added, as he leaned on his crowbar with all his might.

A few moments' silence ensued, and in the interval

the stone gave way, with several square feet of the footing around, and suddenly two of the party, Hassett and Considine, were precipitated into the cavern beneath. The latter, however, recovered himself by holding on to the spade-tree or handle, which he held firmly grasped by both hands, and which crossed the aperture, and he scampered away after O'Torpy, whom he vainly called to assist him ; while unhappy Hassett, after a fall of some twenty feet, fell flat on the stone floor of the mortuary chapel, over which they were at work. Their cries and alarms brought one to the spot who, lying concealed himself, had an opportunity of both seeing and hearing the gold-seekers. He advanced slowly and cautiously, not for fear of ghosts, however ; and when he came to the aperture, he was astonished to find the space within illuminated. At first he thought the light proceeded from the unextinguished lamp of the gold-seekers ; but on a nearer approach, he looked into the space beneath, and there, to his utter amazement, saw a venerable old man with a wax candle in one hand, and the other elevated as if in the act of blessing the miserable man who had just fallen in. His hair stood erect on his head, his flesh shrunk on his limbs, and his first movement was to fly ; but when his ear caught the solemn words of the venerable old man, crying, "Come back, friend ! fear not ! I am no ghost, but a man like yourself," the man returned, and, viewing his *accoster*

closer, he exclaimed, "My God, Father O'Donnell! is it you or your ghost I see?"

"It is myself, my friend, and no ghost. Who may you be who recognizes me?"

"O Father! do you recollect your old parishioner, Terry O'Mara, called the 'enchanted warrior?'"

"The Lord be praised! Is it you, O'Mara, who have been so long my neighbor, without my having the courtesy to speak to you? See, my friend, if you can aid me to lift this poor victim of his avarice out of this. I am afraid he is dead."

"Wait, sir, till I bring a rope which I have near by, and by that means I will lift him into the fresh air."

He was accordingly lifted up; and, after having taken a few "slugs" out of a convenient bottle of whiskey which Terry had by him, Hassett soon revived, and being conducted towards the highway by O'Mara, he soon made himself scarce.

It may be presumed that from that day to the day of his death, Paddy Hassett never went to dig for treasure, nor did he ever tell, if he knew, how he recovered from the fairy land into which his companions had reported that he had fallen, and thought that he was lost. They, the villains! it is to be feared, died, impenitent, as they had lived, and I believe were lost on the voyage from Liverpool to New York; but poor Hassett repented of his sins, and led an exemplary life from

this date, the avarice having been rubbed out of him by this adventure, and believing to the hour of his death that it was to an angel, whom he took Father O'Donnell to be, that he owed his rescue from the pit into which he had fallen.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE RENEWAL OF OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

AFTER escorting the disappointed gold-seeker outside the precincts of the "enchanted" Abbey lands, and warning him not to return at his peril, our old acquaintance Terry O'Mara returned in haste, to offer his services to the venerable Father in his underground chapel. When he had returned and descended by means of a rope, he found the hermit Father already vested for Mass, it being Christmas night; and there, almost doubting his own eyes, and the reality of the objects around him, yet recognizing the voice and figure of his venerable patron, he served his three successive Masses on that blessed night. And O, what Masses! and with what ecstasy and unction offered! Terry saw, or fancied that he saw the man of God lifted off the ground into the air when he held the Redeemer's body in his hands. A beam of supernatural glory irradiated his face, and his voice, his gestures, and other ceremonious conduct at

the altar, were such as if he saw and conversed with God present face to face, rather than under the mystic veils of the sacrament. Truly O'Mara began to doubt with himself whether this was not heaven, and he who officiated, one of those four and twenty ancients whom St. John represents as falling down before Him who sitteth on the throne, so fervent and lively were the actions and the devotion of the man of God!

