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AILEY MOORE;

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Father Tom was about fifty—mustified-looking, but gentle. He was a reader, moreover, and a 'hard worker,' as the people said. He had a light grey eye, and compressed lips, and Father Tom was very sorrow. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, saying that the affair was nothing, 'but,' added Father Tom, 'the priest before the doctor' is my good parishioner's principle; and hence I get many unnecessary 'calls.'

'I suppose they believe you can cure them?' demanded the parson, looking sharply at the priest.

'They really do believe that my ministry can,' said Father Tom.

'In which I am inclined to think they are not wrong,' said Frank.

The Protestant clergyman smiled.

'Why, St. James is a sound theologian, and he tells us "The prayer of faith will save sick man, and the Lord will raise him up," said the priest, smiling.

'But, surely, reverend sir,' said the parson, 'the people are filled with superstition. Come draw nearer the fire. Mr. Tyrrell, will you look after the lights?—very good. But, surely, I was about to say, there is much of their religion, I do not say taught by you, but inherited—much of it, I say, in "wells," and "spirits," and "devils," and so on.'

'Wells,' and 'spirits,' and 'devils,' have always had to do with Revelation,' said Frank.

'The spirit of the age is the only spirit recognised in these times,' said the priest.

'Unless in Rome,' answered the Protestant clergyman, with his usual laugh.

'Well,' the priest replied, very calmly, 'I know Rome very well. I have been twelve years a resident of the "one mother of dead nations." Will you allow me to say that you do not act philosophically in your conduct towards Rome? You come to a state hoary with the experience of 1500 years, and you insist upon its taking your views of government, while your government is scarcely a century and a half old. Who can tell how long your "constitution" will last yourselves? By what process of reasoning have you come to the conclusion that your system does not "progress" to disruption; or what right have you to insist upon other people believing that it is infallible? You will pardon me, but really I can see no reason why France, Russia, or Austria, if they found themselves in a position to be insolent, should not dictate to you their system of government for your own, just as you take it upon yourself to dictate to the Holy Father.'

'Oh, 'pon my honor, that is too bad,' said the parson; 'France, and Austria, and Russia dictate to us. Oh, nonsense, my dear friend!—Pardon me!' he said, quite red in the face, 'pardon me!'

'Well, do not be too secure! the fortunes of nations are very variable, and it may come to that sad conjuncture. France may even permit you to go along in a career of insult, for the very purpose of 'making a case' against you when you are least able to defend yourself!—France has a traditional glory to maintain, and its light is Rome; every occasion of standing outside the gates of the Vatican, and surrounding the papal tiara with the swords of France, will be seized as a French historical necessity.'

'You will pardon me,' said Frank, 'but I was a little while ago about to ask my friend Mr. Korner, whether he disbelieved in "devils," "spirits," and things of that kind? In fact, to say truth, reverend sir,' he continued, turning towards the Catholic clergyman, 'we had been discussing the Roman question a whole hour before your arrival.'

'Well,' answered Mr. Korner, after a pause, 'I believe in no manifestations of them at any rate.'

'Will you allow me to tell you a story?'

'A most delightful thing a story will be—draw another bottle of wine. I am sorry the rev. parish priest is a teetotaler.'

'Shall I ring for a cup of coffee, then?' asked Frank.

'Thank you, I will take a cup of coffee,' replied Father Tom.

'The Rev. Mr. Korner poked the fire; filled his glass of wine, and drank it. He then radiantly looked Frank in the face, as if to say, 'I am ready.'

'The priest very quietly said, "Well, sir?"

'You must know I am not a Catholic,' said Frank, addressing Father Tom, 'and, in fact, I have been, or perhaps, I should say, had been gradually sinking into indifference. I have been aroused, and I wish to tell Mr. Korner of a very recent event.'

'Where did it occur,' demanded Mr. Korner.

'In the south of Ireland.'

'You were present, sir?' said the clergyman.

