



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1861.

No. 49.

TURLOUGH O'BRIEN;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER.

CHAPTER IX.—THE BOAT ON THE RIVER—THE MYSTERIOUS WARNING.

We left Jeremiah Tisdal, with moody mein and steady pace, pursuing his way, under the silvery moonlight, toward the old bridge and castle of Glindarragh. If the Puritan had possessed an eye for the picturesque, he might have found in the scene before him matter enough for the pleasurable contemplation. His path had now reached the river's bank. Before him wheeled the chafing stream, its foam and eddies glittering like showers and ripples of molten silver in the full radiance of the moon and overspanned by the high arches of the steep and antique bridge, showing dark and black against the broad and lustrous current of the stream. On the right, hung the massive and sombre outline of the castle—its towers, roofs, and chimneys piled in one dark frowning mass above the waters; and on the left, rising from the very verge of the river, and stretching far away over the undulating plain, spread the thickets and branching timber of the wild wood in one broad shadowy mass, among whose hollows and nooks the light vapors of night were slumbering—and far away, melting in the thin shrouds of mist, and well nigh lost to sight, the dim and distant mountains.

But Tisdal had no sense of the merely beautiful; his eyes were busy in the jealous scrutiny of the straggling copse, which, at either side, skirted his path, or in watching and avoiding the difficulties of his broken way. Safe and sound, he stood at last under the shadowy arch of the great gate of the castle, and with a heavy stone battered the iron studded oak, until tower and forest echoed to the din; while, from the inner yard, his summons was answered by the clamorous challenge of a dozen dogs, baying and barking in furious rivalry.

What's your business, neighbor? inquired a gruff voice, through the narrow bow-slit that flanked the gate.

That voice is Phil Gorman's. Look, man—look at me, rejoined the Puritan. Know you not, Jeremiah Tisdal, of Drumgunnion?

Aiah, wisha! sure enough—sure enough, replied the porter, in a tone of lazy recognition.—Wait a bit, an' I'll draw the bolts this minute, wid a heart an' a half, Mr. Tisdal, I will. Them's quare times, he resumed, after a minute's interval, as, unbarring the small door which was cut in the great gate, he gave admission to the sombre visitant—'quare times, when the old gate is barred as regular as the night falls—quare times, Mr. Tisdal, when there's need for the likes—and need enough there is, too, he continued, while he barred the door again, as Tisdal walked into the castle-yard—'need enough and too much, for it's only to-night our young lady, God bless her, was freckened a'most out o' her senses wid a therin' rogue—one iv them plunderin' villians that's robbin' an' bangin', an' has no other thrade to live by—divil take the bloody breed iv them—over there in the wood, jist, as I may say, in under the very walls.'

The old man continued to ramble on in the same style, while Tisdal crossed to the door of the great hall, which stood half open at the other side of the yard. He entered this rude apartment, within the canopy of whose mighty chimney sat two or three fellows smoking and chatting listlessly in the flickering light of the wood and turf fire; and hardly passing for a word of inquiry, he proceeded through several chambers and passages, guided by so much moonlight as could make its way through the narrow windows, until having reached the first landing of a winding stone stair, he knocked at a chamber door, and in the next moment found himself in the apartment of Sir Hugh Willoughby.

The old knight sat in gloomy excitement, still booted and spurred, as he had dismounted two hours before, by the expiring fire which smouldered in the ashes of the broad hearth, his high and handsome features fixed in the stern lines of condensed anger, and still glowing with the swarthy fires of outraged pride.

Ha, Tisdal, gad's my life, you'r welcome.—Tisdal, what do you think of all this? A strange pass we've come to—eh? when highwaymen and ruffians infest our fields and farms, and hem us into our strongholds—scarce leave us safety in our very dwellings; what thank you—but you have heard of it—my daughter was this very evening menaced by an armed scoundrel in the wood yonder, and in sight of these very windows. As I stand here, he continued, starting to his feet, and stamping furiously upon the floor, had I but met the ruffian this evening, when I sought him yonder with my men, I would, so help me heaven, have set up a gallows on the castle hill, and at my own risk hung him high enough before an hour, to warn his friends for six miles round that old Hugh Willoughby knows how to deal with villains.

