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## JUSTICE AND MERCY;

OR,

## THE FEAST OF ALL-HALLOWS.

### CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

But there was one who seemed to feel an instinctive fear of this stranger cousin, a dread of meeting with her, and whose soul was filled with one wish, which was that she had never been heard of; and that, as all intercourse had been dropped between the two families for well nigh twenty years, that it had never been renewed. This person was none other than Inez de Lara. Why, indeed, should this be? Not, surely, from any latent feeling of vanity or fear that she should be eclipsed by another crossing her path, for Inez had considerable pretensions to personal charms; then, as to wealth, she herself possessed it in abundance, whilst the poor cousin was introduced to the notice of those her mother had slighted in so anomalous a position, as a mere petitioner for charity from those she had never seen.

With inward satisfaction, then, did Inez hear Lady Harcourt read aloud a passage from the grateful answer she had received from Flora, deferring her visit to the Elms, at least for the present.

It will be as well, perhaps, to mention here a few circumstances relative to the position which Inez held in the families of those who had been allied to her parents by the ties of relationship, though distant, it is true, as well as by the bonds of friendship.

Struck with the beauty of Elinor Mortimer, the Spanish grandee, who the senior Sir Godfrey had met when bearing arms at the time of the Peninsular war, made her an offer of his hand. She accompanied him to Scotland, bore him one daughter, Inez, and died ere her child had attained her thirteenth year.

Overbearing, vain, and proud was Inez de Lara; and when we say proud, we mean it in the strictest sense of the word, for she was full of an odious self-conceit, which betrayed itself in every word and action; proud of her wealth, proud of her talents, proud of her perishable gift of beauty which she knew full well she possessed.

The one bright spot in the otherwise dark character of Inez was an overweening love of her parents. She felt keenly the death of her mother; and when, at seventeen years of age, the news of her father's death was conveyed to her, whilst she was still a pupil in the convent school, her state of mind was such that for a time she refused all offers of consolation.

By the will of her father Donna Inez was to be sent to England, under the care of a trusty old duenna, and there remain, under the joint guardianship of Sir Godfrey Harcourt and her kinsman Sir Robert Mortimer, until she attained her majority.

But Donna Inez shrank from contact with strangers in a strange land, and much as her young soul idolized Mammon, she would freely have resigned half her wealth could she have thereby altered the tenor of her deceased father's will.

Again, Inez had pictured to herself, as the time drew near for her emancipation from school duties, a life of gaiety and luxury in her father's mansion at Madrid, and little like her transition to the quiet country village and the gloomy old mansion in which she was now located.

Ravensbourne, too, was not without its horrors; it possessed its ghost's room, the former library of the mansion, which all with one voice declared was haunted by the restless spirit of the former baronet, Sir Guy. Certainly the air of gloom which pervaded this apartment might have awakened unpleasant ideas in a person of nervous temperament, the light was subdued, the windows being of richly-stained glass; the paneling of the room, which was spacious but low-roofed, being of carved oak, the furniture of the same.

The fears of Inez were awakened and communicated to her friends at the Elms, who, eschewing all belief in spectral appearances, vainly attempted to laugh her out of her fears.

But what say you, Sir Robert, said Inez, to the strange sight which my grandmother, to the very day of her death averred that she had witnessed on the night of Sir Guy's death?—Who can fail to entertain the horrid doubt but that, dying in the act of mortal sin, my own dear relation was really hurried from time to a miserable eternity? and if my grandmother really did see that spectral form, and hear those sad despairing words, then who shall say that the identical room in which that intimation was made be not still haunted by his presence?

You ask a question, Inez, replied Sir Robert, which it is not in my power to answer; it is merely an idle rumor concerning the library of Ravensbourne. And with regard to what the former Lady Mortimer witnessed, I would not give it the credit of a passing thought had

she not been a person of the strictest veracity; we must remember however that there are many cases in which a person may be a victim to a mere optical illusion; yet, at the same time, this supposition would not do away with the words which, even on her deathbed, she declared were uttered; and though I will only admit this much with great caution and reservation, still there certainly have been cases where the death of the absent party at the very time at which these appearances have been witnessed, attended with circumstances similar to those narrated by Lady Mortimer, almost warrant the belief that for some inscrutable design of Providence such things are allowed to take place.

Hitherto Sir Godfrey Harcourt had been an attentive listener, without hazarding any remark of his own. He now, however, observed—A circumstance of which I became cognizant whilst in Spain, for it happened to a brother officer who served in the same regiment with my father, is so *appropos* to the present conversation, that I cannot desist from repeating it.

In my father's company there were two young officers, who had known each other from infancy, had been educated at the same college and later in life entered the same profession, and in order that they might not be separated, exchanged into a regiment which was proceeding to the seat of war. The company arrived one night at a small village, at which they were compelled to stop, as they were yet many leagues from the place of their destination.

