

CARDINAL MANNING. ON ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

Recently the new Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, at Waterloo, near Liverpool, was solemnly dedicated to the service of God by the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Bishop of Liverpool. The sermon was preached by His Eminence Cardinal Manning, and was extremely interesting and instructive. We are indebted to the Catholic Times for the following report of it.

His youth he was remarkable for intelligence and a stately and noble form; the outward indication of his mind. He was up in the household of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, and chiefly at Haver. He studied the canon law, and also the laws of the land; his talents in the administration of affairs became known, and he was chosen to shine at the King's court. There his virtues and his piety were remarkable, and he lived the same pure life as in the Archbishop's house. In the midst of the court his was the life of a Christian hero. In time he became Lord Chancellor of England—the highest possible office in the kingdom could give him. In that post he was a judge, and though he came in contact with royal manners, there is no sign that he was soiled by them. He was some years in that high office when Archbishop Theobald died. The king, of his own free will, selected St. Thomas to fill the post as Archbishop. But he begged the king not to ask him to accept the post as he knew that as Archbishop he would require to condemn some of the king's measures, notwithstanding the affection he bore towards him. There afterwards arose one of these miserable scandals which in all the days of the Church have arisen to disturb her peace. The king insisted that the case should be decided by civil law, or by the laws of England; that it should be tried by civil tribunal; St. Thomas decided against the will of the king, who thereupon called upon the tribunal to appear before him, and he called upon St. Thomas and the bishops to swear that they would observe the royal laws and customs. St. Thomas answered, "All royal laws I will observe; all royal customs my conscience forbids me to observe." The king in his fury parted from the council in anger, and shortly afterwards summoned another council, where St. Thomas and the bishops again repeated the words they had before used. They further added that what were called royal customs were royal abuses, which had never been put in writing, and were not legal and legitimate laws. It was equally the same as bribery at elections; every one knew that such abuses had existed, and until lately did exist; yet if it were attempted now to make the law of bribery a written law—a legal and legitimate course of proceeding—men would at once denounce it as an outrage upon the people. Henry II required that these usurpations should be put in law, and to such a course St. Thomas of Canterbury refused to give his consent. A charge was afterwards brought against him of misappropriating the sum of thirty thousand marks, which he was said to have retained during his office as Chancellor. It was an accusation which was brought against him, mainly to put him within the power of the king. St. Thomas appeared before his accusers, having taken the precaution to receive the holy sacrament before he went. So, carrying his cross in hand, he entered the council. He was called upon to sign the documents, and he instantly refused, and there standing at the peril of his life, he said, "I appeal to the Holy Roman Church, and so I protest." He left the hall, and shortly afterwards passed over to France. There he remained some time, and when, at last, he did return to England, it was against the will and the advice of the King of France, who besought him not to place himself in danger, as his enemies in England were thirsting for his blood. He said to those who were about him, "I know that I am going to die;" he also said, when he was embarking in France, and saw the coast of England before him, "I see the land before me but at any cost I will go back to my flock." When he was near the shore, the people who knew of his coming rushed into the sea and called out, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." When he was in England he was threatened with assassination several times before he was slain, and on those occasions his domestics besought him to fly, but he did not avail himself of their advice.

SHEMUS DHU. THE BLACK PEDLAR OF GALWAY. A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER IV.

We hinted that Judy was influenced to avoid the shorter path by her fear of something supernatural connected with it. Indeed, the part of the wood which she now entered was well calculated to excite her fears if gloom and loneliness alone would give them birth. She had descended a rocky hill, and the brook and cave were so thickly interwoven on each side, as to give to the glen in which she was the appearance of dark night, though the sun had scarcely set. Before her arose another hill, over which her path led, having on its top such a dense clustering of wood, that the idea never would have occurred to strangers, that through these trees was the only egress from the ravine.