After nearly six hours' service, which passed as if they were only so many minutes, overwhelmed with the most extraordinary feelings of awe, surprise, grief, humility, contrition and love; O'Mara at length, on the Father having finished his last Mass, cast himself at his feet, embracing them, and bedewing them and the earth with his tears, said, "O, Father, how often have I not heard your beloved voice while concealed above this very altar almost; and, fool as I was, I persuaded myself that I only dreamed, or that my imagination deceived me! I could easily, however, have perceived that some spell bound me to this place during the last fifteen months; for, notwithstanding my oft repeated resolutions, I found myself bound down almost to my hiding-place! Now I am ready to die, as I have seen alive again my father, my pastor, and my best friend! O give me your best blessing, holy Father, for I am in sad want of its grace-giving aid. O that I could now die, while under the sacred shadow of my pastor!"

“Stand up, my son,” answered the venerable hermit, who himself had to struggle against the rebellion of human feelings. “We should not grieve, but rejoice, on this morning, when our Lord is again newly born ! ‘*Filius natus est nobis, et puer datus est nobis.*’ ‘A son is born for us, and a child is given to us.’ Come, dry up these earthly streams, and let us rejoice who sing ‘*Gloria in Excelsis!*’ ‘Glory to God on high, and peace to men of good will on earth.’ Follow me to my parochial house, where I will give you for breakfast a fat hare, which Providence sent me yesterday, and some good dried fish from my reserved supplies. Let us proceed in peace ; it is only about two miles distant, and this is the avenue that leads to our presbytery.”

Having entered the long passage, they secured its entrance by pushing the tomblike slab which served as its door forward to its place, and bolting it firmly. They also took the precaution of carrying off the candlesticks, vestments, and altar furniture, lest, after last night’s occurrence, any of the treasure-seekers would return, or other intruders visit the now disclosed chapel. Having reached the part of the cave which he called his house, the Father placed before his guest, on a table of native marble, carved out by his own hands, all the luxuries that the place afforded, consisting of the flesh of a hare, or rather a part of one, which the eagle supplied him with, some dried fish, a few grains of boiled wheat, some

salad of the "shamrock" sort, and a stone vessel full of pure water, caught in drops from the overhanging rocks. Such was the frugal Christmas meal to which the saint and his guest sat down, and with their sentiments of self-denial and mortification, combined with thanksgiving and gratitude to God on one side, and awe and admiration and unexpected gladness on the other, this simple fare tasted to them better than the feasts of royal tables.

"Now Terry, my son, be cheerful and happy, and commence to tell me something about the affairs in the great Babylon, the world I mean. What has become of Charles, with Thomas and his family? What is the state of the country? How did you get mutilated in that form, so as to have lost part of both feet, and what has brought you to this wild region, all the way from your snug home in Knockmeldown?"

"Ah! Father, you impose a melancholy task on me, and one which would require almost an age, adequately to discharge. I must obey you, however, though I do not know where to begin, as I will not know when or where to stop after I begin. To begin with your brother Charles, I can only inform you that he was at that abbey above, with me, a few months ago, and then departed for Spain—"

"What, Terry! was Charles so late as that in this country, and was it he who encouraged you on the



night of your great pain, 'telling you, you would be soon well, and to use the ointment?'”

“The very person, your Reverence. He was the only person I spoke to within a year, or better, yourself alone excepted.”

“That was my impression at the time, too, Terry, for I heard every word he spoke to you; but I persuaded myself it was an impossibility, from having heard from a captain of a Spanish frigate, that he was in Spain.”

“And so he was, and I hope is now, with your brother Thomas and family, who are in high esteem at the capital of his Most Catholic Majesty; but Charles, inspired by his love of country, came back to Ireland on the breaking out of the rebellion, and fought nobly in that defeated but noble struggle for independence.”

“What, Terry! has my beloved native land been torn by the horrors of an unsuccessful rebellion?”

“Alas! yes, Father, and it was extinguished in the blood of two hundred thousand of the people.”

“Oh my God! save thy sacred island, and hasten her final emancipation! Go on, Terry, go on.”