It's well you do know how, Sir Hugh, rejoined the Puritan, coolly, 'because it is a know-

ledge you'll need ere two days more have passed. We're all in danger, he continued; 'all—great as well as small; you, Sir Hugh, within your fenced towers, as well as I within my poor farmhouse—all in sore peril. Would to god we were safely through to-morrow night!'

Sit down, Tisdal, sit down, man, and speak your tidings plainly, said Sir Hugh. 'What hast thou heard, and from whom, to fill thy mind with such fearful auguries? Speak, man.'

Tisdal briefly stated the substance of his interview with the crone in the ruined abbey, while the old knight listened with deep and stern attention.

'The channel through which the news hath reached you, Tisdal, alone inclines me much to believe it false,' said Sir Hugh, slowly and hesitatingly; 'but—but, as you say, the burthen of the tale is but too likely to prove true; and that miscreant whose insolence affrighted my child to-day, in his person and attire accords well with what I have heard of certain ruffian adventurers whom these perilous times have tempted into lawless enterprise; there was waiting upon him, too, a wild, savage, Irish boy with a skean. Ay, ay, it may prove even too true. Spies, spies, Tisdal, rapparees!'

'Counting the plunder and marking your bulwarks of defence,' chimed in the master of Drumgunnion.

'True, true, and—but they shall be defeated; I will show the savage marauders I can maintain my house against them. I will, if it be God's will, against all odds, defend my property, and my home, and my people.'

'Tis safest ever to act as if a threatened danger were an actual one, and sure to come,' replied Tisdal.

'And so will I act, my friend,' replied the knight, promptly; 'I will prepare for the threatened mischief, leave no precaution untaken, call in my friends and my people, gather my best cattle within the castle walls, bar the gates, man the towers, and then with a firm heart leave the issue to Almighty God.'

'Well and wisely said, Sir Hugh,' rejoined Jeremiah Tisdal; 'and such small portion of my worldly substance as I can conveniently remove, with your permission. I will lodge within these walls, and I and my trusty man Bligh will come lither with such store of arms and ammunition as we can muster betimes in the day; for unless matters turn out smoother than I apprehend, we'll need good store of powder and lead, and that, right well delivered, to hold this place against the odds with which 'twill be encompassed.'

'Do so, do so, honest Tisdal; and—and let me see, what friends I may reckon on in this strait,' continued Willoughby. 'There is Wilson, of Drumbooy, too old himself, but his nephew will come, an active, bold young fellow—egad, worth two in himself—he will bring at least one man with him; and then the two Browns, of Lussagarriff, good shots and staunch friends both; and there is Bill Stepany, of Clonsallagh, and his three sons—four muskets from Clonsallagh God grant they may not yet have given them up; and then Garret Lloyd—od's life, I must send to him to-night, he starts to-morrow for Clonmel—we can't spare the best duck-shot in the country.'

And thus the old knight went on summing up, as nearly as he might, the volunteer contingent, upon whom he might reckon from among his friends and neighbors. But while employed in these hurried and exciting calculations, he was on a sudden interrupted by a noise which startled him and his companion, brought both of them in an instant to their feet, and fixed their astounded gaze upon the window of the apartment in which they stood.

With a stunning crash the casement of the chamber was burst asunder, and a heavy body, which might have been a paving-stone or a hand-grenade, smote with an astounding din, and amid a shower of shattered glass upon the floor, and bounded and rumbled to the far end of the room. The old knight stood in amazement, glancing from the shattered window to the missile which now lay quietly settled upon the floor, as if it were a piece of the proper furniture of the apartment. Jeremiah Tisdal meanwhile, with instantaneous promptitude, had planted himself at the aperture, through which the night-wind was now freely and fitfully playing, and stretching forward through the depth of the recess, advanced his bullet head through the casement, and beheld drifting slowly down the moonlit current toward the shadowy bridge, a small boat, usually moored at the opposite side of the stream, and which, as it seemed to him, now contained two dark forms. While Tisdal was employed, as we have described, in scrambling on all fours along the narrow stone window-sill, and keenly searching through the uncertain light for the cause of the strange and startling interruption which had so unseasonably broken in upon their conference, Sir Hugh Willoughby cautiously approached the mysterious projectile which lay upon the floor,

