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THE HON. EFFINGHAM SNORE-AWAY;

OR, HOW TO RISE EARLY.

A STORY FOR LATE RISERS.

What a piece of work is man!—a riddle—a mystery—inexplicable even to himself;—his firmest convictions perpetually contradicted by his actions—half of his little hour fretted away in repenting, and the other half in sinning; and ever heard exclaiming, 'video meliora, probogue, deteriora sequor.'

Perhaps in no one action of man's wayward career on this sorry planet, does this melancholy and humiliating truth appear so strongly, as in the circumstance of his not rising early in the morning. No one can be more persuaded than he is, of all the advantages that attend the practice; the lovely morning, the abundance of time afforded, the healthful walk, the cheerful spirits, the fine appetite, the cleanliness, the freshness, the consciousness of doing right, the comfort in every respect, are all fully before his mind, yet in the present enjoyment of a pair of miserable sheets and blankets, the wretched animal gratification of comparative insensibility! enough to make this 'noblest work of God,' sink all those rational considerations, weigh his eye-lids down, and steep his senses in forgetfulness.

The Honorable Effingham Snoreaway, was a man who, though fully impressed with a sense of all the pleasures and advantages of early rising, could never bring himself to get up. When he did rise at ten or eleven, or it might be sometimes twelve o'clock in the morning, nothing could exceed his contrition; he looked back on the lovely morning that had rolled five or six delightful sunny hours over him, while he was buried in a shameful stupor; thought of all the fine things which he might have been after doing during that 'sweet hour of prime;' but as all was now unavailing, with respect to the past, the only thing left for him, by way of silencing the reproaches of his better judgment, was a firm resolution to 'bounce' the next morning— which firm resolution, need it be said, melted away when the morning came, before the heating influence of a few stones of feathers! Again and again, did the Honorable Mr. Effingham Snoreaway resolve and resolve, yet still stay in bed; again and again did he fret, and blush, and reproach himself, yet still slept away; again and again did he promise, and vow, and swear that he would never be found in bed late any more, yet when morning came, there he was. Alas! human nature! still, still was poor Mr. Snoreaway held from executing all these fine resolves, by the slender walls of mere furniture rails.

Notwithstanding all his resolutions, all his frettings, all his remorse, all his self-reproach and sense of shame, all his promises; notwithstanding all his sincere and earnest desires and wishes, backed by blinding before his mind, as he was going to bed at night, all the most powerful arguments that he could suggest, (enough to make him stay up all night in order to be up early in the morning;) alas! notwithstanding all, there he was the next morning, long after the matin hour, 'as fast as a rock.'

What was to be done! Several expedients were resorted to; but they were all, at the very moment of their effectual operation, stopped by his own hands. A machine which raised up the bed at an appointed hour, (he set it to five) so as to gently throw the sleeper out on his feet— a thing like the spout of a gardener's watering pot, which was to drop cold water on his face, at a given hour, in like manner—an alarm clock—a bell, just over his head; all, as I have said before—although all his own deliberate designs—were prevented from discharging their respective and salutary functions by his own suicidal hands—one quick jump out of bed, between asleep and awake, the instant that any one of them gave the smallest awakening note of preparation, and a still quicker snap at the moving principle either of the machine, the spout of the gardener's watering pot, the alarm clock, or the bell, whenever he happened the night before to have set upon duty, soon taught the busy and impertinent little intruder manners, at that hour of the morning, and in half the twinkling of an eye was poor and ever-to-be-pitied Mr. Snoreaway, more closely, if possible, than before, gathered up in his bed clothes, to repay himself, as it were, by augmented enjoyment for the momentary sensation of pain he had suffered in the little transit which has been just alluded to.

At length all ordinary, and, indeed, extraordinary expedients having been unsuccessfully applied to, one desperate resolution was taken; to triumph over his hitherto unconquerable propensity. He hired an Irish servant, named Terry Oulahan, to whom was committed the important task, and that only, of awakening him at half-past five o'clock every morning.

'Now,' said he to Terry, 'remember I hire

you for one single purpose, and for nothing else whatever, to call me up every morning at half-past five o'clock, and to be sure that I get up. This is all you will have to do, and for this I will pay you £20 a-year.