“The rising of the patriots was premature, and not well directed, on account of the unexpected arrest of the principal leaders, and commenced in the North of Ireland, where the patriot force was strongest, but soon was defeated by the bigotry and faithlessness of the low Protestant rabble, which there formed the chief contingent

in the patriot army, but passing along through Leinster, the noble spirit of resistance to tyranny grew stronger and stronger, till, reaching Wexford, it grew into all but an irresistible blaze. Several splendid victories were gained by the patriots at Wexford, Gorey, Enniscorthy, Newross, Oulard, Newtownbarry ; and these were principally owing to the courage infused into the troops of the insurgent forces, by the burning words and noble example of your friends, Rev. John Murphy and Rev. Mr. Roche, and several other priests who joined our ranks ! Finally, after a short, but heroic struggle, the patriot army, after a defeat at Vinegar Hill, were obliged to disband, being badly provided with military stores, and almost surrounded by an army of 70,000 veteran troops of England. Your humble servant fought in most of the fore-mentioned glorious actions, side by side with the Captain your brother, till having both feet shot off from the middle of the instep, on the retreat on Vinegar Hill, I would have been butchered by the English, had he not nobly taken me up on his horse, and both of us seeing the cause of the people sunk in despair, had to fly, and seek the retreat which the ‘haunted Abbey’ afforded us—”

“ O my country, how thou hast bled, and what suffering is in store for thee yet !—But go on, Terry ; proceed with your tale of terrible news. Does the country suffer still ? ”

“Yes! and will for years. In all directions the hostile fire consumes the substance of the conquered people. Corn-fields are devastated. Houses and stored grain consumed with the bodies of their owners. Herds and flocks are wantonly destroyed, aye, and the very houses of God even, are fired and made desolate! Whole districts are without a house or home, and aged widows wander maniacs on the shelterless common, after having witnessed the butchery of their husbands and sons, and the worse than death, the dishonoring of their daughters, by the demon soldiery of Britain. Oh Father, my brain shall burst at the thought of what I have witnessed, and what I know is just now taking place—”

“Patience, my brother, patience. Thou hast not seen the worst yet. After the sword shall come the plague and the famine.—But perhaps it has passed by. Has any great peacemaker yet appeared among the people, whose eloquence shall persuade them to allow the polished pike-blade to rust, and cause the gleaming sword to be converted into a reaping-hook with which to cut down the corn-stalks, and gather the yellow harvest?”

“No, he has not yet appeared, except he ripen out of a young man of pure Milesian blood, who has on the public market-place declared that *all the liberties which Erin ever enjoyed, and will ever demand, are not to be purchased by a single drop of human blood.*”

“That may be the man who is to come and pass away ere the darkest hour of Erin’s night shall arrive ; but soon after the chained eagle shall soar again beyond the clouds and gaze on the sun of liberty, which in its brightness shall dazzle and blind many nations, but will cast the soft rays of its cheering light on Erin. But before this happy day shall dawn, fell famine’s skeleton form shall traverse the four provinces of my poor country ! A million graves shall open their devouring mouths in a day, and the gluttoned earth, surfeited with human carcasses, shall refuse further interments ! And famished dogs shall feed upon human flesh ! Fain would my mind shut up its avenues of thought against such appalling and sickening sights, but the unerring light of prophecy renders their contemplation inevitable to my afflicted soul ! Amid the confusion of these troublous times another strange sight presents itself to view. I behold the green flag of my country assailed by a band of impious desperadoes, who would persuade the people to despise and forget the cross-emblazoned sunburst of old times, and substitute in its stead a crimson banner of blood ! O Erin, if thou fling not this godless band of degenerate sons off thy spotless bosom, and thus guard against their stings, more poisonous than those of the reptiles expelled by thy chief apostle, miserable and sudden will be thy fall into the tomb of eternal dishonor and everlasting infamy. Separate from

thee, by the bounds of a mighty ocean, this upstart bloodthirsty crew, who would in a moment undo the work of thy saints during ages, and would barter heaven for earth, the eternal for the temporal, and the undying laurels of thy martyrs and saints, for the short-lived plaudits of a godless mob, or the gratification of their carnal appetites ! It is done ! it is done ! well and faithfully hast thou adhered to thy God and thy first faith, and independence and eternal renown shall reward thy fidelity !”

After having delivered himself of the foregoing impassioned apostrophe, with the voice and gesture of a prophet, or one inspired, he turned his eyes towards O'Mara, and seeing him in a flood of tears and on the ground, approached to console him and to lift him up. All the sad scenes of the rebellion, rushing like so many pent up fountains to his mind, from the chambers of his dormant memory, completely unmanned the peasant patriot's bosom, and he could scarcely cease sobbing and weeping like an abandoned child. And his sorrow was aggravated a thousand fold by the conviction that forced itself on his mind, from the language and manner of the hermit-prophet, that the crisis in the lamentable condition of his wounded country had not yet arrived.

