

"They have acted generously and nobly," added Reilly, "and in a truly Christian spirit. Were it not for the shelter and protection which I myself received from one of them, my mangled body would, probably, be huddled down into some obscure grave, as a felon; and my property—which is mine only by a necessary fiction and evasion of the law—have passed into the hands of Sir Robert Whitecraft. I am wrong, however, in saying that it could Mr. Hastings, a generous and liberal Protestant, took it in his own name for my father, but gave me a deed of assignment, placing it as securely in my hands, and in my power, as if I were Sir Robert Whitecraft himself; and I must add—which I do with pleasure—that the deed in question is now in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Brown, the amiable rector of the parish."

"But he is a heretic," said a red-faced little man, dressed in leather breeches, top-boots, and a huntsman's cap; "*vade retro sathanas*. It is a damnable crime to have any intercourse with them, or to receive any protection from them: *vade retro sathanas*."

"If I don't mistake," said the cook—an archdeacon, by the way—"you yourself received protection from them, and were glad to receive it."

"If I did receive protection from one of their heretic parsons it was for Christian purposes. My object was not so much to seek protection from him, as to work out his salvation by withdrawing him from his heresy. But then the fellow was as obstinate as *sathanas* himself, and had Greek and Hebrew at his fingers' ends. I made several passes at him—tried Irish, and told him it was Italian. 'Well,' said he, smiling, 'I understand Italian, too'; and to my astonishment he addressed me in the best Irish I ever heard spoken. 'Now,' said he, still smiling, 'you perceive that I understand Italian nearly—I will not say so well—as you do.' Now, as I am a sinner, that, I say, was ungenerous treatment. He was perfectly irrefragable."

This man was, like Mr. Maguire, what has been termed a hedge-priest, a character which, as we have already said, the poverty of the Catholic people, during the existence of the penal laws, and the consequent want of spiritual instruction, rendered necessary. There were no Catholic colleges in the country, and the result was that the number of foreign priests—by which I mean Irish priests educated in foreign colleges—was utterly inadequate to meet the spiritual necessities of the Irish population. Under those circumstances, men of good and virtuous character, who understood something of the Latin tongue, were ordained by their respective bishops, for the purpose which we have already mentioned. But what a difference was there between those half-educated men, and the class of educated clergymen who now adorn, not only their Church, but the literature of the country!

"Well, my dear friend," said the bishop, "let us be thankful for the protection which we have received at the hands of the Protestant clergy, and of many of the Protestant laity also. We now separate, and I for one am sensible how much this cruel persecution has strengthened the bonds of Christian love among us, and excited our sympathy for our poor persecuted flock, so many of whom are now without a shepherd. I leave you with tears, but they are tears of affection, and not of despair. I shall endeavor to be useful, wherever I may abide. Let each of you do all the spiritual good you can—all the earthly good—all good in its most enlarged and purest sense. But we must separate—probably some of us for ever; and now may the blessing of the Almighty God—of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—rest upon you all, and be with you and abide in your hearts, now and for ever! Amen!"

Having pronounced these words, he covered his face with his two hands, and went bitterly. There were, indeed, few dry eyes around him; they knelt before him, kissed his ring, and prepared to take their departure out of the cavern.

"My lord," said Reilly, who still entertained apprehensions of the return of his malady, "if you will permit me, I shall share your fate, whatever it may be. The poor people you allude to are not in the condition to attend to your wants. Allow me, then, to attend and accompany you in your retreat."

"My dear friend," said the bishop, clasping his hand, "you are heaping coals of fire upon my head. I trust you will forgive me; for I knew not what I did. I shall be glad of your companionship. I fear I still stand in need of such a friend. Be it so, then," he proceeded, "be it so, my dear friend; only that I should not wish you to involve yourself in unnecessary danger on my account."

"Danger, my lord!" replied Reilly; "there is not an individual here against whom personal malignity has directed the vengeance of the law with such a bloodthirsty and vindictive spirit as against myself. Why else am I here? No, I will accompany your lordship, and share your fate."

