



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1875.

NO. 38.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE, AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE STATION CHURCHES; To which is prefixed the Encyclical of His Holiness POPE PIUS IX., AND THE PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE Most Reverend John Joseph Lynch, ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO. Published with the approbation of the MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

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TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

Emus in Jus.

PLAUT. Pomilius, Act v. Dogberry. Are you good men, and true? Much ado about Nothing.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS," ETC.

THE EIGHTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

MR. TIBBOT O'LEARY, THE CURIOUS.

They use commonly to send up and down to knowe news, and if any meet wide another, his second word is—what news? Inasmuch, that hereof is told a prattle jest of a Frenchman, who, having been sometimes in Ireland, where he remarked their great inquiries for news, and meeting afterwards in France an Irishman whom he knew in Ireland, first saluted him, and afterwards said thus merrily, "O Sir, I pray you tell me of curtesie, have you heard anything of the news, that you so much inquired for in your country?"

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

"Have you any news?" was at this time the second or third, and often the first question which he put to every acquaintance at meeting. Having unlitte busy bodies in general, brought his own affairs into tolerable order, little remained for him to do besides interesting himself in those of the world outside, and his feeble mind, like a creaking shawl unable to support itself, went throwing its tendrils about in all directions, seeking for events and circumstances to prevent it from falling back on inert mass upon itself. Fortunately, his hunger for novelty was of a kind which was easily appeased. His more observant friends soon remarked that any answer satisfied him, except a direct negative, and this was his aversion. To tell him of a sick cow, a dog strayed or poisoned, a servant turned off, a leg of mutton spoiled to the cooking, anything was preferable to the barren and unwelcome "No." Indeed, to those who knew him, few things could be more painful than his infatigation; and, accordingly, where it was understood that nothing more was requisite than merely to keep the sense of hearing in play for a certain portion of time, there was scarcely any one who had not got news of some kind for Tibbot O'Leary. Those who did not know him, were not so well aware of the nature of the food for which he craved, and were not so prompt in satisfying the hunger, as was exemplified in his first meeting with his man Tom Nash.

One morning Mr. Tibbot O'Leary arrived as usual a few minutes before half-past nine o'clock at his own pier gate. Crossing the stile he was surprised and disconcerted to find his place occupied by a young country lad, who seemed to have made a long and wearisome journey, and was now resting in Tibbot's favourite attitude, and against his favourite pier. The lad touched his hat respectfully, but did not move. Mr. O'Leary began to grow fidgety, but felt as if it would be inhospitable to desire him to change his quarters; besides that, it would look somewhat ridiculous to turn him away from the pier merely for the purpose of taking the place himself, and the fellow had an arch eye which looked as if nothing ridiculous would be likely to escape it. The exclusive possession of the pier of a gate could hardly be an object of ambition to any being, except a cow to whom the sharp angle at the corner might be a temptation, or a human being inclined to indulge in the same pastime. Mr. O'Leary, however, had no such inclination, so, on that morning, the coxswain, the guard, and the passengers, were astonished to behold Mr. O'Leary, for the first time go through his customary evolutions on the opposite side of the gate to that at which he was wont to stand. After the coach had passed, and the watch was put up, Tibbot glanced at the individual who ornamented the opposite pier, and said:

"Well, my man, who are you?" "A poor boy, please your honour." "Have you any news?" "Not a word, your honour." "No news!" "What's your name?" "Tom Nash, sir," (respectfully touching the leaf of his hat with the tip of his forefinger.) "Where do you come from?" "Eastwards your honour." "And where are you going?" "Westwards, your honour." "And you have no news?" "Not a word please your honour." "How far do you mean to go?" "Why then, just until somebody axes me to stay." "And who do you expect to 'ax' you, as you call it?"

"Wisha, some gentleman that'll have an open heart an' a house by the road side. Sure, 'tisn't any close-fisted negar I'd expect to ax me." "Umph! And who do you imagine would give a night's lodging to a person like you, who hasn't got a word of news or anything to say that would make his company entertaining or desirable?" "Wisha, that's as it falls out. If they doesn't do it for God's sake, I don't expect they'd do it for mine. 'Tisn't any fault o' mine. If I had any news goin' I wouldn't begridge tellin' it?" "But you didn't hear it?" "I did not."