'Yes,' answered young Tyrrell.

'A young lady,' Tyrrell continued, 'had been constantly attacked by a huge rat. Night after night, and day after day, it assaulted her.'

'Well!' said Mr. Korner, as if to demand, 'What on earth of that?'

'It passed over the sea in pursuit of her, and was found again in her own abode on her return home.'

'An "obsession," remarked Father Tom, in his usual soft voice.

'Precisely so, reverend sir. The "obsession," continued six months and a half. The girl's face and neck were one wound—one frightful collection of lacerations and scars. She had been driven mad. I saw her in that condition with my own eyes—black, torn, bleeding, and desperate.'

'Well?' again said Korner.

'And I saw her well and happy!'

'Thank God!' said the priest.

'The rat left her?' said Korner.

'I saw proved by the evidence of my senses,' continued Frank, 'that the monster attacked her as usual at a certain hour: I saw the lady "exorcised," he said, turning to the Catholic clergyman; and I have seen her ever since well and happy.'

The minister looked under the grate, where for some time he had been pursuing something white with the point of the poker. 'Well,' said he, straightening his body again, 'and pray what proof had you, and how many saw the phenomenon? and—give us all, in fact,' said Korner.

'Certainly,' said Frank, with a smile. Mr. Korner had become very familiar in his manners, and very red in the face.

'Well, sir,' said Frank, 'the demon, as I firmly believe it was, always attacked her when she was left alone, or in the dark of the drear of night. Of the latter fact, we had the solemn declaration of an innocent and sensible girl to convince us. She often heard its approach and its departure. We formed a mixed jury of Protestants and Catholics: we brought the young lady to a room entirely denuded of furniture;—we firmly nailed an arm-chair in the midst of this room; we put a straightwaistcoat on the young person, and a soldier's stock under her neck—this last precaution being taken to save her throat, in the expected assault. We placed her in the chair, and tied one ankle to the chair leg; we left her in a state of utter incapacity to stir body, hand, arm, or head. The left foot alone remained free to enable her give notice of any attack by knocking on the floor.'

'Very shocking!' said Korner.

'Well, sir,' said Father Tom, in the under tone.

'We then taped the window-sashes, and sealed them; we stopped the entrance to the chimney, and sealed it. We locked the door, sealed the key-hole, and left her to her fate,' said Frank.

'But you did?' said Korner.

'Awful,' ejaculated Father Tom.

'How many of you put your seals on the door?' asked Mr. Korner.

'Myself and two others,' answered Frank Tyrrell.

'And then, sir?' demanded Father Tom, in the usual low tone.

'We had not waited long when a knocking was heard overhead—we had retired to the room underneath.'

'You went up, of course?'

'Yes; and the effect produced on me will last as long as life.'

'Dear me!' said the priest.

'We slowly unsealed the key-holes, having examined them jointly and severally, and found the impressions unaltered; we unlocked the door, and looked in—the sight was terrible. There was the poor young lady; her face was black and livid; her eyes were fixed, and glaring from beneath her brows; she frothed in convulsions, and spat forth blood and foam at every frightful spasm; her cheeks were laid open in wounds and bites; she appeared on the verge of a sudden death.'

'There was nothing left in her room, you say?' asked Mr. Korner.

'A servant-girl in our presence removed even the pins of "obsessed" girl's dress.'

'Heh!' said Mr. Korner.

'May I request you will conclude your most interesting narrative?' said Father Tom, finishing his coffee at a draught—it had got quite cold, in fact.

'Certainly; the most wonderful part remains to be spoken,' said Frank. 'The confessor of the young lady was accompanied by two other clergymen. And having by great exertion restored the poor thing, the room was prepared for the Mass. I must confess, Mr. Korner,' he said, addressing the Protestant clergyman, 'I felt subdued—awed in the presence of the invisible world. The room was not strongly lighted, and it was a dark November day; and when the candles were placed on the white-covered altar,

and the large mass-book on the right-hand side, and the shining chalice in the middle, and the priest stood there clad in white, and the poor pale girl knelt before him, and he commenced, in the language of departed generations, the "Judica me Deus; Judge me, O God!" I felt like one going to stand his trial for eternity.'