Terry promptly closed with an engagement which appeared to him a perfect snore, little conjecturing what was to await him, even on his very first or second essay; and making every protestation of attention and regularity, he looked impatiently for the hour which was, in the course, as he thought, of a few minutes, to see him through his day's work.

At half-past five to the moment, Terry was at his master's bed-room door. He gave a gentle tap—no answer; two or more—a little louder—not a word. Terry peeped in through the key-hole, gave another tap, and then peeped in thro' the same, and hearing no reply, exclaimed, 'murder, murder, but I believe he is one of the seven sleepers.' He stopped awhile, but before he could give another knock, he was started off his legs by a tremendous noise which came from the bed-room; it was the grand vinding-up, or finale of a most discordant snore—'Oh, blessed and holy Saint Mounce,' cried out Terry, 'the Lord be between us and harm, but the devil the like of such a snore as that did Terry ever hear afore. No matter, at any rate I must try and get him up.'

The fear of being unsuccessful in his first morning's work, and that without any fault of his, emboldened poor Terry to throw a little more force into his knocks. At length he succeeded; a response was given to his appeal—Terry followed up his advantage quickly, and gave a couple of brisk raps more, louder and louder; another response from within; but no articulate or satisfactory indication to Terry that his man was fairly on his legs—'humph!—It's me, sir; it's Terry that's come to call you, sir—' 'humph—humph!—I'm here sense half after five, sir—' 'humph!—and it's now just six; it's six o'clock, sir; it's a fine morning, sir—' 'humph—humph—hab.' With expressions such as these, intermingled with a knock and a listen, was poor Terry engaged, turning his right side one time to the door, and then his left, and receiving only that sleepy response through the nasal organ, which those are familiar with that have to deal with heavy sleepers. when to his inexpressible mortification, even that sound, which had evidently been an acknowledgment of his call, died altogether away, and was succeeded by one which left no doubt at all on his mind, that his drowsy master had relapsed into a dead slumber. Terry now gave a tremendous knock; if any one has ever heard the sudden stopping of a Scotch bagpipes, or a good grunt from a pig, or a violent sneeze at an unexpected moment, he may be able, in a small way, to form some idea of the noise produced by the sudden interruption which Terry's loud knock had given to the raving tones of the Honorable Effingham Snoreaway's snoring. Terry would not be taken in again, but rattled like a man, until to his great joy, about a quarter after six, he heard a 'Who is there?' 'By the powers o' Moll Kelly,' said Terry to himself, smiling with joy, at the idea of succeeding so far, 'but it's well you wakened; it's me, sir; it's Terry; I'm calling you these two hours' (and although he was not yet an hour at his day's work, it was little wonder he should think it two). 'It's me, sir,' again repeated Terry louder, 'and it's half past six now instead of five, sir.' 'Bad luck to you,' was the reply: 'how infernally punctual the rascal is!' Terry heard something; he listened—some sleepy voice from within articulated, 'that will do, Terry, you're an excellent servant; you may go away this morning; go down now; you're a very regular man. Now that's what I like.'

What could the poor man do under these circumstances, but go away, a little reluctantly, certainly, as he did, consoling himself at the same time, with the fact of not only his having punctually discharged his duty, but much more, with the ready testimony which his master had borne to it. All went on for the present, as before, with Mr. Snoreaway. He was left to the undisturbed enjoyment of his bed until a quarter after twelve o'clock, at noon, when, upon looking at his watch, and faintly recollecting the early occurrences of the morning, a series of feelings ran across his mind, of such a nature as by no means to be envied.

The first thing that he did, when he came down stairs, was to call for Terry. Terry appeared immediately. 'Well, Terry,' said he, 'what did I hire you for?' 'Sure I called you, replied Terry. 'Yes,' answered Mr. Snoreaway. 'You called me, but that is not enough; it was not merely to call me that I hired you, it was to call me until you found me out of bed—until you found me completely up.' 'I was ever so long rapping' at the door, sir, afore I could get you to spake,' added Terry.

