

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

THE TENTH JURYMANS TALE

By Gerald Griffin

ANTHIM JACK, AND HIS GENERAL
It was determined, however, first to try if he would surrender peacefully, and one of the party approached the door with orders from the sergeant, to call upon him "to lay down his arms and submit."

The sharp voice and rapid utterance of Antrim Jack was heard presently in reply.
"Is it what the general bid me tell ye," said he, "if ye wanted the arms, to come in, he says, and take 'em."

"Well said, master spokesman," said one of the soldiers, "perhaps we'd find a means of bringing down your high note though, and coaxing ye out o' that—you, and your general, as you call him. Do you know how to catch rabbits?"

"Do you know how to catch rabbits, I say?"
"I believe it's funnin' me you are—what would I determine about them?"

"Oh—you don't know them?"
"Ne, I don't, said Jack—I have something else to do."
"Och, well, I'll teach you. You smoke them out of the holes, when you can't get them to come out otherwise. Do you see?"

"Oh, yes," said Jack drily, "when your ferrets get cowardly, and are afraid to follow them."
"Very good, my boy—very good, we'll find ferrets that will match you though, I promise you—indeed we will."

O'Dwyer soon became aware of their savage purpose. Thick wreaths of smoke began to enter the dwelling, and rise to the top, from the four corners at once. After an examination, which showed him that the house was completely invested, he made as good a preparation as he could, with Jack's assistance, for resisting any attempt upon the door. More than once indeed, he began to consider, whether it would not be better to stake all upon a determined sally and a vigorous attempt to cut through his foes, but the chance of success in this, seemed so slight, that he determined not to put it in practice just then. He therefore warned Jack of his designs, and waited by the door, until some accident of fortune should make this course appear more feasible, or until they should be otherwise driven to adopt it.

"Tis easy to see," said he, "there isn't an officer among them, you never see these things done in the presence of a gentleman. Ho! look at Farrell! Look at the wretch!"
Jack looked through the broken door, and beheld his late but faithless associate. He was standing among the soldiery, who having no further occasion for his services, jostled him about heedlessly, while they indulged in the rude jests, their present triumph inspired. His fit of passion had done its worst, and was entirely gone, and as he sometimes looked towards the door, O'Dwyer was able to perceive the glances which he cast, and the looks with which he joined in their jokes, and endeavored to crush the feeling that followed, for even he, false as he played him, was not without a certain attachment for his master. This remorseful feeling was rendered more keen by the contemptuous neglect of those around him, and by the dreadful destiny to which he saw his brave and affectionate commander now consigned.

"Jack," said O'Dwyer, in a low voice, "mind the door, and watch it closely. If the least opening occurs at any point, be ready in an instant to cut through them."
"Jack's attention seemed absorbed by Farrell, and his answer was not to the purpose. "General," he asked after a pause, "isn't it a horrid thing to see him trying to laugh that way?"

The flames soon raged with extreme fierceness, and rose from the building in a lofty pyramid of intense light, which in the grey of the morning twilight cast a strange glare over the green of the trees around, while all looked on with the dead silence of feverish and anxious expectation. Every thing now tended to the consummation of their wishes. This was evidently the concluding scene, and they were determined not to be tickled again—their enemy was at last again within their grasp, and they looked forward to the closing act of this dreadful drama with the deep-set and dire appetite of hungering vengeance, about to be fully satiated. Hopeless, utterly hopeless beyond all previous times, as his situation now appeared to be, no expedient that the united thought of many could suggest as likely to be adopted by him in this his last extremity, was left unprovided for, and even the wild idea that he might ascend through the column of flame and dense white smoke that arose from the crackling rafters of the ruined building, was not deemed too extravagant for his matchless daring. A number of men were placed at short distances round the house, and stood in an attitude, with their pieces ready cocked and half presented, but by far the greater portion of them arranged themselves in a semicircle round the door, where a sortie was expected, the nature of which they could well imagine, and which they prepared to meet with the decision befitting such an attempt.