It was so determined, and they left the cavern, each to procure some place of safety for himself.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XLIV.—HOW THE RECONSTRUCTED IRISH NATION WAS OVERBORNE. HOW THE TWO HUGHS "FOUGHT BACK TO BACK" AGAINST THEIR OVERWHELMING FOES. HOW THE "SPANISH AID" RUINED THE IRISH CAUSE. THE DISASTROUS BATTLE OF KINSALE.

There now appear before us two remarkable men whose names are prominently identified with this memorable epoch in Irish history—Mountjoy, the new Lord Deputy; and Carew, the new Lord President of Munster. In the hour in which these men were appointed to the conduct of affairs in Ireland, the Irish cause was lost. Immense resources were placed at their disposal, new levies and armaments were ordered; and again all the might of England by land and sea was to be put forth against Ireland. But Mountjoy and Carew alone were worth all the levies. They were men of indomitable energy, masters of subtlety, craft, and cunning, utterly unscrupulous as to the employment of means to an end; cold-blooded, callous, cruel, and brutal. Norreys and Bagnal were soldiers—able generals, illustrious in the field. Essex was a lordly courtier, vain and pomp-loving. Of these men—soldier and courtier—the Irish annals speak as of fair foes. But of Mountjoy and Carew a different memory is kept in Ireland. They did their work by the wile of the serpent, not by the skill of the soldier. Where the brave and manly Norreys tried the sword, they tried snares, treachery, and deceit, gold flattery, promises, temptation, and seduction in every shape. To split up the confederation of chiefs was an end towards which they steadily labored by means the most subtle and crafty that human ingenuity could devise. Letters, for instance, were forged purporting to have been written secretly to the Lord Deputy by the Earl of Desmond, offering to betray one of his fellow-confederates, O'Connor. These forgeries were "disclosed," as it were, to O'Connor, with an offer that he should "forestall" the Earl, by seizing and giving up the latter to the Government, for which, moreover, he was to have a thousand pounds in hand, besides other considerations promised. The plot succeeded. O'Connor betrayed the Earl and handed him over a prisoner to the Lord Deputy, and of course going over himself as an ally also. This rent worked the dismemberment of the league in the south. Worse defections followed soon after; defections unaccountable, and, indeed, irretrievable. Art O'Neill and Nial Gary O'Donnell, under the operation of mysterious influences, went over to the English, and in all the subsequent events were more active and effective than any other commanders on the Queen's side! Nial Gary alone was worth a host. He was one of the ablest generals in the Irish camp. His treason fell upon the national leaders like a thunderbolt. This was the sort of "campaigning" on which Mountjoy relied most. Time and money were freely devoted to it, and not in vain. After the national confederation had been sufficiently split up and weakened in this way—and when, north and south, the defecting chiefs were able of themselves to afford stiff employment for the national forces, the Lord Deputy took the field.

In the struggle that now ensued O'Neill and O'Donnell presented one of those spectacles which, according to the language of the heathen classics, move gods and men to sympathy and admiration! Hearts less brave might despair; but *they*, like Lionidas and the immortal Three Hundred, would fight out the battle of country while life remained. The English now had in any one province a force superior to the entire strength of the national army. The eventful campaign of 1601, we are told, was fought out in almost every part of the kingdom. To hold the coast lines on the north—where Downra had landed (at Derry) 4000 foot and 400 horse—was the task of O'Donnell; while to defend the southern Ulster frontier was the peculiar charge of O'Neill. "They thus," says the historian, "fought as it were back to back against the opposite lines of attack." Through all the spring and summer months that fight went on. From hill to valley, from pass to plain, all over the island, it was one roll of cannon and musketry, one ceaseless and universal engagement; the smoke of battle never lifted off the scene. The two Hughs were all but ubiquitous; confronting and defeating an attack to-day at one point; falling upon the foes next day at another far distant from the scene of the last encounter! Between the two chiefs the most touching confidence and devoted affec-