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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 MUNSTER FESTIVALS," ETC.
THE TENTH JURYMANS TALE.
(CONTINUED.)
ANTRIM JACK, AND HIS GENERAL.

"I say the tale, as 'twas said to me,"
Scott.

On the very morning after the above mentioned affair at the little bridge, O'Dwyer appeared early in the field with a band of adherents that looked fresh and hale; and more numerous than ever. The military, too, had turned out that morning with a number of picked men, swift of foot, and lightly equipped, a precaution their experience in pursuit in this kind of warfare had long shown them the necessity of. The disappointment of the night before only increased their eagerness for the coming contest, and the sight of their audacious and successful foe gave them a keen longing to be at odds with him, arm to arm again. After a sharp conflict, in which the rebels fought with that wild and impetuous daring which sometimes distinguished them, they were completely routed, and obliged to fly in detached parties through the rocky passes of the country. The experience of the military had taught them not to look upon this as a victory, and accordingly they entered on the pursuit with all the energy that willing minds and hardy limbs, enabled them to muster. After very severe and prolonged exertion, however, they were obliged to give in without obtaining much additional advantage. The rebel general, with a few of his adherents, among whom either in success or failure, Antrim Jack might be always numbered, having far outstripped them, reached a half ruined cabin at the skirts of a wood where he determined to pass the night which was already falling.

In the course of this pursuit, O'Dwyer, while the soldiers were close behind, looked back and thought he perceived distinct signs of a communication between Farrell and one of them. As he had observed a little jealousy, on the part of Farrell towards Antrim Jack, he did not wish to give him the additional mortification of being removed in his presence, and therefore sent the latter out, on some pretext, before he called him up to make inquiry about it. He thought this step the more necessary, as he had observed that Farrell's disposition was proud and passionate, and exhibited a good deal of cunning and craft, together with a large share also, of that shallowness of mind that so commonly attends it, qualities of mind that would make such a mortification more galling.

"Farrell," said he, "what signs were those I saw pass between you and the soldier to day?"
"What soldier?" said Farrell.
"The fellow that was next behind you."
"When?" said Farrell.
"In the beginning of the chase, when the were close to us, as we came through the Scalp."
"Oh, nothing, sir," said Farrell.
"Come, come," said O'Dwyer, "that fellow said something to you, tell me what was it?"
"A pinch of snuff he wanted," said Farrell.
"A pinch of snuff?" said O'Dwyer with surprise.
"Yes," said Farrell.
"Do you tell me that the fellow asked you for a pinch of snuff?"
"Yes," said Farrell.
"No one," said O'Dwyer.
"Talks, it's true," said Farrell, "sure you don't think it's a foolish thing?"
"I'm quite sure of it," said O'Dwyer.

"Egad then you needn't," said Farrell.
"Well," said O'Dwyer, "you're a pleasant fellow. The king's troops chase you for half the length of a day, and seek your life with might and main. You do your utmost to preserve it by flight, and in the very height of this pursuit, and when you are the hardest pressed, the fellow who is nearest to you is unreasonable enough to expect you will oblige him with a pinch of snuff! Do you want me to believe you, man?" he said, as the picture stared him in all its absurdity.
"I do," said Farrell, "that's what he wanted."
O'Dwyer paused, and then after some moments said:
"And when he asked you for the pinch of snuff, what did you say to him?"
"I told him I wouldn't," said Farrell, nor as much as would make a bee sneeze."
"Well," said O'Dwyer, smiling, "you were true to your colours at any rate."
"What?" said Farrell.
"I say," said O'Dwyer, with more distinctness, "you did not desert your colours, you refused him the pinch of snuff."
Farrell coloured slightly as his commander said this, and there was a pause for some moments.
"Tell me, Farrell," said O'Dwyer, after looking into his face for some time, with a glance that few, even of the guilty could withstand, "did he offer you any thing in return for the pinch of snuff?"
Farrell coloured again slightly, and said he did not.
"Well, this was still more unreasonable, when a man asks a pinch of snuff of a person, he has no right to expect it from one who would think he'd feel himself bound to give something in return. And did he promise you nothing?" said O'Dwyer, continuing his searching glance.
Farrell was silent.
O'Dwyer paused for some time. "Well, Farrell," he said at length in an altered tone; "all I wish to say to you at present is, be cautious how you hold any communication with these soldiers. Be on your guard I warn you. I have some reason to know what the pinch of snuff that that fellow asked you for; it is a kind of snuff that has made these poor soldiers sneeze more than once, and may perhaps make them do so again; you may go." Farrell was about to offer something in explanation, but was stopped by O'Dwyer, who saw there was no probability of obtaining any further acknowledgement from him. The circumstance was suspicious to say the least of it, but O'Dwyer, who always depended much upon his own personal exertion thought it unnecessary to take any further step than to watch him closely, and keep him as much as possible about his own person.

