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TURLOUGH O'BRIEN; OR, THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER. CHAPTER XIX.—THE CARRIE.

It was upon the evening of Saturday, the 23rd of March, in the eventful year 1689, that this cavalcade which we are bound to follow, slowly entered the suburbs of Dublin city. Spite of the anxious thoughts which occupied his mind, Sir Hugh felt his attention irresistibly interested by the strange and exciting contrast which the appearance of the metropolis then presented, compared with the character it had worn but two years before, when he had last visited it.— Stir and bustle enough were, indeed, still there; but it was not the steady energy of vigorous health, so much as the distempered excitement of fever and intoxication. Thick groups of men were earnestly conferring in the streets with energetic gestures and in animated tones, and with occasional bursts of excited laughter; and from every cluster some lounging listener was ever and anon dropping off and attaching himself to some new group, and sharing in turn in their discussions;—whilst mingling with the civilians, singly or straggling parties, might be seen the stalwart blue-coated militiamen, or the regular soldiery in their scarlet uniforms and cocked hats. Idlers of all sorts, females as well as men, were congregated about the tavern doors in convivial knots, while from within, the merry scraping of fiddlers, or the nasal squeak of the bag-pipe, or sometimes the sonorous cadences of an Irish song, or the uproarious voices of hilarious or disputatious revellers, came in busy discord upon the ear; and aloft in the upper windows might be seen the lounging, listless forms of half-dressed soldiers, smoking their pipes, as they leaned lazily on the casements over the crowded street.— Occasionally, too, a file of pikemen or musketeers, marching grimly upon duty, traversed the crowded way, and sometimes a friar, in the appropriate habit of his order, would show himself, giving quaint and picturesque variety to the character and coloring of the endless combinations which shifted and resolved, and re-united, in inextricably-commingling currents, under the weary eye of the spectator. Troops of jaded cattle, too, with a guard of soldiers accompanying them, might be seen from time to time, lowing and shambling their way to the slaughter-house, about to die and be pickled in the cause of King James. Here and there the scene was enlivened by some tipsy fellow-brandishing his hat, or flourishing his halberd, while he shouted "God save King James!"

The broad, quiet street along which they moved presented more the appearance of a fair, or a disorderly barrack-yard, than that of a metropolitan highway; and the air of excitement which pervaded it was, if possible, enhanced by the hammering and sawing of carpenters, busy in erecting scaffolding at points of vantage on either side, and the rapid shovelling of dozens of fellows everywhere employed in spreading heaps of fine gravel over the massive and unequal pavement—a provident consideration for which King James was indebted to the dutiful attention of his loyal corporation. The town itself exhibited abundant indications of the unsettled and turbulent character of the times. Some of the shops were closed; the battered windows and splintered doors of others testified the violence to which they had been recently exposed. Inns, taverns, and dram-shops alone seemed in full and thriving business. Sentinels paced in front of the church-doors, within which arms and other warlike munitions were stored. Few and far between, might be seen the straight-backed coaches of the few aristocratic inhabitants who still lingered in the city—stiff and ponderous vehicles, blazing with gorgeous colors, carved and gilded, and rumbling and toppling along the crowded streets. As the mounted party whom we are following became gradually involved in this crowd and uproar, Turloch O'Brien drew his men close together, and himself took his place at the unprotected side of Grace Willoughby.

"The king enters the city to-morrow," said Turloch, in reply to a question from Sir Hugh. "These artisans and laborers whom you see, are making preparations for his reception."

"It is, indeed, a strange spectacle," said Sir Hugh, as his eye wandered down the old-fashioned street, with its long perspective of projecting gables, how illumined by the level beams of the sun, while all its motley masses of human life moved and shifted in ceaseless and ever-varying mazes before and about him.— A strange, and I trust it is no reason to add, a melancholy sight. Everywhere I see but the beding indications of protracted civil strife, as well as the coming military struggle which must for years, it may be, make our country the theatre of war, and stain her fields with the blood of the best and bravest of her sons."