The Father, perceiving the effect of his words, prudently checked himself, and the dialogue was turned towards a more familiar and less exciting topic.

“You omitted to tell me, Terry,” he resumed, “if you know any thing of my old friends Kilpatrick and Ossory. Surely Charles must have often spoken of them while you and he were together, before and after the rebellion.”

“Yes, poor gentleman, he is no more ! After his return from France his lady gave birth to a son and heir, and being soon after on a visit to his brother-in-law Ossory’s, with his wife and child, he lost the latter through the following extraordinary accident. The nurse having taken the child for an airing upon the roof of the castle, which was flat, and on which was a small artificial parterre of flowers, laid it down among the beds, with the flowers of which it was playing, to descend, for a moment, through the trap-door to her chamber ; but lo ! on her return a huge eagle had just seized the child in its talons, and carried it off through the air.

“The stroke fell on Kilpatrick like a thunderbolt ; he became partially insane ; and returning back to Scotland, he joined a regiment of Highlanders, who were sent by the government to dislodge Holt, Dwyer and others, who kept up a guerilla war in the mountains of Wicklow, and was killed in his attempt to capture Holt. His lady thus bereaved, entered a convent of Irish Ursulines in Paris, where I suppose she yet lives, if she was so fortunate as to escape the fury of the Red Republicans.”

“Have they ever since heard any thing about the fate of the child,—who was christened Brefni, was he not?”

“That was his precise name; of course they never heard more of his fate, but justly concluded that he was devoured by the savage bird, which has been often known to take off and devour children in the vicinity of places in which it has its nest, in many parts of the country.”

“The joint-heir of the Scotch and Irish noble houses has not perished, but been placed in secure hands by the eagle, some of whose noble qualities he inherits, and Brefni now dwells in Spain, the land of his adoption! We have already devoted more than enough of this thrice hallowed festival to the discussion of the world and its affairs, let us now, my old friend, set about concluding the religious exercises of the day, and to-morrow, if God wills, we shall return to the subjects that have already so long engaged our attention to-day.”

Sy saying, he resumed his breviary, and approached the rude altar of the cave, followed by his old acquaintance, Terence O'Mara.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE HERMIT COMMEMORATES THE FESTIVAL OF  
ST. STEPHEN, PROTOMARTYR.

FOR some time, in the neighborhood of the Abbey of Glanduff, the impression was becoming general that it was by robbers or outlaws the ruin was haunted instead of ghosts. And the government authorities in the towns of Innistymon, Kilfenora, and other neighboring stations, had it in contemplation for some time to order a thorough search of that lone and unfrequented neighborhood ; the yeomanry and police night-patrolling parties, having frequently given information of having seen lights and moving shapes of rebels hovering about the ruin. The incidents related in the twenty-sixth chapter of this work served to confirm these reports, and especially, as a son of O'Torpy, with a view of getting a reward, gave information to a magistrate concerning the expedition, and ill-luck of the gold-seekers ; who, he stated, were driven from the Abbey by a band of robbers



who were sheltered there. The magistrate, one Coalpoise, received the information of young O'Torpy with evident satisfaction, as, whether true or false, it coincided with his own long-conceived opinion ; but, instead of rewarding the young scoundrel who gave the false and hearsay information, he kicked him rudely from his office, and threatened to hang him if he didn't keep his mind to himself till after the arrest of the supposed outlaws. According to a preconcerted plan, therefore, entered into by the bench of magistrates of the above-named towns, it was determined to make an assault on the old ruin on Christmas night, when, it was thought, the outlaws or robbers would be found in their hiding-places, and easily secured. The appointed hour arrived, and the several detachments were punctually at the rendezvous, and on a given signal, in four different bodies they approach the Abbey ruin. Having stationed sentinels at proper places and within speaking distances, around the Abbey, the commander, one Captain Blood, ordered a general search of every arch, niche, crevice, tomb, vault, or other hiding-place within the ancient ruin, so that if "there was a robber, a rebel, or a rat there, he could not remain concealed," as he vauntingly spoke within hearing of all present. They searched and searched over again, but no robbers nor sign of them appeared, except that they found the hiding-place of O'Mara, which was in a broken flue of the large kitchen

