

# DERRY.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER IX.

The month of May had passed without any greater antagonism from the enemy than that of the frequent cannonading, which, among other unpleasant effects, so polluted the water of the city, that many hazarded, and some lost their lives in the attempt to obtain a purer beverage from without the gates. This was a dreadful hardship, bearing particularly on the sick, on delicate women, and children. Various diseases began to spread among them, heightened by the heat of summer, and the unwholesome food to which they were well-nigh confined. But on the twenty-ninth of the month a general panic was spread throughout the numerous families, by an order that every house should be provided with supplies of water; a heavy bombardment being expected during the night, of which the probable effect would be to ignite the town in every quarter.

All was confusion; and among other precautions the gunpowder, hitherto lodged in the church, was removed into places of greater security. Wells, long since dried up, were selected to receive it, and covered with every article best calculated to repel the dangerous element. In this service Magrath made himself so useful, that Colonel Murray particularly noticed his activity, and the good sense that marked his frequent suggestions; while Alderman Crowe observed to his factotum, that it argued little short of madness in the leading men to follow the counsel of an acknowledged papist in a matter of such importance.

The wily follower of this honest zealot had good cause to know that Magrath was sincere; since he had himself such frequent communication with the enemy as enabled him to identify every other traitor within the walls; he was one of those purchasable characters who may always be relied on by the highest bidder, and a chief agent of Tyrconnel's retained him at a handsome price. He had ascertained many particulars relating to Magrath, and was pursuing measures to rid the garrison of one so likely to become a valuable helper in a struggle.

The bombardment did not take place; but on the first of June a few shells were thrown during the night, and on the morrow an incessant fire was poured in from the enemy's guns; they had, in the course of the few preceding days, constructed no less than sixteen forts, on which to mount these engines of destruction. It was now that Magrath, for the first time, took part in offensive preparations; for he assisted to cast leaden balls, mounting the roofs of houses with cool intrepidity to strip the metal from them, while shot was flying in every direction around him. But the following day was marked by a shower of bombs, which inflicted greater damage than had yet been sustained, and a fierce assault from the besiegers brought the combat to the very walls of the town.

"This is terrible," said Ellen, as the chairs on which she lay rocked with concussion; but her look was calm and her fortitude unshaken.

"Isn't it a blessed thing that they were taken away from all this evil?" whispered Shane to Basil.

The old man had, for some time past, given his attention to the Word of God, as continually spoken in his hearing by Basil. Conveyed in his native tongue, Scripture truths came home to his understanding with a plainness of intelligibility never before felt. He did not often ask to be indulged in this way, but a sort of restlessness frequently came over him, which yielded to nothing else; and when once that sound reached his ear, it subsided into pleased attention. Magrath was the first to notice this; and, struck with the similarity of his case to that of old Dennis, he would seat himself on the low stool, and read from his manuscripts, until, as he said, he fancied himself a roscown again. It was a feast indeed to the Lady of M'Alister, when, employed at her knitting, she watched and prayed over this interesting scene; and poor Ellen, with eyes half closed in delighted attention, followed, the language, to her perfectly intelligible. Basil seemed engaged with his own book, occasionally introducing a remark as passages of particular applicability occurred in Magrath's reading; and, amid the bitter trials of that calamitous season, the voice of praise was incessantly called forth on behalf, not only of Magrath, but of Shane.

On this dreadful day, however, the former was absent with Bryan, and every explosion spoke in audible menace concerning those abroad.

"I have been in many perils," remarked Basil; "but such a roar of artillery, such crashes and bursts, I never heard. Oh! it is a happy privilege to know that the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier than all this

noise; and that His thunders are not aimed against our souls, nor will His terrors make us afraid."

"My country, my poor Ireland!" said Ellen, "will she never leave off thus to wound herself?"

"Alas for Erin!" responded the Lady; "her history is but a tale of horrors such as these."

Basil was about to speak, but a tremendous noise, accompanied by a shock that made every pane to rattle in the casement, told that a bomb had exploded near the house. Groans and shrieks followed, and Ellen, her countenance convulsed with anguish, exclaimed, "O Grandmother! when will it end? when shall I get free?"

"Hush, my child; tarry the Lord's leisure. Patience must have her perfect work, but rest is near."

