

The Vatican Council (Sess. iv., chap. 2) declares: 'Surely no one doubts, what is well known, forsooth, in all ages, that the holy and most blessed Peter, the prince and head of the Apostles, the pillar of faith, and the foundation of the Catholic Church, received the keys of the Kingdom from our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of mankind: and that even to the present time he ever lives, presides, and exercises judgment in his successors, the Bishops of the Holy Roman See, founded by himself and consecrated with his blood.'

It is a matter of vulgar historical knowledge that the Bishops of Rome have at all times claimed, and exercised, apostolic authority over all other Bishops; that the See of Rome has always been looked upon as the centre of Christendom; that no such claim has ever been advanced on behalf of any other See or Bishop. So that it is '*Petrus aut nullus—Papa aut nullus*' ('Peter or no one--The Pope or no one') if the Bishop of Rome is not Head of the Church, and if his See is not the centre of the Christian world, there is no Head and no centre.

The See of Rome came to be regarded as the centre of Christendom for no other reason than that the Bishop of Rome was thought to be the successor of St. Peter in the Primacy conferred on him by Christ, and in his Roman Episcopate. Catholics of every age, as we can see clearly from the existing records, which go back to the fourth century at least, have always believed in the lineal succession of the Bishop of Rome from Peter, the divinely-appointed Head of the Church, and have advanced this fact as the ground for the supremacy of the See of Rome. The evidence on which Catholics rely is so unmistakable that Protestants are forced to admit that Catholics have always based their belief on this ground, and that the Bishops of Rome did really succeed to Peter, and for that reason claimed supreme authority. Of course they add that the Popes usurped this supreme authority—but that is another matter.

## The Storyteller

### A STORY OF THE IRISH REBELLION

That I, William Kavanagh, formerly pikeman in the army of Wexford, should set out to write a chronicle of my adventures at the Battle of Ross, seems a strange thing, for I am now an old man, and it ill agrees with me to recall those days of bloodshed. Indeed, it is only at your request, John Heywood, and because you are a relative of my dear friend, Laurence, killed on Vinegar Hill, that I would undertake the task at all. There was a time in my younger days when I loved to talk and boast of those wild times and wilder deeds.

It stirred my blood to think of the pikemen surging down on Enniscorthy with the green flag overhead; to recall how we captured Fawcett's cannon at Three Rocks, and annihilated Walpole's dragoons at Tubberneering. To be frank with you, it may be the dream of a foolish old man, but I don't believe that the troops ever existed who could stand a charge of the Wexford pikemen of '98.

Get them through the gunfire and into close quarters and then see the pikes flash! They would grip them short when necessary and fight a man foot to foot, and the next instant the pike shot out and pinned an enemy fifteen feet away.

At the time of which I wish to speak the insurgent army was camped on Corbett Hill, preparing to attack the town of Ross, which was well fortified, and garrisoned by a strong royal force.

I had just received most distressful news that my house had been burned down by the yeomanry and that my only sister Eileen, who was praised far and near for her beauty and goodness, had been carried away by a certain Captain French, who led a yeomanry corps notorious for lawless deeds.

I had known already that there was a mutual

attachment between young Laurence Heywood and my sister, yet I was not a little surprised by the emotion he manifested on hearing my tidings.

We were great friends and constantly together, and he was near me when I received the letter. 'I see by your face,' he said with eager agitation, 'that you've got news from home—not bad news, I hope.'

'Bad enough,' I replied, and told him all. The young pikeman went white to the lips; then a great rage seemed to shake him.

'Do you know where French took your sister, or in what direction?' he asked, his lips trembling.

'The messenger says he took her into the town with a crowd of his fellows,' I answered.

'Then I am going down there at once,' said Heywood, simply and quietly.

'Easy, Laurence,' I protested. 'Don't go alone to your death, boy, but listen. I have just found out that John Kelly, of Killan, the best pike-leader we have, will attack the Three-Bullet Gate to-day. You and I will be there when he does.'

'Tis good news, William,' responded Heywood. 'I see a stir over there to the right; maybe with God's help he's going down at once.'

'When Laurence Heywood and I came to the right flank of the 'rebel' camp, we found young Kelly, of Killan, with five hundred picked pikes preparing to attack the gate.

Kelly was a handsome young giant, a noble specimen of the Wexford peasantry, and was idolised by his men. He was laughing and chatting gaily now, as if he had but a pleasure excursion in view, instead of a task that would deter trained and disciplined soldiers. His five hundred were mostly men from the baronies of Forth and Bargo, unequalled for skill with the pike.

Bagenal Harvey had ordered that he was to take with him only this number, but when the main body saw him marching away, the men could not be retrained, and when he arrived on the plain below his command numbered several thousand pikemen rushing on with terrible impetuosity and uttering appalling cries.

Heywood and I, keeping side by side, were well in front of that fearful rush.

Short work was made of the outlying sharpshooters who opposed the advance. The Three-Bullet Gate, guarded by two pieces of artillery, with the army behind, was now in full view, and the cannon shot ploughed through us again and again. But nothing short of annihilation could stop that onset of the veteran pikemen!

They would get to close quarters in spite of the guns and then woe betide the enemy. We burst over the cannon that were red hot beneath our feet, and the pikes jammed close, a living wall of deadly blades—a tidal-wave of death!

It was close quarters now, and how the pikemen exulted! The troops penned close in the narrow streets, fought bravely, but their swords were no match for the terrible weapons of the peasantry. Hundreds went down transfixed, to be trampled in the onrush. So frightful were the wounds inflicted by the pikes that men died with a horrid shriek on their lips—the protest of the soul against such violent separation!

But the insurgents as well were suffering greatly, as the army of the King reeled back before them. Sharpshooters from the windows on either side of the street shot them down mercilessly.

Heywood as well as I was in a fever of anxiety to learn of the whereabouts of Eileen, and at last in one of the houses we got some tidings.

When we burst in we found a yeoman who had evidently been engaged in shooting down our men, for his smoking rifle was still protruding from the raised window. When he saw us rushing in with red dripping pikes he became palsied with terror. Heywood, with an angry growl, made forward to dispatch him, but the yeoman, recognising me, cried out: 'Save my life and I'll tell you news of your sister.' At the words Heywood desisted and questioned the man eagerly. The fellow was a native of my own district

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