

DERRY.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

They ascended the cathedral roof, and surveyed the sickening prospect. The numerous forts, intrenchments, batteries, and works of every description that had completed the investment, were occasionally obscured, as the mortars rolled forth their clouds of smoke, each sending into the city its messenger of destruction. Lough Foyle rolled its broad stream tranquilly past, unless when a shot ploughed the surface, or sank with an echoing splash into the tide. Towards its mouth many a longing look had been cast, in fond anticipation of coming succors; and some, when their hearts failed them, were wont to mount the walls, and gaze in that direction, until the vision of hope pictured an approaching sail, and imagination filled up the outline. But now, in addition to the accumulated works on either side, the enemy was beginning to stretch a boom across the river, and thus presented such obstacles to the progress of a fleet, as tended to chill the most sanguine expectation; and when the eye, withdrawn from this quarter, fell on the streets below, a spectacle of misery presented itself, difficult to conceive, and impossible to describe.

At this time the mortality was such, that the burials averaged thirty in a day; so that the streets presented a succession of funerals, conducted in trembling haste; while the frequent bombs tore up the neighboring pavement, and cast it among the attendants. Scarcely was more than the surface of the burying-ground disturbed, to furnish a shallow grave for several dead bodies together; and often was some mourner reached by a fatal ball while returning from his sorrowful task. Even as Bryan and Ross looked down from their elevation, a bomb struck the house of a gentleman, driving out from the wall a ponderous stone, which, falling on a man near the Ship-quay bastion, dashed his head to atoms.

The fort or castle of Culmore, situate on a point of land which projected considerably into the river, at a short distance, was an object of particular interest to the two friends. It formed the strongest of the enemy's positions of annoyance, in case of any approach from the harbor, and was well garrisoned. But beyond the association of Magrath's image with its distant outline, it presented nothing to their view, and in melancholy silence they quitted the spot, to commune with those who thronged the Diamond; to assist in deliberation on the important subject of husbanding provisions, and the many other anxious cares that harassed the public mind.

Magrath's augury, that the Sunday would afford a respite from bombardment, was fulfilled. Not a shell nor a ball was fired on that day; the Irish camp being engrossed in paying those honors to St. Columbkille which they had never once afforded to the Lord of the Sabbath during the protracted siege. Advantage was taken of this cessation by many whom timidity had deterred from venturing abroad; and the church was thronged at its various services by a crowd of sickly objects, whose squalid and emaciated appearance contrasted most strangely with the words of hope and fortitude to which they gave utterance. Many with tearless eyes looked on the graves of their nearest and dearest relations; while others, in greater emotion, uttered ejaculations of resignation to the Divine will, blessing the Lord for what He had done, and declaring that they deemed no sacrifice too great for a cause so holy. Ellen was wheeled in a low chair to the cathedral, her grandmother supported by Bryan, walking on one side, Basil on the other, and Shane, with trembling hand, essaying to steady the hinder part of the vehicle, which rather assisted his steps. An expression of heavenly peace was upon her pale fair countenance; and though a tear swelled when she passed her mother's grave, a smile of indescribable sweetness illumined every feature, as, looking up to Bryan, she softly said, "I hope they will have room beside it."

At the door a number of coffins were deposited during the service, and the departing congregation were constrained to pass between two files of them awaiting a hasty interment. One very plain box, over which was thrown a black shawl, attracted Bryan's view; for the mother of Patrick, with little Thady in her hand, stood behind it. She curtsied as she caught his eye, and with unflinching serenity glanced first at the boy and then at the coffin, indicating that her other child was there. "And is it so?" asked Bryan, involuntarily pausing on his path. "She was so happy," answered the mother, raising her eyes to heaven, while the deep hollow of her cheek, the sunken eye, and sallow hue, bespoke her also a candidate for speedy admission to the mansions of peace. Thady retained all his beauty, blooming like a solitary flower in the midst of every imaginable species of desolation.

"Ah! the cause upholds her womanly," said a stander-by.

"The cause of the cross," rejoined the sufferer, "and the cross 's the cause, are precious."

The crowded coffins, the open graves, the church windows shattered by balls, together with the wretched aspect of the living spectres, all arrayed in the gorgeous beams of a dazzling summer's sun, presented a wild and ghastly incongruity, over which the holy enthusiasm of the hour threw a character of such awful interest, that many lingered and looked, as if to impress upon their minds a lasting recollection of the unearthly scene. And these were Colonel Murray, who, as Walker in full canonicals took his station in the doorway, approached M'Alister, and requested to be presented to his venerable parent, to whom he immediately tendered his arm, addressing her with a suavity of manner peculiarly his own. "It is a sad, and yet a glorious spectacle which those who survive will labor to declare to their children's children, as a holy incentive to like fidelity."

