

SHEMUS DHU, THE BLACK PEDDLER OF GALWAY.

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

The conversation between the two friends was long and low, interrupted now and then by Connel, with some exclamation of surprise or of inquiry.

"You may occupy your time as you please until tonight. Be prepared then for a perilous journey: we start for Galway the moment the sun sets."

"I would do much for you, Shemus Dhu, for I know you to be an honest and true man; but for none would I venture as much as for Fergus," said Eugene.

"I have thought of him, Eugene," said the peddler. "There is no danger until night. His safety, and the safety of others not less dear to us, depends upon our promptness and bravery."

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CHAPTER XXIV.

On the same morning on which the scene related in the last chapter occurred, Henry O'Halloran and Eveleen were earlier risers than Connel, though it was unknown to him.

"Eveleen," said the old woman, with a mournful shake of her head—"Eveleen, my darling, I blame you for not opening the thoughts of your heart to your friend. I know what it is which grieves you. I know what is now full in your heart, bursting to get free. What has made you thoughtful, and rendered you distant and reserved, to me especially, Eveleen? Come, my child, tell it to me yourself, and let me think that my best beloved has still a confidence in me, Kathleen."

"Oh! mother, Kathleen Bawn," said Eveleen, throwing herself into the arms of the old woman, "if you know it, do not ask me; if I could I would tell you; I know it not myself; do not ask me, Kathleen. Oh, what will Connel—what will Fergus talk!"

"Sit down, my child," said Kathleen, placing Eveleen upon a moss-grown stone, and taking a seat near her. "Be calm—hope for the best; God, who protects the innocent and deserving, will assist you. Connel and Fergus love you well; they know your virtue and goodness. They will not oppose your happiness. But, avowment, it is a short time since you felt thus. You should think long, for your happiness depends upon it. You should know him well, and be sure that he is worthy of your sincere affection."

"I should know him long!—I should think well upon his merits—say you, Kathleen?" said Eveleen, starting from her seat with an energy which terrified the old woman. Her manner—the expression of her countenance both changed. She stood her face nostrils expanded, her lips curled; her hair, in the suddenness of her movement, escaping from the braid, fell in wildness upon her fair shoulders; her blue eye became darkly brilliant with feeling, her face was crimsoned—it was not the colour of shyness or of shame, it was the united excitement of conscious integrity and of offended vanity. "Do you strive to deceive me, Kathleen, or are you ignorant? Oh, no! you yourself suggested the feelings, which will be either my happiness or my misery. Have I not known him long? Have I not given to him the first feeling of love, which a child's heart could have? Have I not continued to love him at home and in our sports, in grief and in joy, alone and among many, night and day, better than any—with more, yes, with more than a sister's love? Oh! yes, often has Father Lewis told me that my love for him was inordinate. Often at my prayers have I felt the thought of him come between me and heavenly feelings. I strove to put it from me, but it returned. Still I was happy. I knew him then to be only my brother. I thought then that I loved him less than I loved the saints and angels of heaven. I could then put his image gently from my heart, and I could still feel peace and happiness in my devotions to God; but now—Oh, Kathleen! I fear I am lost! I tremble to tell you that better than which I love him!"

"Just heavens!" exclaimed the old woman, clasping her hands with an energy equal to Eveleen's. "Can it be, Eveleen, that you know the secret of your birth—that you know you are not Fergus's sister?"

"I know it, Kathleen," replied Eveleen. "Either miserable or happy, I know that Fergus is not my brother or relative, and that I am not Connel's daughter. You were the first to drop hints about it, which you thought I could not understand. I could not then, but now I recollect them all. D'Arcy told me in the woods, and I heard Connel's own mouth tell his son that I was not his daughter. Kathleen, if you knew what I have suffered since I heard that fatal secret from Connel, you would

embrace: the tears started from her eyes; and whilst she sobbed upon the shoulder of her old friend, she felt comforted.

"But I must go, Kathleen," said Eveleen, in a calm but resolute voice. "I must, indeed, see the hermit this morning."