"Not a word?" "Not one." "Don't you come from town?" "I does." "And didn't you hear any news there?" "I did not." "That's very strange. They almost always have news in town of some kind or another." "If they had it, they were very sparvin' of it this turn, for they didn't give me any."

"Did you ask for it?" "Wisha, then, not to tell your honour a lie, I didn't I had something else to think of." "What else had you to think of?" "Oh, then, my poverty and my hunger, an' the distance that was between me and home." "Where is your home?" "Wisha, nowhere, until some one makes it out for me. But my native place is behind near Kenmare."

"How long is it since you left it?" "Six years." "And you are now going back?" "I am." "I suppose you had a great many strange adventures during your absence from home?" "Och, then, not belyin' your honour, sorrow a venther, coopt that it was a ventherom thing o' me ever to think of leavin' it."

"And you did never hear anything worth relating during all those six years?" "Sorrow ha'p'orth." "Did nothing ever happen to any of your friends or acquaintances, that might be worth mentioning?" "Sorrow ha'p'orth ever happened any of 'em as I know." "Not to yourself?" "Not a ha'p'orth. What should happen me?" "Did nobody ever tell you a story of any kind that was worth listening to?" "I never heard one."

Never there was an individual less likely than another to get into the good graces of Tibbot O'Leary, it was the uninquisitive, incommunicative being who now stood before him. After contemplating his figure in silence for some moments, he turned away, saying: "Upon my word, my man, if you have no more than that to say to your friends when you get to Kenmare, you'll be no great prize to them when they have you, or to any one you meet on the way either." By this time the traveller began to form a better estimate of the man with whom he had to deal. Seeing the inquisitive gentleman turn up the avenue with a discontented air, he thrust his head between the bars of the gate, and called aloud: "Please your honour!" "Well?" said Tibbot, turning and looking over his shoulder. "I have some news, please your honour." The brow of Mr. O'Leary relaxed. "Well," said he, "what is it?" "I was comin' through a part o' the County Tipperary the other day, and passing near the foot o' the Galteigh mountains, what should I see only a power o' people with horses and tacklin' an they draggin' after 'em the longest bames o' timber I ever seen upon the road—great firs and pine trees fit for a mast of a man of war, an' bigger, that looked as if they were just cut down for some purpose or another, an' so they wor. I wondered greatly, an' I axed one o' the people where it is they were goin' with the big threes. 'We're goin' to plant 'em on the top o' the Galteighs,' says he. 'What do?' says I. 'A big split that comes in the sky,' says he, 'an' 'tis only lately we observed it. So we're gettin' the tallest threes we can find to prop it up, for the split is increasin', an' there's no knowin' the minute it may fall.' When I heard that I axed him no more but left him and come away."

of his contemporaries, on which his genius had been hitherto exhausted. It was hinted that it would have been happier for him had his enquiries taken this turn before his return from Dublin. The fair cause of his disappointment and retreat, had it was said, no other ground of dissatisfaction, on her own admission, than poor Tibbot's ruling foible, which had become more and more intolerable as their intimacy increased. Many a characteristic scene whether real or imaginary, was retailed among the fire side circles in the neighbourhood as having led to the lachrymose result which exercised so strong an influence over O'Leary's subsequent fortunes. If poor Tibbot was fidgety and inquisitive with his acquaintances in general, there was no end to his queries in the company of one in whom he felt a particular interest, and without having a particle of jealousy in his constitution, all his conduct was like that of a jealous person. Now without having anything the least in the world criminal to conceal, all ladies know, and gentlemen too, that a thousand things happen in the customary routine of life, which it may not suit one's purpose to speak of even to one's most intimate friend. Even the poet who insists most strongly on the merit of confidential frankness, advises you, though in the company of "a bosom crony" to

—Still keep something to yourself, You'll scarcely tell to any. If Tibbot saw Miss Crosbie talking to a stranger in the street, he should know who he was? who was his father? who was his mother? what was his business in town? &c. besides a thousand similar queries, the repeated answering or evading which, was found so burdensome, that it finally outweighed all the good qualities of the querist. Among many appropriate speeches which were kindly ascribed to the hero and heroine of the fire-side romance, by the tattling-mongers in the country side, there was one which was said to have produced a powerful effect in making poor Tibbot look like a fool, at the time it was uttered:

