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TURLOGH O'BRIEN;

THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER. CHAPTER XXXV.—TIM DWYER'S STORY.

Once more our story, in its wayward progress, carries us into the wild scenery of Munster, and among the personages we left there.

Under the grey walls of Glindarragh Castle, in the dewy twilight, sat three companions, in easy listlessness, smoking and chatting together, luxuriously; old Con Donovan, Tim Dwyer, and the bilious Dick Goslin, now grown into inseparable comrades, upon the strength of the one grand sympathy—their common love of good liquor—composed the party.

Pleasant enough looked the little group on that calm summer evening, seated under the grey shelter of the time-worn towers, with the river flowing cheerily beneath their feet, and the ivy clusters strung around them.

The conversation had turned upon the marvelous, perhaps acquiring its solemn complexion from the closing shadows of night.

"I never seen a banshee myself," said Tim Dwyer, stealing an upward glance at the old tower which sheltered them, and at the same time interrupting a thrilling silence which had followed a tale just concluded by the venerable butler; "an' with the help iv God I hope I never will, though my grandmother's aunt—rest her soul—at the time when old Peg O'Neil died, that was the publican's mother-in-law, heard it the whole night, keenin' and crying on the top of the house, just for all the world like a pair of cats id be tarin' the puddins out of one another—the cross of Christ about us."

"Ay, ay," said the butler, solemnly shaking his head, "that's the way with them, one time singing, and another time crying; sometimes like one thing, and sometimes like another."

"No being up to them, no being up to them," threw in Goslin, gloomily; "but we've do sich things in England," he added, briskly.

"Nor do witches nor sperits neither, I suppose, no more nor toads an' sarpiants, as I said before?" said Tim Dwyer, with careless sarcasm, and a nudge to the butler.

"There's witches in more places nor England, and there's no location but what has ghostesses, more or less," retorted Goslin.

"There's more sperits heard tell of, than seen," said Dwyer, over whom a sense of uneasiness and awe was gradually stealing.

"I'll tell you a story of a whole parish that was freckened beyant all tellin'; an' bad luck to the sperit was in it, good or bad, after all."

Accordingly, Tim having re-adjusted the disposition of his limbs for greater ease, and wound himself up for an effort of recollection, proceeded in these terms:—

"It was in the village of Ballymaquinlan it happened, about twenty years ago, last Candle-mass; in thim times there was a farmer livin' there, an' his name was Paddy Morgan, an' by the same token, Black Paddy was the name they christened an him, for he was a rale nigger, an' a bad mumber all out—and there was not a respectible man in the parish, barrin' three white rabbits he kep' in a wire cage, along with the rest of the poultry, in a back-yard, id be seen spakin' to him, and no wonder; but thim was uncommon fond of him surely, an' to that degree it was commonly consaved among the neighbors, that it wasn't rabbits at all, God bless us, but the sperits of his three brothers that was in it; but at any rate, in the middle of all his divilment, he tuck the fever at last, on Monday mornin', and before Thursday he was in glory, and the divil a one could deny he deserved it—the villain of the world. Well, he was buried, in course, in the churchyard of Ballymaquinlan, and though he had but few relations, and no friends, the wake and the berrin' was as pliant as if he had them to no end. Well, there was two boys in them days livin' in the town, and such a pair of rogues was not in the seven parishes; there was no sort of description of schamin' and plunderin' and humbuggin', but they wor up to it.—Nothin' was beyant them; begorra there wasn't the likes of them in Ireland's ground—and they were sworn friends into the bargain—and comrades together, in all sorts of villainy. Whatever the one was for, the other never said agin' it. Larry, the miller, that ownded the flour mills, was one of them, and sportin' Terence, the dancin'-master, was the other; a rale pair of schamers.

"Well, it happened on the night after Black Paddy Morgan was buried, the two of them had a plan laid out together. For sportin' Terence, having a cousin by the mother's side, that was goin' to give a christenin', an' she bein' a favorite of his own, he thought he could not do less than to give her a present—so, having nothin' of his own convenient at the time, he thought the best thing he could do, was just to give her one of the neighbor's sheep; and when he tould Larry, the miller, 'begorra,' says Larry, for he was a generous chap too, 'begorra,' says he, 'I don't mind if I give her Black Paddy's three

white rabbits into the bargain,' says he; an' so without more to do they planned to meet at the church door, where was a little sort of a shed goin' in, as soon as the sheep and the rabbits id be sole that night. Well, sure enough, Larry the miller, not having so far to go, nor such a troublesome job as sportin' Terence, was the first of the two at the place of meeting, and down he sits on the bench, an' claps the cage with the rabbits in it, on the ground close opposite to where he was sitting, while he'd be taking a sough of the pipe.