"Why, my child?" asked Kathleen. "Talk to your poor old woman the cause of your grief? She is feeble, yet she may help you by her counsel. You were accustomed to come to me for advice when you were in trouble; you found that I could assist you. I will yet be able to help you; and to whose peace, unless to Eveleen's, my preserver, would I sacrifice my own, even my heart's blood?"

Eveleen was affected by the feeling of the old creature. It is true that she had, oftener than once, experienced the benefits of listening to Kathleen's advice. But the occasions on which she consulted her were those of childish hopes and fears. From the time she became acquainted with Kathleen—it was only a few years back—she wondered at her knowledge, her prudence; but she wondered more that she never had reason to regret following her counsel, though it was often opposed to her own desires, and to the views she took of her own interests. The success of the old woman, in producing by her counsel effects favourable to the real interests of her young friend, and of others who advised with her as being knowing and skilled, arose more from a shrewd observation of their character, of their circumstances, relating to time, place, and companions, joined to her own long experience of human passion—for she had been only a few years in the country; she was of Galway, and there she had taken part in many trying and interesting scenes—than from any extraordinary talent, natural or supernatural, which could make her capable of discovering the object and end of her acquaintance's feelings. All who knew her, respected Kathleen Bawn of Tullykeane. Yet there was none of them who thought, even at a time in this part of the country represented as superstitious, that she had more knowledge "than what was good and fit to be used."

Eveleen had, up to this time, given her her whole confidence. She had been benefited by her affection and by her judgment. She had often, when Connel was melancholy, and after trying uselessly her own powers to arouse him gone to Tullykeane, even in the darkest nights, and brought the "wise woman" to Portarah, and found that her words could brighten the gloom which hung over her father. Her own cares she had always unobtrusively to the old woman; she told her little hopes and fears, and she felt consolation, and saw brighter visions of happiness start up before her whilst she listened to her advice. There was something wonderful, even mysterious, in the influence which this old woman possessed over the feelings of her acquaintances, especially of this beautiful young girl. But now Eveleen was reserved. She blushed to think that she had a secret to conceal. It was the first time that she feared to disclose her thoughts, and yet she knew not well what it was that disturbed her. Even if she were willing to tell Kathleen, she could not. The cause of her uneasiness was indistinct; the object which interested her was confused; the thought of it was surrounded with doubt and fear; and if sometimes a gleam of hope shot across this gloom of thought, or if a quick sensation of anticipated happiness ran through her mind, it passed so suddenly that it left her heart doubly dark and dismal. A few days ago Eveleen was a playful, innocent girl, whose views of the life before her were bright as sunshine—merry as the laugh of her own cheerful heart; and now she was suddenly a thoughtful, melancholy young woman, to whom the roughness of life's ways were beginning to be known. The world was no longer to her a fairy kingdom; her existence was changed—Eveleen was in love. The old woman perceived the embarrassment of the blushing girl whilst she hung down her head; she saw that there was something deeper and more lasting than usual in her grief. She guessed quickly at its cause, and she guessed aright; for she drew her information from the changes which had occurred in Connel's household during the last few days, and from the conversations she had had with Eveleen relative to them.

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publisher had placed the names of the Propaganda and the office *Civitas Cattolica*—to which Curci had been a contributor—on the list of Roman agents. These, however, have declined to offer it for sale, and have made their refusal public. In the afternoon the agent's stock was replenished; and it may almost be said that a stream of purchasers poured into the store without ceasing. The question first asked is,

"Is this work an apology or a defence of himself?"

Fr. Curci will not have it accepted by the world as a gratification. For such a purpose he declares he would not write a book, not even a single page. His aim is higher, and worthy the attention of as many as sincerely love their religion, who deplore the conflict existing in their country, and who wish to see it ended. While thus seeking to place the origin of the book above the range of self-defence, he admits that it was an event or fact personal to himself, which caused him to write the work.