When Judy arrived at the bottom of the valley, her meditation upon the folly of choosing this path in preference to the easier and shorter one, was interrupted by a noise, as that of persons making way through the wood. She listened, and her first idea was confirmed by the voices which were approaching her. "Perhaps they are some persons whom I know," thought she. "I will wait them at any chance, whether friends or foes. It is better to have their company than not, in such a place." She was not a moment in doubt as to their mortal character; for, two men, though in a dress different from that of any of her acquaintance, made their appearance from a high rock which was some yards on her left. The manner of the strangers, when they perceived the woman, was irresolute; and she, in turn, stood silent, in surprise. When they perceived that they were observed, they advanced towards her with the assumed indifference of people who care not with whom they meet. Judy believed them to be some young men of the town, who were led far into the woods by their game, though it was unusual for any to come so far for the mere purposes of sport. This thought of Judy's was supported by their dress and arms. Both were similarly habited, wearing a close dark-coloured jacket, lightened about the waist with a rough girdle, from which hung their hunting-knives and large pouches, the latter containing both ammunition and provision. They wore close leather skull-caps, and loose canvas trousers, strapped over the brogues in the manner of gaiters.

Each carried a long gun; and one of them, the taller, held in a leather slip a magnificent deer-horn. They were strongly-made men, fitted for feats either of activity or strength. The taller, but the younger, appeared about thirty years of age. He was well-looking, and in his whole countenance there appeared a desire for pleasure and fun, united with a recklessness of danger in pursuit. There was a jauntiness in his gait, and a lightness in his step, which showed that the cares of the world sat lightly upon him, or that he wished that they should appear to do so. It was not thus with his companion, who, from his appearance was his senior by half a score years. His countenance might have been handsome when he was young; but it was evident from first sight, to the most casual observer that he was a man of strong and dark passions. His thick black hair escaping from his cap, shaded his forehead. His dark eyes seemed uneasy beneath the heavy beetling eyebrows. His nose and mouth were handsome, but there was a constant motion on his lips, which took from the latter the power of giving any relief to his other sinister features. His bushy whiskers of the same colour with his hair, were worn in a formal cut, in perfect keeping with the dark expression of his entire countenance. Judy could not observe all this, but we are privileged to give the description.

Judy was surprised, but not much terrified, at the approach of the hunters. She had often seen persons in a similar dress, and on a similar adventure—as she conceived them to be—though nearer to the town. Thinking, therefore, that they had lost their way in the wood she approached them.—When the hunters came up to her, the older, portly, who appeared to be the principal, accosted her—

"Good woman," he said in Irish, "can you direct us to the nearest and easiest way to the high path that leads to Galway? We have been in the woods since mid-day; but not being acquainted with them we have gone astray."

"Willingly," said Judy; "you shall have my knowledge of the wood; but we must first come to the height before us. I will then direct you."

They ascended the hill in silence, and Judy pointed out the path which broke to the right hand; at the same time, with such cautions and directions about bogs and cross-paths, that had they put the question in earnest, they would be seriously inconvenienced by her directions.

"In faith, good mother, said the younger hunter, you tell us of difficulties we thought not of before. Had you not better, yourself, come and show us the way? Believe me, my friend here, for many reasons, will be thankful!"

"Hush, Frank," said his companion in English. "At least in this part of the country let your wit rest."

"If my wit must rest, my dog, thank heaven for my sport, cannot. Fair play for Buscan, I say, and on his haunches, my man!"

These words were caused by the restlessness and snuffing of the noble animal which he led, and which, from the time they had ascended the hill, pulled strongly against his masters' leading.

"Quiet, you young fool! what see you? Down, Buscan, down man!" were quietly used in the ascent by his master. But when they stood upon the top of the hill, a fine deer burst from a cove on the opposite side of the valley, disturbed from his lair by the noise of the party, or by that instinct which told him that danger was near. For some moments he stood erect, eyeing the party, and then snuffing the air, and tossing his head on high, he dashed towards the opening, from which the hunters had made their appearance. It would have been only the work of the instant to the younger hunter to unsling his hound; but his companion knew his intent, and held his hand.

"How now, D'Arcy?" said the younger stranger. "How is this, pray? Did you not tell me I should have sport, and why hinder it the entire day? An hour hence, you hindered me from firing at a first shot; and now, when a prime buck appears, you will not even allow my dog to scent him. If you have other reasons for the journey—the devil I won't tell me at first? My motives for the journey were amusement and pleasure."