The Catholic clergyman crossed himself involuntarily; Rev. Mr. Korner gave the fire a poke.

'At the close of the Mass,' Frank continued, 'the young lady received communion; for she had never, you must know, ceased to be exceedingly religious.'

'Very good,' said the priest.

'Shortly after the "exorcism" commenced. Turned towards the lady, who knelt before him, while we stood witnesses of the deed, the clergyman took a large book in his hands, and with a look like one who commanded earth and hell in the name of God, he raised his right hand aloft, making the sign of the Cross. Then he "commanded" the spirit to be gone; she, the girl, fell on the floor, pale, cold, and rigid she was—and then she shrieked—such shrieks as I never heard or imagined. Convulsions followed, so terrific, that five women were unable to keep her steady by their weight; she raised them off the floor, as children are raised by their nurses.'

Father Tom shook from head to foot, and Mr. Korner snuffed the candles.

'I remarked,' continued Frank, 'that when the "adjurations" were pronounced, the most terrible effects seemed to follow. The girl shrieked then, and tore away through the women who held her, as though she was flying from the embrace of fire. An amiable-looking clergyman, whom I now well know, suggested to the exorcist to change the "adjurations," and the strong expressions which appeared to produce these effects, and to use some Latin words; I thanked him from my heart—for the thought just struck me. Three times the priest pronounced the words of his ritual, and she lay comparatively calm and exhausted.'

'Thank God!' cried Father Tom, in ecstasy.

'Hem!' cried Mr. Korner.

'I remarked precisely the same effects, apparently produced by blessed water,' continued Frank, 'and the same good priest was determined to tranquillize me, it would appear.'

'Well, the upshot was?' said Mr. Korner.

'The young lady remained calm, tranquil, and happy, and has so continued to this hour.'

'Where does she live?' asked Korner.

Frank smiled.

'Well, pardon me; but I like to know dates and persons.'

'No difficulty regarding her,' said Frank.

'How?'

'You have travelled with her to-day.'

'My God!' cried Korner.

'A fact,' said Frank. 'She is going to reside with a friend in Grosvenor-square, London.'

'Grosvenor-square!' again cried Mr. Korner; 'oh, that changes the matter somewhat. She's respectable?'

'Quite.'

'You are a Protestant?' said Father Tom, looking at Frank with great sweetness.

'No, not that, exactly,' said Frank; 'I am going to be something, I think, after witnessing the case of Emma Crane.'

CHAPTER XXIII. AND LAST.

The 8th of September, 1846, was a great day in Rome. No triumph of consul or imperator ever awakened the echo of that day's joy, or shadowed the magnificence of its pageant.—Standards of every colour waved among garlands of odoriferous flowers, and the music and song of jubilee swelled up to heaven, from church, chapel, street and square. The population now rushed to the altar's feet, to sing canticles of thanksgiving, and then in tens of thousands thronged the public ways from morning till late evening, giving expression to an enthusiasm which indulgence seemed only to strengthen.—How magnificent Rome looked on that day, and how beautiful it was to see her gathered around the Sovereignty of nineteen centuries, and praying to the Mother of the Church to preserve it for ever. Viva Pio Nono was her cry; and the name in whose virtue she prayed for the Chair of Peter, was the name of the Virgin Mary.

Just three months and one day had passed over since the death of Gregory XVI.; and even those who beheld the gradual operation of the Papal counsels, wondered at the changes which had been wrought already. Prosperity seemed to have entered every home, and happiness to have entered every heart. Conspiracies were no longer apprehended, and prisons and punishments no longer feared, confidence in the present, and hope of the future seemed to inspire commerce, industry, patriotism, and religion.

