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THE LEGACY; OR, THE MISER'S BARGAIN.

It was the close of an autumn day, and a number of Irish reapers, or, as they are called in England, "harvesters," were resting themselves after their labor on a high sloping bank, previous to repairing to their several lodging places. The faces of most of them were turned thoughtfully towards where the sun was fast sinking in red and gold beneath the horizon, as if their minds were far away in the homely cabins in which many a wife and little one waited patiently for the husband and father to bring, from "the harvest work" in a foreign land, the means to add a little to the few comforts they possessed, or, mayhap, to satisfy the grasping cupidity of the land agent, whose demands are too often limited only by the inability of his helpless victims to bear another "turn of the screw."

But we must not, in our moralizing mood, lose sight of the group under our notice. A few of the younger portion, more light-hearted or less weighed on by care than their fellows, were rallying each other with rough jokes, and endeavoring to draw out those whose peculiarities promised to afford them a source of amusement. "Look," said one of them to his comrade;—"look at old Jack Nichill's face. I'll bet a pipe o' tobacco he has a story in his head now, av we could only get id out o' him. He done a big stroke of work to-day, an' it's put him in high humor; though it's little he cares for the money he earns; an' little wonder; sure he has neither chick nor child dipindin' on him." "A piny for your thoughts, Jack Nichill," shouted another of the group;—"you're lookin' as wud as a cow in a halther, an' the boys think it wud be unfair to keep all the knowledge to yourself."

hand across his mouth, and without further circumlocution thus commenced:—"Well, listen to me now, and I'll tell you a droll thing that happened at the death of old Mihil Doolen. He was a mighty strong, healthy man, and never tuck a grain of medicine in his whole life; sign's on it, he lived so long that he begun to think he wasn't to die at all. He was a great miser, and gathered a dale of money together, but havin' no near relations, it was always a wonder among the neighbors who'd come to his property in the end. The world an' all were looking for it, as you may suppose, and they used to be sendin him presents of all sorts—ducks and geese, and chickens, and I don't know what besides; but faix, 'twas no great gains for 'em, for young as they wor, they died one after another, and others took their places, and died too, and old Mihil still lived on.—Well, 'tis a long line, after all, that has no end to it, and so old Mihil's day come at last. Runnen out one mornen to catch a boy that was trespassen on his ground, he struck his toe against a stone; a little black spot came upon it, but Mihil thought nothing of it; the black spot spread day after day, and the neighbors told him to send for the docther, 'but,' sez Mihil, 'I never tuck any of their drugs in my born days, and why should I pizen myself with 'em at the last? besides,' sez he, 'they'd be chargen me so, 'twould be amost the ruin of me.' Another week passed on in this way, and the blackness was half up the leg, and indeed 'twas easy known, 'twas for his end it come; for his face, that was as red as a rose, got as white as paper, and he gev up eating entirely; but he'd drink the river dry, the Lord preserve us, if he had it near him. Well, the news accordingly went abroad everywhere, that Mihil was dyin, and sitch a gathering as there was immediately of all the people, far and near, that could claim any relationship with him, that, faix, you could hardly get in or out of the doore, for the crowd that was about him. There was only one man of all belonging to him who kept away, and that was Davy Burke, a poor carpenter, who was liven near the village; but Davy himself made his appearance on the last day too, more be accident housomer, than be any thoughts he had of gainin be it. He happened on that day to be busy at a coffin just before his own doore, when he sees Morris Mornen, the pedlar, goen by. "God bless the work," sez Morris, nodden to him. "The same to you, Morris," says Davy;—"what news of Mihil this mornen?" "Given over be docthors, I hear, Davy; he'll be callen on you to take his measure before evenen, I'm thinken."