Meanwhile the sufferings of O'Dwyer and his companion were almost beyond endurance. They had a plain view of the enemy, whose designs they could easily understand,

and who was posted outside at a deadly advantage. The conflagration had now reached its full strength, and beside what they suffered from the tormenting fire which raged a few feet above, and poured down its rays with intolerable fury upon them, they could only find as much breath, as would support existence, by lying along the floor, where the smoke and suffocating vapours were less dense—but even this, they were unable to continue long, for the black and sooty substance that lined the inside of the roof, fell like burning pitch upon their persons, and setting their clothes on fire, added dreadfully to their torture. Then in some degree sheltered themselves from this fiery shower, by placing a small deal table that lay in the house in front of them, and creeping under it—

but the rest of the building was soon wrapped in flames, O'Dwyer had watched in vain for some moments, when the vigilance of the soldiers might give them an opportunity of bettering their condition by a determined sally, but after some time he gave up all hope of any such occasion presenting itself. It became evident indeed, that the moments that was to decide their fate, was fast approaching—for the last few moments, they lay with their faces to the wall, in silent suffering, but they now began to meditate on the necessity of bringing matters at once to a conclusion. When at length, O'Dwyer laid his hand on Jack's shoulder to warn him of the necessity of this, and gave him his latest instructions, he found him to his surprise in tears.

"Jack!" said he, "for shame!—what ails you?"
"General," said Jack looking at him affectionately, his eyes swimming in tears, "tis all up with us, it's all up with us, and suppose so—let us meet, like men—why, Jack! I'm surprised at you!"

"Oh," said Jack, wiping the tears from his eyes with his thin and skinny fingers—"sure you don't think 'tis for myself I'm this way. No—but it goes to my heart to think that you—that you should fall into the hands of these fellows."

"My poor fellow!" said O'Dwyer, very much moved—"I'm very much obliged to you, but you know we must make up our minds to these things when they come; others have borne them in their time, and so will we."

"Oh, yes," said Jack, "if it was myself only, I'd be satisfied."
He laid his face to the earth again, and O'Dwyer, perceiving the extravagance of his grief, tried to console him.

"Jack," he said, "this is ridiculous, I never expected with any confidence to die a natural death, therefore you must not think I make much of this; but I have often heard me say that any bully may have the appearance of death, but it is a man of true spirit only that will face its reality. I would be quite unworthy of your kind feeling for me if such speeches were false and hollow, and made but for some occasion. No!—whatever pains I may have taken to preserve my life, I was always ready to meet death if it came—say a prayer like a good fellow, and think no more about me."

Jack replied only by a low moan, and O'Dwyer continued—
"Let us start from this place presently," he said, "and remember, if we are to be taken we must be taken dead, and dearly—give me your hand."

Jack did not seem to attend to this speech, but it was scarcely ended, when he suddenly caught O'Dwyer's hand between both of his, and looking him in the face, said, earnestly and rapidly.

"Oh! I have it, I know how we'll manage it."
"Let us take them by surprise this way, I'll run to the door first—they have all their pieces ready—I'll make a run out suddenly, and they'll all fire at me, you'll make a run then—they'll have nothing left for you in their guns, and you'll get off."

"And leave you dead," said O'Dwyer—no—no.
"Ah! why not?" said Jack,—"we'll both die you know, otherwise."

"Oh!" said O'Dwyer, "tis very good of you to think of this, but 'twill never do."
"Why not?" said Jack.
"Och! no matter."
"Och," said Jack, "you don't know how little I'd think of it."
"I do, Jack, know very well how little you'd think of it, and that's one of the reasons why I can't listen to it. No, no, we have done as good a turn for them more than once, though not so brutally, their turn is come now, and they are heartily welcome to it. Besides, you have as good a right to your life as I have to mine, if you go to that of it."

motive influenced O'Dwyer eventually to yield to his entreaties; if he did give a satisfactory account of them in his narrative the explanation has not reached us. That he did, however, at last allow himself to be prevailed upon is certain. When his consent was at length won, he listened to Jack's instructions, which were given with many an earnest prayer, that he would follow them accurately. As the moment came round in which they were to be put into execution, Jack grasped O'Dwyer's hand in a final and affectionate farewell, and prepared himself.

As they were about to start from their position, however, a suspicion seemed to cross his mind. He turned firmly—looked in his face, and said, with a touching earnestness:
"Are you not going to deceive me, now, General—are you?"

