



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1858.

No. 47.

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

In the province of Munster, and at the very mouth of the river Blackwater, stands the ancient town of Youghal; immediately in front of it, beyond the river, on the county Waterford side, rises the bold promontory of Ardmore, exhibiting still, in perfect preservation, its old venerable round tower which many a mariner's eye has viewed, in storm and in calm.

A large quantity of furze-faggots was pressed into the mouth of the cavern. Between that combustible heap and the outer entrance, a wall of rubble stone was raised, the chinks and crevices of which were filled up with the clammy sea-weed of the shore. When through a small aperture, left for the purpose, fire was introduced. The crackling element threw out large volumes of smoke, and fragments of the rock, split by the fury of the flames, fell down, and blocked up all chance of escape for those within.

The fire was allowed to burn itself out, and as they might now enter the cave without opposition or fear of danger, lights were procured, and in they moved to examine the retreat.

After passing through several windings without noticing anything remarkable, they entered a spacious room, at one extremity of which appeared some articles on a projecting shelf of the rock. Approaching they found it was a rude altar, with candlesticks, chalice, and missal resting upon it, and the candles appeared as if recently extinguished. Another discovery was made—it was the body of the priest in his vestments.

The reader is necessarily anxious for an explanation of these strange facts. It was furnished by the relation of the persons who had escaped.

At the time that the effects of the fire began to be felt inside, Mass had already been commenced, and the priest had arrived at the most solemn part of the Sacrifice when he could not depart or cease even at the peril of his life. The attendants feeling no such difficulty, fled, and saved themselves by the passage above the cliff. In their anxiety for his safety they urged the priest to fly with them, and also her whose lifeless body was found in the cave.

Skinner Dhuv, the spy (for such was his name—a name of terror—the adjunct *dhuv* or *black*, being given him by the people to express traits of person as well as of character), wishing to make the most of his present success, determined on leaving the bodies in the cave, hoping that when their friends came to take them away they could not escape his snares.

\* In 1468, Pope Paul II. published a bull, granting an indulgence to such persons as contributed, by pecuniary aid or personal services, to the rebuilding and enlarging of St. Mary's church, at Youghal.

wait, but, creeping from his lurking place like a were-wolf on the trail, proceeded at once to the mouth of the cave, and with loud shouts commanded the "bloody idolaters" to surrender the priest. There was no reply. Entering the cave as far as the daylight permitted, no sound came on his listening ear, save the occasional fall of a water-drop from the ceiling. Still it was certain the victims were inside, and as the loud demands for their surrender were either not heard or not heeded, their persecutors proceeded to employ a mode of expulsion not unusual or extraordinary in these drear days of our history.

The day which up to the present moment was calm and sunny, suddenly changed. The wind rose, black clouds drifted from the sea towards the land, and the tide which had been for some time on the ebb rushed to the base of the cliff with a fearful roar. There was, too, a drizzling rain, not a little increased by the foam and spray from the billows. In the meantime the spy was creeping along on his way to the cave, so intent on his object, and fearful of being seen, that he never adverted to his danger till he found himself hemmed in by the sea in a small bay, from which the rocks rose perpendicular.

A thrill of horror passed the spectators above, and one exclaimed—"A prayer for his soul!" They all fell on their knees, their eyes continuing still riveted on the spot where the body disappeared. After some moments they rose, and he who had called for the prayer said:—"Thou art the murderer of my daughter, and of our good and faithful priest, I forgive him; and may God forgive him!" "Amen!" resounded from the group.

By the report of a person who had entered the cave at the departure therefrom of the spy and his party, they had been made aware of the sad catastrophe, and were waiting an opportunity to remove the dead bodies. This they were now afforded by the death of Skinner, and the escape of his less ardent associates.

Long as the memory, and afterwards in the traditions of the simple people of that remote district, did the terrible occurrence survive. Their imaginations chained the ghost of the spy to the spot on which he died, as a punishment for his crime. And when the sea is more than usually troubled, particularly at night, the herdsman returning from his cattle, or the fisherman from the beach, is even now accustomed to tell his friends at the fire-side how he heard the agonized scream of Skinner Dhuv, high above the roaring of the winds, and the ever-restless dashing of the breakers.

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movement of those he knew would come to look after their friends, and give the alarm.

The tide was still rushing on. He cast a wild look around, seeking some passage to escape. All in vain! the spot on which he planted his feet to take that view, was covered by the waters. He uttered a fearful yell, which even if heard, could have been of no avail, as no human being could approach the spot he now occupied. The voice, however, was heard by persons on the very summit of the cliff. Who were they? They came to the very verge of the frightful precipice, but he saw they were not his party. By this time he had thrice fallen in his struggle against the surf, and it was manifest that his strength and courage were giving way.

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REV. DR. CAHILL ON INDIA.