half expecting every moment to see it explode, and blow himself and the other occupant of the room to fragments; he turned it over suspiciously with his toe, and alike to his relief and his surprise discovered it to be, after all, but a large smooth stone, with a piece of paper tied firmly against its surface. The paper was addressed—'To Sir Hugh Willoughby, Knight, at his house at Glindarragh Castle;' and in an instant he had disengaged and opened the letter. His eye had no sooner rested upon the character in which it was traced, than every faculty and feeling of his nature became at once absorbed in its perusal.—It was briefly expressed in the following terms:—

'Sir Hugh Willoughby—On to-morrow night, Glindarragh Castle will be wrecked, and your cattle and property plundered and wasted. For God's sake, seek not to defend them; save what you can, but fly. If you resist, evils a thousand-fold greater will follow upon you. Your enemies expect you to defend the place; disappoint them—save yourself and your child. Fly. For the sake of your daughter, escape. You are among the tools; if you stay but forty-eight hours more, you are lost. Once chance—and but one remains—take it and fly.'

'This comes from a friend, long unseen, but too well known.'

When the tall, slender character in which these lines were written met the gaze of the old man, he staggered backward, like one who had received a sudden blow—the blood mounted dizzily to his head, and the feeble letters swam in mist before his eyes; then, as suddenly, the fevered tide retired, and pale and heart-sick (tho' not by reason of the tidings which the letter conveyed, dismaying as they were) he slowly read and re-read the paper.

Meantime, Jeremiah Tisdal, having hailed the boat which was gradually floating toward the bridge, but without affecting the motion of those who sat within it, any more than he could have arrested, by his challenge, the foam flakes which drifted by upon the eddies of the stream, drew back from his post of observation, and stood once more upon the floor of the chamber.

'Ha! but a stone and a letter!' said Tisdal, as his eye glanced from the missile and the loosened cord to the paper, upon which the agitated gaze of the knight was fixed. The sound of the Puritan's voice aroused Sir Hugh.

'Where are they?—for God's sake where? Tisdal, call to them—stop them,' cried he, distractedly, as he moved, first towards the door, and then towards the window.

'They're under the bridge by this time,' said Tisdal; 'they are in the small boat, and heeded not my calling.'

'Let's after them, in heaven's name, quickly—for your life, quickly,' cried the old knight, frantically, as with head uncovered, he rushed from the chamber, followed closely by Tisdal, and down the steep and narrow winding-stair, across the castle-yard, unlocked and unbarred the portal in the great gate with breathless haste, and without exchanging a word with the astounded porter, who, with starting eyes and mouth agape, beheld the breathless and disorderly race in which his master and the Puritan seemed to strive which should outrun the other. With a hasty order from Tisdal to watch at the gates, they both passed in a moment from the sight of the old dependant, and, panting and breathless, reached the bridge together.

'There they are, as the Lord liveth, there,' cried Tisdal, whose phlegmatic nature was now thoroughly excited by the unwonted and violent exercise in which he had engaged.

Holloa boat! holloa there—bring to—stop, I say—turn her in there—stop, or by—I fire upon you,' shouted the knight, furiously, as he beheld the two figures, instead of obeying his call, poling with all their strength down the rapid.

Swift as an arrow the skiff flew down the rushing stream, until about three hundred yards below the bridge, when they saw the two forms who manned her fling down their poles, and jumping into the shallows, reach the bank, where, in an instant, they were lost among the brush-wood. Further pursuit was now, of course, out of the question.

Tisdal, said the master of Glindarragh Castle, in a changed and subdued voice, as he turned from the vain pursuit, 'I have had another warning, and such a one as leaves in my mind no doubt of the meditated outrage, of which your message was the first and imperfect intimation. We must now prepare as best we may; be you with me by sunrise in the morning, and get such of your goods as you can easily remove within the keep of these strong walls. They shall not carry it here as they have done elsewhere, for, although I stood alone, I would defend the old house while I had power to draw a trigger.'