"If notes of interrogation were as current as other notes, Mr. O'Leary," said the lady, "what an immense capital you could set afloat!" Others averred that there was no such exclusive feeling of disappointment whatever, on the part of the gentleman, and that it was quite as much in accordance with his own desire as with that of the lady, that the affair ended as it did. However this might be, Tibbot did not seem to allow the event to weigh very heavily upon his spirits, and it was with much equanimity that he subsequently even heard of her marriage to another. His beloved studies supplied to him the place of all other domestic happiness; and but for one of those accidents which so much more frequently determine the fortunes of men, than any efforts of prudence or foresight, he might have continued his solitary pursuits until he had become himself as venerable a relic of the past as any of the weather-worn *débris* or *trilobites*, or rusty manuscripts over which he was accustomed to consume his youthful hours with all the devotion of an enthusiast.

It was late on an autumn evening, and throughout the lonesome apartments of Mr. O'Leary's dwelling, that interval of stillness reigns which precedes the hour of general nightly rest. Tom Nash was getting out turf for the next morning. The old woman was raking the kitchen fire in the huge scapit. The proprietor of the mansion was in a distant corner of the building, with a chamber candle in his hand, looking over the precious antiquarian treasures contained in that apartment which he called his library, but which had much more the appearance of a museum, or the cabinet of a dealer in the black art. Here stood the jaw bones of an enormous grampus which was stranded on the coast of Dingle half a century before, there a huge stalactyte, from some inland cavern, here a penny struck in Galway, when Edward IV. had a mint in that town, there a thigh bone of heaven known what animal, with a neck and head of a moose deer, here a model of the five-inch hall-stones, which fell in 1748, there a massive silver broche, which had figured on the breast of some Kerry chieftain, of the middle ages; here a whole array of battered trumpets, rusty swords, wicker targets, skenes, bows and arrows, bells, crosses, and other mementoes, to show how our ancestors used to live, and how people used to kill one another in former times; there a tow of fossils, Kerry diamonds, pyrites from Bantry, marasites from Carberry, and so forth.

Nor was his library less curious. Heaps of Irish manuscript songs, and metrical histories of the ancient bards and senachies of historiographers of the isle; volumes, the contents of which, like the vane of a vessel sailing against the wind, still pointed backwards towards the year of the creation, huge folios in various languages, and above all, a whole shelf of learned treatises on the probable use and origin of round towers, were ranged against the walls of his apartment.

On a sudden, the unusual sound of a horse's hoof was heard upon the avenue. Mr. O'Leary, in his room, holding the candle in his hand, and Tom Nash in the kitchen, at the same instant paused to listen. What belated wight could it be, who sought so unfrequented a place of shelter, as Choro Abbey, at this lonesome hour. It was evident the rider was a man and a merry fellow, too, for as he drew near the house, they could hear him singing at the top of his voice, a burlesque Latin version of a popular song:—

Quam tyrocinii tempus in Drogheda Impiger egi ut ullus in oppido, Magistri filia Bidelia Dagheritidis Foramen fecit in corde Raffertidis.

arrival occasioned within door, the *sans souci* horseman, instead of taking the trouble to alight at the hall door continued to shout and sing alternately, at the top of his voice: "What ho! house! Why, house! I say! Is there any one within?"

"Eu! Eu! Patrick Raffertides! Macte virtute, Patrick Raffertides! Magistri filia, Pulchra Bidelia, Foramen fecit in corde Raffertidis. What! house!" In the meantime, Tom Nash had made his way to the presence of his master.

"The key of the hall door sir, if you please." "Oh Tom, I'm ruined." "How so, sir?" "This is Mr. Geoffrey Gunn, an old college chum of mine, and the last person in the world whom I would have find me in this place." "Well, sure 'tis aisy for me to give him the nien aethig, or for us all to hold our tongue, an' purtin' we don't hear him, an' lave him bawlin' an' singin' abroad there 'till he's tired. The Gunn's an't only a modern stock in these parts. The first of 'em come over on Queen Elizabeth." "Nay, nay, that would never answer; I am very glad to meet him, though I could wish—there he calls again, run—run and open the door. And stay, have you got anything for supper?" "Lashins and lavins."

"Very well, have it ready, and bring it when I call." "If it be true, as some wise men have asserted that the more a man does, the more he is able to do, it is no less a fact, that the less a man does, the less he is inclined to do. The comparatively idle life which Tom Nash led under his studious master, had strengthened to the utmost, a powerful natural taste for doing nothing, and rendered him proportionally unfriendly to any demands upon his labor, especially, when they happened to be unforeseen, or out of course.