"And as a lesson of confiding faith," added the Lady, "that, hearing what the Lord has done for us, they may feel the blessedness of saying, 'This God is our God, for ever and ever.'"

"I trust so," said Murray; then added, "No tidings of poor Magrath?"

"He is in the Lord's hand," responded she; "may he receive grace to resist every temptation!"

"I have taken precautions in a quiet way, that no hindrance should be given to his re-admission; but suspended, as we all are, by a mere cobweb over the abyss of eternity, a single life is perhaps too little recked of."

"Yet each single life, Colonel Murray, involves the doom of an immortal soul, and what of equal value does this material world contain?"

Murray took her hand and answered, "At this spot I must reluctantly leave you; but to your query I reply, that a single soul is beyond all price; and, while your faithful prayers nerve our arms in battle, forget not to supplicate that those who fall may find mercy through the blood of the Redeemer."

Then turning to Ellen, he bent over her little carriage, and said, with strong feeling, "Be of good cheer, dearest young lady; true hearts and firm hands are the walls that hem you in; and the Most High will not forsake His children."

"May you be numbered among them?" was the secret prayer of each as he departed.

The family sat up late, indulging a hope that Magrath might return; but in vain. He formed the subject of their discourse and of their supplications, and unwillingly they bade good-night and parted, yet thankful for the day's unwonted repose.

The following morning witnessed a renewal of the bombardment and cannonade. A new scene of horror was also exhibited; for the dead, so lightly interred, were rent from their graves by the bursting of large shells. This proved to many fond survivors a more heart-rending visitation than all their personal afflictions, outraging, as it did, one of the strongest feelings of domestic love. But no trial seemed to be wanting in this season of fiery tribulation. Magrath's non-appearance increased the dependency of his friends; and Ross kept a strict watch over the mansion of Alderman Crowe, in the vague hope of eliciting something from Smith; but to no purpose. On the following day Ross himself was not to be found, nor could Bryan gain any tidings of him.

At the old Lady's suggestion, Basil had obtained permission to visit the prisoners, and make an attempt to read the Irish Scriptures to them. In this he was successful beyond his hope; and although many rejected with sullen scorn, and some with abusive insolence, his proposal, yet when he commenced, on the slender encouragement which a few afforded, such was the power of their vernacular tongue, that scarcely one refused to listen. Many were sensibly affected; and as he chose the most simple portions, chiefly the recital of the Lord's miracles, teaching, and sufferings, their interest was engaged, their prejudices disarmed, and not a few repaid with warm thanks his kindness in cheering their captivity. Shane accompanied him once or twice, and his report, divested as it was of every acrimonious expression concerning those whom he had deemed it meritorious to revile, was doubly welcome to his friends.

Wearily, disheartened, and indisposed, Bryan stretched himself on some chairs in the evening of that day, listening to a conversation between Shane and Basil, and secretly wishing that he was as sure of a speedy removal to the unseen world, as their advanced years rendered them. Ellen dozed; and the Lady was engrossed with her Bible. Frequent explosions shook the house; but they were now of too common occurrence to be much regarded. The door was flung open, and Ross entered with a shout of joy, which was echoed in some wise by each of the party, when they discovered that he led Magrath, evidently wounded, and extremely weak; but staggering eagerly towards Bryan, who had started up, and upon whose arms he threw his own

for support, while he exclaimed, "Praise to God—the fleet! the fleet!"

"Oh! blessed sound!" cried the Lady, as she raised her clasped hands; "and blessed sight, to behold our poor brother once more!"

"Magrath—my dear fellow!" exclaimed Bryan, almost wild with joy; while Ross said, "The fleet is in the Lough, though still far distant, and not likely to make any way for some hours, and panic is spreading among the enemy; but we must look after Magrath. We fished him out of the water in good time, and I fancy that he is in poor plight—have you any provision at hand?"

Such as they had was produced, and Magrath voraciously devoured it. The bullet, which had passed through the fleshy part of his arm, had inflicted but a slight wound; and Basil remarked that it would be a source of great thankfulness if his soul had sustained no greater injury, exposed as it had been to worse peril than his body.

"Sure, and I've taken a power of care of the same. Troth, and it's I that have need to do that," he added, with an indescribable grimace, and he checked himself.

"You've been to mass!" said Shane, in a tone of sorrowful reproach.

"Maybe I haven't,"

"Nor to confession?" asked Bryan, eagerly.

"Sorry a bit, sir."

"What! could you not find a priest?" inquired Ross.