"How so?" said O'Dwyer.
"I'm afraid," said Jack, "you have it in your mind to run to the door along with me, and spoil all."

"My poor fellow," said O'Dwyer, "I thank you more than ever, but I had no such intention."

"God bless you," said Jack, "and don't think of such a thing—'tis the only favour you can ever grant to Jack, to do as he asks you now. If you refuse it to him, you never will have it in your power to oblige or disoblige him again General, don't think of it."

"My poor fellow," said O'Dwyer, who was touched by the earnestness with which he sought this extraordinary boon, "I have promised you I would not."

"God bless you," said Jack, "I am satisfied, and happy."

The final moment came speedily. Jack started up quickly, and placed himself behind the door, which was already in flames, while O'Dwyer took his place beside him. He knew the withdrawing of the bolt would be the signal to the soldiers for their last preparation, and he took care to do this with sufficient distinctness to make it clearly heard. A cheer of horrid triumph from without assured him that he had attained this object, and immediately, every piece was levelled with fearful steadiness and better directed aim to the door-way; but he waited a little until a few words had passed, and seemed to understand it, ran round and took their places, and gave their pieces the same direction. At this instant the door was flung wide, and the appalling figure of Antrim Jack, black, burning, and hideous, appeared amid a volume of smoke and cinders, for a moment before them. There was an air of excitement about him; a strange wild kind of light was in his eyes, and an expression of pleasure on his half destroyed features, which those who looked on him in that passing moment could not understand the meaning of. He sprung forward and they fired—the entire charge of every gun—powder, flame, ball, passed through his body, which fell motionless among them. O'Dwyer took notice that he seemed to fling himself on his side as he went down, as if with the wish to see the event, but the body never moved again. At this moment, and while they were yet unprepared, O'Dwyer rushed forth.

A blow or two from his powerful arm sent to the earth with deafening force, a few who were daring enough to fling themselves in his way. In the confusion that followed, and while the smoke still lingered around them, some struck wildly with the butt ends of their muskets, which meeting those of their fellow-soldiers, made a dreadful crash; others made fierce and unmeasured thrusts of their bayonet at him as he passed, but stumbling over the dead body, only hurt their companions. There were some wild shouts of anger and disappointment, a short pursuit, and in the brief space of a few seconds, the magnanimous purpose of his faithful and fallen companion was accomplished.

At the conclusion of the tale, and while all were admiring the devoted fidelity and heroism of the unfortunate Jack, the narrator, bethinking himself of his song, cast his eyes on the ceiling, in quest it would seem of some dimly remembered melody, and after a rather long and perplexed pause, hesitatingly observed:

As I believe, gentlemen our rules do not restrict us to our national music, I shall give you a song, written by a friend of mine, for a very popular Scotch air, Roy's Wife of Aldavoloch."

A general clapping of hands announced the gratification of the company at the proposal, upon which as soon as the noise subsided, the tenth Juror sung as follows:
Know ye not that lovely river?
Know ye not that smiling river?
Whose gentle flood,
By cliff and wood,
With wildering sound goes winding ever.

Around our native woodland wreathing,
The memory of the brightest joys,
In childhood's happy morn that found us,
Is dearer than the richest toys
The present vainly sheds around us,
Know ye not that lovely river?
Know ye not that smiling river?
Whose gentle flood,
By cliff and wood,
With wildering sound goes winding ever.

At the conclusion of the song, which was received with the usual plaudits, the gentleman whose turn came next, on being called upon, related the following story.

