



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1863.

No. 50.

THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK.

A TALE OF CASHEL.

BY MRS. J. SADLER.

CHAPTER XIX.—AN APPARITION AT ROSE LODGE.

It was no idle threat of Kate Costelloe's that she would give information to a magistrate of having seen Jerry Pierce on the Rock, and it was with great difficulty that Bryan could persuade her from going off at once to Rose Lodge with that amiable intention.

'Do you think,' said she, 'that I'm going to screen the villain that dipped his hands in the blood of the poor young master? If I did, wouldn't I be just as bad as he is, and worse, too, in a manner? Now I tell you, Bryan, there's no use talking to me, and it makes my blood boil, so it does, to hear you tryin' to excuse the blood-thirsty villain—'

'I'm not tryin' to excuse him—how could I? Well, how came you to harbor him on the Rock above, as I see you did? Tell me that now, you hard-hearted, ungrateful old man, you?'

'God forgive you, Cauth, aracc,' said Bryan mildly, 'for all the bad names you're callin' me! Sure, if the man did hide himself of a time on the Rock, it wasn't me that harbored him.—Scores of people might hide in the crypts and places away under ground without me ever seen' or hearin' one o' them. And, another thing, I'll warrant you, Jerry Pierce has more gumshin in him than to go tell me or any else what place he was hidin' in.'

'Well, any way, I hope it'll never come to Mrs. Esmond's ears that he was up there—'

'And, to be sure, it'll come to her ears, if you go and tell the old gentleman. But, any way, say your prayers and go to bed, and maybe you'll not be so hot on t' in the mornin' as you are now. Pray to God to direct you!' He was going to add—'I think you ought to be the last woman to do such a thing, atter all the misery you brought on yourself before,' but knowing by experience the probable effect of any such allusion, he prudently kept the thought to himself. Next morning Cauth declared her intention of going to Rose Lodge, and all Bryan could obtain from her in the way of concession was a promise not to go till after nightfall.

'Very good,' said he, 'and I'll go with you myself for company.' So the matter rested between them for that day, and Bryan went up to the Rock, after swallowing a hasty breakfast.

We will now introduce the reader to the parlor of Rose Lodge on the evening of that same day. It was a pleasant room on the first floor; and the breath of flowers, the faint sweet perfume of the jessamine and the honeysuckle was wafted in from the creeping plants trained around the windows, mingled with the rich odor of magnolia and wall-flowers in tasteful green boxes on the sills. The evening sun was sinking, and the evening breeze was sighing amongst the leaves and flowers, giving a tremulous motion to their fantastic shadows within the room. Without, all was peace—within, trouble and unrest, for of those assembled in that hand-some apartment perhaps not one at that feverish moment.

'Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour!'

There was the master of the house striding to and fro the room with that quick, irregular pace which denotes not thought, but passion. There was his wife watching him with anxious eyes, and Aunt Winifred, rigid as ever, but with more color than usual on her cheek, while a certain twitching of the mouth and a tremulous motion of the eyelids denoted some inward emotion not very common with her. Opposite her, near one of the windows, sat young Mrs. Esmond, in her deep mourning robe and widow's cap, her eyes red with weeping, and her lips and cheeks colorless as those of a marble statue. Her tearful eyes were fixed on a half-length portrait of her husband which hung on the wall opposite, and gradually her look became abstracted, as her thoughts wandered back into the blessed past—the sunny years and days of 'Long Ago.' And Mary Hennessy was there, and Dean McDermott, the latter evidently trying to reason Mr. Esmond out of some desperate purpose. How anxiously Aunt Martha kept glancing from one to the other, hoping, doubtless, from the friendly remonstrances of the good pastor what she could not dare to attempt herself. As yet, his arguments appeared to have had but little effect.

