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JUBILEE BOOK, CONTAINING 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., For the ARCHDIOCESE of TORONTO, containing the PASTORAL of HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH. For the DIOCESE of LONDON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH. For the DIOCESE of HAMILTON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CRINNON. For the DIOCESE of OTTAWA, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DUMAMEL. For the DIOCESE of ST. JOHN, New Brunswick, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP SWEENEY. For the DIOCESE of ARCHA'T, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP MCKINNON. For the DIOCESE of MONTREAL, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP BOURGET. EACH DIOCESE has its Separate JUBILEE BOOK. Per Copy, 10c. | Per Dozen 80c. | Per 100 \$5 D. & J. SADLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM. Eamus 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 MONSTER FESTIVALS," ETC. THE ELEVENTH JURYMANS TALE.

THE PROPHECY. GAOLER.—"Come Sir, are you ready for death? POSSESSUS.—Over-roasted rather; ready long ago. GAOLER.—Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready." CYMBELINE, ACT V, SCENE III. "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 excited one night, at the house of a country gentleman, Captain O'Kelly of Kilgobbin upon whose hospitality accident had thrown me. He had overtaken me in the midst of a thunder shower while endeavouring 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 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 sadteness, 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 e-says, if I may so call them, of mine own to pass the winter's night, failed to elicit even the 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 a few words as the occasion would admit of. My curiosity was very much excited by a demeanour 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 flagstone. It was succeeded by momentary silence, and afterwards by sounds as if some one was endeavouring to compose a giddy poker and tongs in their place by the hearth. Another short pause followed, and then came the murmur of a voice as if engaged in a long 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 disclosed 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 unsuppressed 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 seductive 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 midnight having resumed its quiet, endeavoured to win back the unconscious sleep which had been so unceremoniously driven off by the sound of the rattling 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 morose 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. "Eyah, what's the matter, Morris?" returned the deformed, quietly, elevating his arm a little, as he spoke, lest the stone might unexpectedly reach him. "Get out of my sight again, you informing Dane." "Begannies, isn't easy, Morris; you keep sitch a sharp eye on one?" "I tell you I'm dangerous." "Eiah, you look like it, any way; I never see you in sitch 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 moment 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 betwixt us, or I'll be the death of you." "See that, now," returned the impetuous humpback; "there's nothing will teach some people—'tis by sitch courses one is led to the gallies. You ought to know that, Morris!" "You ought to know it better yourself, you unchangeable sinner—'tis often you earned it, late and early spying and murdering, and betraying innocent craythurs that ain't cut enough for you. Sayzur, when, sayzur, halloo—halloo—halloo. good dog, good dog—halloo, halloo, halloo!" These last few words were addressed to a large, shaggy Newfoundland dog who, hearing an altercation going on, sprang from an adjoining wall to inquire into the merits of the affair. Discovering that one of the house of Kilgobbin had been subjected to some unparalleled ill-usage, which he inferred from Morris's indignant look, and gestures, he instantly started in pursuit of the offender. The latter, whose tantalizing equanimity of manner, under all the opprobrious epithets heaped upon him, might have aggravated the ire of a saint, lost all disposition to continue his bantering, when he beheld the wide-mouthed animal bounding towards him, and seized with evident terror at so unlooked for an attack, fled across the lawn, with a speed perfectly astonishing, in a person whose ill-made limbs seemed so little adapted for swiftness. Caesar however, was no way lazy in the pursuit, and hallooing, sometimes pausing to take breath, sometimes to clap hands and encourage him by gentle suggestions of the manner in which he was to treat the offender as soon as he overtook him. That's right, Sayzur—tear him, boy—tear him—good dog—halloo—halloo—halloo. Alarmed lest any serious injury might be inflicted on the unfortunate fugitive, by so ferocious looking an animal, I threw on my clothes, and, hurrying down stairs, I found Captain O'Kelly already in the breakfast parlour. On describing the scene to which I had been a witness, and expressing my apprehensions for the fate of the Humpback, he fell into immoderate fits of laughter, recovering from which, he assured me Old Will Wiley, as he called him, would suffer no other injury from the chase, than the long run, or his own terrors might bring upon him. "Caesar," he said, "was a most humane dog, whose worst threatenings always ended in mere sound and fury. Having related what I had seen in the night, and the pathetic manner in which the melancholy Morris deplorable his unextinguishable resentment against that same Will Wiley, the Captain informed me that the figure of their falling out was not only an interesting but a very curious one, and requesting me to draw a chair to the breakfast table, entertained me with the following narrative.