THE ELEVENTH JURYMANS TALE
THE PROPHECY
In a ramble, said the eleventh Juror, which I once made, to visit the many beautiful lakes, that, far away from the ordinary route of the traveller, lie hidden in the depth of wild and lonely mountains in the County of Clare, I was entertained the night at the house of a country gentleman, Captain O'Kelly of Kilgobbin, upon whose hospitable accident had thrown me. He had overtaken me in the midst of a thunder shower, while endeavoring to make my way through a mountain pass leading from one of the lakes, and observing that I was like himself, on foot, and drenched with rain, he kindly brought me to his residence, which offered the only shelter within many miles. During the very pleasant evening I passed there, which I shall ever recollect with feelings of enjoyment, my attention was particularly caught by the appearance of a wild, grey-faced, awkward looking little serving man, who waited upon us at table. He moved backward and forward, performing his part with the utmost assiduity and interest; but the expression of his countenance never lost its sedateness, nor indicated the slightest diversion of his mind from the duty he was engaged in. All the amusing stories of my good-natured host, as well as some happy essays, if I may so call them, of mine own to pass the winter night, failed to elicit even a subdued smile, in which the merriment of the table, becoming fainter and fainter as it reaches the confines of the apartment, so often expires upon the constrained countenance of the footman. Even when conducting me to my room at bed-time, and assisting me to undress, he preserved the same mild, taciturn manner, speaking only when obliged to reply to any interrogatory of mine, and then in as few words as the occasion would admit of. My curiosity was very much excited by a demeanor so unusual, but seeing no fit means of satisfying it, and being greatly fatigued after the exertions of the day, I turned into bed, and was soon buried in a deep and dreamless sleep. I cannot tell exactly what time might have passed, when I was startled by a loud jingling noise, like the falling of fire-irons upon a flag-stone. It was succeeded by a momentary silence, and afterwards by sounds as if some one was endeavoring to compose a giddy melody, and then in a low voice to the hearth. Another short pause followed and then came the murmur of a voice as if engaged in a long recital. The hour was so extraordinary for any colloquy, and the murmur continued so long, that I grew somewhat uneasy, and resolved to ascertain from whence it proceeded. Descending the stairs in the dark, and creeping cautiously along a cold passage, I found myself at the door of the kitchen which stood half open, and disclose to my view the figure of the grave serving man on his knees near the fire, holding a string of beads in his left hand, and beating his breast unmercifully with his right. He was looking towards the ceiling and praying in an unsurpassed tone of voice, but he ran over the words so rapidly, that I could only catch the conclusion of each supplication, which, as if to avoid the monotony, was slightly varied in the repetition. The heartfelt and imploring tone in which these words were uttered, and the fervent manner in which he struck his chest at the termination of each sentence, seemed to imply some deep apprehension of impending evil, which the unfortunate man could hardly hope to escape. Impressed with a feeling of strong sympathy for his unhappiness, I was about to retire, when his prayers, taking a new direction, again arrested my attention. He begged that every possible blessing might attend on his master and mistress, that their guardian angels might always protect them from harm, and in conclusion, but in a fainter and more affecting voice, he implored the assistance of the grace of heaven that before he died himself, he might bring his heart to forgive his bitter enemy and destroyer Will Wiley. Wondering what surpassing injury the latter could have done him to occasion such deep feelings of resentment, or what circumstance could have led to his apprehensive and desponding state of mind, I at length returned to bed, and in the midnight having resumed his quiet, endeavored to win back the unconscious sleep which had been so unceremoniously driven off by the sound of the falling fire-irons.

Several hours had passed, when I was startled anew by loud voices, apparently in violent altercation beneath my window. Springing from the bed, and hastily withdrawing

the old-fashioned heavy moreen window curtains, I perceived at a little distance upon the lawn in the broad morning sunlight, the sad-faced little man to whose devotion I had been a witness in the night time. His character and appearance were, however, entirely changed, his countenance was inflamed, his eyes sparkling, and he stood in a threatening attitude, armed with a large stone, opposite an ugly, deformed little person, who appeared rather amused than alarmed at the ferocious looks directed towards him.

"Get out of my sight, you hump-backed villain," exclaimed the enraged domestic.

"Eh, what's the matter, Morris," returned the deformed quietly, placing his arm a little, as he spoke, lest the stone might unexpectedly reach him.

"Get out of my sight again you informing Dane."

"Bogannies 'tisn't easy, Morris, you keep such a sharp eye on one."

"I tell you, I'm dangerous."

"Faix you look like it any way! I never see you in such a passion since the day at Clondegad."

It seemed as if the name of the locality just adverted to had some peculiarly irritating association connected with it, as it brought the indignation of the party addressed to a sudden climax, and the stone which had been long poised uncertainly in the air, was at once projected through the intervening space, and passing close to the humpback's ear, left it a matter of doubt for some moments whether it had not clipped off a portion of that organ.

Having satisfied himself that no considerable damage was done, the humpback looked up with apparent astonishment at his assailant.