"Hold now, not so fast with your reasons," said D'Arcy, as he was called, who seemed to know by what spring his companion's feelings could be changed. "What think you of the opinion of your comrades, if you hallooed your hound upon a deer of this season, believing it to be a heart of venison?"

"By Jove," said his companion, replacing the dog upon the dog's neck with an action so cool that it surprised D'Arcy, "the man would tell me that I committed such an error, would he?"

"Let that pass, O'Reilly," said D'Arcy, "but, believe me, you would have committed the error, had I not, for your character's sake, prevented you."

"Thank you," said Frank O'Reilly, in a dogged tone. "My character is safe—I hope in my own keeping."

"Now in the bad humour again. Come, man, we will be judged. What say you, old mother, was the buck a pricklet?"

Those who knew D'Arcy better than his unsuspecting companion could know that the question was put with the tact of the angler, who, after giving full line to his fish, finds it necessary to his power over it to hold it strongly, lest in the riot of its fancied liberty it jerk out the hook. D'Arcy did not expect to get any information from the old woman; he believed she did not understand him. He was taken unawares, then, when Judy replied in English. "Please you, my master, there was a time when I could answer your question. My eyes now, God help the while, fail me. I thought though, that I saw the fine creature throw his crest up, when he caught sight of his enemy there; this is a sign that he was a prime deer, and older than a year. I fancy the hound knew his game well, that dog is not used to start at a false scent." Judy spoke the latter words in a meaning tone, which escaped the young hunter's observation, but not his companion's.

"By my honour it is, old woman," said O'Reilly, replying to the first part of Judy's answer. "You speak truly, whether you know it or not."

"Hush! Frank, for my sake," interrupted D'Arcy, with a look which soon silenced his companion's triumph.

"Ha! ha! So, old lady, you understand our words without intending it, I suppose. Thank you good fortune that you have not heard that which we wished not to be spoken. Good evening to you; we can find our own way, I hope."

"In whom hope you? But that face, I think was never made for hoping to anything good, suddenly said the old woman, whose feelings of self-esteem were great, and consequently became quickly excited by the disparaging tone of D'Arcy. Old Judith, when answering D'Arcy, thought that she spoke to an utter stranger. It was only when her last words of reproach called up a scowl upon his features, which brought their worst expression into play, that the idea arose to her mind that she had seen that countenance before. Wonderful are the circumstances of recognition! The stranger perceived her searching look, and he turned hastily to his companion, who walked on before him. The action was so sudden that Judith had no time, but a strict scrutiny of his countenance, to satisfy herself that she had ever known him. She felt pleasure then, and yet feared, when she saw the strangers stop on the path to which she directed them, and overheard the older say:

"Did you observe the searching look of that old hag? By heaven! I fear she knows me."

"What of that?" replied his companion sharply, his feelings yet warm from D'Arcy's opposition to his sport. "I think it is now time, at this hour of evening, to cease fearing the look of every old woman you meet. It seems," he continued, as he felt with bitterness the contempt, though not intended, conveyed by D'Arcy's silence, as the latter stood heedless of his remarks, "that you tread upon this ground, friend, as if you feared every turn in your path would bring before you a witness of some dark deed. You know best yourself, you are safe in my keeping," observed the good-natured fellow, after a pause, when he saw D'Arcy's whole countenance undergo a change indicative of a pleasing termination to some strong exertion of memory. "But I must say, you should have let me more into your secrets, and I should not then have blamed your hinderance of my sport. But whither back again?"

"Wait me here, O'Reilly," said D'Arcy, "I will be with you anon. A new light burst upon me; I will go after her, and know more of her, and her friends." Thus saying, he turned towards Judith, who awaited him with an anxiety as highly wrought as his own.

"Thank heaven," said or rather thought Frank O'Reilly, "I feel not the stings of a guilty conscience! Poor fellow; there is something weighty on his memory. I am censured by my relations for being over intimate with him. But they will not give me means to be independent of him. He has the reputation of an evil doer. But what care I, if his acts are good to me; he is a generous giver for service done him, and in good faith I will not quarrel with him on the score of his bad name."

With this thought of self-interest, so general a balm for the stings of a conscience not entirely deprived of the moral sense, he seated himself on a large stone to await the return of his friend. When D'Arcy came up to the old woman, he addressed her with altered feelings.