Shouts and screams, more appalling than before, were now heard; explosions re-echoed in various directions, and the sulphurous clouds of dense smoke drifted past, until the girl's lungs were oppressed almost to suffocation. Gently raised by her aged attendants, she struggled long under the paroxysms of coughing; and then sank down sobbing for breath, and presenting such a spectacle of hopeless suffering, that Shane averted his eyes, groaning bitterly, while the others looked on and wept.

But instead of dispersing as usual, the smoke increased so fast as to suggest an apprehension of the city having taken fire. Another thundering explosion shook the house, and several panes of glass fell from the window. Rushing through the aperture, the choking fumes now whirled in eddies round the apartment, and Ellen's infirm supporters were themselves beginning to need support, when the door hastily opened and closed again; and Bryan, catching up Ellen from her couch, bore her rapidly into an inner room, returning for the Lady, whom he dragged rather than led to the same place, giving no heed to her questions; reaching again the outer apartment, he bolted the door after him. Then, clasping his hands on his forehead, he said, "There are times when I feel as if on the very verge of insanity. But a moment since, I looked with tearless and reckless eye on the mangled bodies of friends long endeared—now, the bare recollection maddens me."

"Yet be calm. Think of the Christian's perfect peace."

"I do—but, I had forgotten—one of our poor soldier inmates has been desperately wounded, they are bearing him hither—for that cause I bolted the door. Can you endure the sight?"

"Ay, and play the leech too, if needful; I am insured to all."

The party now arrived, bearing the poor soldier, whose leg was completely shattered. They carried him up to his apartment, followed by Basil, while Shane strewed ashes over the crimsoned floor, and Bryan went to break the matter to the ladies.

"It is all well, my love," said the Lady; "we will attend him with every care." Ellen asked for Magrath.

"When I last saw him he was communicating something to Walker. There has been dreadful work, but the assault is repelled, chiefly through the intrepidity of the women."

"O Bryan! are you not thankful concerning our mother and Letitia?"

"I am, I am! From the church battery I looked down, and rejoiced over their quiet resting-place. It is all well, Ellen; and as to us, the Lord fights for His persecuted church. There is some invisible wall of fire around us."

"It is even so," rejoined the Lady, with a look of triumph; "horses and chariots of fire surround us, and we are impregnable in the bulwark of prayer. Come, kneel; for His ear is ever open, and His eye beholds, while His shield defends us." She poured forth a strain of intercessory supplication for her country, and in glowing faith commended the cause of His church to their glorious Head.

During the whole of the week, havoc and destruction were carried into the city; not satisfied with execution already done, their besiegers increased the size of the bombs, striking down houses and killing numbers of all ranks and classes. Salted horseflesh was almost the only meat now discoverable, and of this they had but by a tolerable store. On the Friday evening Magrath entered, his countenance clouded in an unusual degree, and seated himself as if scarcely conscious where he was.

"What's come over the boy?" asked Shane, anxiously.

He received no answer, but on a similar question from Bryan, Magrath replied that he must leave the city before dawn; adding, that he hoped to return in two days. Remonstrances and entreaties ensued, which at last compelled him to say that he had been summoned by his priest to confession, preparatory to the festival of St. Columbkille.

"Confession," ejaculated Bryan; "surely, Magrath, you are not about to betray the confidence so freely reposed in you?"

"Nothing, your honor, barring what my clergy can require."

"And that is just everything! Besides, I could not believe you to be still under this irrational thralldom."

"Is it that I ever turned my religion, sir?"

"I don't say so, but—in short, it perplexes as much as it grieves me."

Magrath handed a paper to Basil, requesting him to declare its contents aloud. It was in Irish, and required him to repair to the "station" at Columbus for the purpose of confessing, and hearing mass.

"Columbus! Really, Magrath, this is madness. Why, the enemy are in the greatest force there."

"Maybe so; but it isn't for me to dispute my clergy's orders."

"Alone!" said Shane, "and what confession would you need, when the Savior Himself is ready to hear and forgive you?"

"True and He is; but then didn't He Himself say, 'Hear the church?'"

This led to an argument, in which Bryan, the Lady, and Basil took part. Magrath heard them patiently, but maintained that, as a member of the church he was bound to obey his priest. He added that the besieged would probably enjoy a respite on Sunday, as it was to be kept in the Irish army.