he wants." "Begannies then," sez Davy, stout enough, "the sooner ye all clear out of this, the aazier he'll be, poor man! I'm only come to get the maken of a coffin for him, and that's not what any of yes are looken for, I believe." "They all got ashamed of this, and they didn't say another word, but drew back, and made a lane for Davy; so in he went, and took a chair be the bed side. "Morrow, Mihil," says he; "I'm sorry to see you so poorly." "Thankee, Davy," says the old man. "I say I'm sorry, Mihil, because the longer time we get to repent of our sins in this world, I hope the better for us." "Thru for you, Davy," says Mihil. "We'd like to have somethen to say for ourselves, when we're sitten be the gate of hearen hereafter, and we hear the poor people tellen stories of us inside," continued Davy. "Oh! mavrone, why not?" sez the sick man. "We must all think of these things, Mihil, when our time comes, the Lord grant it to us! but if no one has worse to tell of you than I have, you'll not come off badly. You always gev me any little work you had, in regard of my large family." "And why not, Davy?" says Mihil again, "sure you were willing to work as chape for me as another." "Indeed, Mihil," says Davy, maken answer, "I never overcharge a stranger, let alone a blood relation; and as you're goen now—and goen, thanks to God, in a good ould ege—I thought, Mihil, you'd as live I had the maken of the coffin as another." "I'd be better plazed you had it, Davy, than any one else," says Mihil, not at all frightened or surprisid at him; "you were always reasonable." "That I mighten't, but I strive to be so any way," sez Davy again, "and I make it a rule to give the best of work; be the same token, I have some nice, clane, dale beards cut up this minute, planed and all, that if you'd see 'em, you'd like a most to be lven in!" "And what is it you'd charge for it, finished compleat?" says Mihil, turnen to him, quite calm. "Why then dales are high now, Mihil," answered Davy; "sixteen shillings would hardly save me in it." "Sixteen shillings, eroo! sixteen shillings, Davy?" "Iss, why not?" sez Davy, quietly. "Ould Mihil shook his head. "Well, sure you can make an offer, can't you?" cried Davy. "Eyeh! you're beyond any offer. Salvation to me if there's any raison at all in sitch chargen as that—sixteen shillings! Death alive man! I got as nice a coffin as I'd wish to put my foot in from Tim Nocten, for poor Kate, last Candlemas, and paid only nine and ninepence for it." "So you might, Mihil; but you'll allow there are coffins, and coffins. 'Tisn't sitch a one as I'd put you into he gev for the money! He made it, I'll be bail, of half-inch stuff, and it might have answered for Kate, maybe; but you're an ould friend of mine, Mihil, for whom I have a regard, and indeed it's long till I'd let you be nailed up in a card-box of that kind." "I'm obliged to you all the same, Davy," sez Mihil, "but indeed I couldn't afford so much as you charge; if you said nine and tenpence, or nine and elevenpence, maybe I'd dale with you." "Ove! ove! Mihil, you're runnen away with the business entirely; 'tisn't half price, hardly. Consider, you're not one of those dawney craythurs that one could put up in a soap box;—you're long, Mihil, and square about the chest; you'd take two good twelve feet dale boards amost, not to spake of nails, and the mounting." "I'll tell you what, Davy," sez Mihil, "I'd like to dale with you, if I could; say ten shillings, and 'tis a bargain." "Oh! murther! there's no dalein with you, Mihil; you were always a hard man; but if we can't agree itself, there's no harm done, I hope; and my advice to you, Mihil—my last advice 'ud be, to make up as well as you can, after you're gone, to those poor craythurs, that I'm afeered you thought too little of here. A good mornen, and a happy end to you, and that's the worst I wish you." And Davy shook hands with the sick man, and left him. "There was something like a tear standen in Mihil's eyes as he looked after Davy, and he was very quiet, saying nothing for a long while. At last, sez he, all of a sudden, out of a drame like. 'Wont't any of ye bring me the priest?' 'Twas the first time he asked for him since his illness begun, and the crowd about him were glad when they heard it, for they were tired of waiting for him to die day after day. Indeed he held out so long, that some of 'em begun to think he mightn't die at all; but now, when he called for the priest, they knew he was off, and two or three of them ran like mad for the clergy. As soon as he arrived at the house, he was shut up in the little room with Mihil for some time; there was