"Why then, you're welcome, as the farmer said to the thie, the procthor," he muttered, going down stairs, "what a charmin' voice you have this eventin'! I must go, make up your horse now, and give him a feed, and be cleanin' your boots, an' stirrups, in place o' bein' where I ought to be this time o' night, in my warm bed. An' all on account of a roystrovia bawlin' bedlamite that—'What's wantin', please your honour?" he added in an altered tone, as he opened the door and confronted the belated horseman.

"Is your master at home?" "He is, please your honour." "Will you tell him that his old friend, Mr. Gunn, is come to see him?" "He knows it already, please your honour. He hear your honour singin' on the avenny, an' he knows the voice. Tom Nash, says he, (mainin' myself), that's Miesher Geoffrey Gunn, my old friend, an' I'm very glad to meet him, says he, take care an' have supper ready when I call!" "It appears to me, Tom," said the stranger, as he dismounted, and gave the bridle to Nash, "that you cannot be much troubled with visitors in this place."

"Only middlin', sir, of an odd turn. The last we had was Aister two years, a very civil, aisy spoken gentleman indeed. He stopped only the one night, an' he was a half crown in the mornin' when he was goin', although I never seen any one that gave so little trouble. I wanted not to take it, but he wouldn't be said by me." "Um. And where am I to find your master?" "If your honour will condescend to take the light in your hand, and go strath up stairs, while I'm aakin' round the horse, you'll find him above, in the library. That's the place for you to visit. He has all the odd rattle-thraps, an' curiosities up there, that ever was dug out o' the bowls o' the earth since the creation. That's the man that has the long head. Take care o' the hole upon the first landing. You'll see yourself where there's a step wantin'—in the second flight. You can see the kitchen down through it. The gentleman we had here last, was near breakin' his leg in it, comin' down stairs in the mornin'. We forgot to tell him about it."

Taking the candle in his hand, Mr. Gunn proceeded to ascend the venerable staircase, with all the caution which these hints were calculated to excite. It is curious to think of what materials we are made, and how apt we are to consider an object rather as it appears to men, than as it really is in itself. The idea that there could be anything absurd or ridiculous in his present pursuits, had never occurred to Mr. O'Leary, yet now that he found himself and them about to be subjected to the eye of one, who, whatever he might think of the present or the future, did not, as he knew, care a button for the past, he felt as much ashamed, as if he were conscious himself that his life was spent in a very silly manner. Whether it was, however, that is not so easy, or so amusing to quiz a man in his own house as elsewhere, or that the world had altered him, Geoffrey Gunn did not manifest the least inclination to turn his old companion or his "curiosities," as Nash called them, into ridicule. On the contrary, he even manifested a degree of interest about them, and after mutual and cordial enquiries had been interchanged between them, he had the civility to ask the names of two or three of the most fantastic looking objects which he beheld around him. Charmed the more with his complacency, as it was so wholly unexpected, Mr. O'Leary explained their uses and history, much admiring the change which time had wrought in his old friend, since the period when himself was wont to form the target of his merriment.

Nash's ark. What a time it must have taken you to get them all together! And you have them all so put at your finger's end. (Here he yawned slightly.) Well, it is all very curious, I dare say, and very entertaining to those who have a talent for such studies. Besides, it is so much more interesting and instructive to spend one's time amid the relics of the past—the memorials of the mighty dead, as somebody calls them, than amongst the frivolous beings, who usurp the name of men in our own degenerate time. As Tully says, "Hic quantumvis est cum tuis verari quam te meminisse!"

Mr. O'Leary made no reply, unwilling to interrupt a flow of sentiment, which he could not sufficiently admire. "Yes," said Geoffrey Gunn, "there is a grandeur about the past, which the more one thinks of it, makes him shrink with distaste, from the pettiness and littleness of the present. There is a sublimity of feeling associated with the prohibitive *Was* which his fellow tense *Is* can never produce. The very sound of the words, indicates a superiority in the former. *Was*, full-toned and broad, opens the whole mouth. *Is*, comes forth between the teeth, like the hiss of a goose. How pleasing to turn from the tiresome, matter of fact illumination of our own times, that spread of dry practical knowledge, which takes away from learning half its importance, by removing its singularity, and contemplating the beautiful gloom of those majestic ages, when the very alphabet itself, to the mass of mankind, was invested with all the interests of mystery!"