He shook the Puritan strongly by the hand, and with a stern but friendly good night, they parted.

Sir Hugh hurried across the castle-yard, his heart swelling with a thousand feelings, which

none suspected but himself, and hastening into the chamber where he had just held his exciting conference with Tisdal, he locked the door, seized the mysterious note, which lay open upon the table, and kissing it again and again, and pressing it passionately to his heart, he threw himself into his chair, and wept and sobbed like a child.

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHT REVEREND DR. MANNING ON THE GLORIES OF THE HOLY SEE.

SERMON, PREACHED JUNE 16TH, 1861.

"Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?"

Even the loving and faithful hearts of these two disciples were so amazed and darkened by the Passion of Jesus that they knew not that His kingdom was accomplished itself. When they looked for the splendour and majesty of His power, they met with His humiliations and His Cross. And therefore they did not know Him when He manifested Himself to them. They looked for Him in one form and He showed Himself in another. They said, "We hoped that it was He that should have redeemed Israel," and now behold He is crucified, and even the place of His burial is empty." And our Divine Lord answered them, "O foolish and slow of heart to believe in all things which the prophets have spoken." Ought not Christ to have suffered these things? Was there not a law of necessity; was it not predestinated; was it not foretold; was there not intrinsic fitness that Christ should suffer these things; "and so" by this way and by no other—by the way of suffering and not by the way of glory, should enter into His kingdom?

This, then, is the sum of what I have already said. The Church of God being united to His Head, partakes of the same destinies in time and in eternity—on earth and in heaven. The Church on earth shares in Passion of the Son of God. The Apostle said that he was filling up "those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ in His flesh, which is the Church." And the sufferings which are to be accomplished upon earth through the whole mystical body of Christ fall eminently—I will not say exclusively—but fall emphatically upon its head—upon the line of the Sovereign Pontiffs.—You will remember that we have already seen how the whole history of the Pontiffs upon earth has been a history of suffering, of anxiety, and of conflict—how by perpetual usurpation and perpetual oppression the people over whom they reign have been divided and harassed, the territory they possess occupied and ravaged; and how by a line of perpetual restorations the hand of God has intervened to re-establish the order which he himself created. In His kingdom there is a perpetuity not only in its spiritual elements, but in all those complex forms of power which He by direct and indirect operation has woven together. The whole sovereignty of the Church spiritual and temporal as it is at this hour, is the work of God, and as the work of God shall endure for ever.

And now, the point which I wish to bring before you to-day is this: How difficult it is for us to appreciate the times in which we live. Our belief must be that, according to the analogy of all God's dealings, the last glories of His Church on earth will be greater than the first. And yet perhaps we are perplexed to understand how this can be verified. We look at the present state of the Church in the world, and all seems dark before us. The reason is this: that it is difficult for us justly to estimate and to understand the times in which we are. As we cannot measure the motion by which we are carried along; as no man perhaps knows his own countenance or is conscious of his own stature; so it is with the times that are upon us. The evils fill the whole field of our vision. They seem so vast and so overwhelming, and that which is good so scarce and hardly to be found; for the evils are present in power, but the good is generally in germ and for the future. It is necessary, therefore, that the times should be known by retrospect. And the greatest times and the most glorious are often those which look darkest when they are present. The times, therefore, which are upon us now, though heavy shadows and dark clouds hang upon the horizon, will, doubtless, hereafter be glorious to those who see them afar off. And I may say, without rashness, that they will be more glorious than any times we read of in the history of the Church.

In order to show this I wish to bring before you as shortly as I can, certain other periods of history which we look upon now as periods of especial glory, and to show that they were times which, those who lived in them, looked upon as times of the greatest darkness, suffering, and tribulation, pregnant with evils known and unknown for the present and the future.