The small hostelry of the village was far too small to accommodate them, and a few of the officers had already wrapped their cloaks around them, and stretched themselves on the ground, when the landlord informed them that he could tell them of a house where a large number could meet with accommodation, but that he would not conceal from them that the house in question had the reputation of being haunted. Several of the officers laughed, and expressed their disbelief in anything supernatural; but, at the same time, none of them seemed willing to leave the inn.—It was a wild and stormy night; the wind blew in long and fitful gusts. Still the two friends expressed their determination to take up their quarters at the haunted house, and laughingly added that they would that night dislodge the ghost who held to the exclusion of others. The rest of the officers applauded their resolution, but none of them seemed inclined to follow their example. Captain Lennox, the elder of the two, requested the landlord to send a guide with them to show them the way; and having procured the means for furnishing them with light, fire, and such necessities for a supper as the inn could supply, they set off, well pleased with their adventure, taking care also to be well armed, for, as Captain Lennox observed, they were far more likely to be visited by banditti than by ghosts. At length, having reached the place of their destination, they dismissed their guide, and proceeded to investigate most minutely every part of the house. It was a dreary, spacious old mansion; the paper was mouldering on the walls; many of the windows were shattered; and the piercing wind, blowing through the cracks and crevices, sounded like the wail of a human being. Captain Lennox and Lieutenant Cameron, having secured all the doors, which were still in a tolerable good condition, descended to the lower part of the house, where they found an iron door, which evidently led to some cellars or vaults beneath the mansion. The key was in the lock, but it was so rusty that all their efforts to open it proved useless; so they retired to the most comfortable room they had been able to find, and stirring into a cheerful blaze the fire the guide had kindled, they placed on the table the wine and provisions they had brought with them, and prepared to spend an agreeable hour before they endeavored to sleep, having first secured the door to guard against intruders, for they were not without suspicions that their brother officers might perhaps purposely alarm them.—The captain settled that they should divide the night into two watches, he himself taking the first, and Cameron the second; and the latter, feeling weary and fatigued, stretched himself on a couch which stood in the room, and was soon buried in a profound sleep. The captain remained seated comfortably by the fire, and had fallen into a train of reflection, from which he was aroused by a noise at the bottom of the house. He thought at first that his over-excited imagination had caused him alarm; but no—surely he heard some one ascending the long staircase which led to the upper part of the house; then the step passed slowly down the long corridor, till it stopped at the door of the very room in which he was seated. He laid his hand on the loaded pistols which lay on the table beside him, and was about to arouse Cameron, when the door was gently opened, and he beheld standing on the threshold an aged man, with long white hair, beckoning him to follow him with such a look of agony and entreaty, that the captain could not resist it. Nevertheless, he felt an

incredible fear which almost overpowered him. He would have awakened his friend; but he blushed at the idea of Cameron seeing that he had any apprehension of a feeble old man, and therefore seized his pistols, and prepared to follow his conductor, pondering in his own mind as to what would be the end of the adventure, as he descended the staircase, and feeling no small wonder as to the spot in which the old man could have remained concealed, or how he could have opened so noiselessly the door of the room, which himself and his friend had taken the precaution to lock. At length his conductor paused before the iron door which they had been unable to open, and to the captain's astonishment, gained admittance without difficulty, and descended a long spiral stone staircase, still beckoning Lennox to follow. The latter then found himself in the presence of a number of aged men seated around a large table, the captain's conductor motioning him to remain standing at the bottom of the staircase. Almost at the same moment, and before he had time to speak, a door at the further end of the vault opened, and three men entered, dragging in with them a beautiful young girl, whose countenance was distorted by fear, and who raised her clasped hands as though to beg for mercy from those who held her. She was dragged to the table, and, on a signal being given by one of the aged men who seemed to be the chief of the party, one of those who held the young lady raised a dagger, and was about to sheathe it in her bosom, when Lennox, unable any longer to be a passive spectator of such a scene, sprang forward, and drawing his sword, pierced him to the heart. The next moment all vanished from his eyes, and he started and awoke from what had been a frightful dream.—But far worse to the agonized Lennox was his consciousness of the terrible reality. His beloved friend lay extended on the couch before him, bathed in blood. In his dream the unhappy man had left his seat, crossed the room, and unconsciously stabbed to the heart the being whom he loved most dearly on earth! Language cannot describe the intensity of his agony and despair as he hung over the form of his dying friend, who expired in his arms a few moments afterwards; and it would have been almost a boon had reason deserted him in that frightful hour. At length he tore himself from the bleeding corpse of the unfortunate Cameron, and fled like one distracted to the inn where his brother officers were assembled, and made known to them what had occurred. He freely surrendered himself to the hands of justice, but what could be done?—for it was well known that his friend and himself had been united in the holiest bonds of love and friendship. The unhappy captain, however, resigned his commission, and shunned the society of all. Those who had formerly known him suddenly lost sight of him, and failed to obtain any clue as to his place of abode, though they had reason for conjecturing that he had fled to America, thus burying his sorrows in a land where he was unknown to all. At all events those who had known him best never heard of him again.