'I tell you, Dean,' said Mr. Esmond, stopping suddenly in his march, and planting himself before the priest with his thumbs in his vest pockets, 'I tell you there's no use trying to persuade me from it—I know it's Matty there that put you on the scent, and it may be that she and you are both right, but I've made up my mind, and the Pope himself wouldn't persuade me from it.—I'll go out this night, with McGowan and the police, come what will, and see if we don't trap the fellow—'

'But, Mr. Esmond—' 'Not a word, Dean! not a word, begging your pardon, and meaning no disrespect—none whatever—but I'm of opinion that if I had gone out myself now and then from the first, the villain would have been caught long ago. I know my duty, sir, and I mean to do it. Yes, sir, I mean to do it, for the blood of my murdered nephew cries to me from the ground, and sleep or rest I cannot take for thinking of him. Blood must have blood, and it is a crying shame that the hardened ruffian who so wantonly shed my poor Harry's should have so long escaped detection—and that at our very door, as people say—why, it makes me mad—yes, sir, mad—to think of it.'

'Well, but my dear Harry—' began his wife—but he quickly stopped her.

'Silence, you, Matty; one's enough at a time, you know.'

'I was going to remind you,' said Dean McDermott, 'that we do not any of us wish you to desist from any lawful means of securing the arrest of the unhappy culprit, that is, if he be still in the country, which I doubt.'

'In the name of God, then, Dean McDermott, tell me what you do wish!' cried Mr. Esmond almost fiercely.

'I have told you, sir,' was the calm but dignified answer; 'I have endeavored to prove to you that your going out with the police and this informer—'

'Informer! what do you mean, sir?'

'Well, we shall not quarrel about a word,' said the Dean smiling, 'I mean this new witness you have got. I have endeavored to prove to you, I repeat, that your going out at the head of the party was by no means necessary, and might possibly be a very dangerous proceeding on your part.'

'Oh, as for the danger,' said the old man curtly, 'that's my own affair. I'll attend to that. So if you have no other reason to advance I will bid you good evening at once, as McGowan, and Mr. Moran, and some others are waiting in the office.'

'Oh! Uncle Harry! Uncle Harry!' said the young widow speaking for the first time, 'I beseech you, risk not your own life in perhaps a vain effort to arrest the—the—' sobs choked her voice—she could say no more.

'Let him go,' said Miss Esmond with bitter mockery, 'let him go—of course he has his life well insured. He knows he has the good-will of the people, and probably thinks that if any danger did threaten him some stalwart beggar would happily advance to the rescue.'

'For mercy's sake, Winifred, don't speak so,' whispered her sister-in-law.

Just at that moment, and whilst Mr. Esmond was clearly meditating some savage retort on his sister, the door opened and in walked Phil Moran, followed closely by just such a 'stalwart beggar' as Miss Esmond's biting sarcasm had indicated.

Every one looked astonished, the more so as the man kept his caubeen on his head as though he had been my Lord Kenmare himself.

Moran anticipated the angry question that was coming in thunder from Uncle Harry's tongue. 'Here is a man,' said he, 'Mr. Esmond, who wants to see you on business so important that it will not brook delay.'

'And why the d— don't you take him to the office?—don't you know well enough, Moran, that this is no place for business?'

'Well, to tell the truth, I didn't bring him here. He came into your office with that queer genius of a clerk of mine, Ned Murtha, whom I left in my office hard at work, and according to Ned's statement, he is prepared to give evidence against—'

'Against Jerry Pierce!' cried Mr. Esmond coming eagerly forward; 'why, that's capital good news—upon my honor,'—and he rubbed his hands fast and furiously, 'we'll have no lack of evidence now. But tell me, honest man, why did you not come forward before if you knew anything about this wretched business? How did it happen, I say, that you kept the secret so long?'

'I'd keep it longer,' was the gruff answer, 'if it wasn't for the reward. I may as well tell you the truth at once.'

unhappy class at each of the persons within the room, her eyes rested on the beggarman, and she sang in her usual way:

'One o' false comrades did me betray,  
And for one bare guinea swore my life away.'  
'Hush, hush,' said Mrs. Esmond in her sweet gentle voice.