THE PROPHECY. Morris Moran lived on the outskirts of a retired village, in the county of Clare. He was an industrious, harmless, quiet little man; and though, like Sancho Panza, not unwilling upon occasion, when passion prompted, to punish an adversary at fifty-cuffs, he had the reputation of being a very timid and apprehensive being. He could not well be called a coward in the usual acceptance of that term, for he felt no sense of shame or indignity in any effort, which he conceived it his duty to make, to escape personal danger, and would willingly, in such instances, have every thought or feeling of his mind published at the market cross. He could never, indeed, conceive the object or utility of that self-appreciation which makes men so very captious of indignity, nor had he a notion of that enthusiastic passion for earthly fame, which leads the soldier to seek True glory with him lay either in avoiding or dexterously escaping from danger; and his most important study, from the time he began to reason, was to discover how he could best fulfil the primary law of nature—self-preservation. This he considered to be no such easy matter as it was held to be by ordinary persons. On the contrary, with all his care, and vigilance, and foresight, the multiplicity of ways by which a man may be put of existence, made it seem excessively difficult for him to accomplish his purpose of remaining a denizen of this squalid sphere for any considerable length of time. By a life of exercise and temperance, he might, perhaps, for some years escape the evils of disease; by never venturing on ship-board, he might escape drowning; by the ready egress from his little cabin, which two frail doors afforded, the danger of a conflagration might be averted, and a quiet harmless life might, at least for a period, protect him from the perils of the law. But what was to preserve him from the thousand incidental dangers inseparable from the circumstances of humanity—subject to have his cabin entered by Terryvalls' at any hour of the night—to be waylaid by murderers on the highway returning from fair or market—to be run over by a restive horse—to be gorged by a furious bull—or to have a fissure made in his skull, by the falling of a slate from a house top in the great town. The shades in fact of a hundred deaths stalked through his imagination like the ghosts by Richard's couch, whenever he ventured to calculate the positive chances in favor of a prolonged existence: a calculation, indeed, not usually entered into by the mass of mankind, (factories of insurance companies excepted) with that grave consideration which its deep interest merits. But of all the ministers of death, in a world out of which some one hourly makes an unexpected exit, none appeared so frightful to him as the implements of human warfare; and of all those implements, none so specially terrific as the barrelled gun. When one of these happened accidentally to be placed near him, he would often break out of some fit of musing, and gaze upon it with all the perplexity which one might be supposed to feel in investigating the end and aim of some complicated piece of machinery, when first introduced among men. He would view the lock and screws and various devices, with a suspicious wonder; he would, with a sort of nervous creeping, fix his attention upon the trigger, whose dreadful click was so often the forerunner of blood and slaughter; or look down in palsied horror, like a fascinated bird, into the small dark mouth of the barrel, as if he thought fire and thunder, without any human agency, might suddenly issue from its secret recesses. He sometimes, too, pondered in no little amazement on the prospect which a quiet monk could have proposed to himself in the invention of gun-powder, and was never fully convinced that such contrivances or discoveries originated in any thing beyond the mere pastime of busy and ingenious minds, until he saw an account of the construction of Mr. Perkins' celebrated steam gun, which was capable of destroying so many hundred men a minute. He heard this invention so highly applauded by most persons, and spoken of disparagingly only by those who doubted its application on a larger scale, or the probability of its effecting an extent of slaughter proportioned to any increase of magnitude, that he began at length to suspect man was a much more bloody and ferocious animal than he had at all imagined. The early period of Morris's life was the golden passage of his existence, during which he knew neither pain nor trouble. When in the gloom and mistrust of after times he glanced back in recollection over its many sunny hours, he felt as if the better age of the world had gone by with his boyhood, and the future was to be to him one dark struggle with the iron destinies of a corrupt generation. Alas! for the day's when he sprang from his bed in the