"It is, indeed, but too true," replied the soldier, "everything portends a coming storm;—nor can we know peace or calm until the tempest shall have spent its fury first. How much

blood and misery have they to answer for who have, by the reckless extremity of rebellion, involved this fair and loyal kingdom in so dire and desperate a struggle."

"Can you read the motto on that flag that floats so high above yonder house-top?" asked Sir Hugh. "Methinks it waves from the Castle-towers."

"Ay, sir," responded Turloch, with a stern tone, and a kindling eye, as he scanned the distant banner, with its well-defined blazonry of letters; "the words are apposite to the times, and speak home to the hearts of Irishmen; they are 'now or never—now and for ever.'"

These stern and energetic words, so different in the impression they produced upon the two companions, had the effect of reminding them instantaneously of the entire and irreconcilable antagonism of their views and interest. A silence, gloomy, and for some minutes unbroken, succeeded. It was, at length, however, interrupted by Sir Hugh.

"I had for the moment well nigh forgotten, in the excitement of this strange scene, that I am myself a prisoner," said he, dejectedly. "Whither—to what place of confinement—do you purpose conducting me?"

"I shall take upon myself the responsibility of giving you so much of your liberty, sir," replied Turloch O'Brien, "as my duty will permit. The hurry of these times necessitates many irregularities; and if these are sometimes ineritably attended with hardship, it is at least some compensation that they permit occasional indulgences such, as in times less lax, we dare not hope for. There are peculiar circumstances attending your case, sir," he continued, glancing slightly at the light form of the girl beside him, "which make it but humanity to afford you so much of liberty and leisure as may safely be accorded to one in your situation. I shall arrange so that the safe custody of your person shall, for a time at least, remain in my charge. You can lodge in the Carrie; you shall continue to be my prisoner upon your parole, and give me your word of honor that you will not absent yourself for more than two hours at any given time from your lodgings. I and my men shall quarter in the next house, and you shall have no further molestation, meanwhile, than an occasional visit from an orderly."

The soldier checked Sir Hugh's acknowledgments by informing him abruptly that they had now reached their destination; and accordingly, the cavalcade drew up at the entrance of the Carrie.

We must say a few words touching this ancient building, before which the travellers have just halted.

The Carrie, so called, nobody knew why or wherefore, was a huge old mansion; even at the time we speak of, the suns and smoke of more than two centuries had seasoned its quaint timbers, and dimmed the paint and gilding of its gorgeous ornaments. It had been, a hundred years before, the dwelling of the princely and turbulent Earls of Kildare, whose wayward fortunes themselves supply more of the romance of history than the wildest fiction which calls itself historic can recount. The mansion was built in what was called the cage-work fashion, the style employed in all the ancient structures of the Irish capital, its walls being intersected by a compact and firmly jointed framework of oak timber, which formed the skeleton of the structure, afterwards completed by building up the interstices with solid masonry. Upon these timbers were cut in the prevailing fashion, and in well-marked projecting letters, sundry Latin texts, along with ancient family mottoes, while upon every projecting beamhead, and wherever else sufficient verge was presented, stood forth, in proud relief, the crest or the armorial bearings of the powerful family who had reared it. It showed a wide and varied front of great extent, whose multitudinous projections and recesses were, however, symmetrically arranged, forming a massive centre and two wings, whose flanking extremities were completed by tall and narrow square towers. As the eye wandered upwards, it lost itself among a goody row of tall, quaint gables, surmounted with grotesque, and now half rotten decorations in timber. Rusty vanes and fanciful chimney stacks peeped in comfortable clusters, above the dusky tiles and still more dusky ornaments whose paint and gilding had long given place to the soot and dust of time. Thus vast dwelling-house stood in Skinner's-row, and having long passed from the possession of its original proprietors, was now divided into three distinct houses, each of vast and unwieldy proportions. The centre one had been converted into an inn or tavern, and was, at the time of which we write, one of great resort; one of the wings seemed scarce half tenanted, and was much gone to decay; it pretended, however, to be also a tavern, as its sign board indicated; where, under the royal shadow of King James's wig and sceptre, French and Rhenish wines of the first flavor were loyally dispensed by the pro-

prietor. The other was employed as a lodging-house, and it was before the entrance of this last, that the cavalcade dismounted.

