

REMINISCENCES OF '98.

Stirring Days and Scenes of Ireland's Gallant Struggle for Freedom.

Irish Patriots Versus English Villains.

VI.

JOHN OF THE BRIDGE.

John Flanagan, a true Irishman, was born at Tullamore, in the King's County, on the 23d of June, 1781. In 1799, during the struggles of Ireland, he was instrumental in the hands of Providence, in saving the lives of some thousands of his proscribed countrymen who had taken up arms in defence of their civil and religious freedom.

After the battle of Monsterevan, when they had been defeated by the king's troops, they broke open a distillery belonging to one John Cassidy, and, in the hopelessness of their case, abandoned themselves to the most reckless intemperance. The militia and infantry, who had been severely punished through the heroic bravery of those insurgents, had drawn off to some distance, although masters of the field, and were in a measure constrained to permit them to withdraw from the town in a body.

The following verses were composed by the gifted John Collins. The circumstances to which they relate happened in the town of Rosscarberry, in the year 1800. July the twelfth, in ancient Ross, there was a furious battle.

Where many an Amazonian lass made Irish bullets rattle. Sir Parker pitched his Flavian band beyond the Roory Water. Reviewed his forces on the strand, and marshalled them for slaughter.

They ate and drank from scrip and can, and drew their polished bayonets. And drank destruction to each man dissenting from their tenets. Replete with wrath and vengeance too, they drank annihilation.

To that insidious, hated crew, the Papists of this nation. The chief advanced along the shore and every rank incited: "Brave boys," says he, "mind what you swore, and what they swore recited."

numerous than their enemies, still by loyalty and bravery they retained the town longer than they could otherwise have done. The road by which the British advanced was enclosed on either side by walls; ambushed behind these the insurgents kept up a continual fire, which could not be returned by the enemy. There were in the "Black Horse" two brothers by the name of Burke. Near to the town was a "liberty tree" had been planted by some of the United Irishmen.

The British advanced to the town, when the rebels took refuge in the liquor-shops, to fire out on the foe; but alas! the temptation was too strong to be resisted, and instead of defending the town, most of them set to drinking. Some few held out, but these were easily vanquished, and the English were masters of Rathangan.

THE BATTLE OF CARBERRY. The following verses were composed by the gifted John Collins. The circumstances to which they relate happened in the town of Rosscarberry, in the year 1800. July the twelfth, in ancient Ross, there was a furious battle.

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Celestial rays of lightning flamed from his refulgent arms. His father was of earthly race, his mother once the fairest Of rural nymphs 'twas the stolen embrace of Jove upon a Papist.

Archbishop Walsh of Toronto has just celebrated the twenty-ninth anniversary of his consecration, he having been mitred Nov. 10, 1867, for the diocese of Sandwich, now London. Dr. Walsh is a native of Mooncoin county, Kilkenny, Ireland, where he was born May 21th 1810.

Monsieur Maurice Le Sage d'Hautecour d'Hulst, the celebrated French theologian and preacher, was also a member of the Chamber of Deputies for the arrondissement of Brest, in the department of Finistere, died recently in Paris.

To a recent interviewer Mgr. Martinelli said: "I shall travel much, especially in the West, in the hope of fostering the young Church organizations that there exist. The Church is still in its cradle in the United States, but the cradle is very promising."

The principal elections have still further strengthened the position of the Catholics in Belgium. Before the elections there were 412 Catholic Councillors, 182 Liberals and 61 Socialists.

Such is her speed upon the plain, no mortal can outpace her. And such her valor 'tis in vain for any man to face her.

THE VOW. Like a devastating cloud of locusts, laying bare the land, the Revolution had swept over Spain. The convent in our native place had been destroyed, and the ruins and grounds sold to a money-lender who had built a country-seat on the site, and laid out a farm.

The beautiful Gothic church of stone, which long had witnessed the ravages of time, was converted into a granary. Many years had passed since the sale, and the farm was considered the richest in that part of the country.