chimney of the Abbey, and the only sign of its having been inhabited was a litter of mixed leaves and hay that served him for a bed ! They also discovered the underground chapel, which they explored by suspending their lamps into it from the muzzles of their muskets, but which they had not the courage to enter at that hour of night. Finally, the useless search was discontinued about four o'clock in the morning, after five hours unrequited labor, and the yeomanry and police that constituted principally this disorderly expedition, were ordered back to their respective barracks at Innistymon, Corofin, and Doolin ! The whole force did not quit the ground, however, for a small body, consisting of Captain Blood, Singleton, Coalpoise, and three or four privates, under pretence of laying in ambush for the return of the robbers, but in reality expecting to fall in with something valuable in the newly found chapel, volunteered to remain on the ground till daylight.

Having stationed the privates in different parts of the ruin according to orders, the three worthies, Singleton, Coalpoise, and Blood, after a copious draught from the brandy flask, were standing right over the aperture, discussing the probable treasures that a thorough exploration of the luckily-discovered chapel would disclose, when, all of a sudden, the entire space became illuminated, and an awful spectre walked across the floor, and knelt before the altar of the chapel ! The three

saw the unearthly visitor at once ; two of them, after having fallen to the earth through fear, fled, but the third, that was Captain Blood, shouldered his musket, and taking deliberate aim at the spectre, fired, and fled, crying, " Whether you be ghost or devil, take that, you audacious papist goblin ! "

The report of the shot was reverberated in a thousand mournful echoes from the crypt, from the tombs of the dead, and from the arches and chambers of the ruin. The night-crows and ravens, screaming pitifully, flew in terror through the gloom, and a loud clap of thunder broke from the ominous clouds above, as if to attest the indignation of heaven at the guilty deed that was done !

O'Mara rushed distracted to the spot where the aged Father was extended, and he found his heart's blood flowing on the marble pavement.

" This is a glorious day to die on, and a proper way to commemorate the martyrdom of the heroic protomartyr, St. Stephen ! O'Mara, my friend, move me away from this to the passage, and run for the neighboring clergyman, that, as I cannot offer the divine victim, I may have the happiness of his presence to strengthen me for the final journey to the mountain of my God ! Haste, friend, you have no time to lose ! "

Within one hour the priest had arrived, and after having administered the viaticum to, and anointed the aged limbs of, this heroic priest, prophet, and saint, he

passed from this world to the happiness of the next on the morning of St. Stephen's day ! His body was buried, according to his own directions, by the hands of O'Mara, in the mouth of the great cave where he spent so many years of his life, and where no profane foot shall tread on his tomb, till that day when the sound of the angel's trumpet shall recall it to immortality and eternal reward !

On the streets of Innistymon, Kilfenora, and Corofin, might be seen for many years after this, an old man lame of both feet, moving about from house to house by the aid of crutches, and soliciting a few crumbs of bread for food. During the forenoon of each day, he could be observed limping around the rough-cast walls of the Catholic church in one of the above-named towns, performing the stations of the cross, and on Sundays he always was the first up to the rails to communicate, and the last who left the church in the evening after the end of all the services ! Nobody knew where he slept at night, nor who he was, or what was his name, or where he came from, unless, indeed, the parish priest, who was his director, and who always showed him marked respect beyond all the other beggars of the parish ! The peasantry, in their inexhaustible faculties for inventing and calling appropriate names, christened him "Trelagh Altagh," or "Terence of the large ankles," from the shape of his swollen feet, and from this was derived the name

“Terryalt,” which the agrarian confederation of Munster, in the years 1831 and '32, adopted as its name ! This poor homeless mendicant was no other than our old acquaintance Terence O'Mara, successively the “Enchanted Warrior,” the Rapparee, the rebel, and the outlaw, and finally, the repentant sinner ; who, it is to be hoped, expiated, by the austerities and penance of his latter years, the frailties and irregularities of his younger days ; whose daring deeds stood long the terror of tyrants, and whose very infirmities, ere he died, gave rise to a name that will be long remembered, with salutary fear, by the landlord aristocracy of Munster.\*