"Why, then, I wonder at you entirely, Mr. Moran! Is it to murder me you want?"

Morris's countenance abated nothing of its fury, his face grew more red, his mouth foamed, and his eye wandered from point to point in search of another missile. But not seeing one within reach, he glanced furiously again at the deformed, and shaking his clenched fist at him, exclaimed:

"I tell you once more, you vagabond of the earth, beware of me! go along about your business! put the side of the country betune us, or I'll be the death o' you."

THE CALDEY CORRESPONDENCE

London Tablet, March 8

The following extracts from the recent correspondence between the Superior of the community at Caldey Island and the Bishop of Oxford will be read with interest. The monks, at the suggestion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, had invited the Bishop to accept the position of Episcopal Visitor to the community. The Bishop was willing to entertain the proposal, but suggested that, before finally deciding, he should have a report prepared for him by two independent persons as to the constitution, the liturgy, the common devotions, and the rites in use at the monastery. Accordingly the Rev. W. B. Trevelyan and Dr. Darwell Stone visited the island, and after being hospitably received by the monks, in due course presented their report to the Bishop. The following correspondence followed:

The Bishop of Oxford to the Abbot, Cuddesdon, Wheatley, Oxen, February 8, 1913.
My dear Abbot,—I have received the report on Caldey from Dr. Stone and Mr. Trevelyan. After considering it there are certain things which it seems to me I must say first of all.

1. A new point to me. I believe I could not become Episcopal Visitor of an institution unless I had satisfied myself that the property of the institution, buildings, etc., were legally secured to the Church of England and were not private property such as might be given or left by any individual or group of individuals to any person or community without regard to communion with Canterbury.

2. I am quite certain that neither I nor any other Bishop could become Visitor of your Community without the priests belonging to the Community taking the usual oath and making the usual declaration before they were allowed to minister. The result of this would be in my judgment that certainly the Liturgy, that is Communion Office, of the Prayer Book, would have to become exclusively the rite in use in the Chapel or Chapels of the Community, and the Priests, whatever else they said, would be bound to the recitation of the Morning and evening prayer.

3. I am quite sure that I could not become Visitor of your Community (and I think the same would be true of any other Bishop), until the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and I should think the Corporal Assumption, had been eliminated from the breviary and missal. I feel sure that the public observance of these festivals and the public profession of these doctrines, i. e., as part of the common faith, cannot be justified on any other than a strictly Papal basis of authority. It seems to me that you cannot reasonably assume this authority for purposes of devotion and then appeal behind it to justify your position as a Benedictine Community. I cannot help thinking that on reflection you will see the truth of this.

4. I could not possibly become Visitor of a Community unless it were understood that Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and Benediction given with the Blessed Sacrament were abandoned. The same would probably be true of the Exposition of Relics and Benediction given with Relics.

I cannot promise that this list is exclusive. I should have very carefully to attend to a number of details and bear in mind on the one hand the general principle of policy, and on the other hand the exceptional position of your Community. This would involve on both sides a good deal of labor and trouble. I really have not begun at this work, and therefore I make no promises about it. But what I have stated above are preliminary conditions which seem to me to be obvious and to lie outside all possibilities of bargaining and concession, and I do not think it is worth while going on until these preliminary points are taken for granted. By all means consult Trevelyan and Stone, and let me hear at your convenience. I do earnestly pray that you and I may be guided right.

I sent you a post card from Subiaco which was incomparably more interesting and moving than I had anticipated.

Yours very truly in our Lord, (Signed) C. OXON.

The Abbot to the Bishop of Oxford The Abbey, Isle of Caldey, Nr. Tenby, February 11, 1913.

My Dear Lord Bishop—Your letter of February 8, containing your very explicit preliminary requirements, I shall read to my Brethren and discuss with them at our Chapter Meeting next Sunday. I am not able to do so later than as three or four of them are suffering from influenza, and two of the Seniors do not return from Llanthony till Saturday.

I am bound to say that I think your letter may offer considerable difficulty to some of the Brethren. It seems to me hardly fair to the Community to put before them at once what is merely a series of negotiations that lie outside all possibilities of bargaining and concession, and I do not see that we can reasonably expect them immediately (and without any sort of idea as to what you may further demand of them) to surrender such practices as the use of the Benedictine Liturgy and the devotions to the Blessed Sacrament to which they have so long been accustomed.