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The hot season has now set in, when the Sepoys can march forty miles a day successively for several days, and are even said to be able to accomplish, when hard pressed, sixty miles; while the European soldier can, with difficulty, for three successive days, perform half the distance. Knowing well that climate, marching, &c. are and

fatigue will thin the English ranks more than the bullet and the sword, the Hindoos are now "simultaneously" collecting several small armies at several distant points. Their movements are so rapid the Europeans cannot overtake them: their points of concentration are so distant they can mature their plans, perfect their commissariat, organise their forces, and be provided with all the munitions of war without fear of molestation; and lastly, they are convinced that as the English army is so small the Commander-in-Chief cannot divide his forces into sections to attack at once the various and distant positions which they at this moment occupy, in compact and well appointed numbers.

This is the most dangerous feature which the Indian war has yet assumed. The climate now is so intensely hot these men require small covering, while they sleep in the open air on the ground: their constitution as well as their religion require little food, and this food is the cloyed boiled rice and vegetables; hence their commissariat is easily furnished; while they can run like hares, climb trees and rocks like cats, d's appearing and re-assembling before the enemy like a flock of wolves. Being thus educated in two modes of warfare—namely, their own guerrilla fashion and the English skilled manoeuvre, the Eastern mutiny has assumed a most formidable aspect; and no doubt is now entertained in France, in Austria, and in Russia, that if the Sepoys carry out their present military scheme with skill and perseverance, the Indian empire must be necessarily lost to England.

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other. But all those who know England and her policy state the contrary, and boldly assert that the new levies of the North may be more troublesome than the late troops of the East; and that the force from the Punjab will, in time to come, not only avenge their defeat at Allwah, Chillianwallah, Gouerat and the Swatlej, but also will add revenge for the conquest of their country and the blood of their companions. Who, on reading of these new levies, taken into England's service, from being former enemies, does not remember the history of ancient Rome under Valentinian the Elder? The tottering empire received its most deadly blow from the barbarians whom she once oppressed, whom she afterwards trained in her own discipline; took into her own service; and who in the end, in order to gratify the revenge of ages, were the chief assailants, whose battle-axe shivered the imperial tyranny.

The first conquest of India by England was an easy achievement compared with her present struggle. She then conquered her enemies in individual succession: she now contends against several combined chiefs. She then took advantage of party feuds, religious prejudices of class against class, of caste against caste; but at present she disputes against universal combination, against the union of all classes, castes and religions. In former time she advanced in her conquests from province to province, and in one hundred years she executed the final conquest of the country; but at present her quarrel is with the whole population at once, and the victory is to be won in one year, in place of one century. In the language of the French press, which seems to know more of Indian politics than we do, "If the Indians carry out their present scheme of warfare with England, her empire of the East must necessarily be wrested from her hands." And if this untoward fate should thus befall the Government of our Indian empire, the future English historian, in telling the story of 1858, has only to copy the record of the fall of ancient Rome. This statement will transmit to the coming generation the remarkable policy of England, so like that of ancient Rome—namely, that while she has carried into all dependencies, science, the arts, commerce, literature, and an advanced civilization, she has never been able to awaken in her foreign subjects, respect for her name, trust in her national honor, or confidence in the justice of her policy. On the contrary, it is a historical fact, which does not admit strict contradiction—namely, that she has ever changed her colonial possessions into the seats of permanent insurrection, by the partial administration of her laws, and by the bigotry of her rubric. During the Protestant reign of three centuries, and throughout her vast continental and island acquired territories, she has never made of any one race of her numerous conquered peoples, a friend to her practical constitution or a convert to her actual faith.

From private letters received from India it would appear that her prestige there is not only on the decline, but actually extinct. Up to the present time the employment of the Sepoys in her military service was considered not an act of necessity but of kindness; but on this year, when she has demanded, almost implored, the assistance of the Sikhs to crush the Hindoo mutiny, the universal impression has gone forth that English power is now a mere name, a system of temporary toleration, and that her further reign in the East depends entirely on the will and the co-operation of former enemies and new-fickle allies. This deplorable consummation is entirely the effect of her own reckless conduct. She has annexed (as it is called) a whole quarter of the earth, a fourth part of this terrestrial globe, to her British insular dominions. And while, on one hand, she has without doubt introduced amongst these peoples the arts of agriculture and commerce, and has published in their country a distinguished civilization, she has, on the other hand, insulted them by an official insolence (as is her custom) which knew no bounds; she has enraged them by a mode of collecting her rents which of en amounted to torture; and she has wounded their religious prejudices by a senseless bigotry which has driven upwards of two hundred millions of her subjects into raving revenge. Every country where she is known can readily believe these statements of her political, social and religious conduct; every Catholic community in Europe has already branded her for the very same insolence and sectarian rancor which has produced the Indian mutiny; and it is true to say that whenever her imperial decline shall commence, all mankind will unite in ascribing her fall to the domineering character which she assumed after the battle of Waterloo; and again to the incongruous scheme which, at the same time, she has adopted, of propagating her Gospel by lies, by bribery and persecution. It is not in the spirit of triumph that these remarks are made: quite the contrary; England is a great nation; and if she could only cease to ridicule the policy and the creed of other people,