\* The name “Terryalt” originated in this way: A certain wealthy farmer, who purchased the lands from which several comfortable families were recently ejected, was visited by night by a party of men disguised as blacks, who, after extorting a promise from him to resign his lately rented farm, began to administer to him a severe currying with a wool-card. Writling under the severe infliction, the tortured man asked, “O, who is this whose hand I feel tearing the very flesh off my back ?” To which several voices answered, “It is ‘Terry Alt,’ the pilgrim beggar, that is administering this combing to you, old fellow !” Afterwards “Terryalt” was threatened on any person guilty of oppression of the people, and finally the Whiteboys adopted the name !



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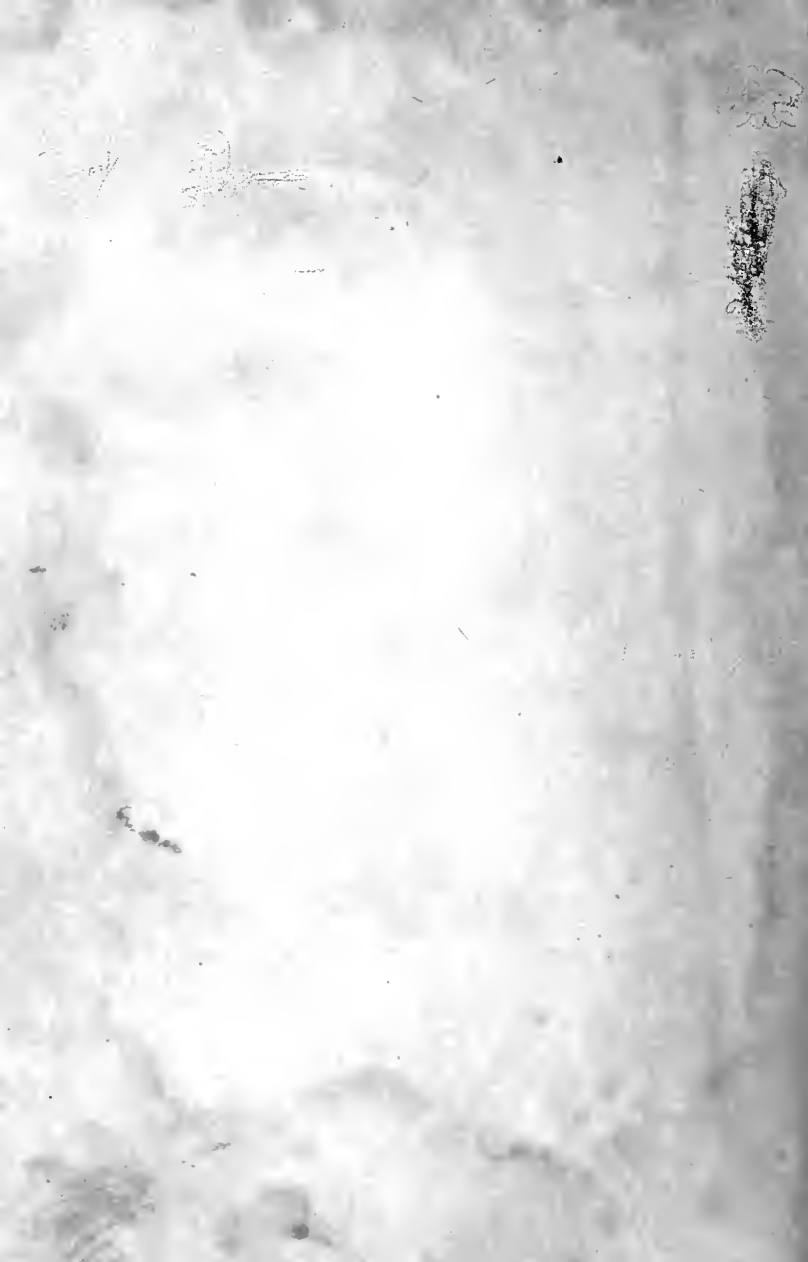
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