"Good Mother," he said, "I must pray your forgiveness for speaking roughly to an aged woman. But in truth, I fear you have given us a long journey. Had we not better follow this path with you, and chance the cheer fortune may give us?"

"A young man," said Judy, softened by the courtesy which the respectable man paid her in asking her forgiveness. "I owe you no grudge, but I was hurt that you should think me a deceiver. God forbid that Judy would give reason for that opinion of her to to any person. As you say it, it is better to come with me; the night will be dark, and the way will be difficult for strangers to find. I can say in the name of Connel O'Keane that you shall have what he has, and that with a hundred welcomes."

During this short colloquy, the speakers were intent on the examination of each other's countenance. The result was equally favourable. Had not D'Arcy recognized in Judy's features those of an old acquaintance, the name "Connel O'Keane" of itself, was sufficient to satisfy him that he was not mistaken either about her or her connexions.

"You are then the person I suspected you from the first to be," said D'Arcy; "you are Judy Bawn. Know you me, Judy?"

"Ah, avourneen," said Judy; "from the first, too, my heart warmed to you; as sure as those breasts suckled you I knew you to be Reginald O'Grady. But I will not say the name, as you look so dark at it. They say there are reasons for your taking a strange one, though the other had better men its owners. But Saint Colum! you are changed wonderfully avic. Many long years have passed, and many troubles have gone over my head—though, thank heaven and the Virgin, I am now comfortable with Connel—since I dandled you in my arms. You did not promise them; God bless the man! to be the dark strong man that you are now. May the saints pray for you, and preserve you from any evil sight, but you are changed beyond my recollection!—The Lord be praised, who would think that the weak infant—"

And the affectionate old creature would have continued to praise the manhood of her foster child, for now she was on a theme the most excitatory of eloquence in an Irishwoman, had not D'Arcy interrupted her.

"I know I owe a great deal to you, Judy, and I will yet prove my gratitude."

At the same time, taking from his side pocket some gold pieces, which he forced into the old woman's hand.

"Don't say against it, Judy; it is but a small thing. It is only an earnest of what I feel bound to give you for your former kindness to me."

"Well," said Judy; "I will keep it, but what does such a gift mean to you? Take it to you, and I will keep it for you, and I will keep it for you."

"Give it to the poor, or to the priest, Judy," said D'Arcy, "and I will be glad to see it in their hands. I care not what you do with it, but you must take it from me. Heavens now; the time wears fast. I must be frank with you. You know I cannot take shelter under Connel's roof. Tell me—your an-

swer will serve me, Judy—tell me, were those strangers at Connel's for the last few days?"

The suddenness of the question surprised Judy. She had not time to consider how far the speaker was interested in her answer, or how far those to whom she owed more kindness, and for whom she felt more love, would be pleased with it.

"I know of none," she stammered out at a hazard.

"Tell me, then," said D'Arcy, quickly, "does Connel expect any?"

"I don't know his mind," said Judy. "I know, though, if he does expect strangers, friends or foes, he will receive them kindly."

"One question more, Judy, and we part for the night? said D'Arcy—hurriedly, and with rising anger. "How does Fergus demean himself towards Evaleen?"

"To be sure as well as a brother should treat his sister, avourneen," said Judy, throwing more confidence into the reply than she had yet ventured to do.

"Ha! ha! old woman, you cannot deceive me," cried D'Arcy. "I know more than you fancy I know. Enough, you have no confidence in me. Think seriously upon this. You yourself will not gain by it, and you will injure others. Good night, but remember, let Connel and his friends fear O'Grady in their path." Thus saying, he turned abruptly from the old woman, and joined his companion, whose impatience was already manifested by his approach to the scene of the conference, and by the calls which now and then he sent forth for the return of D'Arcy.

CHAPTER V.

The villagers who had taken leave of Connel, were again returning. The hints of danger that had escaped him, and the agitation of his manner, described to them by those who had last left the cabin, determined them, after some consultation, to return. When they entered the cabin again, Connel stood in the same undecided posture, with his eyes fixed upon the fire. He seemed not to be aware of their return. For some time the silence was unbroken, except by the whispers of the party. Judy, seeing the indeliberation of Connel, was the first to take upon herself the guidance of the villagers.

