

no quarter, and the wounded, if they were not, in comparative mercy, shot as they lay on the field, were allowed to perish unfriended where they fell.

To the music of one of the most plaintive of our Irish melodies—"The Lamentation of Aughrim"—Moore (a second time touched by this sad theme) has wedded the well-known verses here quoted:—

Forget not the field where they perished—
The truest, the last of the brave;
All gone—and the bright hopes we cherished
Gone with them, and quenched in the grave.

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high Heaven to fight over
The combat for freedom once more;

Could the chain for a moment be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then—
No!—'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past; and though blazoned in story
The name of our victor may be;
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free!

Far dearer the grave or the prison
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

We cannot take leave of the field of Aughrim and pass unnoticed an episode connected with that scene which may well claim a place in history; a true story, which, if it rested on any other authority than that of the hostile and unsympathising Williamite chaplain, might be deemed either the creation of poetic fancy or the warmly tinged picture of exaggerated fact.

The bodies of the fallen Irish, as already mentioned, were for the most part left unburied on the ground, "a prey to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field." "There is," says the Williamite chronicler, "a true and remarkable story of a grayhound, belonging to an Irish officer. The gentleman was killed and stripped in the battle,† whose body the dog remained by night and day; and though he fed upon other corpses with the rest of the dogs, yet he would not allow them or anything else to touch that of his master. When all the corpses were consumed, the other dogs departed; but this one used to go in the night to the adjacent villages for food, and presently return to the place where his master's bones only were then left. And thus he continued (from July when the battle was fought) till January following, when one of Colonel Foulkes's soldiers, being quartered nigh hand, and going that way by chance, the dog *fearing he came to disturb his master's bones*, flew upon the soldier, who, being surprised at the suddenness of the thing, unslung his piece then upon his back, and shot the poor dog. "He expired," adds Mr. O'Callaghan, "with the same fidelity to the remains of his unfortunate master, as that master had shown devotion to the cause of his unhappy country. In the history of nations there are few spectacles more entitled to the admiration of the noble mind and the sympathy of the generous and feeling heart, than the fate of the gallant men and the faithful dog of Aughrim.

† Meaning to say, killed in the battle and stripped after it by the Williamite camp-followers, with whom stripping and robbing the slain was a common practice. They did not spare even the corpse of their own lieutenant-colonel, the Right Rev. Dr. Walker, Protestant Bishop of Derry, which they stripped naked at the Boyne.

(To be continued.)

FARMER READERS.—Where do you get your Butter Wrappers printed? Why not patronise the printing department of the *N.Z. Tablet*, Dunedin? Every order, no matter how small, is welcome. Prices on application to the Manager for 1lb or ½lb wrappers.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE TRANSPLANTER

The *Catholic Bulletin* (Dublin) for November 20 comments editorially thus:—

"It would be a very good thing to have a national Lent. The Catholic religion is, I think, based on the most complete study of human nature that has ever been presented to the world, and, when it declares its Lent, there is a good deal in it. It is not merely good morally, but it is good physically."

So spoke Mr. Lloyd George when in the critical stages of the war, the national food supply gave England serious concern.

"When the devil was ill the devil a monk would be,
When the devil is well, the devil a monk is he."

Now that the war has gone against Germany, neither England's food supply nor the inviolability of her shores remains any longer a cause of anxiety to English statesmen, and the political grasshopper is once more free to gratify his bigotry. Since last we went to press All Hallows College, the De la Salle Hostel connected with University College, Dublin, the historic abbey of Mount Melleray, and other Catholic institutions have been raided. Father O'Reilly, of Feakle, Co. Clare, has been thrashed by men in the uniform of Britain, and his house bombed; Father Harrington, of Kerry, intimidated; Father Burbage, of Geashil, fired on. Three other patriotic Western priests—Father Meehan, of Castlebar; Father O'Flanagan, of Roscommon; and Father Morley, of Headford, have been arrested, some of them with attendant circumstances of insult, indignity, and misrepresentation. While Dean Macken, of Dunmore, celebrated Mass at a station in his parish, military entered, interrupted the service, and would have expelled the worshippers were it not for the courage of their fearless pastor. A Catholic church in Cork city was the scene of a more infamous outrage still. While the remains of Michael Fitzgerald, Ireland's first martyr to the sacred fast for national liberty, lay in the church, four armed British soldiers unexpectedly entered and interrupted the devotions, to convey a warning to the officiating priest in a tone which left little doubt that England's instruments to-day seem ready to emulate the four Norman knights who just seven centuries and a-half ago murdered the "upstart priest," Thomas à Becket, in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, in the Cathedral of Canterbury, at the instigation of King Henry II. on the eve of his coming to Ireland, armed with a Papal Bull, to bring the Irish people more truly under the jurisdiction of Rome, *mar dheadh*. So solicitous has England always been for the well-being of small nations.

"God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which He carried His choicest wines to the lips of humanity, to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their vision, to stimulate and strengthen their faith," said Mr. George in the course of one of his war-time speeches; "and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism, our shame would have rung down the everlasting ages."

"This speech," said "An Independent Liberal" who edited the Premier's addresses, "was translated into more than a dozen languages, and has been read by millions of people. It was more than a speech; it was an event." Elsewhere in the volume from which we quote, *Lloyd George and the War*, he is reported to have said:

"Belgium must be a people, not a protectorate. We must not have a Belgian scabbard for the Prussian sword. The sceptre must be Belgian, the sword must be Belgian, the scabbard must be Belgian, the soul must be Belgian."

And of Russia he is reported, in the same volume, to have said in Bristol in September, 1915—before the rise of the Bolshevik:

"The emancipation of Russia means more for humanity than we can describe. The Russian is not merely a man of brain, but a man of heart; and when you get heart and brain together, *woe to the oppressor in all lands*." Speaking in Welsh at Bangor about the same time, he further proclaimed his undimmed faith