'Och! why wouldn't I sing, ma'am? Sure it's 'The Croppy Boy,' you know—'

'In New Geneva this young man died,  
And in Killeevin his body lies;  
All ye Roman Catholics that do pass by,  
Pray the Lord have mercy on the Croppy Boy.'

'Poor Patrick! sure I pray for you any way—och! no I don't—I can't pray now, at all—Five hundred pounds then they would lay down, For to see me walking through Wexford town.'

'Ah, the poor Croppy Boy! Sure they hanged him, after all, and they'll hang Jerry Pierce, and what'll Celia do then?'

'Will you send her off out of that?' cried Mr. Esmond, stamping his foot in a towering passion.

'Don't be angry with me, Mr. Esmond,' said Mabel with a frightened look. 'Sure I didn't say I'd kill old Esmond that night in the Abbey—it was Tim Murtha, an'—an'—'

Here she was dragged away by a gardener whom Mrs. Esmond had seen passing and beckoned to approach for that purpose.

'Speak out, you, fellow,' said Mr. Esmond, his face somewhat paler than usual and a visible tremor in his voice. 'What's your name, in the first place? Confound you, why don't you answer me?—who are you?' and his eagerness to know, he caught hold of the man's coat by the collar and gave him a shake.

'Take your hand off my collar, Mr. Esmond,' replied the man in a tone half fierce, half sullen, 'then I'll tell you who I am.' The hand was removed accordingly, and he moved a step or two back, then said in a loud, distinct tone—

'I'm Jerry Pierce! I hard you were goin' out wid the peelers to take me—so I came to save you the trouble.'

The sound of his familiar voice, evidently disguised before, and the mention of a name so hated by all, had the effect of an electric shock on all present. The Dean started to his feet, and opened his mouth to speak, but remained as if spell-bound by the man's audacity. One simultaneous shriek burst from the ladies, and young Mrs. Esmond fainted away in her chair. As for Uncle Harry, stout and stubborn as he was, he reeled back some paces till the Dean caught him by the arm—every drop of blood forsook his cheek, and his eyes rested with a wild and haggard stare on the face now exposed to view by the removal of the caubeen.

(To be continued.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS — JUNE 26.

THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

Mr. B. Osborne, in rising to move for a Select Committee to inquire into the subject of the Irish Church Establishment, said—In common with many members on both sides of the House, I cannot but regret the position which the question of the Irish Church has assumed. I am not surprised that the hon. member for Swansea is disappointed at the somewhat Fabian policy of the Government in dealing with the question which he brought before the House. At the same time he should remember that great ignorance prevails in this country as to the position and prospects of the Irish Church, and so long an interval has elapsed since our treatment of this question, which was formerly the stalking-horse as well as the stumbling-block of the Whig party (laughter) that no doubt it finds little favor now with the occupants of the Treasury bench.—(Hear, hear.) There is another consideration. It is easier to make appeals and read lectures to the Emperor of Russia on behalf of the Poles than to legislate for the people of Ireland.—(Hear, hear.) I can imagine that the ghost of Balguy, rising in the midst of the festivities, was not more welcome to Macbeth than the re-appearance of their long buried associate must be to the noble lord and those of his colleagues who formerly rocked the cradle of the Irish Church agitation, and who finally stood by, if not as murderers, at least as nutes at the funeral of their old friend (hear, hear.) But in spite of the apathy of the House and the disinclination of the Ministry, in the face of the returns moved for by my hon. friend, and in the face of the census of 1861, it will not be possible for any long period for this House to avoid dealing with the question of the ecclesiastical settlement of Ireland. That question is not whether we wish the Irish Church to remain as it is, but whether it will be possible to maintain that Church without extensive reforms and new adaptations (hear, hear.) I have said that great ignorance prevails in England upon this subject, and I cannot but think that more knowledge is displayed here of the concerns of China than of the affairs of Ireland (hear, hear.) Deceptive statements are so often put