"Well, he was not there long, when who should be comin' up to the church, to get out the cushions as usual, to give them an air of the fire, but the sexton, Tim Bryan, himself, thinkin' all the way of nothin' in the world but Black Paddy Morgan, that he buried the same mornin', and thrimblin' in his very skin every step—and as he was comin' up to the porch, sure enough, what did he see, but Black Paddy's three white rabbits in the cage, right at the step of it, skippin' and jumpin' about like mad; so with that he stops short, and he blesses himself as well as he could—and before he half finished it, Larry never thinkin' but all was quiet outside, lets a yawn inside, in the porch—and the sound he made, and the white look of him—for he was dusted all over with flour—finished poor Tim all out intirely—to that degree, that begorra he tuk to his heels, as if the devil himself was after him; an' never tuk time to say as much as God bless us, till he run fairly into little Phil Martin's kitchen. Well, Phil was the clerk in them days, and an illegant fine one he was—a rale great man of book larnin'; he'd talk albray or Hebrew-Greek for a week, without wost drawing breath—and he had Latin enough to bother a priest, and as many charrums as id rise the roof off a chapel. The only thing agin him, at all, at all, was a sort of a stutther he had, and his legs being crippled in undher him, although that same got him a power of help and presents, one way or another, among the neighbors; but at any rate he was a great man of book larnin' intirely; an' as soon as Tim, the sexton, kem to himself, 'Oh, Phil,' says him, 'it's all over wid me. I seen myself,' says he, 'as sure as you're sittin' there, Black Paddy Morgan, God rest his unfortunate soul,' says he, 'roarin' like mad with the fair pains of the other world. Oh, by the hokey,' says he, 'the sound of it's in my head this minute, sittin' in his windin' sheet, in the church porch,' says he, 'nothin' less id sarve him, and the three white rabbits and all,' says he. 'Oh, Phil darlin' I never gev in to sperits before,' says he, 'but I seen one at last, in earnest,' says he; 'an' I'll never do a day's good again, and that's the long and the short of it,' says he.

"Timothy Bryan," says the clerk, says he, 'you betther take care what you're sayin', says he, 'for it's a serious thing to accuse any man,' says he, 'at laste behind his back, do you mind, of walkin' after he's dacently buried,' says he; 'so consider in yourself, again,' says he, 'and think twice before you make such a hanious charge again any man livin', says he.

"Well, wid that, Tim Bryan cursed his soul and his conscience, until he was fairly black in the face; and Phil Martin hadn't a word to say again it any longer.

"So," says Phil, says he, 'it astonishes me,' says he, 'you didn't try him wid the Lord's Prayer backwards,' says he, 'standin' on the left leg,' says he; 'for there never was a sperit yet,' says he, 'could stand that, as simple as it is,' says he.

"Arra, God bless you," says Tim, for he was gettin' vexed on the head of it; 'and what id the sperit be doin' while I'd be sayin' the Lord's Prayer, like a duck on one leg, backwards,' says he; 'why, man, he'd have me swalled, body and bones, before I'd be half way through with it,' says he.

"Why, you miserable infiddle," says Phil, makin' answer; 'what is it you'd be afraid of;—swally ye, ye bosthoon, ye; begorra, I'd like to see him attimp the like. Who ever heard of a sperit that id dare for to go for to ate a Christian, barrin' Joe Garvey, the tinker, God bless us,' says he, 'that tuk a collip out of the priest's boy,' says he.

"An' the ghost of Moll Doyle's black sow," says Tim, says he, 'the Lord be merciful to us all.'

"There was that, surely," says Phil, settlin' his wig; 'but there's no one will ever persuade me,' says he, 'that ever a sperit id dare to put a tooth in a sexton, or any other anointed minister of the divine service,' says he, 'and in holy ground, more betoken,' says he; 'and be the hokey it surprises me,' says he, 'you'd be sich a coward and a pagan,' says he, 'as to be afraid of the likes in your own church, Tim Bryan,' says he.

"And what'll I do at all?" says Tim.