morning, like the lark from the nest, as the fainting beams from the eastward brought announcement of the dawn! when he whistled along the fields amidst dew and perfume and health-breathing airs, too full of the blessings which nature offers to us so freely and often so vainly to entertain an earthly care of sorrow, when he whirled his hurly on the soft green turf, and sent the exulting ball bounding away from its pursuers; or essayed at innocent display in the evening dance, when all the happy young heart of the village were assembled round the bag-pipes at the meeting of the roads. There were then no police—no soldierly to disturb his thoughts by day, or bring him an unquiet dream by night. The plough was seen dividing the furrows, or the spade turning up the soil, where dragons were afterwards seen daily galloping with brandished broadsword in pursuit of the terror-stricken peasantry, and the toil-worn laborer rested on the hill-side on his far way home, watching the sun going down in the bar waters of the west, without fear of the Curfew. Before touching on the events of the perilous times more strictly connected with our present story, it is necessary to advert to an incident, which, though occurring in the earlier and happier period of Morris's life, made an impression on his

mind that in some degree influenced his after fortunes. It happened on some one of those long-gone November eves, which, while yet a youth, he had spent in his father's cabin, that a number of persons, young and old, were gathered round a blazing fire, a merry making, in honor of the festival. It was a scene of fun and uproar rarely surpassed even on so moving a night. At one side of the hearthstone were sly-faced maidens, intently watching the burning of some nuts, with which their fortunes were wound up, and giving notice now and then, when an explosion took place, by peals of laughter reverberated from the rafters. At the other was a party equally delighted at the merry game of snap-apple, and in the centre of the floor, most boisterous of all, the younger fry stripped to the waist, amusing themselves by diving their heads into a tub of water, after a huge floating red-streak which was to become the prize of him, who should bring it up in his mouth. Behind the revellers, and a little apart, were seated the grave and reverend seniors of the assembly, with their ancient partners, who entered into the enjoyments of the several groups, with all the zest of earlier life, though displayed in a more subdued and quiet manner. 'Time, it is admitted, will bide no man's bidding, and the happiest hours must have an end. As the night wore away, the spirits of the gayest began to flag, the mirth became fainter, and several of the guests successively departed for their homes. The tired few who remained, gathered more closely round the decaying fire, and endeavored to repel the advances of approaching sleep, by recounting strange stories of ghosts or fairies, to one another. A deaf and dumb old woman, a fortune-teller by profession, who sat huddled up in a corner, dead to the absorbing interest of the wonderful legends which engaged the attention of all around her, was the first whose drowsy notes gave notice of her passage to the land of dreams. As an example so tempting was portentive of a close to their night's amusement, it was at once agreed upon to awaken her, and for the more effectual prevention of a return of the drowsy influence, to invite a display of her prophetic skill in reference to the fortunes of the little party. Old Vauria, (so the dummy was called), evinced sundry symptoms of displeasure at the unceremonious disturbance, and it was only after many humiliating apologies on the part of the principals, and with much peevish asperity of manner, that she at last condescended to reveal those mysterious destinies, which to ordinary mortals, lie profoundly hidden in the future. Morris happened to be the first who was pointed out to her as an interesting study. She fixed her eyes on him with a look of intense scrutiny that made him shrink back from the circle—paused for a few minutes, looked down thoughtfully, and then gazed upon him again. In a little while, she turned from him, broke a small branch of rod from a broom that lay near her, and smothering the ashes on the hearth at her feet, began to trace lines in it. The deepest silence fell upon the group, as they watched with anxious curiosity, the progress of her sketch, but nothing could equal their astonishment, or Morris's horror, when there appeared, clearly delineated on the smooth grey surface before them, a lofty gallows. Some, who had little faith in the fortune-teller's gift of prescience, were amazed at the occurrence, but the credulous majority, fully assured of her power, gazed upon the fearful design with feelings of awe and apprehension. Many of these serious conjectures—not