forward by people in high places that the real question is but imperfectly understood. From time to time the Viceroy draws a flattering but delusive picture of the prosperity of Ireland, to the astonishment of the residents in that country, but to the admiration of a brilliant and believing staff (hear, hear, and laughter.) My right honorable friend the Secretary for Ireland, taking his cue from his vice-regal master, denies all statements of Irish distress in this House, and it is not until the expiration of three years that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, urged by financial pressure, acknowledges a wide-spread distress almost unparalleled in history (hear, hear.) The fact is that Ireland is now much in the same position as when Lord J. Russell, in opposition, described the country as occupied, not governed. (Oh! and hear, hear.) I will grant there is the tranquillity of exhaustion on the surface, but discontent, if not disaffection, remains beneath. (Oh, and hear, hear.) It may be said that there are so few Irishmen connected with the Government that they have no means of information of the circumstances of Ireland. But there are such numerous opinions upon the subject of Ireland, and especially the Irish Church, that I will not weary the House by reading all the opinions of Whig secretaries and Whig Lords Lieutenant, but there are three right hon. gentlemen immediately connected with Ireland whose opinions I feel bound to read to the House. The first opinion I will read is that of a noble lord who has run a purely Irish career—I mean the noble lord who now presides over the destinies of that country. As Lord Morpeth he was Secretary for Ireland in 1835; and what was then his opinion of the Irish Church? He describes it in a way I would not venture to describe it—'as a Church without a flock, and a clergy without congregations;' and he said that the worst grins of the sinecurist were kept up by the worst principles of the bigot.' (Hear, hear.) That was the opinion of Lord Morpeth, but Lord Carlisle now dispenses the patronage of that church to the satisfaction of his old opponents—the Orangemen. Then again we have a high authority saying, in the year 1843, but upon the other (the Opposition) side of the House:

'I will venture to say that you will not find in any country in the world a state of things with regard to religious sects such as you find in Ireland. Take Austria, a Catholic country; there are parts of Austria in which the entire population of a parish are Protestants. There the Protestant clergy are provided for at the expense of the State. In Bavaria the same rule exists. In Belgium also. In Prussia, a Protestant country the same rule obtains. I say in no country in the world will you find such a state of things as exists in Ireland. That is a grievance of an enormous character; but it is a grievance which it is in the power of the Government to remedy, and for which I add that the Government are bound to provide a remedy.'

I do not wonder that an honorable friend near me asks who said that. That speech was made by the noble lord the present Prime Minister.—(Hear, hear.) That was Lord Palmerston's opinion in 1843; and here is the opinion of the Home Secretary of to-day. They were all set together—a most unanimous body; but then they sat there, opposite, on here, in office.—(Hear, hear, and laughter.) In February, 1844, Sir G. Grey said:—

'It is impossible to suppose that the Irish people can look upon the present state of the ecclesiastical system in Ireland without the deepest dissatisfaction. It is not a mere question of money, it is one which concerns the feelings of a people. Among all the nations of Europe we find that in Ireland alone there exists an exclusive Church Establishment for the Episcopal authority; on this subject I entertain very strong feelings. . . . Nothing appears to me worse, nothing more hazardous than for Parliament to declare that they will not entertain the question of the Irish Church, because it involves considerations of a difficult nature. The Union must be maintained, but a complete Union never could be effected so long as an Established and Endowed Church of the minority exclusively existed.'

The gentleman who used those glowing words is now Home Secretary, and, as such, is in intimate connexion with Ireland. After those opinions let us see what are the remedial measures proposed by these men or preserving the Union and redressing grievances. I have searched the records of Parliament, and I find a compulsory measure for the vaccination of infants. (Laughter.) I find also another Bill, though its fate is still in nubibus, and that is the measure for the preservation of Irish salmon, and this exhausts the list of the Ministerial reforms for Ireland. [Laughter.] Is this disgraceful state of things to be allowed by what is called—I almost think in derision—the Liberal party to continue?—[Hear, hear.] In the outset I wish to be perfectly candid on this subject, and to declare that in any remarks which I may make, or in any pro-

