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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 TWELFTH JURYMAN'S TALE. SIR DOWLING O'HARTIGAN.

"Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day, When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array; For the field of the dead rushes red on my sight And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight." LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

(Continued from our last.) About an hour before midnight, Sir Dowling, throwing his war-cloak around him, advanced to the rendezvous, where they found old Nora already expecting him, with an air of deeper anxiety and apprehension than she had shown the night before. "Are you resolved, Sir Dowling," she said, "to join the standard of O'Brien at Clontarf?" "Is my Prince to be there?" said Sir Dowling, "and shall I not be there?" "Beware." "Of what?" "Of passing the field last evening, and the colour of death was upon the sod." "The Men of the Cold Hills, mother, shall make that vision good." "Beware!" said the old woman again, elevating her finger with a warning look—"Death reaps his harvest without regard to the quality of the grain—the weed and the wheat together fall beneath his sickle. He is a blast that blows its poison indiscriminately upon all that is fair and all that is hideous on the earth—the tender floweret of the spring that fatns and shrinks, and fades beneath a wind too chill—and the marble rock that accumulates its bulk for ages, and when its date is reached, rots away after atom into the embrace of the grim destroyer, are both alike his victims. The ape that gibbers on the bough, and the eagle that meditates beneath the shade—the coward that skulks behind a fence, and the warrior that braves him in the daylight—the eagle in the plains of air and the wren, upon the summer spray—the lion in the bosom of the woods, and the hare that glides in the moonlight—the leviathan within the caves of the ocean, and the starfish, spangling the wave upon its surface; may even the very elements that feed those million shades and rich varieties of life, are all subjected to, and must at some time feel his power. In the deepest shades, in the heart of the densest substances, there is no escaping that pervading principle ruin. His wings overshadow the universe, and his breath penetrates to the centre. The tears of the forlorn and the bereaved—the sigh of the widow and orphan move him not—he has no capability of relenting—to him the Loch Lannoch and the children of the Dal Gais are alike." "Whatever be my fate," said Sir Dowling, "I will never leave a tarnished reputation after me. The war-cry of the Strong Hand shall never find Sir Dowling slow to second it. But tell me if those fatal indications which look on you from the future point direction at my life, or at that of my prince." "I can only answer for your own," said the hag; "and I cannot even guess at your fate without your own assistance. Go to the top of yonder hill, and tell me what you see." Sir Dowling O'Hartigan obeyed, and in a short time returned to the place where he had left the old woman. "I have seen," said he, "a woman clothed in white, and with golden ornaments upon her neck and shoulders." "The sign is fatal," said the old woman, shaking her head—"go again, and go to the other side of the hill." Again he went—and again he came. "I have seen," said he, "a woman clothed in white, and wearing silver ornaments." "More fatal yet," exclaimed the hag, with a still more ominous shake of the head—"go yet once more, and take the western side of the ascent." A third time Sir Dowling went, and a third time did Sir Dowling O'Hartigan return. "I have seen," said he, "a woman clothed in black, and wearing no ornament whatever." "It is completed then," said the woman: "and your fate, if you should join the fight at Clontarf, is fixed beyond all doubt. You die upon the field." "I know not how that may be," answered the Knight, "but I am sure I shall be with my prince, wherever he is." "Abstain from the field, Sir Dowling," said the woman, looking on him with much earnestness: "I was present when you received in your boyhood the order of knighthood. The wicker shield was hung up in the centre of the field, and you were provided with your lance. I saw you shiver shaft after shaft, from blade to hilt, while the plains rang with acclamations, and the ancient warriors tossed their heads in wonder at the vigour of so young an arm. From that day to this I ever loved your welfare, and I pray you now consult it by remaining from the field of Clontarf." Sir Dowling, however, would by no means listen to her dishonourable, though friendly solicitations. He became so impatient of those unworthy suggestions, that he turned his back, at length, and was about to depart in considerable wrath—"Stay, Sir Dowling!" exclaimed the witch; "although I cannot change the nature of the prophecy, I will do my utmost to prolong your life. Take this cloak—it has the power of rendering those who wear it invisible to the eyes of others. If it cannot avert the fate that threatens you, it may at least retard the term of its approach. But above all things, I warn you, let nothing ever induce you to resign the cloak until the fight is at end; if you do, you are lost." So saying, and flinging the fleeced upon him, she hobbled off, without waiting for thanks, and took the way towards Westmeath to recover her lost lake, and to harangue the borrower about her want of punctuality. "It might be pardoned," she muttered to herself as she moved along, "if there were no other lake in the county Westmeath but one, although even then the best that could be said of them is that they come by it shabbily enough—but when they have Lough Iron, and Lough Oweel, and Lough Devereragh, and Lough Lane, and a good piece of Lough Ree!