"Oh! as plenty as pratees, your honor, but we couldn't agree, anyhow."

He then, with perfect composure, proceeded to recount his adventures, and, in the effect produced by them, his mind appeared to lose all consideration of the triumph which such a narrative must afford to some who had hitherto been his opponents, as well on religious as political grounds.

To be Continued.

A MINIMUM POINT.

By H. ANDREWS.

Progress is slow in the advancement of the right of the laboring man to exist. It is slow in recognizing that any individual willing to work ought to have the work. There seems to be an undercurrent, however, which will bring about a progress.

The favored classes have so long misused their power to fortify their own position and degrade the toiler by all means which cunning can devise and capital promote, that a change will naturally press itself forward.

It is admitted, all the world over, that our social conditions are bad. It is admitted that such daring injustice, such poverty, such destitution, such depravity, such "slums," as the conditions of social life carry before our eyes almost at every step of our daily life, and which are deplorable pictures of an existence very little "worth living," must be in some way exchanged for the better.

We are not in want of discussion of the question. We have a number of views presented to the public by kind reformers, but as yet we seem not to have received any really practical propositions which, if enforced, could be of real use and lasting benefit to all concerned.

This is not the place to quote all views given pro or con in the matter of social progress, so we shall call attention to only a couple of expressions, which show that the undercurrent has spread itself to a class of people who, as a rule, have had no practical sympathy for the laboring man. The truth has advanced so as to be visible to a greater number than ever before, and individuals naturally indifferent to the laboring man's case on account of circumstances, are, either by inclination or by reciprocal force, compelled to "think," where they in past times almost refused to glance. The ministers who, as a class, need not doff their hats to the ordinary laborer to obtain his support, have commenced to discuss the practical conditions of life and possibilities left the toiler.

Rev. G. J. Powell, according to published reports, addressed the ministerial union as follows on the subject, "The Social Crisis and the Duty of the Church."

After referring to former religious and political crises, and reviewing the indication of a social revolution in all nations, the speaker outlined his opinion so as to show that readjustment must come by the aid of fundamental truth of religion.

Even if we do not agree with the pastor and the ministers that we need the religion as the readjuster, nor that we need more religion, we observe with the greatest of pleasure that the ministers commence to take cognizance of the fact that something is wrong somewhere. We wonder if the beautiful epithet, "a crank," will be applied to those intelligent gentlemen on account of such crimes as showing sympathy with oppressed humanity in a business-like way.

Dr. Powell thinks and says that the pope has sent out an encyclical on the labor question, and the christian world, led by the Salvation Army, is seeking, as never before, to elevate in all ways the lapsed masses.

Not that we think it either to the benefit or a further degradation if the pope distributes his encyclical letters

or not. It makes no difference in the one or the other direction nowadays, further than to show that even the papists find it to their advantage to prepare themselves for emergencies arising from the social question: Capital and human being in his right to exist by labor. The Roman Catholic machine, this the most infernal but best organized combination, the worst enemy of all individual liberty and education of laboring man, does not feel very easy either. As usual, it puts out its feelers, always ready to retire or advance wherever it finds it advantageous for its own bodily interest. Its autocratic, refined, learned, well trained, but despotic prelates are experts in movements on the chess-board of social life; but they care very little about the result outside of their grasp. Love of humanity has nothing to do with their account, if not bound to serfdom by the jesuit faith, popery and doubtful celibacy. The victories and defeats of centuries have given both training and experience. They are always careful to put the pins right; it takes hard work to cross their path.

But they discuss the labor question all the same. Dr. Powell is true to himself and true in his conviction when he says, as quoted:

"The duty of the church is to regain the leadership and confidence of the common people, which she has to some extent lost. The church should be the best friend of the common people, but she is charged, not always unjustly, with being a friend of the rich and titled classes, with catering more to worshippers in fine linen who can make large contributions than to the poorly clad attendants upon the means of grace."

And, further, another heavy truth:

"To regain leadership, the church, and I mean first the ministry, must prove that they care for the poor and the working classes, along the lives of their social needs," and

"So we are to find out by the most careful search what are the social needs of the working classes."

"We must care less for denominational ear-marks and the brands christians wear or do not wear, and more for the great common facts of life and religion that make them men and brothers."

"We must bring up our study of man and his earthly needs. When the church begins to enter fully upon its mission for the individual and social relation of the world, we shall devote very much more time to the study of economic questions from a christian standpoint."