Only six or seven weeks had passed since the Supreme Pontiff had opened the prison doors to proclaim liberty to the captive, and stood on the frontiers of his kingdom to welcome back the exile. He longed to embrace the repentant children who pleaded the love of Rome for the violation of their allegiance, and who having been taught by experience the folly of treason, had sought the opportunity of expiating their crime by service to their country.

And the father of the faithful had good reason to be gratified at his magnanimous resolution, and at the apparent devotedness with which the prodigals knelt around his throne. No form of promise was sufficient for their contrition, and they resorted to the most extraordinary declarations, in order to satisfy the passionate ardor of their gratitude. One swore 'by the head of himself and his family,' to be faithful: another that 'he would spill the last drop of his blood' for the Holy Father; another 'renounced his place in Paradise, if ever he proved unfaithful to the oath of honor which he had sworn;' and the famous conspirators, Renzi and Galletti, became so affected, that language being denied to them, they expressed their feelings in the deep sobs of manhood.

The Piazza del Popolo upon that day spoke eloquently the enthusiasm of the people, after whom it has been named. At early dawn were seen the outlines of a triumphal arch, more beautiful and majestic than that of Constantine; and as the growing light expanded the arms of that grand arch, the figure of Pius the Ninth stood revealed, crowning the representation of 'Hope' and 'Victory,' with 'Justice' at his right hand, and surrounded by the emblems of 'Art,' 'Industry,' and 'Commerce.' Facing the long and magnificent street called the 'Corso,' was the inscription:—

Honor and glory
To Pius the Ninth,
For whom one day sufficed
To give consolation to his subjects
And to astonish mankind.

And on the side which faced the gate of the Piazza, the grateful soul of Rome announced that this arch was to give honor 'To Pius the Ninth, thirty-one days of whose wonderful pontificate would be sufficient to accumulate glories upon the most protracted reign; who, by a spontaneous act of magnanimous clemency, destroyed the ancient hatreds of party, planting the standard of peace upon the Church of Christ. Rome, mindful, grateful, applauding, dutiful, dedicated (this arch) on the Eighth day of September, 1846.'

One of the first who came to view the pageant was a grey-haired man of sixty-six or more. He was soon joined by a younger and more powerful-looking person, that is, by a man of forty-two. This latter was muffled in his cloak, and his hat was slouched over eyes characteristically full and flashing.

Although not yet five o'clock in the morning, the Piazza commenced to fill. Strangers appeared anxious to be near the spot which was to place the Pontiff in the heart's affections of Rome, and where Rome was to glory in crowning her son and sovereign. The fair-haired German, the grave Spaniard, the ever-active, apparently impulsive, but still resolute Frenchman, the Englishman, with folded arms, looking reservedly, and ever so little contemptuously at the whole people and preparations; and the Scotchman, calculating the probable cost at which he might pick up many things belonging to the triumphal arch, in order to present them to his friends, or any others who could pay a fair price for his trouble and success; all were there gathered.

At seven o'clock the blazing glory of an Italian sun flung its wreaths of golden light around a scene which Rome had never before beheld, and which it is probable her future history will not equal. The Pinchin-hill is on the left of the Piazza, and from its lofty eminence tens of thousands look down in expectation upon countless thousands below; while these again, gazing along a street of palaces, contemplate the thousands gathered still, who, with radiant smiles and hearty cheers, pass under flowered archways which span the street—away, away—as far the eye can reach. The Contadini, in their romantic costume; the women and girls in their veils of pure white; and the men with their turned up hats and flaunting feathers or gay flowers; the black gowns and broad beavers of the clergy; the shaven crown and brown habit of the monk, the long bearded Capuchin, the pale and severe Jesuit, the white-robed Dominican, the young and fresh students from the universities and colleges, the assemblages of men from every clime, and the sounds of every tongue, at once reminded you that you were in the capital of the human race and the Christian religion, and that the rule of the Messiah was from 'the rising to the setting of the sun,' and 'from sea to sea.'

