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CHEATING THE GUAGER; OR, HOW BARNEY O'TOOLE INFORMED AGAINST HIMSELF.

AN IRISH STILL-HUNTING EPISODE. By an ex-British Subaltern.

(Concluded.)

During the minute or two my host was engaged arranging the shrubbery that formed the chevaux-de-frise of his little fortress, I discovered that I was in a good sized cavern, lighted from the top by a hole that answered the double purpose of a window and a chimney. The still was not at work; but the various implements scattered about, and the almost overpowering odor of poteen that pervaded the place, left no doubt on my mind as to the unlawful occupation of the proprietor. My conscience was not altogether easy at thus becoming an accomplice of Mr. O'Toole's; but I quieted my scruples with the reflection that it was no part of my duty to discover stills, any more than it was a barrister's to collect evidence, or a physician's to mix medicine. All I had to do was to administer the coup de grace when the excise officers pointed the game, in the same way that a terrier snaps up an unfortunate rat that the ferrets have frightened out of his hole; or, to use a more dignified simile, as the velvet-clad matador gracefully severs the spinal cord of a wretched bull after he has been worried to a stand-still by the squibs and red pocket handkerchiefs of the light-heeled picadores.

"If it wasn't for the smoke bein' seen," said Barney, on his re-appearance, "I'd light a fire, for yer honor must be wet and cowlid; but that ould thief Ginger is always prowling about the mountains—bad luck to him."

"And it wouldn't do," said I, laughing, "for him to find a king's officer conspiring with such a notorious defrauder of his majesty as yourself, Barney."

"Niver fear, yer honor," said my host, bringing a jug from a dark corner of the cavern, where he had been engaged in tapping something very like a small barrel.

"And as for being wet," said I, "I have been so accustomed to it since I came to Ballyblanket, that I am rather afraid of getting thoroughly dry, for fear I should catch cold."

"Here's something that'll prevent yer taking cowlid, yer honor," said Barney, pouring a yellowish fluid from the jug into a cracked teacup. "If I can't warm ye one way, I can another." And he presented the cup with a grace that a butler might envy, and stood watching the expression of my face as eagerly as a painter scans the countenance of a connoisseur judging his picture, saying as he did so, "Try that, captain."

I did try it; and liked it so much, that, to Barney's great delight, I tried it again. There is no necessity for me to specify what the jug contained. It is sufficient to say, I found it possessed all the comfortable qualities ascribed to it by my entertainer; and I gratefully acknowledged that, with such a heating apparatus at his command, a fire became a ridiculous superfluity. At my request, he warmed himself at his portable stove: but he did not seem to care much about it—I suppose on the same principle that grocers hate figs, and pastry-cooks are not partial to bulls' eyes. For more than an hour I remained Barney's guest, and found him a most agreeable companion. Under the influence of the jug he became quite confidential. I found that he had been a soldier in his youth, but had purchased his discharge—(I was not rude enough to ask to see the document)—on the death of his father, who had left him his stock in trade—(here is indicated the furniture of the cavern, including the tub on which I was sitting)—and a secret recipe that was an heirloom in his family, and had enabled them to command the best price in the market for many generations. He explained to me all the mysteries of his profession, till I believe I could have brewed some uncommonly good whiskey myself; and kept me in roars of laughter while he described the various shifts he was occasionally put to in supplying his numerous customers without detection.

"Well," Barney, I said, rising after the jug had been emptied, and I felt warm and comfortable, "by the look of your sky-light, the rain must be over; so, with many thanks for your hospitality and shelter, I'll go on with my shooting."

"One little drop more, captain," said Barney, going to replenish the jug, "just to steady yer aim."

"No, thank you; I am as steady as a rock," I replied, stumbling over my tub in an unaccountable manner.

"Hold up, captain, the place is very dark," said Barney, handing me my gun. "Faith, it's myself that's thankful to yer honor for not being above sitting down with a poor fellow like me.—It's a proud day for Barney O'Toole when he receives a friendly visit from a rale gentleman like yourself."