When Curci ceased to be a Jesuit he came under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Florence, in whose Diocese he lived. The obedience owing by a priest to his Bishop or Archbishop was owing by the Rev. C. M. Curci to Monsignor Gastaldi. The Council of Trent decrees that a priest who contemplates the publication of a book on a religious subject, or on a subject connected with religion, shall submit it, previous to publication, to his ecclesiastical superiors for their revision. Had Curci continued a Jesuit, he would have sent his work to his Superior, or General, Father Beckx, for revision and approval. This was nothing new to the writer; he had been accustomed to do it previously. The Archbishop learning that Rev. C. M. Curci contemplated writing a work on a question connected in some way with religious matters, intimated to him the obligation he was under of submitting it to revision and approval. This counsel was disregarded by the ex-Jesuit, who, in fact, seems to glory over his conduct. Never in his life, he says, has he had equal liberty in writing.

He studied not to abuse this liberty, but, nevertheless, he used it in its fullest amplitude. If his book had not had official revisions, he has had two friends, learned and pious ecclesiastics, who secured him from making notable mistakes. These, however, as he says, do not take away from himself the responsibility of what he wrote. He will reply to Holy Church for what he has written, when the occasion shall arise, with full and filial submission by the Church he means its spiritual authority exercised by its public and legitimate organs. He declares that, considering the experience he has had, he does not feel disposed to take any account of confidential insinuations and mysterious communications, from whatever side they come. This being his position with regard to the Archbishop of Florence, and the revision of his work, Monsignor Gastaldi published in the Florentine Catholic journal a prohibition against the publication of the work in his Diocese.

WHAT APPEARS MOST LIKE A DEFENCE occurs in the 7th chapter, entitled "Of the Event which has given occasion to the present Writing." In the discussion of the Italian invasion of Rome, he tells us he naturally took a part. On this personage very highly placed in Rome was heard to exclaim: "and who is this monk (*frate*) who comes to mix himself up in things which in no way belong to him?" He, Curci, considered that the honor of God, the service of the Church, and the good of souls, concerned him as a priest. Otherwise he would not have been a monk from boyhood, and much less cease to be one in his old age. These three objects filled his soul. In following them out he has been brought to his present condition.

His Excursion, and such he says it has been, from a Religious Institute to which he owes what he is, whatever little, which he has always loved, and which he loves still with most sincere affection, although decreed by legitimate authority, he says, worked up by that occult and mysterious agency which he calls the current occasionally, by which he means the zealots (who approach the Vatican), as he names them in other places throughout his work, and who are in favour of the Temporal Power. He defends himself from the charge of turning round in regard to this subject. He who was formerly its supporter, and not one of the weakest, has become its open antagonist. When the Church possessed that Power, God wished it to be free. Now facts have changed, and therefore Curci has varied. In '70 and '71 he remained in Rome, he witnessed the growth of the current, and while keeping out of it, he preached with a frankness, which appeared audacious to many, in favor of the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff. So zealous was he that it was only owing to the temperate character of Italian rulers that he was not put in prison. Finding that the deliverance of Rome, by the Providence of God, or the work of men, did not come about, he withdrew to Pisa. Here he delivered lectures in a college belonging to the Jesuits, and likewise to cultivated laymen. Never during this time did he refer to the Temporal Power. But he continued to think persistently on it. The result of his thought was expressed in the Preface, or Reason, already referred to. As he had foreseen this "Reason" produced the worst effect among the zealots. Yet he declares that all those with whom he spoke were of his opinion. He then determined to compress the ideas he had exposed in the "Reason," and prefix this compression to Vol. 111. of his recent sermons. The advice of a Prelate was asked upon this subject. The prelate advised that a copy of this writing should be sent to the Sovereign Pontiff. This Curci did, through the hands of a Cardinal, in a sealed packet. The Jesuit had no hesitation in sending this document to the Pontiff. After the Battle of Castelfidardo, in 1860, Curci sent a letter to the Pope in which he showed forth that the false policy of Antonelli would drive the Temporal Power to destruction. It was of this more recent letter that the Pope is reported to have said that it was

"A GREAT IMPERTINENCE." In the Lent of 1877, through the workings of the zealots, who desired his destruction, as he imagines, he was prohibited to preach in Milan, where he then was. The order for this came with the "customary harshness" of his Superior general. In 1848 he had been prohibited to preach in the Church of the Gesù at Rome, on account of adverse influences then employed against him at the Quirinal, as now at the Vatican. For 32 years these adverse influences seem to have been haunting him, and they still surround him to his loss. He declares that the order prohibiting his preaching was said to come from the Pope. The story he says was invented, and he accounts for its origin and growth. He relates that a learned Jesuit, in an interview with the Holy Father, praised the efficacy of his preaching in attracting youth. The reply of the Sovereign Pontiff was: "When these men put themselves forward to promote certain ideas of theirs, they must be treated as *Cato di Carneades*."