—It is scandalous and unneighbourly, and I will not submit to it. I'm sure it is we that ought to be borrowing lakes out of Westmeath, and not they out of Galway." Sir Dowling, in the meantime, returned. Desirous to ascertain whether old Nora's cloak did in reality possess the wonderful virtue which she ascribed to it, he paused at a little distance from the first sentinels, and fastened it about his neck. To his astonishment, he passed all the guards successively, without receiving a single challenge, and reached his own quarters unobserved. Here he found Duach lying half asleep by the watch-fire, which had been lighted for Sir Dowling's use.—Knowing his daltin to be one of those persons who are sensible of scarcely any fear, except that which is referred to a supernatural object, he determined to put the power of the cloak to a still surer test. "Duach!" exclaimed Sir Dowling, "Duach, awake!" The daltin started up, and gazed around. "Duach!" continued the knight, "here, take my cloak and lan, and watch while I lie down and take a few hours' sleep." "Mercy on me!" exclaimed the daltin, trembling. "Do you hear me, sirrah? Have you lost your wits?" "Tis the master's voice!" said Duach, rubbing his eyes, and looking around on all sides; "but where in the earthly universe is he?" "Where am I, rogue? Do you not see me standing close to you?" "Well," cried Duach, "I never was in trouble till now." At these words, Sir Dowling struck him pretty smartly over the shoulders with his sheathed sword. "If you do not see me, you shall feel me, sirrah," said the knight. At this unexpected assault, Duach, with a yell that might have been heard across the Shannon, turned short, and would have fled the camp, had not Sir Dowling seized him by the skirt of his saffron coat, and held him firm. At the same time he undid the tie which made the mantle fast about his own neck, and stood visibly before the astonished daltin. "Well!" exclaimed the latter, "I often heard of wonders, but if this doesn't flog all Munster—it's no matter. Where in Europe were you, master? or where do you come from? or is it to drop out of the sky you did, or to rise out of the ground, or what?" Nothing could exceed the amazement with which Duach heard his master relate the interview which he had with the old woman, and the extraordinary virtue of the cloak which she had lent him. "I'll tell you what it is, Sir Dowling," said the daltin, "I don't count it sufficient trial that the guards and myself couldn't see you, for people have often thick sight, and especially at night, that way; but wait till morning, and the first shelling we pass where we'll see any pigs, you can put it on. They say pigs can see the very wind itself, so if they don't see you, you may depend your life upon the cloak." Sir Dowling did not appear to think this test essential to his purpose, and, on the following morning, he set forward, accompanied by his force, to join the standard of the Ard-Righ. That monarch and his son, to whom he had deputed the command of the royal army on this occasion, were already on the field of battle when Sir Dowling O'Hartigan arrived. Many circumstances combine to give a strong and lasting interest to this brilliant day in Ireland's clouded story. King Brian, who was seventy-six years of age when he ascended the throne,

had, in the course of twelve years ensuing, raised the condition of the island to a state of almost unexampled prosperity, and acquired for himself the character of a saint, a hero, and a sage. His reign bears a closer resemblance to that of the French St. Louis, or the English Alfred, than that of any other Irish monarch whom we can call to mind. Devoted, himself, to the cultivation of letters and the practice of religion, he encouraged both, by every means which the prerogative of his station could afford.—He founded many churches, and added his influence to that of the clergy, in promoting a love of piety and virtue. He conciliated the friendship of the independent princes throughout the island by confirming their ancient privileges, and aiding them in the enforcement of their authority. The success with which his efforts to establish national peace and harmony were attended, has been celebrated in a legend with which all are familiar who have read the Irish melodies; and whatever be the truth of the story, it bears testimony at least to the reputation of the monarch by his subjects and their prosperity. At the close of his reign, however, he had the affliction to combat with internal treachery and foreign invasion. The annalists tell us, that Malmorda, the Righ, or inferior monarch of Leinster, aided by twelve thousand Danes, whom he had called in to aid him in his rebellious enterprise, arose in arms against his sovereign. The aged monarch was