The very truth of Sir Godfrey's tale—for this little episode is, unfortunately, no fiction—caused a thrill of horror to run through the frames of those who listened to him, and they in vain strove for some time to shake off the depression of spirits which this terrible recital had occasioned.

(To be Continued.)

## ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY'S COURSE OF LECTURES, 1864-5.

On Wednesday evening, 28th ult., Mr. J. J. Curran, B.C.L., Advocate, delivered the second lecture of the Course in Nordheimer's Building before the above Society. The subject of the lecture was—"The Irish in America."

In the absence of the President of the Society, Mr. O. J. Devlin, Vice-President, introduced the lecturer in a brief, but very eloquent and appropriate speech; the latter spoke as follows:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I feel that it is my duty to open my lecture, firstly, by tendering to the St. Patrick's Society my most sincere thanks for having honored me by inviting me to lecture before their friends;—and, secondly, by expressing my gratitude to the ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly made their appearance here to-night, and who have thereby not merely encouraged me by their attendance at my discourse, but generously and with a truly patriotic spirit, contributed toward the worthy objects which the Saint Patrick's Society has in view.

Every member of our community, those at least who belong to our own nationality, must feel that the objects of the Association are noble and patriotic; and it may not be out of place on this occasion to thank in a more especial manner the Ladies, who, by their presence at this Course of Lectures, have contributed so much

towards their *eclat* and success. (Cheers.)—

About twelve months ago, I had the honor to speak before this Association in the inaugural Address to the literary exercises of the year 1863. In that lecture, on the "Effects of Irish learning at home and abroad," it was my object in a more particular manner to point out the great things that had been accomplished by Irish schools and Irish scholars in the Old World on the Continent of Europe; and I thought it advisable, as a sequel to that lecture, to speak to-night on a subject not less interesting, not less entertaining, equally grand and patriotic—"The Irish in America." If we look back with pride and emotion to the period when Ireland occupied a brilliant position amongst the nations of the earth, when her kings were mighty, and her prestige was great—if we point with glowing hearts to the time when Ireland was the great conservatory of learning, the beacon of light to the peoples of Europe, who, without her, would have been enveloped in the deepest intellectual obscurity, when the Irish schools flourished and the Irish scholars sowed broadcast over the Continent of Europe the seeds of learning, and the Irish missionaries carried with them the faith of Saint Patrick and the scholarship of his followers far and near;—we have not, in my opinion, less reason to feel proud, our emotions ought not to be less pleasing, our patriotic sensations equally gratifying, when we turn our eyes to the descendants of that people on the American Continent, and witness the great progressive strides that have been made by Irish genius, and the noble stand taken by the Irish emigrant, and the sons and daughters of the Irish exile in this great and flourishing country. (Applause.) True, the emigrant in later days did not carry with him the same prestige with which the Irish scholar left his home. No doubt the sons of poor famine-stricken, persecuted Ireland in the nineteenth century did not possess the same advantages as their forefathers, who are admitted to have preserved the relics of science and learning from barbarism from the fifth until the eighth century. (Cheers.) But if the emigrant did not possess the same advantages as the Irish scholar, he at least carried with him the same Irish heart, and the same Irish genius; and when he left his home of bondage, where the chains of oppression had bound him for centuries, and placed his foot on this land of freedom—when he saw the gate of distinction open before him, he rushed into the race with his fellow-man, his Irish heart expanded, his native genius warmed, and by the prominent position which he attained in a free country, with good laws and impartial government, with justice for every man, he flung back in the teeth of his accusers the foul slander that Irishmen are incapable of self-government, and he presented to the world the pleasing spectacle of what an Irishman really can do, when he gets fair play, and is allowed the same rights and privileges as his fellow-men. [Cheers.] But you may tell me that I am too precipitate, that I have not as yet pointed out anything grand or noble, elevated or refined, any achievement of very great magnitude accomplished by Irishmen on this side of the Atlantic. You will perhaps think of what has often been said by those who have never read the history of their own or any other country, that the Irish are a low, insignificant race;—I say those who have never read the history of any country, because where is the country in the Old World or in the New—in France, in Spain, in Austria, in Italy, or in Russia, not to speak of America,—where Irishmen have not attained the most eminent positions.—But to come more closely to the consideration of our subject, I will, firstly, refer to the early Irish settlers on this continent, and gradually approaching the present time, will endeavor to point out the various positions in which our fellow-countrymen have carried off the palm of distinction, and made themselves honorable and useful in the land of their adoption. (Applause.) In referring to the early history of America, we find that the Irish emigrants who left their native shores to seek an asylum on this continent, dispersed into different colonies—some of them settled in Pennsylvania, others in Delaware, some in South Carolina, and a good number in Kentucky. But the first Irish emigrants who came to the New World, according to some of the best writers, established themselves in Barbadoes, somewhere about the year 1639. Later we find the Irish founding Maryland; and the history of this colony will ever be the brightest record of the Irish race in America. Here we find men who had been driven from their own country by intolerance and persecution, where they had been deprived of all the rights and privileges that are dear to man, establishing in the New World an asylum where the refugees from persecution for conscience' sake are harbored and secured. In this we find a glorious instance of the toleration of the Irish people, one of which we have a right to feel proud, because it indicates that in our people there exists that generous high-mindedness which prevents them from stooping to any