Before separating for the night, the Lady addressed them in a solemn tone: "Mark me, Larry Magrath, if you bow the knee at that confessional, invoking departed saints to hear and intercede, you reject the sole Mediator who stands between you and an offended God. If you worship the wafer, you make the cross of Christ of no effect, owning another sacrifice than that which God appointed, and committing likewise the deadly sin of idolatry. Trifle not with your salvation, for you totter on the brink of eternal flames. Take with you this warning, from one who has burst the yoke, and knows it to be a link of perdition." Ellen, with tears, implored him to the same effect; and Basil advanced a host of Scripture evidences against his purposed deed. The poor fellow was, however, inflexible, though evidently distressed; and before daybreak he was past the gates, under a written protection from General Hamilton, which had been enclosed in the priest's letter.

The scanty fare of the breakfast-table was rendered unpalatable to those who surrounded it, not so much by the tremendous sounds that deafened them, as by the dreary feeling which Magrath's absence produced. The wounded soldier had died in the night, and Basil, who had assiduously attended him, seemed exhausted by fatigue. Shane appeared lost in painful ruminations; and the Lady herself was unusually cast down. Ellen wept as Bryan prepared to depart, and argued that they would lose him too; but her brother checked the murmuring expression, reminding her that her doubts of his continued preservation would be the worst omen of their own fulfillment. He urged them to be much in prayer for Magrath, as well as for himself, and left the dwelling with a heavy heart; for in Magrath he had lost the voice which always spoke some cheering word as they crossed the threshold.

Colonel Murray was one of the first persons whom he met, and he instantly inquired where Bryan had left his shadow. Obtaining a promise of secrecy, M'Alister acquainted him with the fact, at which the colonel expressed no small annoyance, hinting that he questioned how far they were justified in permitting him to depart.

"Do you doubt his fidelity?" asked Bryan.

"Why, I cannot if I would; but the matter is one of perplexing character. So many deceptions take place, that, in fact, we cannot hope to conceal anything; but I felt a sort of regard for that fellow, which renders the possibility of his treachery quite painful."

As they approached the walls, Alderman Crowe came bustling up, and accosted Bryan, "So, Mr. M'Alister, your trusty follower has turned traitor, and deserted to the enemy."

"Indeed!" said the Colonel, "how is that?" giving Bryan a sign to be silent.

"Why, I'll tell you now, since it's all out. You know I have an attached servant, who changed his religion entirely out of personal regard for me, and therefore must be sincere. He has kept an eye on this famous gentleman for some time past, and last night informed me that he was going to desert, having all along maintained a communication with the enemy. This morning I hear that he passed the Ferry Gate, and was received with open arms by his fellow-seceders outside."

"Well, he is not the first who has done so."

"I hope he may be the last; but don't notice what I have told you. In fact, Smith desired me to say nothing until I should hear it from other quarters. He does not like to claim the reward which his own fidelity merits."

"He shall get it though," said the colonel, as soon as the alderman was out of hearing. "Of the two, I'd far sooner suspect his convert than your stout-hearted papist. Keep Smith in view, if you can, M'Alister; I must away to the guard-house. You see what a peppering the rascals are disposed to give us today."

Perfectly sure that Magrath was the victim of some treacherous stratagem, Bryan at once bent his steps to Alderman Crowe's house, and, on the door being opened by Smith, asked first if all was well within, and then whether

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he had seen or heard anything of his man, Magrath.

"Nothing, sir; sure I haven't been outside today. The last I saw of Magrath, he was walking past with you yesterday. I hope no harm's come over the honest lad."

Bryan turned away, and seeking out Ross, told him all that had occurred. He was not a little gratified to find his impetuous friend as perfectly convinced of Magrath's integrity, and Smith's perfidy, as himself; but how to make their conviction available, in the dreadful state of the town, was a difficulty which they could not surmount.

"Let us to the church battery," said Ross, "and take a look around us."

To be Continued.

### WHY BOOKS ARE CHEAP.

A Machine That Prints and Folds Three Thousand Every Hour.

There are various rumors and tales floating about town among those in the business concerning some wonderful machinery over on the west side of the city in a certain monstrous bookmaking establishment.

The "novel machine" is a large web press similar to the kind newspapers are printed on, but arranged to take curved electrotypes of each page of a book instead of a single large metal cylinder casting. There are two cylinders, on each of which 144 pages may be screwed, and as the long strip of paper goes through, first one side is printed and then the other, making it possible to print 288 pages at every revolution. The strip of paper, after being carried over rollers which dry the ink, is cut, folded and brought together in the shape of a small volume, with the edges all trimmed. Every time the great cylinder goes round a novel is printed, folded and trimmed, and 5,000 of these are turned out every hour, while, if it were necessary, 7,000 or 8,000 might be the quota.