position which I may hereafter make, I do not contemplate to destroy or upset the Irish Church. [A cry of "Hear, hear," in a peculiar drawing tone, which occasioned much laughter.] Though I believe that no man in his senses, not even my right honorable friend who gave me that cheer [laughter] would now contemplate to erect or endow such an establishment; yet, at the same time, I do not think that it would be either prudent or politic to uproot that establishment, when it has been interwoven for 300 years with the civil policy and the property of Ireland.—Therefore I expressly state that I do not wish to uproot that establishment or confiscate its funds; but if it can be shown that the working of the system as it is is not only prejudicial to the interests of religion, but contrary to the true principles of Protestantism, and most mischievous in its tendencies, then we are necessarily bound to enter into some plan for the reform and re-adaptation of the present monstrous establishment. In discussing this question I wish always to keep apart the religious and political elements; and I will read to the House the actual view of the case embodied by Dr. Arnold in one of his lectures. He said:—

'In speaking of Christianity the word "Church" is rather to be used as distinct from religion than as synonymous with it, and that it belongs in great part to another set of ideas, relating to things which we call political.'

I mean to discuss the question in that sense alone; but, first, let me call the attention of the House to the nature of this Church, which in some people's minds has the character of being the United Church of England and Ireland. I shall attempt to prove that, so far from being united, the Churches are totally dissimilar in all respects. The Church of England has always been identified with the civil and religious liberties of the people of this country. It has struck deep root into the affections of the people, and the clergy of the Church of England in this country are as tolerant and as educated as any race of clergymen on the face of the globe. (Hear, hear.) But what is the case with the Church of Ireland? Can any one say that the Protestant establishment in Ireland is identified with the civil and religious liberties of the Irish people? We all know that the Established Church in Ireland was founded by Tudor violence, and perpetuated by Puritan tyranny. (Hear, hear.) As a political institution the Church of Ireland is a blunder, and as a national religion it is a fraud, though, I am ready to admit, of a pious description. (Hear, and laughter.) But the matter does not end here. Any person who is acquainted with Ireland, and has had the misery to listen to Irish sermons (laughter), must know that the great bulk of the clergy of Ireland are of a Puritanical and Calvinistic tendency. That is not the case with the Church of England. The right honorable gentleman who represents the University of Dublin, and who in that capacity speaks for the Establishment in Ireland, claims for the Irish branch of the English Church of England itself. He speaks very much in the same spirit as that in which I could have imagined that a churchman of the Tudor dynasty would have spoken. He not only objects to any discussion, but he deprecates all reform, and, putting aside the lawyer for a time, and becoming a firm ecclesiastic, he would have the House believe that the Church of Ireland, so far from being created by Act of Parliament, is the sole depository of religious truth, and was the creation of St. Patrick himself. (Laughter.) We have all heard the words of an old song, written by a countryman of the right honorable member for the University of Dublin, "St. Patrick was a gentleman," but it was left to the right honorable gentleman to prove that St. Patrick was not only a gentleman, but a Protestant. [Hear, hear, and laughter.] The right honorable gentleman who has great admiration for Queen Elizabeth—and even goes so far as to think her virtuous (laughter) exclaimed,—"Did not the Irish Bishops of that day conform and assent to the Reformation?" But the right honorable gentleman forgot to inform the House that those Irish bishops were Englishmen sent over to Ireland by Queen Elizabeth. They were English bishops of the Pale, and the Pale extended 20 miles from Dublin. (Hear, and laughter.) Quitting this preposterous argument, which is more suited for a society of antiquarians than the House of Commons, I would ask, is it not notorious that the priests and congregations of Ireland of that day, so far from agreeing with the bishops, refused to abandon their creed at the expense of their convictions? Is not that the case according to every historian who has written on the subject. I was sorry to hear the right hon. gentleman sneer at one of the most learned authorities in the country, Mr. Goldwin Smith; but he might have remembered that Lord Derby, who made him Attorney-General for Ireland, also appointed Mr. Goldwin Smith as Professor of History at Oxford. However, I will not quote Mr. Goldwin Smith, but I will