Farrell was evidently dissatisfied at the manner in which he came out of this examination. The bantering form in which O'Dwyer put his question, and the altered and serious tones with which he concluded, perplexed him not a little. He remained long moody, sullen, and silent, and it was only some time after O'Dwyer went out in the moonlight to take his customary glance from some elevated spot, before raising to his hardy couch on the earthen floor, that he could bring himself to take part in a conversation that occurred among the men on their present condition and prospects, which the harassing nature of the day's duty made a natural topic.

"I never was more in humour for a sleep in all my life, than I am after the day's run," said one of them as he lay down and stretched himself across the place the fire had lately occupied. "Egad this place is desperately hot after the fire. I suppose some of us will be taught to dance a new step in the air, to military music—others will meet with as good luck as Ned Sheehy of Dromin."
"What happened him?"
"Why, he was known for a notorious night-walker, and like our general here, they were looking for him night and day, for months, and could never catch him. At last they put a few lines in the paper to say, that if the nearest relation of the late Jerry Sheehy, (a cousin of his that was at sea, and wasn't dead at all, at all,) would come to some office in Dublin, he'd hear of something to his advantage. Poor Ned was always very covetous for money, so he went there, and they pinned him. When he axed 'em what he had to learn to his advantage, they told him he ought to have been hanged long ago, but they'd only transport him for life."
"Well, I don't think they kept terms with him," said the inquirer.
"Why so?"
"Because I'd rather be hanged, than be transported for life. I don't think he heard anything to his advantage."
So Ned thought too; first he wanted them to hang him—at least he wanted to have a toss up with them—head or tail whether it should be double or quit hanging or nothing; but they would not agree to it, and so Ned abused them, and called them cowards, and they parted. He went to Botany Bay, poor fellow, and they went about more tricks of the same kind.

"And which would you prefer, Will?" said Farrell to the last speaker, "hanging or transportation."
"Egad, I don't know," replied the other, "I never gave my mind much to the matter—I wouldn't like either of them. Why do you ask?"
"Because," said Farrell, "I have no fancy myself for either one or the other whatever Antrim Jack may do. I'll be off to-morrow."
"I never doubted you," said Jack; "I never saw you but throwing cold water on everything we have in hand."
"Why, what do you expect?" said Farrell. Do you ever expect to have the comfort of dying in your bed?"
Whether from any previous contemplation, or from whatever cause, it would seem as if this question had lighted on Jack's mind with a more serious feeling, than any such inquiry could be expected to produce on a character such as his. He paused for some time, and then, with a countenance and tone that betrayed a deeply altered state of thought and feeling he said:
"I wouldn't care much, whether I did or not; if it wasn't for those I'd leave after me."
"Who would you leave after you?" said Farrell, in his customary tone of raillery.
"I know what you mean by your question," said Jack, in a melancholy tone; "you mean the general,

and all I have to tell you is, and I don't care who knows it, that whatever end the general comes to Jack will come to the same, and at the same time. If he's shot or taken, you'll find me somewhere near him. If it wasn't for him, I'd think but little of death. I know," he continued, with an expression of feeling his voice seldom assumed, "I know it is a comfort, to die in one's bed. I was near it once, and I often thought since, when I had a narrow escape of being shot, or speared, or hanged, and it came into my mind afterwards, to think of death in different ways, which it seldom does. I often thought that a man can have no comfort so great as to die in his bed with his friend sitting near him. For all this, I tell you I would not value it much, but for what I mentioned, and as you asked me the question, Terr," he said, with earnestness, "I'll tell you what I hope and trust, with God's blessing—I hope and trust, and I have every hope of dying in my bed. I hope we'll all live long and happy and that we'll all die in our beds."

Jack had seldom, indeed, scarcely ever made so long a speech before, and it was with some surprise that the men heard him avow himself under the influence of a feeling, which certainly his conduct would never have indicated the existence of. The hope with which he concluded—so deeply felt—so earnestly expressed—was doomed to be grievously disappointed.