prompt in taking the field against the traitor and his foreign allies, nor were his subjects slow to second him. The field, when Sir Dowling entered it, presented a striking and animated spectacle. The Irish archers and slingers, with their small Scythian bows and krantals—the gallowglach heavily armed, with genn and battle-axe, and the shoals of ke-rne, distinguished by the lancing cap, the ready skene at the girdle, and javelin in the hand, were arrayed between the royal tents and the rebel force. Amongst these last the island costume was shamefully mingled with the chain armour of the invaders, and the Irish poll-axe advanced in the same cause with the ponderous northern spathe, which had so often drank the blood of the helpless and unresisting in their towns and villages. Middled of old Nora's warning, Sir Dowling O'Hartigan committed his men to the command of an inferior officer, and fastening the cloak around his neck, passed, unobserved, to that part of the field where Prince Murrough O'Brian was in the act of persuading his age-stricken parent, the venerable Priam of the day, to retire from a scene in which he could no longer afford assistance, and to await in his tent the issue of the combat. The monarch at length complied, and bidding an affectionate farewell to his children of two generations, who were about to risk all for his crown and people, slowly retired from the field; and at the same instant Sir Dowling had the mortification to hear the prince give utterance to an exclamation of disappointment and surprise at his non-appearance. "It is the first time," said Prince Murrough, "that I ever knew Sir Dowling O'Hartigan untrue to his engagement." The knight had much difficulty in restraining himself from flinging away the cloak and removing the unconsciousness of his prince, but the warning of Nora, and the fear that in the eagerness to manifest his loyalty he might lose the power of manifesting it in a more effectual way, enabled him to control his inclinations. The battle commenced, and Sir Dowling, taking his position near the prince, wrought prodigies of valour in his defence. The prince and his immediate attendants beheld with astonishment, Dane after Dane, and traitor after traitor, fall mortally wounded to the ground, and yet none could say by whose weapon the blow was struck. More than once, the prince, as if his own strength were so gigantic that the mere intention of a blow on his part were more destructive than the practical exertions of another, saw his enemies fall prostrate at his feet when he had but lifted his sword into the air above them. At length a Nordman, of prodigious size, came bearing down upon the prince, hewing all to pieces before him, and breaking the royal ranks with the strength of a rhinoceros. At the very instant when he had arrived within a sword's length of Murrough O'Brian, and while the latter was in the act of lifting his shield in order to resist his onset, to the astonishment of all, and doubtless to his own, the head of the gigantic Nordman rolled upon the grass. The prince started back amazed. "These must be Sir Dowling's blows," he exclaimed, "and yet I do not see the man!" "And what hand!" cried Sir Dowling, flinging aside the cloak in a transport of death-defying zeal, "whose hand has a better right than Sir Dowling's to do the utmost for a son of Brian?" He had scarcely given utterance to his words, when the spartan of a Loch Lannoch, who stood at some distance, came whirling through the air, and transfixed him on the spot, the victim of his own enthusiasm. The rest is known. The aged monarch, the prince, and many of their house, and four thousand of their followers shared the fate of Sir Dowling O'Hartigan; but their country was redeemed in their destruction, for Clontarf did more than "scotch" the Danish Hydra. It was never seen to raise one of its heads again in Ireland. At this moment, and before the Twelfth Juror had time to add a vocal contribution to the narrative which he had just afforded, an extraordinary accident threw the whole Jury Room into a commotion which may be more easily imagined on the reader's part than described on ours. The traveller, who had been lying in the cupboard during the whole night, and listening with exemplary attention to the various narratives which had been served up for the entertainment of the company, was betrayed into an act of remarkable forgetfulness immediately on the conclusion of the foregoing tale. Whether it was that his olfactory organs had been irritated by some particles of dust which had found their entrance into the cupboard, or that the dampness of his uncomfortable retirement had given him a cold, or that, by some unaccountable fatality, he had forgotten his own name, it is not for us to say, but he totally forgot the precarious situation in which he stood, as to give a sudden and violent sneeze in his hiding place. Once more, let the reader imagine the effect produced by this unexpected sound upon the astonished Jurors. They started from their seats as we are told men do in tropical climates on