"I sincerely hope, for your sake," I said, "I

may never have to make one in an official character, Barney."

"Ah, yer honor," said he, "I know yer heart's not in the work."

"That may be; but I've nothing to do but to obey orders."

"That's true, captain; more's the pity."

After he had seen the coast clear, and assisted me through his subterranean passage, which appeared more intricate and studded with sharper rocks than before, Mr. O'Toole and myself parted, with the expression of mutual good wishes.

"Good-by, Barney," I said, staggering a little—I suppose at coming so suddenly into the light, "your secret's quite safe with me."

"Thank yer honor, kindly. I wish ye good sport; and," said he, as he disappeared into his hole, and dragged the bushes into their place, "my blessings follow you wherever you go."

The most extraordinary part of the story, however, remains to be told. On emerging into the open air, I walked to the spring; but whether the light affected my eyes, or the tears blinded them from laughing at his stories, or whether the smell of the whiskey affected my vision in some way, I don't know; whatever it was, the little jack snipes—there were two of them, strange to say, this time—went off as lively as ever, wagging their tails contemptuously at me, in the middle of a cloud of shot. They must have borne a charmed life, because I took particular pains about my aim, and fully expected to bring them down right and left. Should any one hint that the portable stove might have anything to do with this, I can only say that the contents of the jug were "as mild as milk;" and who ever heard of milk affecting one's eye-sight?

About a fortnight after this adventure, Father Patrick and I were spending our evening as usual, with a chess-board between us, and a steaming tumbler of punch at our sides, where-with we occasionally stimulated our strategical talents, when I received an intimation that my services were required to assist in destroying a still, of which information had just been received. Much against my will, I turned out of the priest's comfortable parlor, just when I could have checked him in half a dozen moves, and started off with my party, under the guidance of the man who had brought the intelligence.

It was pitch-dark, and for more than an hour we toiled silently after him till within a short distance of the doomed distillery. Here we halted, and by the direction of our guide, whose voice appeared familiar to me, we surrounded a large rock, which, on approaching, I recognized as the one containing Mr. O'Toole and his fortunes.—Poor Barney, then, had been discovered at last! I was very sorry; but had no alternative but to enter with the excise officer, who, being rather stout, was a good deal mauled in navigating the narrow channel which led to the interior. I was delighted to find that the proprietor was not at home to do the honors of his establishment, although a cheerful turf-fire smouldering on the hearth showed that he had not long vacated his subterranean residence.

The still was not at work, and no traces of spirit were to be found; so, having destroyed poor Barney's patrimony, which, from its age, must have belonged not only to his father, but to a long line of ancestors, we started home. On our arrival at the entrance of the town, our guide, who had mysteriously disappeared during our search in the cavern, claimed his reward, and vanished without my having had an opportunity of seeing his face, which I was anxious to do, as I wished to know whom Barney had to thank for his ruin.

I confess I did not lay my head upon my pillow that night without serious misgivings as to my future fate. Happening so soon after my visit to the mountain, Mr. O'Toole would naturally associate me with the night's transaction, and in his fury imagine that I had taken advantage of his confidence to betray him to his enemies. So far—with the exception of a few threatening letters, written in blood or red ink, I don't know which, and rudely illustrated with fac-similes of my coffin, and other cheerful devices, which I had occasionally received—Father Patrick had had shielded me from harm; but no amount of excommunication, I thought, would prevent the angry distiller from taking the usual description of vengeance upon me for my supposed treachery. My time was evidently come, and the senior ensign would probably get his promotion without purchase. I should be brought home some day on that exclusively Hibernian mode of conveyance for wounded gentlemen—a shutter; or I should quietly disappear like the exciseman, and be dug up in future ages, and exhibited in some Antipedeian Museum as a specimen of a petrified Briton, probably about the same time as Mr. Macaulay's New Zealander takes his seat on London Bridge, and contemplates the ruins of St. Paul's.