soon after a call for a pen and ink, and those outside were all in a grate taken to know what was goen on, for they knew by the ordherin' of the pen and ink, that Mihil was settlen his affairs.—The priest kem out after a good hour, and the crowd followed him to the doore, thriven to make out who had a chance of the money; but he left 'em just as wise as he found 'em. "Well, things went on as before, and towards evenen Mihil got worse and worse, and his skin cowlde. 'I'm amost gone, I believe,' sez he—for the oppression was getting heavier, and he could hardly get the words out, bekase of the hiccup constant on him—'I'm amost gone,' sez he, 'and I'd like to say one sintice to Davy Burke; sez he, 'before I die, if he's about anywhere.'—They all wondered when they heard this, and thicken it might be he was goen to have somethen to say, they med up their minds to prevent it, and so they told him he was gone home; but there was a friend of Davy's, one Jim Clary, standen by, and when he seen how they wor goen on, he started off himself in search of him. "Davy Burke—Davy eroo," cried Jim, as soon as he kem in sight of him, "hurry over to Mihil's as hard as your legs can carry you, or you're late for him in this world. He's callen for you this way, and he can't die in pace till he sees you. 'Bring me Davy Burke,' sez he, 'till I have one word with him.' Oh! my hand to you, Davy, you're the lucky man—'tis goen to lave you all his goold he is! And the Houalhans and Murphys, and O'Shaughnessys are all blazen mad wid him, and wanted not to let you know." "Maybe 'tis about the coffin he wants me," replied Davy, hesitatingly. "Eyeh! what coffin—what talks it is!" sez Jim, maken answer. "No; but a good hundred pounds it is, or more, maybe, he's goen to lave you; hurry off, man!" "When Davy heard this, his face brightened up, and he thought to himself the old man was repenten of cuttin him back of his due, and was intenden to lave him a legacy in earnest to make up matters, so off he started to Mihil's as hard as he could. "Well, why, as it happened, good raison he had to be in a hurry, for when he got in the doore Michael was amost speechless; his eyes were gotten a glaze on 'em, and he was mutteren somethin' to himself, all as one as he was ravin'—a fashion he had indeed for the last day or two when nobody was talken to him. But when he was roused up he was quite sensible again. "Erah! Mihil asthore, is it me you're callen?" sez Davy, stopen over him, and shaken him a little be the shoulder to make him hearken to him. "Mihil looked up staren at him, as if he didn't know him at all." "Tis Davy Burke, agra—don't you know him, your ould friend Davy," and Davy shook him again. "Iss, iss," says Mihil, looked about him, as if he was awakin' from a drame, "Davy is it?—whisper Davy," and the ould man tried to lift himself on his elbow; "a last word with you—I'll tell you—what I'll do, Davy—" "What is it, Mihil a weenoch," cried Davy, anxiously. "You're—you're—an—an—ould friend—Davy." "Don't mintion it, avourneen." "Eyeh! I'm gone—gone—entirely—this—this—hiccup—is kilen me—Davy; but—I'll tell you—what—I'll do." "Don't distress yourself, Mihil darlen," sez Davy, sobbin. "Eyeh! 'tis all over—how—how—how—how—I'll—I'll split the difference with you," wheezed out the ould man in a hoarse whisper, and his elbow droppin from under him—he was dead! "Murther!" sez Davy, cryen out as he saw him draw the breath, "'tis a wonder but I missed the bargain!" "Well, if you seen him, as I'm told, looking so astonished like, you'd laugh out though all belonging to you lay stretched on the table. Accordingly, there was great fun among the crowd at his disappointment, and he was leaving the house not a little vexed at their gibes and jokes, when in come the priest, and my hand to you their humor was soon althered. "Where are you goen, Davy Burke?" sez he. "Goen home only, plaze your reverence," sez Davy. "Well," sez the priest, "stay where you are for the present; for this house, and all within it, and a great deal of goold that's in the bank besides, are yours! Sit down, Davy, and give your directions for the funeral." "Ullaloo—sitch a scream as there was from all of them, when they heard this, and the most of 'em cried out agin it, and said it couldn't be; but the clergyman took the will out of his pocket, and read it for 'em, and sure there 'twas plain enough to every one, that Mihil Doolen left all his fortune to the man he differed with about the price of his coffin!"