First of all, look to the times of the first and great St. Gregory—to whom the name of Great

attaches because in his own person he seemed to sum up the glories of the Church on earth.—First he was a Saint—shining with the resplendent lustre of a singular sanctity—a sun in the firmament of the Church. Next he was a doctor, the last of the four great lights, to whom the Church has added no more of a like splendour.—There are four Gospels and there are four Doctors—four lights which stand at the four corners of the Church. He was also the Apostle of nations. England owes its Christianity to him, and all of the Anglo-Saxon race that remains faithful to the Holy See at this day throughout the world are the sons and daughters of St. Gregory the Great. Lastly, he was a patriarch, reigning by an especial parental sway, whereby he ruled the three-and-twenty Patrimones of the Holy See with an authority so benign and sweet, so full of evangelical prudence and of the spirit of God, that he moulded to his will the hearts of men, and by love and the law of Jesus, laid the foundations of the Christian order which overspread the world. We look back, then, on the times of St. Gregory as times of especial glory.

But what were they in reality? Rome was desolated by pestilence; for seven months the Holy See was vacant; Pelagius, the last Pontiff, died of the plague; procession that went about the streets were so ravaged by it that, in the midst of the sacred ceremonial, and in one alone, 80 men fell dead. In such a moment it was, when Rome was plague-stricken and desolate, that St. Gregory ascended the throne of the Apostle. And when he looked around him, what met his sight? Was the Christian world as we behold it at this time? The far East, once full of the light of faith—the great Oriental churches of Asia, were ravaged by two dominant heresies, the Eutychian and the Nestorian.—Their poison had spread even into China. Already the spirit of schism had possessed itself of Constantinople, and the Emperors of the East had become forerunners of the Imperial anti-Christians of the middle ages. The patriarchs of Constantinople had begun to assume the arrogant title which St. Gregory denounced as the usurpation of anti-Christ. Russia did not exist. Norway and Sweden were hardly known among the nations, Paganism covered them all. Spain was Arian and persecuted the Catholic Church. England had relapsed into Paganism. The light of faith had gone out, the heathenism of the Saxons and the Danes reigned over England.—Lombardy was Arian, and the Lombards ravaged Italy up to the walls of Rome. Such was the world over which St. Gregory reigned and sorrowed. His life, like that of Jeremiah the Prophet, was a perpetual lamentation. Any one who reads his letters and his expositions of the Holy Scriptures, will find perpetual strains of mourning over the desolation of Rome and the death of the world. He says, "Rome is ravaged; its very structure is dissolved. Not its glory alone, but its life is departed. We die daily. Sorrow and grief are on every side.—We are pursuing after the world, and the world is departing from us. We cleave to it, and it passes away." He believed that the end of all things had come.

Such, in his eyes, were the times, of which seen in the unclouded light of history, the glory is to us so great and splendid.

Let us pass onward some two hundred years, and then comes another period of Christian grandeur, the age of St. Leo III., of whom we conceive that he must have been majestic and mighty indeed, who could create an Emperor and an empire—an empire pregnant with modern Europe. And what must have been the tree which cast such a seed containing the statelyness of a crest? We cannot but imagine to ourselves how vast must have been the power of such a Pontiff, and how splendid and out of all proportion to these later times, must have been the age in which he lived. But how was it a truth?

St. Leo lived in an age when Mahomedanism had already possessed itself of the three great eastern Patriarchates. Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria were in the hands of the false Prophet. The eastern Churches had fallen under the darkness of the infidel. Northern Africa was entirely swept by it. Five hundred episcopal sees, it is said, were wholly overthrown by the Arabians. The churches of S. Cyprian, and S. Augustine, and S. Optatus were held by the Eastern anti-Christ. Mahomedanism had penetrated into Spain. It had come up by the south, and was encompassing Christendom. The Paganism of Germany had broken over the Rhine and entered into France. Lombardy was still usurping the Patrimony of the Church, and civil factions were in Rome itself. S. Leo was assaulted in the midst of a sacred procession, when on S. George's day he was going from S. Lorenzo in Lucina to S. George in Velabro, by a band of assassins. They fell upon him and stripped him of his Pontifical robes; they wounded him and dragged him violently to prison. Such were the times in which he lived, and such was the