The candid avowal of his strong attachment to O'Dwyer, was not sufficient to protect him from Farrell's ridicule, and it was probably this circumstance that made the raillery of this evening fall more sharply upon his nerves than anything of the kind had ever done before. He became extremely irritated. His eyes flashed, and flew with incessant activity from one object to another—first he endeavoured to beat Farrell at his own weapons, but the complete coolness of the latter entirely disconcerted him. At length he lost all control, and seizing a rugged faggot that lay near, dashed it at him with such a sudden and dexterous aim that notwithstanding an equally sudden motion of avoidance, it came upon his side with so much violence as at once to take away his breath, and destroy utterly the equanimity with which he had hitherto proceeded. Farrell was now roused in his turn, and snatching up the knotted weapon with which he had been assailed, proceeded to inflict summary chastisement. A scuffle ensued, attended with so much noise, that it reached O'Dwyer's ears, who entered the cabin with a face of much anxiety. He separated the combatants before Farrell had effected his purpose, and with some severity of manner, inquired into the cause of the dispute.

After much questioning, however, he could not obtain a satisfactory account.

"Who began this?" he asked at length, angrily.
"Farrell, I saw you attacking Jack; what was that about?"
"When he hit me a blow 't that foot," said Farrell, "that would kill a horse."
"Jack, what did you hit him for?" said O'Dwyer.
"When he wouldn't let me alone, said Jack; 'he's for ever gibin' at me."
"What right have you to hit me?" said Farrell.
"Wasn't that a purty instrument to hit a man with?" said he, furiously, holding up the root towards O'Dwyer.
"Dear knows 'twouldn't hurt a chicken what I done to him," said Jack.
"For heaven's sake, what was all this about?" said O'Dwyer, with impatience. "Neville, you were looking on and can tell. How did it begin?"
"Indeed," said Neville, "wasn't worth a bean what was between them; 'twas a foolish falling out between friends—Terr there, was taken 'fun out o' Jack—Jack didn't like it, and gave him a touch 't that instrument, as Farrell called it, in the side—Terr took offence at that then, and thought to have his revenge, and so they tangled in one another as you found 'em when you come in, and—"
"He's for ever at me," said Jack, "and I often told him to let me alone."
O'Dwyer was greatly irritated. "Farrell," said he, "what do you mean by all this?—you're the most worthless fellow I ever met. This morning I wanted you to catch that fellow they sent into town with letters, and you came back without him. Then you tell me a lying story about a soldier asking you for a pinch of snuff, when I well know what he wanted; and now when our dangers are run to the very highest, you raise a quarrel and make a noise that may bring the military upon us, who I find are not three hundred yards off. I wish to heaven," said he, vehemently, "I never had anything to do with you."
"What more can a man do than his best?" said Farrell.
"You could have told the truth," said O'Dwyer, "you didn't do that."
"I did," said Farrell, sullenly.
"You did not," said O'Dwyer; "and you know you did not. I do not believe one word of what you told me about that soldier."
"Well," said Farrell, sulkily, "if you don't like me, can't you get others to do your business?"
"If I had got others to do it," said O'Dwyer, much irritated, "when I gave it to you, they would not have failed. I'm heartily sorry 'twasn't Jack I sent."
"Oh, ay," said Farrell, insolently; "Jack is the great man with you, there's Jack there. That I mightn't care, but I'll be even with Jack."
"How dare you," said O'Dwyer, enraged, "have the insolence to say such a thing in my presence. How do you dare to let me hear such words from you?—look! Farrell," he continued, more calmly; "I warn you now in time, if I find you injure a hair of Jack's head I tell you, you'll repent it."
Here Jack pulled O'Dwyer by the coat, and whispered him something apparently with the view of moderating his anger.

"I don't care a pin," said O'Dwyer; "what right had he to go on with his nonsense and raise this row in the difficulties we are hourly brought into by these soldiers?" Farrell, he continued, "I have no hesitation in telling you, I'm not satisfied with you, and that we must part."
"I'm satisfied," said Farrell, rising in a rage, "and the sooner the better. I'll leave you this instant."
"No," said O'Dwyer, "not to night, you'll stay here to-night, when the morning comes, you may go off as early as you please."

"I'll be off this moment," said Farrell, in a paroxysm of anger. "I'll not stop here for any man living."
"Take care my good fellow," said O'Dwyer, in a firm and determined manner, "how you dispute my orders! you know my trials are short, and my justice sudden; sit down, I advise you, and take care how you dispute my orders."
Farrell knew O'Dwyer's manner, when he was determined to be obeyed, and he had seen more than once the consequences of disobeying him. He sat down in a moody passion, and passed the evening in sullen silence. O'Dwyer went out once again, to make his last dispositions for the night. He sent the men each to a different lurking place, set Neville on guard outside the cabin, and lay down on the floor, a great coat flung over him, with Farrell at his feet, and Antrim Jack as usual by his side.