Having intimated to Sir Hugh, that should occasion render his presence desirable for any purpose, he would be always to be found in the inn next door, and having, with head uncovered, respectfully, and even mournfully bade farewell to the young lady, whose changed fortunes made her doubly an object of interest to his generous sympathies, Turloch O'Brien withdrew; and old Sir Hugh and his beautiful daughter took possession of the dim and spacious apartments, which their host assigned them, and on whose painted panels and dusky carving were still traceable many a half effaced memorial, and many a scarcely legible record of their former ownership and by-gone splendor.

The old man saw his daughter to her chamber door, and sighed heavily as he pressed her hand in his: with an effort, however, he smiled as he looked with a melancholy anxiety, which that smile vainly essayed to conceal, upon her young and once happy face. She entered her apartment, and as she heard his receding steps, she threw herself upon a chair, and yielding to the agony which had long struggled at her heart, she burst into a paroxysm of weeping, so bitter and protracted, that even if the worst event which her terrified imagination at times presented had actually befallen, she could scarcely have mourned her lost guide and friend with a wilder abandonment of woe. While the journey continued, the adventures and changes of each successive day had occupied her mind, and more than all, the unacknowledged happiness which Turloch's presence every moment inspired, had beguiled the sadness of her heart; but now all this was gone, and all her sorrows and her fear returned upon her with accumulated power. Tediously, and mournfully, and fearfully the watches of the night wore on. Many a mournful pageant of happier memory, and many a train of anxious doubts, of harassing and maddening fears coursed one another through her sleepless brain—interrupted only when her startled ear was aroused to present consciousness by the loud songs, or louder brawling of the turbulent and noisy spirits who had pushed their debauches beyond the modesty of midnight, and were now straggling homewards through the streets. At length she slept, locked for a time in deep and happy forgetfulness of all her fears and griefs, and never waked until her chamber glowed with the bright sunlight of that memorable day, which was to witness the stately entrance of the last king of the Stuart line, into his loyal and ancient city of Dublin.

Never yet was an event more calculated to produce a deep and thrilling sensation among the population of a great city, than that whose immediate approach impressed every citizen of Dublin, upon the morning of the 24th of March, 1689, with the exciting consciousness that a momentous and irrevocable scene was about to be enacted within the ancient capital of Ireland.— Many a heart that morning fluttered and faltered, as hour after hour told the nearer approach of a crisis, not only in their own individual fortunes, but, grander far—in the destinies of the empire, perhaps of Europe; many a man that morning rose with a clouded brow and an aching heart, filled with stern and gloomy anticipations of personal disaster and coming ruin; and many a one, upon the other hand, with head and heart throbbing with the high aspirations of fiery ambition, and the fevered intoxication of rapacity and avarice; and many, too, more nobly animated by the pure and generous enthusiasm of a patriotism as fondly, nay, desperately cherished as it was afterwards bitterly disappointed. Over how many dark anxieties, and selfish schemes, and noble aspirations of purest patriotism, the red light of that morning dawned, none can tell; but few there were within those ancient walls, of the tens of thousands who were expecting that coming event, who awaited it with no deeper and lovelier emotion than that of mere curiosity— with no sterner and more thrilling sensation than the mere excitement of a holiday amusement.

From nine o'clock and earlier, the long line of street from St. James's Gate, including James's street, Thomas street, and thence through the new-gate into High street, and up to the Castle-gate, were crowded with eager and excited multitudes; a double line of foot soldiers at each side extending the whole length (a full mile) of this continuous street, kept the centre clear for the passage of the expected procession. The long line of cocked hats and grounded muskets, the scarlet coats and bandoliers of the new-raised Irish troops, sternly reminded the spectator of the fearful military struggle which that day's pageant was too surely to precipitate. The loyal care of the Jacobite corporation had provided an evenly spread coating of fine gravel over the heavy and unequal pavement, in honor of the royal passenger who was about to traverse the streets. Looking upward, the quaint, unequal houses, from their tall gables and steep