The Rev. Mr. Crane, this fearless gentleman, who, on more than one occasion has taken the step to speak out in full in opposition to rules of antiquity and custom, spoke these excellent words in behalf of the wage-worker:

"What the poor want is not so much charity as justice. Society, as now organized, is wrong—I believe that positively. The only difference between myself and the anarchists is that they believe in blowing it up because it is wrong, while I want it to grow right in God's way. It is growing right. We ought to preach that after a man has secured for himself and family what is necessary, it is his duty to devote his time and means to relieving the distressed about him."

Rev. Dr. Thain says: "Help for the poor and down-trodden must come, and will come. * * * The minister of the future must be practical. Today we are too many preachers who know more about dead languages than they do about live men. These labor and social questions have come to stay, and they must be settled."

If they will, as Dr. Thain supposes, be settled by christianity, is another question. We quote the good, old-fashioned view as laid down in those few significant words by Rev. Dr. T. W. Butler, as follows:

"There seemed to me to be a note of alarm in the paper. Maybe that is because I am getting a little old and growing conservative. The condition of the laboring man and his remuneration was never as good as at present. There is not so much injustice after all. The cure of social inequalities must be brought about by individual good. It is the gospel, etc., which must save the world."

Surely this gentleman is growing old and supposedly fat in the cold comfort of a well paid office. Nobody else could be so ignorant about conditions of life to most things as he shows himself to be. If he is not willfully ignorant, he is certainly poorly informed as to the real condition of that numerous class which is forced around and answer to the aphorism job-hunter.

Rev. Dr. Tindall said:

"I endorse the paper. I think that we are all agreed that the only way to settle social inequalities and labor troubles is by the world's adoption of the golden rule. I, too, am sure that the church is not doing as much as it ought to and will in the future, but it is today paying more attention to the poor than any other institution or agency in the world."

Several ministers as yet, as Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Clifton Hill, still put such views before the laboring man that the "remedy for social evils lay in individ-

ual effort to christianize men's hearts." As to the profession as a clergyman in office such expressions are right, but as to the genuine laborer who fights hard "unto death" to bring a living out of conditions, and who makes desperate efforts to have something to eat for himself and his loved ones, it has not a fraction of worth. That song has been sung now continually for at least eight-hundred years without any material change of stock and without changing the ingredients of the human heart one scintilla.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Have a Jubilo.

Turn.—Say, darkey, have you seen a nassy say, people, have you seen a Roman with a grim, deceitful face. Going long th' road sometime this morning like he's going to leave the place. He sneezed the smoke all through the country. In th' camp of the A. P. A. He took his hat and left very sudden And I spect he's skipped away.

Chorus: The Romans howl ha! ha! The A. P.'s say ho! ho! It mink he now that the kingdom am a coming And we'll have a jubilo.

The offices now are almost vacant Where these Romans used to swell. We hardly know what's become of th' sinners But we think they've gone to h—l. (purgatory)

They tried to avoid the great disaster. But the thing, it wouldn't go. Like Bango's ghost, when they tried to stop it The blamed thing would not whoa.

Chorus: The great Italian, Prince Satolli. Came to boss the job they say. But we think before our schools are busted That he'll take a holiday. That th' pope and all his satanael minions Will be routed, and we'll be A happy, blithe, united people. And our land will still be free.

Chorus: The serpent which in the wine-cup lingers. To sting us when we taste. Right in th' snout with th' Australian ballot This monster we will paste. We'll meet him when and where he wishes. And we'll never lose our grip. 'Till of all his pretended temporal power The old pope shall be stripped.

Chorus: We say to all patriotic people. Come and join us in th' fray. And we'll twist the sail of this church-political In the good old Yankee way. We'll expose their crimes and reveal their record And make this country free from th' bondage And curse of Roman hate.

Chorus: Satolli 'll go, ha! ha! The freemen 'll say, ho! ho! It must be now that the kingdom am a coming And we'll join the jubilo.

DISSATISFIED CATHOLICS.

They Are Not Pleased With the Elevation of Bishop Radmacher.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., August 8.—There is considerable agitation among Catholics of the diocese of Vincennes, and especially the Evansville deanery, on account of the selection of Bishop Radmacher of Nashville, Tenn., to succeed the late Rev. Bishop Dwenger of Fort Wayne, Ind. Bishop Radmacher has been made archbishop of Indiana, which includes parts of Iowa and Illinois.

Persecuting a Converted Priest.