"In truth, and it becomes you well, Connel," said she, in a tone of reproof, "to look there so like a fool, while your son, perhaps, wants your help. Come, lads, if he does not care, the old nurse, that snickled the son does; we will seek Fergus far and near."

Judy was remarkable for speaking with a tone of authority, especially where she thought there was a necessity for her interference; but at the present moment her disposition to speak loudly, was heightened by anxiety for her foster-child. It is probable that Connel would have witnessed without emotion the whispering of his neighbours, and the preparations of the young men to seek his son (some of whom had already lighted the bog-dell torches, and called their hounds), though he alone felt the great anxiety—the interest of a father in a son's safety—had not the old nurse's voice been raised in her last sentence to the highest tone.

Judy's last resort for the safety of Fergus, would have been the mention of D'Arcy's threats. She was aware of the feelings of Connel and of D'Arcy towards each other, and she feared the powerful passion of the former, if driven to extremes, for he still had a lingering affection for her first foster-child; not but that, in certainty of danger she would have sacrificed that affection to the safety of Fergus, who, knowing no mother from his cradle; had transferred a child's love for mother—the purest and strongest under Heaven—to his old nurse, the guardian of his infant days.

Connel, after some reflection exclaimed—"She speaks truth, by Heaven! I will seek him, lads," and then in the same tone of vehemence, as if struck by some bitter thought, he said—"No remain here, you; I will go alone." His decision and action were of the same instant. He seized one of the lighted torches, and rushed from the cabin.

The surprise of his neighbours—none of whom ventured to follow him—had scarcely time to be expressed to each other, when he returned with as much anxiety, but with more calmness in his appearance.

"By my faith," he said, "there are men approaching. What, if they be the—; but, no, that cannot be."

Connel was interrupted by the sudden opening of the door, and his son, accompanied by a stranger, entered. Connel's son was surprised at the unusual warmth of his reception by these persons present. The young men with rough, though sincere gratification, welcomed the escape of their favorite comrade from danger; and when he did thank their affection, though wondering at its expression at that moment, he was embraced by his old nurse, who, with bursts of joy, such as these—"mo laney!" "mo vic!" "chuisia mo chree!" hung about his neck, and at length sobbed herself to quietness. When the young man had disengaged himself from the distressing attention of the old woman, he inquired for his father.

"Where is Connel?" he said, looking around; "I thought he was here when I entered."

Connel, at the entrance of his son, had retired to a darkened corner of the room, not less thankful for the safety of his son, but now anxious to discover the character of his companion. During the detention of his son by Judy, he endeavoured to catch a view of the stranger's face; but the latter was muffled, and by the fixity of his person and eyes which he kept in the same position from his entrance, he appeared indifferent to what was passing around him. Some of the older villagers—to whom Connel spoke—left the cabin. They were followed by the rest, who were reconciled to their exclusion from the cabin, by Judy's assurance, as she shut the door on them, that in the morning she would tell them all. When the family of O'Keane were left to themselves, Connel welcomed his son and bade the stranger—who was still standing in the middle of the floor—to approach the fire. The stranger started, and looked around him; but perceiving that none were in the cabin except those before him, and two females probably servants of the family, he undid the clasps of a great coat, heavy with rain, and the soil of travel, and seated himself on a low bench, which Fergus placed near the fire for him. The first attempt at conversation was made by the stranger.

"My good friend," he said to Connel, "I have to thank this young man—who, I find, is your son—for my comfortable shelter, on this stormy night."

"He would be no true son of mine, sir," said Connel, in English—it was in English the stranger spoke—"if the stranger found not assistance from him."

"I believe so, indeed—I believe it now, though a few days since, I had doubts about the fidelity and hospitality of your peasant," said the stranger, with a deepened voice. "But tell me, he resumed, quickly, "I had not time to ask my young guide, in this part of the country free from the visits of the Galway authorities?"

The easiness with which the question was put, disconcerted O'Keane. He had remarked, at the entrance of the stranger, his rapid examination of the countenances of the villagers. He had perceived his eyes cast upon him, and he had a presentiment of his countenance, which he caught, during the presence of the villagers, told him that he was ill at ease.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)