"Lay it, to be sure," says Phil; 'lay it on the spot; lay it, what else?' says he. 'Be the powers of Moll—I mane be the contings of that book,' says he, 'at I had but the use of my limbs, I'd walk down myself, this instant minute,'

says he, 'and lay it in earnest, before he'd have time to spit on the flure,' says he.

"Never say it twiste," says Tim Bryan, takin' him up an the word; 'for I'll carry you down on my back, myself,' says he; 'for iv you're not afeard, neither am I,' says he; 'I've nothin' an my conscience; it's asy, thank God,' says he; 'so up wid you on my shoulders,' says he, 'an' we'll soon see who is the coward,' says he. 'Well, begorra, as soon as he heard that, Phil Martin turned the color iv a bad pitayta—savin' your presence—with the rale fright; but he would not lave it to the sexton to say he was afeard to go along wid him, after all he said on the head iv it; so, be the powers, havin' nothin' for it but to see the job through, wid a heavy heart up he gets an Tim's back, an off wid the pair of them to the church. There was nothin' but starlight, and the ould church looked twiste as big and as black as ever opposite them, and divil a one word they said until they kem within seven or eight steps of the porch, and begorra, there was the three white rabbits, sure enough; and they could just see them, and hear the wires jinglin' when they'd hop here and there in the cage.

"Stop—be asy, can't you," says Phil, sittin' up an his back, and diggin' his heels into Tim's breast bone like drumsticks, with the rale fright all the while—stop where you are, man, we are near enough, I tell you.'

"So wid that Tim stops where he was, and they both wer freckened to that degree that neither of them spoke one word for as good as a minute, but starin' the three rabbits for the bare life. At last says Phil Martin, says he, dhirpin' down all the time wid the fright—'Tim,' says he, 'thy and stand an the left leg,' says he, 'as well as you can,' says he; 'for it won't take an operation,' says he, 'unless you do it; for I'm goin' to begin at wast, God bless us and save us,' says he; 'and keep steady, you villain, says he, or I'll murder you; for if you fall, as sure as you do, be the powers, we're both done for,' says he.

"So wid that Tim Bryan claps his elbow to the churchyard wall beside him, studyin' himself as well as he was able, and he ups wid his left leg, like a gander asleep; and seein' everything was ready, Phil Martin—giving himself up for lost—opens, as well as the fright id let him, wid the Lord's prayer backwards. Well, begorra, he made sich a noise, that he was not half way through wid it when Larry the miller, that was half asleep inside iv the porch, rises himself up, thinking it was his comrade calling him; so up he gets, and out he walks, and seeing the man wid the bundle an his back, av course who should he think it was but his friend the dancing mather, wid the sheep on his shoulders. Well, when the sexton, wid the clerk on his back, seen the white thing coming out iv the porch, and making for them, the pair iv them a'most lost their senses on the spot. The sexton stood gaping on his two legs, and the divil a word the clerk could spake, but wid the fright he gripped the hair iv Tim Bryan's head wid both his hands, and held on for the bare life. 'Is he fat?' said the miller, whispering, and coming towards them, still consavin' it was the sheep that was in it.

"Fat or lain," says the sexton, getting back his speech on the instant, with the fair desperation, for he was freckened beyant all bearing;—'fat or lain,' says he, screechin' it out with the rale fright—'take him as he is,' says he, pitchin' the cripple right before him into the path, and away wid himself through the town like the wind, as hard as he could peg, not daring as much as to look behind him; but the quarest thing about it was the cripple himself; for, be bad, he was hardly on the ground when up he jumps on his legs as nimble as if he never lost the use iv them for a day, and away wid him after the sexton, roarin' as if the life was leavin' him. But Tim, the sexton, had a long start av him; and being in good wind, he never tuk time as much as to say, 'God bless us' until he was into his own house, and the door shut behind him; and divil a word he could say, good, 'bad, or indifferent—walking up and down the kitchen, wid the bat off his head, and scarce a taste iv the hair left on it, after the wisp Phil Martin pulled out iv him—but, oh, Phil Martin, Phil Martin! the Lord have mercy on your sinful soul—not ate a sexton!—wouldn't he? Oh, bloody wars, it is not a sexton sure enough, but the best clerk in Ireland's ground he has in his belly by this time,' says he.