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE LATTER WAS BANISHMENT FROM ROME at the hands of the severe Censor. Carneades was a sophist, and turned the brains of many young men. On this, according to Curci was based the prohibition. A letter of excuse was sent by the Jesuit to the Pope, who benignantly received it, accepted the humble excuses, preserved for him the Apostolic Benediction, and this occurred in February last, 20 months after he had sent the Pope his compressed "Reason."

March past saw the publication of that document in the *Rivista Europea*: but it made no noise in that

review of limited circulation. Meanwhile Curci was preaching in Milan, when the order came "that closed, as he thinks, his poor ministry of speech." In July the daily journals took up the letter, and made much of it, considering that its writer gave it importance. Curci asserts that with very little trouble he can find out the Christian name and the surname of the Pontifical official who, from the *Segreteria* of Antonelli, communicated that writing to the *Rivista Europea*. The fact was afterwards admitted in the Vatican. This publication was made says the ex-Jesuit, through the influence of the zealots, to get him out of the way. And then he burst into his own personal characteristics, and exhibits a considerable share of pride. He was in Sorrento when

THE GENERAL'S LETTER REACHED HIM PROPOSING RETRACTION TO HIM. His reply was that the General had no right to impose retractions on him, "an attribute which devolved exclusively on the centre of doctrinal unity, which is in the Church." He denies that he has in any way gone against "the proscriptions and dispositions of the Holy See and the Sovereign Pontiff in the exercise of his spiritual authority." Before making a retraction, which he believed unjust, he says: "I would allow myself to be beaten to powder ten times in a mortar, before consenting to a retraction." Strong words indicative of a stubborn or a strong mind.

THE STYLABUS CAME INTO THE DISCUSSION, and Father Curci expressed to the General that he, Curci, would send him a declaration of adherence to that document. A second letter from the General again insisted on a retraction, to which the reply was: "That beyond the satisfaction of any man, are placed for me the eternal rights of truth, which is Christ, and who, in His grace, trusted to me never to betray Him." He then expressed a desire for a trial, and to be judged by the ordinary tribunals established for such cases. This he had not. He discusses the rights of Superiors, and their power to expel from the Orders; of which they are the chiefs. It is easy to imagine how Father Curci regards the question. Describing his General, Father Beckx, he says he is "a most upright man; but of weak will, likewise further weakened by years, and of the ancient Flemish simplicity." He says the General's conduct to him was dictated by the desire "of keeping his Order in the Pope's grace."

This Superior has also "a singular piety, and a devoted and blind obedience to the smallest wish, or supposed wish, of the Pope." The General, again, is unable to judge of this ex-Jesuit's case, "for he waits upon the hills of Fiesole for the day of triumph to return to his old Gesù at Rome." There is little respect here.

When Father Curci writes that for half a century he has lived in the Society of Jesus, and always had been, as it were, extraneous to it, we get to understand something of his character.

HE SUFFERED MUCH WITH THE JESUITS; nevertheless, he had not entered amongst them to be first amongst them, nor for enjoyment. He always was most contented with them, and he experienced many and sincere affections. And looking forward, as a great benefit of God, to closing his barren and weary life, the thought of separating from them never once entered his mind. But his resignation was suggested by a young secondary superior in Florence early in October. On the 13th, Curci was in Rome. He saw some Cardinals, and several Prelates, but they all had an unflinching faith in the triumph of the Church, yet he considered this faith as a little languid and somewhat official. We pass over a charge that was made against him of inspiring young men with his ideas on his great question. He visited Cardinal Simoni and recounts the incidents of his interview. The Cardinal Secretary he describes as a man of no great simplicity, and nothing rough about him, as his predecessor had. He did not understand politics in the less worthy meaning of the word. The Cardinal said that the *Postscript* appended to his "Reason" was not satisfactory, and desired a fuller retraction. Father Curci refused, characterizing the demand, with all due respect, as an intolerable violence. "It was pretend-d," says he, "to impose silence on me even in private and

THEY HAVE BROKEN THE STRING THAT TIED MY TONGUE putting me in a position to speak with a liberality and publicity which I had never been able to imagine even in a dream." It is yet to be seen how long his words will command attention.