Days, however, passed without my becoming entitled to the privilege of being carried on the shoulders of six British grenadiers to the tune of

the Dead March in Saul; nor was I qualified for the somewhat questionable honor of being handed down to posterity as a fossil. I concluded therefore, that the ruined spirit-merchant had given me credit for good faith, and had revenged his wrongs on somebody else; and I had ceased to think of him, except to pity his misfortune; when, soon after, on my attending a fair held in a neighboring town, the first person I met was Barney O'Toole. He was dressed in a bright-blue coat with brass buttons, and sprigged waistcoat, and looked altogether the very reverse of the bankrupt trader I had expected to see. He had evidently taken a considerable quantity of "refreshment" and was in the highest spirits.—On seeing me, instead of the vindictive scowl I had anticipated, a delighted grin lit up his face, and he rushed up to me, exclaiming, "Hurroo, it's the captain!"

"And how has yer honor been this long time?" he said, doffing a new hat and giving the accustomed kick with his leg, on which the haybands had been replaced by smart blue worsted stockings.

"Pretty well, thank you, Barney," I replied. "I'm glad to see you looking so blooming."

"Niver was better, thank your honor," he said, cutting a caper.

"And what are you doing here?" I asked, wondering what had put him into such good humor.

"Why, ye see, captain, havin' a thrille to spare, thank God, I'm afther buying as swate a little pig as iver ye clapt eyes on," he said, still in paroxysms of delight.

By this time he had followed me to a room in the inn; and, having shut the door, I said, "I am glad your affairs are in so flourishing a condition."

"I'm a made man," said Barney, snapping his fingers.

"I'm delighted to hear it," I said. "I was afraid that unfortunate business of the other night"—here Barney grinned from ear to ear; and concluding he was tipsy, I concluded gravely, "that unfortunate business had crippled you for a time; and I wished when I met you, to offer any little assistance I could afford to set you up in some more legitimate occupation."

"Yer honor is a good friend and a kind gentleman; and I'd like to see the man who says he knows a better," said Barney quite fierce.

"I hope, however," I went on, "you don't suppose I took advantage of the information I gained on the mountain to bring—"

"Be my sowl," said Barney, interrupting me, and flourishing his shillelah at some imaginary depreciator of my honesty, "if any one else had hinted at such a thing, I'd have raised a lump on his head that would have prevented the beggard from wearing a hat for a month of Sundays—so I would. No—no, captain, make yer mind aisy. I know the man who informed against me."

"And he winked facetiously.

"And who is the rascal?" I inquired sternly, for I was annoyed at what I considered his untimely mirth.

"Would you like to know his name captain?" said Barney knowingly.

"Yes, I should," I replied, "very much; for I tried to catch a sight of his face that night, but it was too dark."

"I'll tell you," said Barney, beckoning me close to him and putting his mouth to my ear; "his name is—are you listening, captain?"

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently; "go on, go on."

"His name is—Barney O'Toole!"

"Barney O'Toole!" I exclaimed, staring at him, while he seemed to enjoy my amazement.

"Are there two Barney O'Tooles?"

"I niver heard uv another," he said waggishly.

"Whisper, captain," and he looked cautiously about him to see that no one was near—"I gave the information myself!"

"Then it was you, was it, that turned me out of Father Patrick's parlor at twelve o'clock at night!—bad luck to you!" said I, remembering our guide's sudden disappearance and anxiety not to be seen. "I thought I ought to know the voice."

"I was sorry to give yer honor sich a cowlid walk," said Barney, looking anything but distressed; "but—"

"O, never mind that," I said, "I'm glad you're going to give up your evil practices and become a respectable member of society."

"Well, I don't know about that," he replied, grinning again from ear to ear; "I shall be glad to see yer honor again in the same ould place."

"What do you mean?" I asked, puzzled more than ever.

"I mane, yer honor, that the tubs and things were ould and worn out."

"Yes," I said, "I noticed that."