'Well, let this pass for the present; but don't let it happen again,' said Mr. Snoreaway; 'if I don't answer when you rap, open the door and

come in, and come over to me and rouse me, and shake me, no matter what I say to you—if I threaten you—no matter what excuses I make, don't mind me; don't attempt for your life to go away, or leave me, until you have me out on my legs. If I find, to-morrow morning, that you go away without having me up at five o'clock, I'll have no further business for you. I will instantly discharge you.' Terry heard this with very curious feelings, and replied, 'Oh, very well, sir; it's myself that sees now what your honor wants, I'll be bail, if I've life in my body, it's to-morrow morning your honor's up wid the cock.'

So saying, and receiving another and a still stronger caution from Mr. Snoreaway, under all circumstances and at all hazards not to fail next morning, Terry slowly turned about and closed the door after him.

The second morning found him again at his post. It was worse than the morning before, so as he had not only been authorised, but commanded, he boldly opened the door and went in. 'It's me, sir,' said Terry, (again a humph!) 'Lord deliver my soul, what a sleeper; he bangs bawgher; up he gets any how wid all his snoring; I'm his boy, saying which, he went to the bed and at first gave him two or three gentle stirs; 'humph, humph,' was the only fruit of these, and upon two or three stirs more, backed by 'get up, sir; get up, sir;' Terry began to shake him in sound earnest, and continued so until he had him clean awake. 'Oh,' said Mr. Snoreaway, after rubbing his eyes and recognising Terry 'that's very right now; you have done all that I wished; that will do, Terry; you may go down now, I'm fully awake, and I consider myself the same as up.'

'Oh, sir,' answered Terry, 'you know you bid me not leave you, no matter what you'd say, until I saw you completely up, and if I go away now, and you fall off again, you'll be blaming me, sir, for not doing as you bid me.'

'You're very right, Terry,' replied Mr. Snoreaway; 'I know I bid you not to go away until you had me up, but I'm now the same as up; at all events, I won't blame you, so you may go; and saying this he turned round on his right side.

'Faith, sir, axing your pardon, there's no use in you turning that way,' said Terry; 'I'll not do a foot till you're out o' bed; see there now, now, you're dropping off again (oh, murder, what'll I do!) 'Sir, sir!' exclaimed Terry, giving him again several shakes; 'arrah thunder and ages, sir, there you're beginning to snore again, and you'll be as bad as yesterday if you don't get up now at once.'

The snoring continued and increased. Terry was now beginning to lose all patience, and his tone of voice was getting angry and reproving. He again shook his master, without any regard to etiquette, until he had him well awake, when he wheeled round, and addressing Terry in a manner that started him a good deal, as quickly as he could utter it, 'Didn't I tell you to go away, sir? Didn't I tell you there would be no blame to you? Pre no fault to find with you, and getting a little gentle, 'you have done all that has pleased me. Go down now; I'm broad awake; and I'll get up and dress myself the moment you shut the door after you.'

'Sure I know, sir,' added Terry, 'that it will be just the same way with you as yesterday, if I go without seeing you get out of bed; so I may as well tell you I'll not leave the room till you get of bed.'

'Oh, my heavens!' exclaimed Mr. Snoreaway to himself; 'well, I believe this rascal will have me out; what! you rascal,' said he, 'do you dare to refuse to do what I desire you? Go out of the room immediately.' Terry was firm, and exclaimed, 'the devil a foot he'd go till he had him out; and accordingly he began to pull the clothes off him, and gave him a thrust here and there to keep him awake; but all in vain.

'Do you mean, you audacious raggabond, to give me the lie; don't I tell you I'm up,' exclaimed Mr. Snoreaway most furiously, 'I tell you I'm up; I don't wish to gratify you, by getting up before you, when I tell you you've nothing to do but go away and let me dress myself; or I'll tell you what it is, for I see now you are impudent, fellow; as soon as I go down stairs, if you do not go away in one instant, I'll immediately discharge you.'

The latter observations wrought powerfully on Terry. Every thing wore the air of such deliberate earnestness on the part of Snoreaway; his posture promises that he would not blame Terry; Terry's conviction that he made him sensible; his partial belief, that he, by being then awake, 'was all as one as up,' as he said himself, and that he could not, after all he said, have the conscience to go asleep again, added to his positive command to leave him; all prevailed upon poor Terry to go away, which he did very slowly, and very heavy hearted, and with too melancholy a consciousness that his occupation

was not of that easy or pleasant character, which in the first instance he had imagined.