feeling the first shock of an earthquake. "What noise was that?" "Didn't somebody sneeze?"—"Where was it?" "Where was it?" "Who was it?" "Tis from the cupboard?" &c. &c. were exclamations which broke from the lips of the company, not *seriatim* as we have been obliged to transcribe them, but almost at the same instant and as it were in the same breath. Some of the most courageous, arming themselves with poker, tongs, and such other weapons, offensive and defensive, as the place afforded, advanced to the corner in which the now silent and trembling intruder lay half dead with apprehension of he knew not what, and mentally bewailing the fit of absence which had rendered all his caution and previous self-denial vain and useless. There was some discussion as to whose duty it was to open the cupboard, which occasioned (for men in despair will catch at straws), a wild hope in the breast of the stranger that none amongst them might be found hardy enough to take the task upon him. The difficulty, however, was removed by the Foreman, who, with an intrepidity worthy of imitation, taking the poker from the timorous hand of the Juror who stood next him, advanced so near the cupboard that he was able, by extending the poker at arm's length and inserting the point of it between the two doors, to throw one of them back on the hinges, so as to disclose the pent-up figure of the listener inside. A single glance was sufficient to show the Jurors that he was in a greater fright than they were, on which their courage rose to such a degree, that all simultaneously rushed upon him and dragged him forward into the centre of the room. Language would only expose its poverty in attempting to describe the scene that followed. Let it suffice to say that, after about a quarter of an hour consumed in vociferations, which led to nothing, the stranger was able to obtain something like a hearing, and was allowed to explain in a consecutive manner the circumstances which had brought him into his present very questionable position. These, however, he related with so much candour and energy of manner, that he evidently produced a favourable impression on the greater portion of his hearers. He was subjected to a vigorous cross-examination, which, however, did not in the least degree shake "his own original testimony." After some further deliberation, the case was submitted to the Foreman, who decided that, presuming on the good intentions of the stranger, the Jury would be willing to favour his escape on condition that he would submit to the regulation of the night, and add his story to those of which he had been in so extraordinary a manner a covert auditor. The stranger readily consented, and took his seat amid general applause.

THE STRANGER'S TALE. THE RAVEN'S NEST. Her sire, an earl—her dame of prince's blood; Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she light. Sonnet on the Countess of Lincoln. The Fabii make not a more distinguished figure in the history of the ancient Roman, or the Medici in that of the modern Tuscan State, than do the family of the Geraldines in the troubled tale of Ireland's miseries. Whenever the annals of the island shall be treated by a competent pen, they will not fail to be classed by all impartial judges amongst the most remarkable families in history. Their errors, and perhaps in many instances their crimes, were great; but their undoubted courage,—their natural eloquence,—their vigorous genius, and their hereditary open hardiness are qualities which will be as certain of awakening admiration, as their misfortunes of exciting pity. The story of the earls of Kildare constitutes such a piece of history as Sallust might be proud to write, and the genius of Plutarch would have delighted in the pithy sayings, heroic actions, and touches of character, in which the annals of the family abound. During the reign of the Tudors, a deadly feud had raged for many years, between one of the earls of Kildare, and a chieftain—a branch of the Geraldines; residing in a distant part of Munster. The Geraldine conceived his rights, as well as those of his country, invaded by the excessive rigour and even injustice with which Kildare (who was Lord Deputy) administered the government; and the earl was so highly incensed by what he called the turbulence and malice of his kinsman, that he protested his determination not to lay down his arms, until he had compelled him to make submission; "albeit, he should have him as a common borderer, cut off by the knee." In this resolution, he received the entire sanction of the English government, who seldom bore hard upon their deputies for an excess of zeal. Outworn by continual defeats and feeling deeply for the sufferings which his fruitless resistance had brought on his dependents, the gallant Geraldine testified at length his willingness to make terms, and offered to come in person to the metropolis in order to make a formal submission to the viceroy. He was not so despicable an enemy that even the haughty earl was not rejoiced at his proposal. He was received in Dublin with the highest ceremonies of respect and joy. The earl gave splendid entertainments, to which many, not only of the substantial citizens of the Pale, but of the native Irish chieftains, were invited; and the public places of the city for several days were thronged with a motley company of revellers, mingling with a confidence as enthusiastic as if they had not been for centuries as bitter enemies, as oppression on the one, and hate and outrage on the other side, could make them.