When Cardinal Simoni said to him as he returned the *Postscript* to him, "With this there is no intention of deciding anything. In this affair comprising your resignation from the Society, all has been remitted to the judgment of the General. The Holy Father has not wished ever to enter into this matter, nor has he in any way entered into it, and he has not given orders of any kind." Curci's heart rejoiced within him. But the judgment of his superior dashed his pleasant hopes to the ground. The victim, as he seems himself, cannot describe the heartfelt sorrow he suffered at the great change that was now about to come into his life in the decline of his days. "To the very end I could show," he writes, "that if I accepted this chalice (of forced resignation, which he regards as expulsion), I did it only because I could not stoop to a retraction, which no one had a right to impose upon me, and which, wholly supported on false suppositions, was repugnant to my conscience as a Christian, and would be turned to dishonor to the Church, and no light harm to our neighbors. The Doctors of the Church teach, that for the dismissal of a person professed," says Curci, "the ordinary cause should be a grave and public sin."

I WAS DISMISSED FOR HAVING REFUSED A RETRACTION, in which with every evidence I believe a grave and public sin." With retraction, and all that it entails he would not have remained in Paradise! In this devotion to God, the Church, and the care for souls, he sees the cause of the little reputation he had being scattered, the reputation which he acquired in his land by the ministry of words and writing. He is without preparation for this great change, his age is great, he is thrown upon the street, separated from those of his own blood through religious duty, and rejected from those of his spiritual relationship. His relations offer him a home at present, but one of the small ambitions of his life has been to die in an hospital; "and" continues he, "by the way in which I have been placed by Providence, it appears to me almost certain that I will be satisfied."

SCOT IS A BRIEF ANALYSIS OF THE STORY FATHER CURCI TELLS. Here and there we get indications of his character; we see the man in the page. A stubborn will, an unbending resolution, mark his conduct in respect to his ecclesiastical superiors. In the doctrinal part of his book he walks very cautiously. He is exceedingly careful to commit himself as little as possible, or not at all. But this subject we will reserve for another occasion. The Congregation of the Index will perhaps be examining his book at present, and their judgment will determine the doctrinal value of his work. It is from his position, as an ex-Father of the Society of Jesus, that people have sought to read his opinions and his defence. His name was rarely, if ever, mentioned beyond the limits of Italy, until this misfortune came upon him; nor would notoriety have come to him now if he had been content and submissive in his Order. The sensation he has created will soon pass away, and the name of Father Curci will be but rarely mentioned.

P. L. CONNELLAN.

FATHER CURCI AND HIS BOOK.

WHAT HE DEFENDS AND WHAT HE ATTACKS.

Rome, January 5th, 1878.—Editor of the *Pilot*.—This ex-Jesuit has at length published the work he promised some time ago. A special interest and expectation had grown up concerning the book. Men asked themselves whether Father Curci about to be numbered in the list of those who fall away from the Church. Like his predecessor in his Order, Father Passaglia, who also went out from amongst his brethren, he had fallen on a politico-religious question. Like him, too, Curci is a learned man. He has spent over 50 years in the Society of Jesus. As a preacher he was remarkable, in a body where preaching is a special practice. In defence of the Church and of Christian society he had been a noted champion. Thirty-two years his writings in reply to Gioberti attracted general notice. Since then he has been constantly before the public as writer or preacher, though more frequently in the latter capacity. He has therefore personal claims to public attention, and these claims account for the interest with which his book was looked forward to. On the last day of December the work reached Rome. It is termed "The Modern Conflict (or Breach) between the Church and Italy."—*Il Moderno Dissidio tra la Chiesa e Italia*, is a very well got-up volume of 240 pages, and sells at fifty cents. It was eagerly bought up, and before midday the only agent for it in Rome had not a single copy left. Father Curci's