"I got five pounds for giving the information," he went on, his eyes sparkling with fun at the astonishment depicted in my face.

"Well!" I said smiling, for I began to suspect the denouement.

"Everything's bran new. I'm hard at work again; and we'll finish another jug, captain, dear, whenever ye come my way."

Here he could contain his merriment no longer. He danced a pas surl round the table, and went into a roar of laughter at his own notable device of turning informer against himself. Barney had in truth "cheated the guager," and made the Excise pay handsomely for the machinery where-with he had replaced his used up poteen distillery.

Of his subsequent career, and whether he continued successfully to elude the machinations of the exciseman, and preserve the pristine reputation of his "mountain dew," I know not; for soon after our meeting at the fair, the Colonel's wrath at my inroads upon his store of card money having somewhat mollified, and the presence of the detachment at Ballyblanket being no longer deemed indispensable, I was recalled, and thus for ever lost the opportunity of availing myself of Barney's hospitable invitation to renew my acquaintance with the portable store which he maintained in his paternal care.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON RED REPUBLICANISM.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The character of the Red Republicans did not require the late attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French to exhibit in its full development the atrocious infamies of this sanguinary confederacy. There is no crime against God and man of which these men, or rather these demons, are not capable; and while their deeds of blood and sacrilege are recorded in many a sad page of French and Italian history within the last few years, yet it was reserved for the wretches of January, 1858, to outstrip all former precedent of assassination by making an attempt on the life of a woman; and a woman, too, admitted by friend and foe to be amongst the most virtuous wives and the most amiable sovereigns that has ever worn the imperial diadem in Europe. The universal horror which is felt throughout the whole world, throughout all the civilized nations of the earth, against the cowardly, inhuman monsters who are the actors in this diabolical plot of murder, must be equally extended to the thousands of sworn confederates who form the deadly community of Red Republicans known under this name in several countries of Europe. The history of Hungary, of Switzerland, of France, of Naples, of Rome, since the year 1846, has no parallel in modern times for the ferocity and sacrilege with which these banded villains have assailed social order and religion in these various countries;—and if a wise and merciful Providence had not raised up in France a power to check the advance of these enemies of the throne and of the altar, the major part of Europe might be exhausted in this conflict with anarchy and infidelity, and in the end fall an easy prey to Mahomedan or Russian domination.

The terrific lessons of the last twelve years will not be lost on the people who are most concerned in these revolutions; and Europe looks to Austria, to Prussia, and to France for that constitutional firmness and armed vigilance, which, when aided by Naples and the minor states of Italy, must ever stand as a safeguard and a guarantee for the peace of society, and for the preservation and the permanent stability of the Gospel. In every place, and in every instance, the conduct of these cut-throats has been the same—namely, irreligion, perfidy, and blood; and the doctrine put forward of republican equality has been universally employed as a mere sham, a pretext to cover the secret scheme of plunder and assassination.

All readers of pamphlets and newspapers must recollect the plausible arguments advanced by Kossuth and his associates in favor of the Hungarian revolution; many well meaning persons in this country even espoused at that time the theory of his cause, and impeached the tyranny of Austria. The poverty of the lower classes, the oppressive system of land-tenure in that country, combined with the supposed despotism of the Austrian Court, gave a color of patriotism to the conduct of the Hungarian Chief; but time soon revealed the real character of the base conspirator—his perfidy to the men who trusted and followed him; his traitorous desertion of the post which he promised to defend; and, above all, the mean bigotry of his religious sentiments: his crawling sycophancy to English patronage and English prejudices, have branded this man as the most contemptible of the reckless band whom he led and deceived, and abandoned in the hour of trial.