"Ride on before, Thomas," said the young officer addressing the page who bore his shield and bridle to "and ask what feasting is toward the city." The page spurred on his horse, and after making inquiry at the booth of a rosy looking venter of woollen stuffs, returned, to say that the Geraldine was in the city. "The Geraldine! what! hath he taken it, then?" "Nay," cried the page, "if it were so, I question whether the Pale would be so orderly. He has come to make submission to the king." "To make submission! The Geraldine make submission!" repeated the young man. "This seems a tale no less improbable than the other. Alas! such wisdom is rare in a Geraldine. The poor isle has suffered deeply to the pride of the Fitzgeralds. Poor, miserable land! Give me the helmet. We must not pass the Geraldine unarmed. How long is it now since this quarrel has begun?" "Near sixteen years, my lord." "Thou sayest aright. I remember to have heard of it on my mother's knee. I well remember how Kildare returned to the castle on an autumn evening, all black with dust and sweat, and how she flew to meet him, while I marked his rusty javelin, and puzzled my brains to comprehend its use. I am not so ignorant now ill-fated country! How many lives, dost thou compute, have already fallen in this feud?" "It is thought, my lord, some seventy or eighty soldiers of the Pale, with about seventeen thousand of the Irish in various encounters; besides, castles sacked about fifty; towns and villages demolished to the number of nineteen; and private dwellings of the common sort, to the amount of some thousand roofs. The Pale, too, suffered loss of property; a woollen draper's booth destroyed, besides some twenty cabins in the suburbs, laid in ashes." "I pray you, Thomas, who might be your accountant?" "My cousin Simmons, my lord, the city bailiff;—your lordship may remember him?" "Ay, I thought the computation had been made within the Pale. And what was the beginning of the strife?" "The insolent Geraldine, my lord, had the audacity to turn a troop of the Lord Deputy's horse

"Out of a widow's house upon his holding; where they would have taken up their quarters for a fortnight in the scarce season. The insolent Geraldine I long to see the diabolical knave. Know you if the lady Margaret, his daughter, be with him in the city?" "My lord, the woollen-draper spoke not of her." "I long to know them both. Report speaks loudly of her, no less than of the Geraldine himself. But here's the city. Good morrow, masters! Thank you heartily, thank you all! O'Neill is quiet in the north, my masters! Long live the King! Huzza!" The last sentences were spoken as the young warrior passed the city gate, where he was recognized and hailed by a holiday throng of the loyal citizens, with shouts of welcome that made the houses tremble around them. "Kildare forever! Long live the King! Huzza!" was echoed from the city gate to the very drawbridge of the castle. The young nobleman, who had amid all his gallantry and gaiety, a certain air that showed him to be above the reach of party spirit, received their cheerfulness, but without losing a moment's time either to speak or hear. The streets as he passed presented an appearance singular and altogether new to his eye. The Irish green hanging bonnet seemed as common as the cap of the Pale; kernes who spoke not a syllable of English were gazing at the splendour of the city; and citizens, standing in their booths, stared with no less amazement at the unshorn locks, wild locks, and woodland attire of their new allies. Passing on to St. Thomas's Court, where the Lord Deputy, at that time, transacted the business of the government, Sir Ulrick Fitzgerald, the young knight whose course we have been following, alighted from his horse, and sent one of the officers to inform the Lord Deputy of his arrival. He was received by Kildare, in the kings chamber; and gave an account of the state of affairs in the north, where he had for some months past occupied the place of Lord Deputy himself. "Thou art welcome, Ulrick, from the North said, Kildare, vouching his hand to his son, who kissed it with reverence and affection. "And now, how hast thou done thy work, my lad?" "Like a true soldier of the Pale, my lord," replied Sir Ulrick, "I taught the rascals what it was to have to do with a friend of England. Thou and our royal master I am sure will love me for it." "What said O'Neill at the conference?" "O my good father, bid me not repeat his insolence. He said his lands and castles were in the keeping of his ancestors, before the very name of Ireland had sounded in the ear of a Plantagenet,—that we used our power cruelly—(we, my lord, cruel! we! and I could aver upon mine honor as a knight, we have not piled above twelve score of the rascal's Irishry, except on holidays, when we wanted exercise for the hobblers. We cruel!) he complained also of the trespass on the property of his dependents, (what! had we touched their lives, my lord?) he said all men were naturally free; that he derived his possessions from his progenitors, not from the royal gift; and many things beside, for which I would have set his head upon his castle gate, but as your lordship recommended clemency, I only banged a cousin of his whom we caught in the camp after dark." "Ulrick," said the earl, "thou art a bantering villain; and I warn thee, as the Geraldines stand not over well with Tudor, how thou sufferest such humors to appear, and before whom. It has been remarked, and by those who might not piece thine irony, that thou art rather a favorer of these turbulent insurgents. Thou art over mild with the rebels." "It is a mending fault, my lord," said Ulrick; "in the service of Tudor it will soon wear off." "I tell thee," said the earl, "it is thought by many that thine heart is less with the people of the Pale than might become, the descendant of those who have grown old in the royal confidence and favor, and transmitted both as a legacy to their posterity. Thou hast learned the language of these rascal Irishry." "I confess my crime, my lord," replied the knight; "I know my country's tongue."