The spirit of the money-lender was not altogether dead in the bosom of the owner, and the prospect of a rare bargain lighted up a gleam of satisfaction in his eye. But too wary to show any eagerness he replied: "The place was a wilderness when it came into my hands, and it has cost me a great deal of money as well as the labor of the best years of my life to bring it at its present state."

"But should I offer 150,000 pesos what then?" "Even at that I would not sell it," replied the owner. "While I must admit that such a sum would go far towards paying me for the money and labor expended on it, the place has more than a money-value for me. I take a certain amount of pride in my farm, and in the house that I have built."

"What if I should call it 200,000 pesos?" "I would even have to consider that figure. But—no. I do not wish to raise hopes in your mind that will come to naught. While 200,000 pesos would certainly be a good price for the place, consider the trouble I would be put to in order to invest it to advantage."

Great Major Hewt, for tactics famed, renewed the fierce alarm.

"I will not deny that your offer almost shakes the resolution made years ago to end my days on this place, but I cannot decide this minute. If, however, you will be my guest for a time, we will see that you are cared for to the best of our ability. Then in a few days we may talk over this matter again. What say you?"

The mother was not so determined as her husband nor so romantic as her daughters. The good woman liked the house and the grounds, but she well knew with the sum offered they could buy a much better place and have money left. Suddenly she conceived an idea, which, while luminous, was so original, since the same idea has occurred to mothers with marriageable daughters from the immemorial.

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what I will pay for it you can build a much finer one. Do not refuse me this." The man was evidently impressed by some other motive than a rich man's caprice.

"Sir," said the host, "it is plain to me that there is something at the bottom of your desire to gain possession of this place that I cannot divine. Be frank and say why you want this farm."

"So far," answered the stranger, "I have thought to appeal to you by mere money, but since that cannot induce you to part with your property, let me see if my story will not appeal to your sympathies."

"Know then, my friend, for it is as a friend I take you into my confidence, that my sole object in purchasing this place is that I may restore it to its original purpose. In the old church which you have changed to a granary, there was venerated for centuries a picture of Our Lady of Mercy, who was and is the patron of our family. For time out of mind some member of my family was always a religious in the convent, and had charge of the altar and of the picture of Our Blessed Lady in particular.

The money-lender's heart was touched. Need more he said? There was a wedding soon after, for the daughter's appeal had won the stranger's love. After the wedding the family moved to the city. The convent again became a convent, the church a church, and the picture of Our Lady of Mercy resumed its place above the altar.

The executive council of the anti-Masonic council has sent a request round to the Catholic papers that nothing should be said upon the question of Diana Vaughan until the commission charged to inquire into the whole case has given the result of its labors to the world.

CUI At I Michs thus d chapel "Th lofty, marbl height guests choir, caribe hind richly is at d dais, cony, for th great i coverit lift of the cor the 12 This i buildt tance: infinty conscic ing—tl Angele nothing that m itless e "It i Dipper a roon dust m unless that d and d ways p seemd remain "But from m act of dusting feather woman "Hon cloth, proceed easter er dnat fully, f tipping the best has wip of dust goes on window "Wh of that himself, haps the an, but Boston Some been lat vision a spiders, and theid ed over their pr seats, is at a di they are greater can see inches. Appar spiders, in the m into qui as they spider. ing their sight as possesse Pearson's Englan What the Brit sorely artists (gushed their ow of the w greatest- or of so painter; soap—it shall we be rash t Millais v posterity precursor that he original simplici hold his Monkhou "I Much l ence of th his enviro dress and other just afforded l the "Thl Miss Kna relate the. The fir was estab great age rockin of best to ap evident it "What ion?" was "She v the answe with her hands, sh Sav When cough, c Cough Sy sure cur Blandon, used Dr. I cold and cough m affectiona but alwa Bull's Co for 25 cen