Of course, as soon as he had gone, Snoreaway fell off immediately into a sounder sleep than ever; and, as usual, or rather worse than usual, did not get up until twenty minutes past one, that day. He was ready to tear himself. He could hardly bring himself to look at his face in the glass—eight dead hours lost—precious hours. He blamed Terry—he excused him.—He certainly must have terrified the poor man—but why had not the villain the perseverance—and the indifference to anything he might say, as he warned him. Once more he would give a stronger caution, and try him again; and if this failed he would abandon himself to despair.

'Terry, the master wants you,' announced one of the servants to him.

'Me,' said Terry.

'Yes,' answered the servant; 'he's just now after coming down from his bed-room.'

'And what o'clock is it now,' said Terry.

'Why, it's going to three,' answered the servant.

Terry put the sign of the cross on his forehead—had a melancholy foreboding of what he was summoned for, and with fear and trembling, went as he was ordered.

'Well, Terry, this is the second morning, and you have not done what I agreed with you for.'

'Oh, sir,' said Terry, 'I declare, it aint my fault.'

'As I hoped to be saved, your honor, but I worked as hard at you, as if the good people had you in a trance, and you frightened the life out o' me, and damned and sunk me, and said that you'd discharge me, and that I was an impudent rascal, and was giving your honor the lie, and told me you were as good as up, and to be off with myself—I wonder what was I to do.'

'Well, now, I'll look over this, too. I'll give you one trial more; and now mark me, and mark me again—whatever I say to you or do, it is not I that say it, or do it; do not believe me to be fully awake, though I may tell you that I am, and you may think so. If I damn you, or curse you, I do not mean it, so don't mind me—do any thing, and every thing, until you have me up.—If you find all went do, pull the clothes off me, and throw cold water on me; and now mind, Terry, besides your wages, I'll give you a guinea, if you do as I tell you, to-morrow morning.'

'Say no more, sir,' said Terry, 'that'll do; and away he went, determined to have Snoreaway up the next morning if he was to lose his life.'

The third and last morning came. The scenes of the two preceding morning were fully gone through—the snorings, and the sighs, and the shakings, and the get-up, sir, and gentle and angry replies, and threats, and promises of pardon, &c.; but Terry was not to be trifled with 'this going off.' Away went the quilt. 'Oh, you infernal rascal—you scoundrel, are you going to rob and murder me; I'll call the police, and have you sent this instant to gaol.' Here Snoreaway gave a sudden pull to the bell handle; but, as the servants knew what was going on, not one of them came up. He was now in a truly deplorable way. Terry made a grasp now at the blankets; but Snoreaway had them—tearing an assault on this part of the Citadel, after the quilt had been captured—so tucked under him, and round him, that it was impossible to pull the blankets off, without dragging him out along with them. Terry pulled hard—Newgate was threatened; there were two loaded pistols in the room, and it he dared to persist in assaulting him in this way, he would blow his brains out before he left the room. It would not do; all manner of abusive names, curses, oaths, discharges, Newgate, transportation, kickings, and shooting—all fell harmless against the decided determination of Terry to succeed or fall in the action. Terry was a man of powerful strength—seizing a deadly grasp of the blankets, sheets and all, in his athletic hands, he dislodged the man, who, to save himself from the utter evacuation of his drowsy territory, put out one of his hands and caught the bed post. Terry still held on, amid a tempest of curses, shrieking, and roaring, and now loud cries of 'murder, murder,' until, at length, overpowered by superior strength the victim of a constitutional, but not a willing laziness, gave up the ghost, and found himself, in an instant, sprawling about the floor. Reviving and self-applauding reason was now beginning, with the glorious sun, to shine bright upon the mind of Snoreaway, and to assert her prerogative. He now began to lend his own free co-operation to this great work, brought at last to so successful an issue, and, pitching the fragments of the sheet which he had kept lazily adhering to him, from about him, jumped up, and giving a most hearty laugh, took Terry by the two hands, and shook them, saying, 'now, Terry, you're my own man—you have now done as I wished, and you see now that I am up and awake—so far from being angry, I applaud you.'