indeed as to the nature of the prediction, for that was too apparent, but as to the manner in which it was possible for an honest boy like Morris to be brought to so nefarious an end; while others, treating the matter more lightly, banded jokes back and forward, touching the large produce of hemp for the year, the skill of certain persons in envious slip-knots, or the experience of their performances, on great public occasions. No one distinguished himself more for the brilliancy of his wit in the affair, than a little Humpbacked shoemaker, known by the name of Will Wiley, a sort of rustic, Sir Malachio Malgrowther, whose happiest moments seemed to grow out of the miseries of his neighbors. After all the most obvious points of annoyance to poor Morris were worn out, the Humpback observed, in a consoling tone, "that the old ooman, sure as she always was, might be out in her reckoning for once, and that even if she was right, the unlucky day might perhaps come late in life, and give him a longer run than many who died in their beds. 'Twas a shame to be down on the boy that way, sure all must die, young and old, handsome and contrary. The buly question that was of real consequence to Morris was the time it was to happen, for, ratherly enough, no one likes to be cut off in the bloom of his days." It may be imagined the effect such consoling observations had on the mind of a simple, timid, superstitious lad like Morris. He summoned up sufficient resolution at first to join in the general merriment, pretending to regard the affair as mere pastime; but he soon grew fidgety, his humor appeared constrained and unnatural, and at length assumed an expression, that it became quite ludicrous. Unable any longer to sustain his expiring spirits, his countenance fell, and with pale cheek and compressed lip, he shrunk back into the corner, opposite to the fortune teller, the devoted and unresisting victim of the party. There was but one person of all present who took no part in this unmerciful persecution,—a near neighbor of Morris', named Peter Nocton. He was much about his own age, sat upon the same form with him in school, and was his constant playfellow out of it. Possessed of acuteness, and much less timidity of character than Morris, he felt the greatest indignation at the cruel bantering directed against his friend, and had much difficulty in restraining himself from openly declaring his feelings on the subject. His reserved manner did not escape the notice of his companions, who, looking upon it as a tacit condemnation of their proceedings, resolved by common accord to make him their next victim. The future destiny of Peter was, therefore, instantly demanded of the fortune teller, and the more strenuous his objections to tempt an inquiry which had proved so distressing to his friend Morris, the more resolved did they appear to over-rule them. Old Vauria, ever since the conclusion of her terrific prediction, was occupied apparently in watching the

lickering light of the burning bogwood on the hearth stone, with an expression of quiet satisfaction. She now, however, looked up as if to learn who next was about to make inquiry of coming events, and though unable to hear a single word that was uttered by the parties, evidently comprehended the general bearing of the discussion and the relative situation of the two friends and their tormentors. Peter's silence, his resentful expression of countenance, and utter dishlish of heart had not escaped her, and it was with a look of vindictive pleasure she now saw him dragged forward by the boisterous merry makers before the full light of the fire, that she might more faithfully read the lines which destiny had drawn in his angry countenance. After scrutinizing his features for a time, with the same fixed look which she had assumed in examining Morris Moran's, she again smoothed the ashes on the hearth, and commenced a second sketch.—The interest was now more intense than before; the stooping faces met in a condensed crescent over the dummy's shoulder, and when the drawing was sufficiently advanced to admit of a conjecture as to the intention, a universal cry burst from among them. There was the gallows again, but in addition to it, close to its foot, was distinctly described a coffin with the letters P. N., on the lid. Peter, notwithstanding his natural strength of mind and his mistrust of all such pretensions to foreknowledge, was a little startled at the result, but speedily recovering his confidence, resolutely declared, "that he did not care a rush what any old hag like her ud draw, that she knew no more than himself what was to happen in the world, and that, if she met what she deserved, she'd be shut up in the jail by the magistrates for her lies and mischief making." There was a general exclamation against this disbelief of the mysterious gift of fortune telling and the