The history of Mazzini may be learned from the conduct of his followers in Naples and in Rome; his manifestoes are before the world, offering a price for the heads of kings and bishops, placing assassination and murder amongst the commandments of his revolutionary decalogue.—The expulsion of the Pope from Rome, and the murder of Count Rossi, the French ambassador,

will best explain the character of the Roman outbreak: while the former assassin Pianori, added to the list of the present Italian conspirators now confined in the French capital on trial for their lives, supplies proof, if such were necessary, of the class of miscreants which have disturbed Florence, infested Rome, and threatened the life of the King of Naples during every day of the last eleven years.

All these men in the various countries referred to were identified in their views, and in their movements. The Swiss, the French, the Roman, the Neapolitan conspirators were precisely the very same society, bound by the same oaths, and aiming at the self-same object. They all planned the selfsame scheme, viz., a double revolution in church and state; but it must be recollected that it was the overthrow of Catholic monarchy, and of the Catholic church. There was no attempt made in any one instance on any Protestant dynasty, or on any Protestant form of belief.—The entire machinery was levelled against Catholicity. Neither Prussia nor the Protestant German states, nor Holland felt any alarm during these years of emeutes, revolutions, Pope-banishing, King-hunting, barricades, and street-fighting: all the exploits were scientifically, and by common consent and combination, confined exclusively to the Catholic throne, and the Catholic altar.

It is a remarkable fact, too, that all the Souper saints of England, together with the entire staff of Exeter-hall, seemed to be intimately acquainted with all these foreign combinations. Sir Culling Eardley, Earl Shaftesbury, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Spooner, have made speeches both in and out of the House of Commons, denouncing the laws of Austria, the tyranny of Naples, the superstitious of Rome, and the degradation of all Italy. Beyond all doubt, these English bigots, and anti-Catholic declaimers have expressed the very same sentiment against all Catholic countries, as Kossuth, Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, and the others of the same stamp. These English bigots, though perhaps not officially connected with the foreign revolutionists, adopted their views: condemned like them Catholic states, Catholic belief, and like them expressed openly the necessity of changing the Catholic political dynasties, and uprooting the Catholic creed. Exeter-hall even employed emissaries, subscribed hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling, and sent preachers and military men to every Catholic capital and town in Europe, with official instructions from the central committee in London: and the proved facts revealed by the conduct of these emissaries leave no doubt on the public Catholic continental mind, that these men were (as far as they could do it) the co-operators, the willing assistants, in the hands of the men who are now known and branded as the infidel confederates of Catholic Europe.

Every department of the English Protestant literature, too, aided in this combined attack of the infidel cut-throats of the Continent: the daily articles in most of the English journals disported in the alternate expression of lies and malignity against the whole Catholic Continent of Europe. At one time it was the Pope-ridden Emperor of Austria: at another the superstitious tyrant of Naples: at one time the Grand Duke of Tuscany was insane, at another the young Queen of Spain was drunk. The Catholic Church was always described by these literary coadjutors of Mazzini as going to pieces, and requiring only one strong, well-aimed blow to reduce the old rotten vessel to infinitesimal fragments! Who is it who has not read the articles here referred to in almost every daily English journal during the last ten years? and who can avoid arriving at the clear conclusion, that it was this patronage of the Biblical part of the House of Commons, this public laudation and co-operation on the part of the English Biblical press, which has had the effect of filling London with all the miscreants of Europe, with all the sanguinary conspirators who have since plotted the assassination of kings, and who have been encouraged in their demoniacal purpose by the unceasing expression of approval given to that conduct by the bigotry of Exeter Hall, and by the anti-Catholic malignity of the English press.

If the evidence here brought forward proving England's complicity with the foreign assassins were submitted to the most fastidious judge of the Queen's Bench he would be obliged to charge the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty: the facts of the last ten years stand an irrefragable proof on this point: and the presence of a host of these wretches in London presents a practical result only to be had from the strict truth of the premises. But when we add to this body of statements the remarkable, the overwhelming, the immovable evidence to be found in the conduct of persons connected with former English Cabinets, the question at issue assumes the character of a rigid mathematical demonstration, leaving no doubt whatever in the mind of any reasonable man, that England has had some share in the guilty responsibility of these reckless foreign