He had not proceeded farther in dressing himself than having put on his trousers, when he took out his purse, and honorably kept his word with Terry by handing him a guinea in gold.—The double joy of poor Terry, upon going down stairs, may be more easily imagined than described. The reader will be glad to learn that his well paid pertinacity was of essential benefit to his master, and the day of this 'glorious victory' an epoch in both their lives.

OUR MAJOR'S STORY.

A Tale of Mystery.

'So Brown, you tell me, has been appointed executor to Smith's will,' said our major the other day, as we were lounging together against the low wall that divides Carlisle Terrace from the beach. 'I'll venture to say the trusts committed to him won't be as strange as mine were the first time I was made executor.'

'Some years since, I received a letter from my old friend and comrade, Ellis, at the time, telling me that his health had been for some time declining—that he was about to make his will, and earnestly desiring that I would consent to act as his sole executor—there being,' he added, 'a trust of some importance to be undertaken, which I wish to confide to no one but yourself.' The letter concluded with a cordial invitation to pay him a visit at the snug cottage at Devonshire to which he had retired. Now Ellis was like myself—an old bachelor; and, except his half-pay was, I knew, but little burdened with this world's baggage and encumbrances, so it never occurred to me that the trust I was to undertake could possibly relate to anything more important than the bestowal of legacies on his old housekeeper and butler, or his almost equally antiquated cat and dog. I wrote immediately to accept the invitation, and early the next morning I deposited myself and my portmanteau in the E——— coach which, after a day's travelling, left me at my friend's abode. He was himself standing at the garden wicket, ready to give me a cordial welcome. There was nothing very deathlike in the clear, bright glance of his eye, or in the firm grasp of his hand; and I wondered internally what the mischievous had sent me could possibly mean. However, I kept my thoughts to myself, and followed Ellis into his neat little dining-room where the snowy tablecloth was speedily and satisfactorily covered with a beautiful repast. Ample justice was done to the fare by myself, and, despite of his mortuary intention, by me too also. After dinner he produced a capital bottle of port, over which we discussed many of our campaigning adventures.

Notwithstanding the fineness of the weather (it was in the beginning of June), I had caught a slight cold on my journey, which towards the close of the evening made itself felt in the very unpleasant form of toothache; and the pain becoming worse, I said to my host, 'I think I must ask your housekeeper to-night for some flannel and camphorated spirit to apply to my unfortunate jaw. You, happy fellow, can't know what toothache is, your teeth look all so good.'

'Teeth!' cried my host, his countenance changing—'Teeth!' he repeated, shuddering: 'Ah, you little know—you can't tell—'

'What's the matter, Ellis—what do you mean?'

'I mean that a tooth—an unfortunate tooth, has been my ruin, and will cost me my life!—And rising from his chair he paced up and down the room in a state of the most violent agitation. Greatly astonished, I tried, of course, to soothe him, and induce him to reveal the cause of this strange excitement. 'Well,' he said at last, 'I will read for you the will to which you have kindly promised to become executor.' I had made no promise of the kind, but my poor friend took it for granted I had done so; and leaving the room, he speedily returned with the folded paper in one hand, and a very small round box in the other.

Laying these articles on the table, he seated himself in his arm-chair, pushed aside his glass, and, making a strong effort to speak calmly, began:—'About two months since I had occasion to visit the town of P—— on business, which having speedily despatched, I dined at the hotel, and afterwards set out for a stroll. I passed through the High Street, and walked for some way along the turnpike road without meeting any object of interest whatever. A shabby green lease opening on my right, invited me to turn into it—the fragrant laurel thorn in the hedge, and the cool fresh grass below, offering a pleasant contrast to the hard dusty road on which I had been walking. I soon found that this quiet lane led to a still more quiet and peaceful churchyard; and threading my way amongst the rustic graves and rude headstones, I wandered on them after my own fashion, if not precisely according to that of Harvey. I had had at one time a transient fancy for the study of phrenology, and still retained a habit of inspecting the cerebral development of every one whom I met. It was,