Since his secession from the Roman Catholic church, the Rev. James Waring, of Carmarthen, has suffered great annoyance by the bitterly hostile feeling shown towards him by the members of the Roman Catholic community at Carmarthen. A representative of the Western Mail called upon the reverend gentleman at his residence in Carmarthen on Monday week to obtain particulars of an incident which occurred on the previous Saturday night. "It was a very trivial thing," remarked Mr. Waring; "and I assure you I did not take much notice of it. I was sitting here in the window, when a drunken man, whom I knew as being a Roman Catholic, came up to the railings and asked me to come out to fight. He spoke very insultingly to me about the Church of England, but I did not take much notice of him. He, however, came inside the railings, and putting his hand in through the open window, attempted to strike me, and did strike me with his clenched fist on my arm. I ordered him away, and after a little while he went outside the railings, where he continued to use very bad language. A policeman was sent for, and in a short time two constables came up, but I was loth to have the man locked up. However, he was taken away from here."

"Have you, since you changed your views and entered the Church of England, been subjected to persecution on the part of your co-religionists?"

"Oh, it's been fearful," replied Mr. Waring. "I can hardly go out without being subjected to some hostile demonstration in some form or another. It is really extraordinary that in this age of toleration persons should dare manifest such extreme uncharitableness. In my opinion, they certainly do their church much harm by showing so ungenerous and unkindly a spirit towards one who has only acted according to his conscientious conviction."

"Is it your intention to summon this particular man who assaulted you, as alleged, on Saturday evening?"

"I don't know that I should take any further notice of it. I could, of course, take proceedings against him if I wished, and if he had been a man in his sober senses I certainly should. But as he was drunk, and probably not in one sense responsible for what he was doing, I don't think I shall proceed further with the matter. Besides, I don't wish to reciprocate that unchristianlike spirit they have shown towards me."

"I see it is stated that this little incident will delay your taking up your duties in London as a clergyman of the Church of England?"

"Certainly not; it's all nonsense." With this Mr. Waring resumed his work in his study, and the interview terminated.—English Churchman.

The Confessional Not Sacred.

The recent decision of Sir Frederick Jeune, chief justice of the London court of probate and divorce, that a priest or minister of the gospel has no right to plead privilege when asked to repeat in court the substance of a statement made to him in the confessional, is revolutionary in its tendency, and if strictly enforced would doubtless immeasurably weaken the confessional as a church institution. The case in which the ruling was made concerned a priest of the English established church, who made a practice of hearing confessions from his parishioners, but if the principle is generally followed it will most largely affect the Roman Catholics. Heretofore the courts of England have generally held such confessions sacred and refused to compel priests to disclose their character in court. Similar decisions, we believe, have been made in this country in recent years, and the practice is an unwritten law in several continental countries. Innumerable cases occur where Roman Catholic priests plead the sanctity of the confessional and are thus excused from revealing what has been communicated to them.

The wisdom of such a practice and its advisability is very much to be doubted. It gives this particular institution a hold upon the evil-disposed and law-breaking classes which is very hard to justify on any grounds of public welfare. Many an ignorant criminal has his mind freed from remorse by the confessional when, if it were not for it, he might be led to confess his crime to others and be brought to punishment. What is still more iniquitous in its effect, the pardon of the confessional is accepted as removing guilt and responsibility, and the evil-disposed have a check on their conduct removed which would otherwise prove a means of salutary restraint. It is for these reasons that the decision of Sir Frederick Jeune will meet with very wide approval and deserves a general discussion. The sanctity of the confessional is a relic of middle-age church privilege that the world can get along very well without in these latter days, and the sooner its right to deny the superiority of the civil courts is overthrown once for all, the better it will be for the cause of justice and good citizenship in the world.—Cleveland Daily Leader.

What Masonry Teaches.

In the first degree in Masonry the candidate receives teachings addressed to his moral nature. Carrying these into daily life he will soon to do a mean or dishonorable act. His word will be his bond. In business matters he will steer clear of all shoddy transactions. Never will he sully the purity of his soul with the guilt of deliberate falsehood. Never will he stain his lips with words that are impure and obscene, words that bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the listener. He will not so far degrade his moral nature; he will not so far forget his manhood as to overstep the bounds of temperance. Not to him will be pointed the finger of scorn as one who has sunk below the level of the brutes that perish. He will not live to gratify his own pleasures. Like our lamented and esteemed Brother—Sir Moses Montefiore—still speaking to us from the deathless dead, he will think of others first, of himself last. Not will he fail in the discharge of his duties as a public citizen. His voice will be ever uplifted, it may be in the council chamber, on the bench, in the board-room, in the sacred cause of truth, honor and right. He will never weary in waging war against tyranny, oppression, and wrong. He will be ever foremost in seeking to alleviate every genuine case of want, poverty and distress. Thus will he learn to rear "the white flower of a blameless life," and his fellow men will give to him—voluntarily, freely give to him that which cannot be purchased for gold, that which is far above rubies—their esteem and respect.—American Tyler.

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