The slumbers of that night were, probably, deeper than usual, for it was only after having been repeated two or three times, that the low whispers of Jack caught O'Dwyer's attention, when he asked him if he heard any noise.

"No," said he, "I did not; Farrell get up, and see if it is day. Do you hear me, Farrell?"
There was no answer from Farrell, after repeated calls.

"Terr," said Jack in a low voice, "don't you hear the General calling you—Terr again—Terr—how sleepy you are, man—Terr, I say!"
But there was still no answer; and after groping about in the dark for some time, they became satisfied that he was not in the cabin.

"How could he have got out?" said O'Dwyer; "surely I fastened the door, so that it could not open."
"It did not, either," said Jack.
"Then how could he have got out?"
After some further search they discovered an opening in the wall, into which a large stone had been dragged, that was recently displaced. Through the opening, they became convinced that Farrell had passed.

"The treacherous villain," said O'Dwyer. "I knew by his black look last night, that he had something in his mind."
"But how could he get out unknown to us?" said Jack, "and through so small a hole, too? I never thought Farrell was so handy."
"Oh, the rogue—some of my training—but if I catch him, I'll be even with him. We must be off out of this presently—run out and call Neville. I wonder how that scamp could escape unknown to him."
Jack was about to open the door, when looking through a slit in it, he suddenly ran back to O'Dwyer, and said with a hurried utterance, but in a low voice—
"Oh, General—the soldiers! we're pinned!"
"Where?" said O'Dwyer.
"Just inside—round about the house!"
"Ha!—so 'tis late already—but what's become of Neville?"—"Let's see."
The day had just broke, and O'Dwyer on looking out beheld his poor sentinel a captive, and in forgetfulness of his condition, looking towards the door with a countenance of wretched sympathy. He directed Jack's attention towards him, who gazed at him for some time, and appeared to be touched by the expression of concern he saw in his face. "Poor fellow!" said he. "It is like him."
Neville's look of generous distress was not without cause. He had heard the party, which consisted of about thirty men, under the command of a non-commissioned officer, discussing the manner in which O'Dwyer was to be drawn out of his present position, as they all knew an attempt to do so by open force would be dangerous and bloody, if not entirely unsuccessful; some of the hardest among them were for adopting this course, and breaking in the door boldly on him, but the more timid encouraged the cowardly and savage proposition of setting fire to the building and compelling him to leave it or die there. This proposal was urged and discussed in the midst of much brutal levity, on the part of the soldiery, who could not conceal their satisfaction at having their enemy at length in their power, and it was with extreme anguish that Neville saw it at length universally agreed upon.

It was determined, however, first to try if he would surrender peaceably, and one of the party approached the door with orders from the sergeant to call upon him "to lay down his arms and submit." The sharp voice and rapid utterance of Antrim Jack was heard presently in reply.

"It's what the General bid me tell ye, said he, 'if ye wanted the arms, to come in he says and take 'em."
"Well, said master spokesman," said one of the soldiers, "perhaps we'd find a means of bringing down your high note, though, and coaxing ye out o' that,—you and your General, as you call him. Do you know how to catch rabbits?"
"Eh?" said Jack.
"Do you know how to catch rabbits, I say?"
"I believe it's funnin' me you are—what would I know about them?"
"Oh, you don't know, then?"
"No, I don't," said Jack—"I have something else to do."
"Oh, well, I'll teach you. You smoke them out of the holes, when you can't get them to come out otherwise. Do you see?"
"Oh yes," said Jack, drily, "when your ferrets get cowardly, and are afraid to follow them."
"Very good, my boy—very good, we'll find ferrets that will match you, though, I promise you—indeed we will!"
O'Dwyer soon became aware of their savage purpose. Thick wreaths of smoke began to enter the dwelling, and rise to the top from the four corners at once. After an examination, which showed him that the house was completely invested, he made as good a preparation as he could, with Jack's assistance, for resisting any attempt upon the door. More than once, indeed, he began to consider, whether it would not be better to stake all upon a determined sally, and a vigorous attempt to cut through his foes; but the chance of success in this seemed so slight, that he determined not to put it in practice just then. He therefore warned Jack of his designs, and waited by the door until some accident of fortune should make this course appear more feasible, or until they should be otherwise driven to adopt it.

"This easy to see," said he; "there isn't an officer,

among them. You never see these things done in the presence of a gentleman. Ho! look at Farrell! look at the wretch!"
Jack looked through the broken door and beheld his late, but faithless associate. He was standing among the soldiery, who having no further occasion for his services, jostled him about heedlessly, while they indulged in the rude jests their present triumph inspired. His fit of passion had done its worst and was entirely gone, and as he sometimes looked towards the door, O'Dwyer was able to perceive the ghastly and wretched attempts at levity, with which he joined in their jokes, and endeavoured to crush the feeling that followed, for even he, false as he played him, was not without a certain attachment for his master. This remorseful feeling was rendered more keen by the contemptuous neglect of those around him, and by the dreadful destiny to which he saw his brave and affectionate commander now consigned.