I know the sort of questions that will be asked at the Chapter Meet-

ing; and I can gauge in some measure the general effect that your clear and uncompromising letter will have.

In this important matter the Brethren know well that, apart from the regularizing of the status of the Community itself, my licence and position as a priest in the Church of England depend upon the election of an Episcopal Visitor; and they have been looking with great hope for wise and sympathetic guidance from you, both on account of your own connection with the religious life, and as a Bishop whose opinion they could accept with confidence as to the doctrine and practice of the Church; and also because they know it was the express wish of the Archbishop that you should be asked to become Visitor. They have been prepared for a good deal of self-sacrifice in order to submit loyally to your ruling, so that it would seem a great pity to prejudice their minds before they have any opportunity of knowing yours more fully.

All this being so, I am sure that to read them your letter asking at the outset for the unconditional surrender of what they value so much, will perplex them and cause unnecessary doubt and dismay. The difficulty might, I think, be avoided if you could send me a few words stating your general position, and telling them what, in your opinion, might be allowed by the explicit or implied teaching of the Church of England in regard to dogmatic expressions of our Faith that may be strongly and surely defended by the Catholic consensus to which the Church of England appeals.

As a Community, our Faith and Practice are identical with those of hundreds of Church of England people; and one of the chief questions that will come up is whether we can, as a Community, be allowed to believe and express with due Episcopal sanction what so many others in ordinary parochial life believe and practice as individuals.

A few words from you on the following points would, I know, be most acceptable to the Community, and would be of great assistance to me in supplementing and discussing your present requirements at the Chapter on Sunday.

(1) The Real Objective Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist is to be worshipped and adored, and that, therefore, our custom of singing Adoremus in aeternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum before and after every Choir Office may be allowed as the expression of our Faith.

(2) The Reservation of the Holy Sacrament in one kind at the High Altar for the purpose of communicating the sick (this is of frequent occurrence) and others when necessary outside the time of Mass. That the teaching of our Lord's Presence in the Holy Sacrament need in no wise be suppressed or made a matter of apology.

(3) The Invocation of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints are contained in such representative devotions as the Hail Mary; the use of the Rosary, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Litany of the Saints, and in the Anthems of the Blessed Virgin, with versicles and collects, as printed at the end of Compline in Benedictine and other Breviaries.

(4) With what restrictions the Benedictine Breviary may be allowed for recitation in the Community.

(5) Prayers and special Masses for the repose of the Dead, with the use of specific collects containing the names of the departed.

(6) The possibility of sanction for the use of the Communion Service in Latin, with the Canon of the Mass and the Proper and Common of Saints for use in the Chapel of the Order only.

These are, I think, the essential matters that will at once call for consideration, and I do not think it surprising at the present time that the Community should need some assurance on these points, considering the extraordinary diversity of belief and the restlessness of intellectual enquiry into matters of Faith that makes us look upon our position as one of great responsibility. I can assure you that all the Brethren heartily desire to submit loyally to Catholic Authority; and I shall be most grateful if you can help me to give them some sort of idea of what you expect of them, in addition to the restrictions you have already laid down as beyond doubt or question.

Believe me, my Lord Bishop, Yours faithful and obedient (Signed) DOM AELRED, O.S.B., Abbot The Bishop of Oxford to the Abbot Cuddesdon, Wheatley, Oxon, February 14, 1913.
My dear Abbot—I think I had rather hold to the method suggested in my letter.
I can, indeed, assure you to start with that no kind of question would be raised by me about the teaching of our Lord's Objective Presence in the Holy Sacrament, or the worship of Him in the Holy Sacrament.
On the other hand, I have already answered your question in number 6. I do not think there is any possibility of obtaining sanction for the use of the Latin Liturgy.
But with regard to a number of other matters, there will be need for very careful discrimination. My point was, and remains, that there are certain matters with regard to which I feel sure to start with, and I think we had better arrive at an understanding about them before going further.
I do, indeed, fully sympathize with you in your difficulties.
Yours truly in our Lord, (Signed) C. OXON