"And what's wrong with Phil Martin?" says his wife, Kit Bryan, sharp enough—'what's wrong with him, I'm axin'?' says she, fairly bothered with the way he was going on, praying and blessing up and down the place, all as one as a fool or a minister; 'what is it ails him? says she, at all, at all, you bosthoon, you?'

"The divil has him at last," says he—'that's all.'

"The divil?" says he.

"Ay, the divil himself! Are you deaf?" says he. 'Why, in the world couldn't I let the boy

alone?' says he. 'What kem over me at all, at all, to ax him to get up on my back?' says he. 'What put it into my head ever to think iv the likes?' says he. 'I have the loss iv his sinful soul on me now,' says he; 'and his sperit 'ill be athler me every hour iv the night,' says he, 'as long as I'm alive; and I won't say agin it, but I deserve the likes,' says he—for I'll never deny but I was guilty iv a dirty turn—bad luck to myself, says he, for I never was done before.—His sperit 'ill be after me, I tell ye, night and mornin'; wherever I go,' says he.

"And just with them words, Phil Martin himself pushes in the door, as white as a sheet, and in wid him into the middle iv them.

"The sperit," says Tim, letting a roar you'd hear half a mile away, and leaping up an the table, wid his face to the wall; 'the sperit,' says he. 'Didn't I tell you? We're done for, says he, every mother's son iv us.'

"And, begorra, when Phil the cripple hears that, thinking the sperit was behind himself, he runs right through the kitchen like a mad bull, and never stopt to look round, but into the bedroom he bolts, and into the bed wid him, head foremost, and before you'd have time to wink an eye, he had himself rowled up in a ball in the bed-clothes; and out runs the family, screechin' like mad; and the more they screeched, the tighter Phil rowled himself round in the clothes, until he rowled fairly off the bed, where he was tuck up an hour after, wid scarce any breath or senses left in his body.

"Well, all the time the clerks and the sexton was running away, Larry the miller was just as much freckened as themselves; for nothin' id persuade him but what it was a he divil himself he seen carrying away Black Paddy Morgan, body and bones, and his back; and what put it beyant all doubts wid him, was the way the clerk kept screechin' every step he run.

"The divil has me," he'd roar out iv him, and 'oh, murder, the divil has hold iv me fast,' and such other violent injections and expressions all the way. 'Tare an ounes,' says the miller, turning cowlid all over him, 'I'll never be the better iv that the longest day I have to live, says he, 'it's a rale lesson to sinners iv all sorts, God bless us, says he, it's a'most tuk the senses out iv me, says he, crossing himself, and I hope I'll have grace to mend my ways and take warning by what I seen and heard this blessed night,' says he. 'Bad luck to them rabbits,' says he, rising the cage with one kick, 'they're throutlin' my conscience, says he, and I'd give the hat off my head I never stole one iv them, says he; but begorra there's no use in fretting about it now, says he, for there's no way iv preventin' the past barrin confession alone, says he, and I'll go to Father Murphy this blessed minute, says he, and I'll tell him what I seen and heard; tho', begorra, it's a bad case, I'm afeard, says he, and a bad way things is in wid you, Paddy Morgan, you unfortunate sinner, says he, and will take a strong allowance iv prayers all out.'

"So wid that he med the best iv his way to Father Murphy's, blessing himself every second step he tuck.

As Tim Dwyer concluded his story, which has, perhaps, too long interrupted ours, the shadows of night wer stealing fast over the landscape; and yieldin' with prompt good will to Con Donovan's suggestion, 'to be thinkin' about supper,' the little party soon effected a comfortable retreat within the castle walls.

THE GRANARY.

A TALE WHICH EVERY PERSON WILL READ.

By one who had been an Editor.

"Whoso readeth, let him understand."

"Jonathan Homespun, having purchased an extensive farm, and provided himself with everything requisite for prosperous husbandry, proposes to furnish subscribers with one quart of wheat weekly, at the low price of two dollars in advance, or at two dollars and fifty cents, if paid after six weeks. The facilities afforded by the Government for the transportation of wheat to every section of the country and adjacent provinces, are such as must prove satisfactory to every subscriber; and the proprietor of the Granary assures all who may patronize him, that he will exert himself to supply an article of the first quality. N. B.—Agents will be allowed a generous per-centage. Address, post-paid, Proprietor of the Granary, Hopedale."