REV. DR. CAHILL ON FRANCE EXPELLING THE ENGLISH BIBLE SOCIETIES FROM HER TERRITORY. (From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.) This happy consummation has at length arrived. And there can be no doubt that this decision of France will be heard with pleasure by every man of social progress and moral feeling in Europe. The old, hacknied, loathsome story of righteousness, bibles, tracts, and lies, will soon be brought to a close all over the world; and men of all classes being freed from the sectarian rancor which has disturbed society since the year 1815, will settle down into religious peace and Christian toleration. In the next century mankind can with difficulty be made to believe either the falsehood or the malignity, or the expenditure of these British associations. In these three items of their official character, they have exceeded in extravagance any idea which even exaggerated fancy could have invented. The learning of their scholars, the influence of their nobility, the power of the laws, the terrors of the landlord, the fanaticism of the pulpit were all enlisted in this proselytizing crusade. The tragedian, the Comedian, the painter, the sculptor, the tourist, the pamphleteer, the historian, all lent their aid to advance this huge scheme against Catholicity; while the Imperial press, as a mighty furnace, forged daily its multiform, multitudinous lies, and scattered them with malignant zeal over the minds and the hearts of the entire population. The two houses of parliament, the cabinet ministers, the foreign ambassadors, added the sanction of the whole State to this universal movement, and impressed this simultaneous combination, as it were, with an omnipotent power. The record of all past history present no other instance of such apparently invincible opposition to the church; and when there is superadded to this finished machinery, the enormous annual voluntary revenue collected in England of upwards of five millions of pounds sterling, the whole case will be read by coming ages, and unborn generations, as the largest, the mightiest and the most prodigious work, which, since the publication of Christianity, has been ever executed by the united energy and laborious perseverance of money and men for the suppression of the Catholic faith. This great plan, or as posterity will assuredly call it, this huge swindle is at this moment a total failure in every part of the world where its defeated agents are to be found; and this fact will add an imperishable value to the universally received axiom—namely, that in the presence of the glowing enlightenment of modern civilization, and of gospel truth, falsehood in faith, sustained by the most alluring testimony and immeasurable resources, can never finally and eventually prevail over the human mind. During the career of these associations they put forth two stereotyped falsehoods; and although these falsehoods were constantly contradicted, they still persevered in their unceasing publication till the universal cry of shame, and the feeling of loathsome disgust branded their hired agents in Ireland with every epithet which scorn and horror could invent and utter. These two falsehoods cannot be published too often for the information of the Catholics of foreign countries, and for the consolation of the hundreds of thousands of exiled Irish, banished from the country by the persecution of these unholy societies, to seek amongst the stranger in a foreign land the protection which they were denied at home. The first of these two sickening, eternal lies is the old, unceasing story, that "the Catholics are not permitted to read the Scriptures." This is the great lie which is the very basis of all Bible Societies; this is the excuse, the pretext of their organization and their existence. And although the Catholic writers contradict this stereotyped fabrication, by quoting the approbation of Popes, Cardinals, Councils, and all the Irish bishops, not only giving permission to read the Scriptures, but even encouraging the public to make them their daily study, with the proper dispositions, yet the old lie appears the following morning on all the walls of the city. And, again, although we point out the names of all the Catholic booksellers who sell the Bible; and although we copy the bills of sale in their houses, where tens of thousand volumes of the Testament are sold to Catholics, still the old, loathsome, eternal lie is told at all the Biblical meetings, as if it had never been contradicted. And so perfectly filled, saturated and indoctrinated are the minds of the Protestant youth (otherwise so generous, so honorable, so truthful) with this unceasingly repeated falsehood that they implicitly believe the Biblesmen, and refuse to credit the Catholic on his solemn word of honor, or even on his oath.—This lie has within late years assumed the character of something like witchcraft: the mind is bewitched by it: Protestant can't shake it off. And they meet us, and salute us, and speak to us, and dine with us, and listen to us, and believe us in every thing except in this one fatal bewitchment, from which they cannot rid themselves.—