"Jack," said O'Dwyer, in a low voice, "mind the door, and watch close. If the least opening occurs at any point, be ready in an instant to cut through them."
Jack's attention seemed absorbed by Farrell, and his answer was not to the purpose. "General," he asked after a pause, "isn't it a horrid thing to see him trying to laugh that way?"
The flames soon raged with extreme fierceness, and rose from the building in a lofty pyramid of intense light, which in the grey of the morning twilight cast a strange glare over the green of the trees around, while all looked on with the dead silence of feverish and anxious expectation. Every thing now tended to the consummation of their wishes. This was evidently the concluding scene, and they were determined not to be tricked again—their enemy was at last within their grasp, and they looked forward to the closing act of this dreadful drama, with the deep set and dire appetite of hungering vengeance, about to be fully satiated. Hopeless—utterly hopeless beyond all previous times, as his situation now appeared to be, no expedient that the united thought of many could suggest, as likely to be adopted by him in this, his last extremity, was left unprovided for; and even the wild idea, that he might ascend through the column of flame, and dense white smoke that arose from the crackling rafters of the ruined building, was not deemed too extravagant for his matchless daring. A number of men were placed at short distances round the house, who stood in an attitude with their pieces ready cocked and half presented; but by far the greater portion of them arranged themselves in a semicircle round the door, where a sortie was expected, the nature of which they could well imagine, and which they prepared to meet with the decision befitting such an attempt.

Meanwhile the sufferings of O'Dwyer and his companions were almost beyond endurance. They had a plain view of the enemy, whose designs they could easily understand, and who was posted outside at a deadly advantage. The conflagration had now reached its full strength, and besides what they suffered from the tormenting fire which raged a few feet above, and poured down its rays with intolerable fury upon them, they could only find as much breath as would support existence, by lying along the floor, where the smoke and suffocating vapours were less dense—but even this, they were unable to continue long, for the black and sooty substance, that lined the inside of the roof, fell like burning pitch upon their persons and setting their clothes on fire, dreadfully to their torture. They in some degree sheltered themselves from this fiery shower, by placing a small deal table that lay in the house, in the middle of the floor, and creeping under it—but this, like the rest of the building was soon wrapped in flames, O'Dwyer had watched in vain for some moment, when the vigilance of the soldiery might give them an opportunity of better in their condition, by a determined sally; but after some time he gave up all hope of any such occasion presenting itself. It became evident indeed, that the moment that was to decide their fate, was fast approaching—for the last few moments they lay with their faces to the earth, in silent suffering, but they now began to meditate on the necessity of bringing matters at once to a conclusion.

When at length O'Dwyer laid his hand on Jack's shoulder to warn him of the necessity of this, and give him his latest instructions, he found him to his surprise in tears.

"Jack!" said he—"for shame!—what ails you?"
"General," said Jack, looking at him affectionately, his eyes swimming in tears: "This all up with us."
"Well," said O'Dwyer, "and suppose so—let us meet it like men—why, Jack! I'm surprised at you!"
"Oh," said Jack, "wiping the tears from his eyes with his thin and skinny fingers—'sure you don't think 'tis for myself I'm this way. No—but it goes to my heart to think that you—that you should fall into the hands of these fellows."
"My poor fellow!" said O'Dwyer, very much moved—"I'm very much obliged to you, but you know we must make up our minds to these things when they come; others have borne them in their time, and so will we."
"Oh ay," said Jack, "if it was myself only, I'd be satisfied."
He laid his face to the earth again, and O'Dwyer perceiving the extravagance of his grief, tried to console him.

"Jack," he said, "this is ridiculous, I never expected with any confidence to die a natural death, therefore you must not think I make much of this; you have often heard me say that any bully may brave the appearance of death, but it is a man of true spirit only that will face its reality. I would be quite unworthy of your kind feeling for me if such speeches were false and hollow, and made but for some occasion. No—whatever pains I may have taken to preserve my life, I was always ready to meet death if it came—say a prayer like a good fellow, and think no more about me."
Jack replied only by a low moan, and O'Dwyer continued—
"We must start from this place presently," he said; "and remember, if we are to be taken we must be taken dead; and death—give me your hand."
Jack did not seem to attend to this speech, but it was scarcely ended, when he suddenly caught