description of intolerance, and causes them to extend to their fellow-men that for which they have so long contended in their own country—liberty of conscience and political freedom. In this respect the Irish settlers in Maryland stand forth in pleasing contrast to the bigoted and fanatical Puritans of New England; the latter as well as the former had suffered persecution for conscience sake; but, unlike the Irish exiles who welcomed to their colony all good men of every denomination, and allowed them not merely to live in peace, but to take part in their councils, and enjoy equal rights with themselves, blinded by their Puritanical fanaticism, they re-enacted on the soil of free America the same scenes that had caused them to flee from the land of their forefathers. In turning our eyes towards the Irish settlement in Pennsylvania, another pleasing spectacle presents itself to our view; for not only do our people cope with their neighbors in advancing the material interests of the country, but we find the celebrated James Logan, a distinguished Irishman, governing the colony with marked ability; and not satisfied with the ordinary means for the amelioration of his people, he, with a nobility of purpose for which he deserves the highest commendation, bestowed on the people of Philadelphia his extensive library, which in those days was a boon as precious as it was rare.—It would hardly be possible to follow the progress of the Irish settlers in the different colonies—for where did they not penetrate?—and, in spite of all difficulties, and they were not a few, where, I ask, did they not flourish and multiply? In Massachusetts, in New Hampshire, in Maine, all over, everywhere—many of them no doubt poor and uneducated, but having amongst them leading minds who impressed the mark of their abilities on the communities in which they lived.

We will now pass to that memorable period in American history, during which the British American Colonies passed from the control of the mother country, and declared themselves free and independent States. Until this time, although the Irish were a powerful element in the country, yet they had not caused their influence to be felt in such an eminent degree. At this momentous crisis, when it was requisite that men of staunch stability should be at the helm, we find that the Irish did not shrink from the performance of their arduous duties. No doubt it must appear in the light of a hard and unpalatable task for men who had emigrated to a foreign country, and toiled and labored to secure a refuge and a home, to risk the fruits of their efforts and privations; but those things were not considered for a moment; they felt that their rights as well as the liberties of their fellow-subjects were at stake; the blow must be struck, or they had to succumb. The blow was struck, and America found her Irish adopted children at their post ready to risk all, to sacrifice all, in the common struggle for freedom and independence. Who has not heard of John Rutledge of South Carolina?—who has not read of the noble-minded Charles Carroll, of Carrolltown, Maryland? These men had something to lose in that great struggle. Carroll was a rich proprietor; he was no mere political adventurer, without a stake in the community; but the voice of his adopted country called him, and he answered with all the generous impetuosity of his Irish nature, when, with five of his fellow-countrymen, he signed boldly and fearlessly the document by which the British Colonies declared themselves free and independent. (Great applause.) Thus we find the Irish doing their duty nobly during that great and eventful crisis; they did not hesitate at, nor shrink from, the performance of what they considered to be their duty to their adopted country, but with a determination of which we may well feel proud. They went heart and soul into the contest; and on sea and land, in the Council of State, and in every department of the public service, they showed themselves worthy sons of the good old stock of which they were the scions. When we look back to that glorious struggle, when we contemplate the worthy stand taken by our fellow-countrymen in that eventful period of American history—is it not a subject of regret that at this day, not yet a century distant from the time when the Irish emigrants and their children acted so nobly, a sad, a cruel and calamitous war for the destruction of that government, for the establishment of which the best blood in the country was shed, should now have arisen. I will not, ladies and gentlemen, in this short lecture express any of my private opinions on the subject of the unfortunate contest now going on between the two sections of that once happy and prosperous country. Unfortunately, the brave sons of poor old Erin find themselves arrayed in hostile hosts against each other in the various armies of the contending parties. But I will, unhesitatingly state that while I admire the bravery, the courage, the self-sacrifice of the Confederate soldiers, I am proud and happy to see our fellow-countrymen acting so bravely and valiantly in defence of the constitution of their adopted