roofs, down to the very basement, showed at every window no less eager groups of human faces; and from the crowded balconies as well as from the windows, descended rich draperies of cloth and arras, while in the clear space in the centre of the street patrolled, from time to time, detachments of that splendid cavalry, which afterwards, in many a field, proved themselves worthy of a braver king, and a more fortunate cause. Nine o'clock came, and ten, and eleven, and the crowd as yet had nothing to entertain them except the procession of the aldermen and common councillors in their robes, seated in coaches, and headed by their hot-headed and pompous Lord Mayor, Terence Dermott, in the state coach and four horse, with the mace-bearer and sword-bearer, and all the other civic officers in attendance—as they proceeded to the boundaries of the city walls, there to greet his Majesty when he should arrive with a loyal welcome, and in due form to surrender up the keys of Dublin into his royal hands.

Suspended expectation partakes of the nature of hope deferred—and if it maketh not the heart sick, is yet irksome enough, and hard to bear.

Thus monotonously and tediously did the hours pass unrelieved except by an occasional scuffle among the mob, or by the appearance of some terrified cur-dog scampering and yelping down the open space, amid the laughter, hootings, and missiles of the listless rabble—or by an occasional display, from the house tops, of some new banner, with a motto of loyal vaunting emblazoned on its folds, and which found a ready response in the fierce plaudits and thundering acclamations of the multitude.

Every face that showed itself wore an aspect of eagerness and good humor. The Protestants, of course, who, for the most part, apprehended little but mischief from the events of that day, kept close within doors, or contented themselves with peeping, with anxious and sombre curiosity, from upper windows, and the back recesses of their shops—shrinking from remark, and sullenly resolved against mingling in the loyal crowd, or offering honor to one whom England had pronounced no longer King. Exceptions, of course, there were; some in the sincere belief that James meant well, and would mend matters by his influence; others in the time-serving alacrity of mere subserviency and self-seeking; all, however, with the few exceptions above described, wore an excitement and joyful expectation.

Broad as was the street, it was densely crowded—from the Castle draw-bridge and Cork tower to St. James's Gate, and the distant Liberties of the city—at which point, in passing, we may remark, a broad and lofty stage, carpeted and canopied with tapestry, was erected; and upon this platform two harpers, arrayed in the true old national costume, rang out inspiring music from their wire-strung harps, filling the free air with the shrill clangor of those old Celtic *marshauls*, to which, perchance, in days gone by, the ancient sept had marched to battle.— Beneath this high platform stood some forty friars, in their solemn and picturesque vesture, and marshalled around a high cross, which rose like a standard from the midst of their ranks; and these, whenever the warlike harping paused, raised in full and mighty chorus some solemn anthem of welcome and benediction, appropriate to the occasion; and thus alternated the warlike measure and the holy chant, swelling the full tide of national enthusiasm, like the grand and melancholy echoes of the deeds and the worship of the old days of Irish glory; and as if one master chord of the Irish heart would yet have remained untouched, without some such provision, grouped at either side were troops of pretty, graceful girls, dressed fancifully in white, and carrying baskets of flowers, to strew in the way before the king.

Meanwhile, in the back lanes and by-streets, the savoury steam of 'cussamuck' and broth, the tempting pyramids of gingerbread and oaten cakes, and no less tempting pennyworths of tobacco, in countless profusion, along with casks of ale, and plentiful store of spirits and usquebaugh, allured the senses of hundreds of weary loungers, and pleasantly engaged the energies of many a crowded group.