The old man mentioned above got very near the triumphal arch, and was anxiously gazing on the various inscriptions, occasionally turning to some one near, particularly to the younger or middle-aged man whom we have introduced to the reader. Having succeeded in satisfying his curiosity, he began to look about among his companions, many of whom he questioned as to where the Pope would stand, and the exact route he would take, and the number who would immediately surround him; in fact, the old man was so curious, and so precise, that had he been younger, or Pio IX. less popular, he might have endangered his liberty by his extreme curiosity.

'You are very inquisitive,' said the man in the cloak.

'Poor Imola!' was the old man's reply.

'You are from Imola?'

'Not exactly, but I know it well,' said the old man.

'You saw Pio IX. there?' again remarked another.

'Every one that was poor saw Monsignore Mastai.'

'Ah, he was very good,' remarked a young woman.

'Per Baccho,' said the old man, 'he was poorer than any beggar in Imola.'

'Really?'

'Really! why, caro mio, he often wanted his dinner.'

'His dinner! Monsignore Mastai,—that is, Our Holy Father, want his dinner?'

'Not two months before he became the head of the Christian Church, he sold his clock to entertain a guest,—he had not the price of a flask of Orvietto.'

'Dio mio!'

'Beyond doubt,' said the old man, 'and he found his majordomo thrusting the butter out of the house for the loss of his last silver cup, which he himself had stolen and made away with.'

'Made away with?'

'Yes, per Baccho, the monsignore had got it sold and given the price of it to the poor, unknown to the majordomo; because, you see, monsignore had nothing else to give, and the majordomo thought that his fellow servant had stolen it.'

'Well!' said three of them together.

'Well Monsignore—that is, the Pope, heard the uproar in the hall—?'

'And,' said the girl.

'And he came down and accused himself,' said the old man, triumphantly. 'Oh, Monsignore—that is, the Pope,' said the old man, 'has been sent by God, I am sure.'

'That he has,' said the young woman.

'You know monsignore too?' said the old man, turning to the young woman.

'But do not be calling the Holy Father "Monsignore," said the young woman, in reply: 'I do know the Holy Father, because he knows every one, and makes every unhappy one know him.'

The man in the cloak looked at her very earnestly.

'You are right,' said the man in the cloak.

'I am,' she answered. 'Two or three days ago, my poor old mother was hungry, and I prayed. Oh, we both prayed so to the Madonna; but I could get no employment, and I did not know what to do. At last I made up my mind to go to the Jews. You see,' she continued, 'I had my gold cross, which I always wear on festival days,' and she pointed to a rich though chaste golden cross, which she wore.—'I determined of course to sell it for my mother, but only for my mother, for I do so love the little gold cross; and it has come down to me through so many generations. I went to the Jew, and I showed him my treasure, and my heart bled when he took it into his hands, and turned it over and over, and the tears flowed down my cheeks, so that even the Jew seemed to pity me, for he was not hard, and he gave me the full value of it, very nearly. Well, I ran home very fast, and I must have looked wild, for my heart beat, and I felt a tearing within me; but passing through the Via degli Apostoli, my eyes met the Madonna's figure, and I remembered the sword that pierced her. I turned into one shop to buy bread, and a little wine, and then I ran for home, where I found my mother weak, oh, very weak. "Madre mia!" I cried, here is wine and bread. God has sent us wine and bread, and we shall soon have plenty. She looked up at me, and demanded where I got it, and I was obliged to tell her all; but I comforted her by saying that Pio IX. would now get bread for all; and that I was sure the good Jew would give me back my cross; and that the Madonna would pray to her Son for his conversion. Will you believe it? at that moment a golden piece fell at my feet, as if from heaven! I cried aloud "A miracle," and I turned to the door from which a shadow had just departed: "Why,