contempt so unhesitatingly expressed of the unconscious dummy. Sundry stories were related of the fulfillment of many of her former extraordinary predictions, which seemed at the time as improbable as those now given; and such irresistible evidence was finally accumulated, that none but the most hardened infidel could longer entertain a doubt on the subject. The certainty of the dummy's presence being thus satisfactorily settled, the interest of discussion naturally turned upon the interpretation, which should be given of the two designs. They differed only in the circumstance of a coffin having been represented at the gallows foot, in the sketch referring to the fate of Peter Nocton. The general opinion appeared to be, that the gallows in the first sketch only indicated imminent danger of death by suspension for Morris, but as there was no coffin, that he would finally escape, while the second design clearly intimated that the party would not only be brought to the gallows, but would actually suffer there. Morris, forgetful of the fate to which this explanation doomed the unfortunate Peter, felt for a while as if a heavy load was taken of his heart. The relief, however, proved of short continuance, for the cobbler, who had been attentively listening to the various interpretations proposed, declared his dissent from them all; and, looking at Morris in a melancholy manner, observed, "that it went to his heart to say it, but what they were thinking of wasn't at all the meaning of the picture—the old ooman had drawn in the ashes,—he wished to heaven it was,—but there was no going again the will of providence, and it was our duty to submit to whatever lot was ordered for us, be it good or evil.—'What does it signify, after all," continued he, "whether a man gets christian burial or no, when once the breath is out of the body?" "Oh! murder, alive! Will," exclaimed another humorist, who fully comprehended what the Humpback was driving at, and was desirous of impressing it more fully upon Morris' mind—"you don't main that aythur of the poor boys won't get buried in holy ground alongside their ancestors, or what is it you understand be it?" "I'll tell you, then," returned Will, "and 'tis the real meaning, and nothing else, for I'd be loth to have Morris desavied about what it is of sitch consequence to him to know. When we don't know our end, God help us, and what we're suffer, 'tis thinken more of the deens of this world we are then of how we're to take our lave of it. The two gallowses signify that they'll both be hanged—the Lord betwixt us and harm! Morris I main, and Peter. The coffin at the foot of the gallows in the drawing for Peter, is a sign, that after he's cut down his body'll be given to his friends to be buried naturally, like an christiaan. But there being no coffin in the drawing for Morris, betokens that his corpse'll be kept over by the sheriffs for the surgeons to dissect it!" This interpretation was received with a cry of horror, and the eyes of the whole party were instinctively turned upon the devoted Morris, who waxed paler and paler in the fitful firelight until his motionless features and palsied stare looked so ghastly that some of the tender-hearted of those about him became alarmed, and repented of the extreme to which they had carried their persecution. The impression the discussion had made on Peter's mind did not so readily appear. His features were perhaps paler than natural, but they underwent no other alteration, whether from a natural firmness of mind, or the momentary resolution arising from a desire to disappoint his tormentors. As soon, however, as he found himself becoming an object of such unenviable interest, he started up and flung himself from the circle around the fire with much indignation. In the precipitancy of the movement, his foot coming upon the paw of a terrier dog, who lay snoring behind him, the irritated animal, in the anguish of the moment, seized him by the calf of the leg, and inflicted a deep wound. Peter's involuntary cry started every one, and, on learning the injury he had suffered, much real sympathy was excited, and the tide of ill-nature, which had been setting against him the whole evening, now flowed in his favor full of kindness and interest. Even the malicious Humpback seemed melted to some show of humanity when he beheld the streams of blood running down Peter's leg and his features fixed and contracted with the pain. Several assisted anxiously in dressing the wound, but although the suffering was soon allayed and the leg bandaged up there seemed to be no disposition to renew the amusements of the night; guest after guest rapidly took leave, and Peter, at last, leaving upon his friend Morris, proceeded for his own home.

* Associated bands of disturbers who went round the country breaking into houses, seizing fire-arms, &c., &c. * A variety of apple.