From the printing press these books are carried to a little machine that looks like a sewing machine, and two wire stitches are taken in the back of each. The stitched volumes are then carried to the covering machine, where they are put side to side in a long feeding trough. At the end of this is a little compartment large enough to take a book, carried on an endless chain running over wheels at each end. Indeed, there are a series of little compartments on this chain, and as the chain moves along each one receives a book. As the book proceeds a wheel running in a groove presses against its back, smearing it with glue. A little further along there is a pile of

covers that comes up at just the right moment, leaving a cover sticking to the gluey back of the book.

In this way 50 books can be covered every minute. Two hundred and fifty thousand of these paper covered novels are thus turned out every two weeks, and extra editions of 50,000 or so are often worked in besides.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### The Last English Rabbit.

The game of the world is decreasing, and as new lands are opened to civilization so it will get less and less. In the struggle for existence, there will be no room for the sportsman. His requirements will grow more modest as time advances, but they will not be satisfied. The last British wolf was killed in Sutherlandshire about the year 1790 by a man named Polson. Who will be handed down to posterity as the slayer of the last British rabbit? What a pathetic picture might be drawn of the last cock pheasant! Perhaps some Macanlay of the far distant future may astonish his readers by his account of what went on in the rural districts of Great Britain in the nineteenth century.

He would relate how, owing to the scantiness of the population, men used to shoot partridges and pheasants by the thousand on ground then and for generations past the sites of immense towns; telling how the great garden of England, then mapped out into small tenements, each laboriously and minutely cultivated, with no waste of wood or hedge row, used in those far away years to be furiously ridden over by hundreds of horsemen in pursuit of an animal long since extinct in the land and only known to the curious in old books of natural history.—Macmillan's Magazine.

### French Servants and Wealthy Shopkeepers.

The one extravagance of dress of the French servant girl lies in having her best gown made by a dressmaker instead of making it herself. Hence her corsages always fit her well, and her plain stuff costume has a degree of style about it which she is fully capable of appreciating. The ladies of the so-called bourgeoisie set—the wives and daughters of rich shopkeepers and manufacturers—very rarely indulge in rich fashionable toilets. Mme. Boucaut, the foundress of the Bon Marche, was worth millions upon millions. Always arrayed in black silk or satin of excellent quality, but made in the plainest possible style, she looked to the last hour of her life just what she was—the greatest and richest shopkeeper in Paris possibly, but still a shopkeeper, and one that never tried to look like anything different. When the daughter of one of these wealthy French

people marries, her trousseau is usually very superb, but the famous masters of the art of dress are seldom or never called upon to exert their inventive talents in her behalf.—Lucy Harper in Home Journal.

### How Air Resists a Locomotive.

Experiments made by the scientists appointed for that purpose by the French government show that the resistance of the atmosphere to the motion of a high speed train often amounts to half the total resistance which the locomotive must overcome. Two engines, of which the resistance was measured repeatedly and found to be 19 pounds per ton at 87 miles per hour, were coupled together and again tried. In the second trial the resistance fell to 14 pounds per ton, the second engine being shielded from atmospheric resistance by the first. It strikes me that there is an idea for some inventor half unmasked in this item.—St. Louis Republic.

### A Sign of Good Breeding.

One of the most convincing signs of good breeding is respect for other people's rights. We all subscribe to that statement in theory. Yet how many of us always remember in any public place, in the street car or at a hotel table not to introduce the two subjects that are inevitably certain to hurt some one present—religion or politics? Women are not exempt from dabbling in politics, though generally professedly ignorant of public affairs. Sometimes their speeches apropos of one's favorite politician remind one of the hint conveyed in the assertion that the wasp can sting as well without its head as with it.—Chicago Mail.

The gold mines of Peru were so rich that Atahualpa, to buy his ransom, filled a room 32 by 17 feet to a height of 9 feet with golden vessels. When melted they produced \$15,489,710 of gold.

The Yezidees, a peculiar Turkish sect, cut off the head of any one who inadvertently speaks the word "devil," "satan" or anything with a similar meaning.

It is a time honored custom in Quincy, Fla., to salute a newly married couple by firing a cannon. This is to remind them that the battle of life has fairly begun.

When Maha Mongkut, father of the present king of Siam, died in 1868, his body was embalmed and left sitting in state for nearly a year and a half.

It is said that a pinch of salt placed on the tongue and allowed to dissolve slowly is helpful in sick headaches.