"My dear Geoffrey," said Mr. O'Leary, "I forgot to ask, have you dined?" "Faisa, a fig for dinner or breakfast either," said Gunn, after another stifled yawn. "I am not so entirely void of taste, as to think about eating, while such a mental treat as this is spread before me.—And not to speak of the pleasure, the utility of such pursuits must be apparent to everybody. For instance, but for the fortunate recovery of those silver bodkins, would not the knowledge of the manner in which the old O'Donoghues and their contemporaries fastened their cloaks, be lost for ever to the world? Besides, it is so much more useful to study how people lived a thousand years ago, than it is to reflect, how we are live ourselves. Any fool can know his own business, but it is only men of sense and understanding, as well as charity, who take an interest in that of persons who are no longer able to take care of it themselves." (Another heroic effort to suppress a yawn.)

"You must be hungry, however. It is a good step from Killarney here. (He rung the bell.) Besides, we can do so much more agreeably talk over old times at a supper table by the fire-side." Geoffrey Gunn suffered himself to be prevailed upon, and a very tolerable supper was speedily laid before the pair, to which Gunn did such justice, as showed that his antiquarian enthusiasm had not taken away his appetite. On a sudden, while they conversed upon indifferent subjects, Gunn raised his head and said, as if a sudden thought had struck him: "Apropos of antiquities, Tibbot, are you acquainted with this great female antiquarian, who lives in your neighborhood?" "Not I. Whom do you mean?" "Why, now that's very odd. I have only come down to this part of the country, to snatch a peep at the lake, during the vacation, and I know more of your neighbors, than you who live on the spot; but then, regard as you are, I would be a fool to you, I warrant, if we came to question about the court of Ptolemies or Parnassus. But, indeed, it was accidentally I heard of her first. She is a Miss Moriarty, (a genuine west country stock), and a very witch at the books; knows Hebrew, and can even scrawl a hieroglyphic or two of the Chaldean and such things. As for Greek and Latin, she makes no more of them, than a squirrel would of crackin' a nut."

"Is it possible? How odd I should never have heard of her!" "Not at all odd, my dear fellow, you were busy about more important things. It is only for a s ephemeral beings to have our ears cocked for sur h every day novelties. But, indeed, you ought to know her. She lives not more than half a mile from here, on the Kenmare road, in an humble fern house, tenanted by the husband of a relative, w here she has a couple of rooms filled with all the s novelties rarities in the world. You should have heard her upon the round towers."

"You don't tell me so?" "She has a theory of her own about them. I had the full benefit of it, for a few days since, I was compelled to take shelter in the house from a shower of rain, and had the honor and happiness of hearing, during the half hour I remained, more words I couldn't understand than I did the whole of me! was in college. A lady in his neighborhood who knew Hebrew and had got an original theory upon the origin of round towers! Little more was said upon the subject during supper, unless that a particular description was given of the lady's residence; but Tibbot O'Leary was far from letting it slip out of memory. On the following morning, after Geoffrey Gunn had taken his leave, (not forgetting the gentleman who had given Nash a half crown "last Aister two years"), he remained, as that faithful domestic conceived, unusually pensive and silent, thoughtfully, indeed, was never amongst his fallings.—Let us, however, follow Mr. Gunn. He was one of a class of persons very common in Ireland—and for aught I know as common elsewhere. He was a liberal dealer in what might be called white lies.—Dining out, or paying a visit, or breakfasting, or even meeting a friend in the street, he seemed to consider his time thrown away if he did not leave a few such fictions behind him; nor was it necessary that they should be in any degree humorous, or have any particular object in view; it was quite sufficient if they had no foundation in truth. A foreign potentate dead—a coach upset—Mrs. Q. "What d'ye call brought to bed of twins—Mr. So and so killed in a duel—such were the species of inventions which rolled from his lips like a little torrent whenever he found himself amongst a civil set of hearers, and in which he was encouraged by the laughter of some friends with whom he passed for a genuine wit.—The instant he turned from Tibbot O'Leary's avenue, he trotted briskly away, and slackened not his speed until he pulled the bridle at the door of Mr. O'Connor, who was not less a gentleman for being a