The chamber which old Sir Hugh occupied commanded a full view up and down the broad street, glittering with its broad files of musketeers, and all the blazonry of decoration. Its long perspective of crowded balconies, and windows, and gables hung with cloths and tapestries of a thousand various hues, shone in the clear March sun; and these with all the gay flags, small and great, fluttering and floating in the air, and the dark continuous masses of closely wedged men, women and boys, extending as far as the eye could reach, showed more like some vast theatric pageant, some fantastic and gorgeous scenic structure, than a solid and substantial town, built and peopled for the sober purposes of thrift and business, and capable of standing the wind and rain of centuries: With many a 'push' and 'pshaw!' and many a muttered ejaculation

of bitter contempt, and many a darker expression of indignant and gloomy despondency, did Sir Hugh that morning pace the floor of his apartment, betraying, spite of all his expressions of contempt and derision, by many a long pause of deep and intense observation, as he passed and repassed the casement, the deep and momentous interest with which the scene going on without was fraught to him. It was not till the hour of noon had come and gone, that the distant shouting of the multitude, sustained, and swelling, and gathering in wild and exciting volume every moment, rose sternly to the ear of old Sir Hugh, and down the long crowded street, the cry came speeding like a roll of a hedge fire—the king—the king! Grace Willoughby looked in her father's face, and thought she saw his color come and go in sudden alternation, as breathless and stern he arrested his pace at the window, and looked gloomily up the street as far as its winding line would allow. And now swelling and sinking, burst after burst, still in one continuous roar of acclamation, rolled on the gathering chorus of thousands and tens of thousands of human voices. The squadrons of cavalry clattered in quick succession along the open way, to and fro, with drawn sabres, keeping the passage clear. (To be Continued.)

PROTESTANT DIFFICULTIES.

From the London Times.

The Bishop of Salisbury is now before the world as the Bishop who has resolved to bell the cat. He tells us in his charge, just delivered, the reasons for this resolution, as well as those which made hesitate in taking it. They are briefly that, though "the Church allows great latitude there must be a limit somewhere;" and that the whole bench of Bishops and Convocation have declared that the *Essays and Reviews* have exceeded that limit. Accordingly he does not consider that he has any option as the ruler of a diocese, responsible for the teaching that goes on in it, but that of giving force to this declaration.

We do not envy any party in this affair its share in the responsibility of it—not the writers for stirring up these questions to begin with, not the Bishops for pursuing them, and still less the responsibility of the Judicial Committee in deciding them. They are new questions, and, whichever way they are settled, there must be a recourse to large considerations and general principles. It will be absolutely ridiculous to see a row of old ex-Chancellors and Judges poring over all the Articles and Canons to see what clause, paragraph, and section is opposed to the "ideological" interpretation of the Book of Jonah. It is a large and general question of the interpretation of Scripture which is now opened. It is a new question—a question we cannot say exactly of the day, for it has been agitated long, but of the age; a question which had not arisen in our Reformers' times, and of which they had no notion. It is absurd to expect, therefore, that the mere letter of Articles and Canons will throw much light upon it. In these documents there is not the most distant allusion anywhere to what is called the ideological interpretation of Scripture, simply because the idea had not been mooted in those days. The Articles, therefore, nowhere condemn that idea; at the same time, they imply throughout the contrary idea. Nobody can doubt for a moment that all the Church formularies and services suppose throughout the ordinary, natural, literal interpretation of the Bible; though, admitting this, some will say it for the same reason,—that no other idea had arisen at that time. This is the state of the case, then. There is no express condemnation of a particular view, but there is everywhere implying the contrary view. Each side, then, will appeal to what favours itself, and will also explain on its own principles what is against itself. The Bishop of Salisbury appeals to the implied literal view, and to the way in which the Bible is used and read in our Services. The "Essayist" says, "True, but wherever the Bible is read, out of church or in church, this liberty of interpretation accompanies it."

Here is the debateable ground, then, on which both sides will fight. We will not anticipate the alternations of the combat, but this much, as we said, is apparent,—that this question cannot be settled by the mere letter of our formularies, and that recourse must be had to large and general considerations. The question is what is, as a matter of fact, the belief of the Church of England on this question, and by the belief of the Church we do not mean the belief of the Bishops or the belief of Convocation, but the belief of the congregations which compose the actual religious community called the Church of England. Dr. Rowland Williams will excuse us if we say that, with one broadly-marked exception, there is not a single Dissenting sect in this country that would tolerate his scheme of Bible interpretation for a day; but it does not necessarily follow from this that the Church of England does not tolerate it. The Church may be, and we believe it is, a more tolerant body than any Dissenting sect.