Such was the prospectus issued by my friend, Mr. Homespun. Feeling a lively interest in his welfare, I visited his farm, although it was a long journey from my home, and was pleased to find everything in nice order. He informed me that he had contracted a large debt in the purchase of the premises, stock, and implements of husbandry, but he had no doubt of his ability to discharge every obligation in a few years. He also stated that he had already received many hundred subscribers, and that in four or five weeks he would commence the delivery of the wheat according to proposal.

The scheme appeared plausible; and my friend was so confident of success, that I had not the slightest doubt of his prosperity. I entered my name as a subscriber, and when I left him, he was preparing many thousand quart sacks.

Every week, for the space of two years, I received my quart of wheat, and concluded, from its excellent quality and prompt delivery, that everything was prosperous with Jonathan Homespun and his farm.

So I gave myself no concern about my indebtedness to him; "for," said I, "to a farmer so extensively patronized as he is, the small pittance of two years' arrears would be but a drop in the bucket." It is true, there was occasionally printed on the sacks a general notice to delinquents; but I never suspected that this was intended for his friends.

The notice, however, became more frequent; and having leisure, I concluded I would visit my friend, the proprietor of the Granary. He greeted me cordially, but I saw that there had been trouble. He was evidently worn with toil and anxiety, and, in the conversation of the evening, he entered into particulars.

"Here have I been laboring, day and almost night, for two years; and I am more in debt now than when I began. My creditors are pressing for payment; I am conscious of inability to meet their demands, and can perceive no result but bankruptcy and ruin."

"But have you not a large list of subscribers?" said I.

"Yes, a very large list," was the reply; "but too many of them are like you."

"Me!" I quickly rejoined, in amazement; "too many like me?"

"Pardon me," said my friend, in a melancholy tone; "pardon me, for oppression will make even a wise man mad. You have had a quart of wheat weekly for two years, and I have not a cent of payment. I have a large list of the same kind of patrons, scattered here and there over thousands of miles. If they would pay me the trifles they severally owe, I should be directly freed from embarrassment, and go on my way rejoicing. But they reason as you reason; and among you I am brought to the door of poverty and ruin."

I felt the full force of the rebuke, and promptly paid arrears at the increased prices named in the prospectus, and also a year in advance. I bid adieu to the worthy and wronged farmer, resolving to do everything in my power to repair the injury which had accrued from my delinquency.

O ye patrons of Jonathan Homespun! wherever ye are, or whoever you are, ye have received and eaten the wheat from his Granary, without making payment. Ye are guilty of a grievous sin of omission. Therefore, repent. Pay the farmer what you owe him. Uncle Sam's teamsters bring you the sacks of grain every week, and Uncle Sam's teamsters will carry the money safely to Jonathan Homespun.—New-Bellevue Mercury.

THE POPE'S ALLOCATION.

The following is the Allocation delivered by the Pope at the Secret Consistory held at Rome on the 30th ult.:

"Venerable Brethren—Each of you may remember with what heartfelt grief we have frequently deplored before you the numerous and lamentable evils caused to the Apostolic Church, to the Apostolic See, and to ourselves, to the great detriment of civil society, by the Piedmontese government and by the authors and abettors of that disastrous rebellion, particularly in the unfortunate provinces of Italy, which that same government has usurped with us much injustice as violence. At the present time among the innumerable and still more serious wounds inflicted incessantly on our holy religion by that same government, and by the men who form part of a detestable conspiracy, we have to weep over our dear son, your illustrious colleague, the vigilant Archbishop of Naples, renowned for his piety and his virtue, whom you now see here present, and who, seized by soldiers, was torn from his flock to the great grief of all right-minded men. Every one knows how the satellites of that government and of that rebellion, full of ignorance and deceit, have renewed the attacks and the fury of the ancient heretics, and giving way to all their rage against his virtues endeavoured to completely overthrow, if it were ever possible, the Church of God and the Catholic religion—to wrest from every soul its salutary doctrine, and to excite and inflame every bad passion. All laws, human and divine, have been trampled under foot—all ecclesiastical censures set at naught—the bishops, with an audacity which every day increases, expelled from their dioceses, and even thrown into prison—very many of the faithful have been deprived of their pastors—the regular and secular priests borne down by bad treatment, and subjected to all kinds of injustice—religious congregations destroyed—their members expelled from their houses and reduced to the most complete indigence—virgins devoted to God obliged to beg their bread—the most venerated temples despoiled, profaned, and changed into dens of robbers—sacred property pillaged—ecclesiastical authority and jurisdiction violated and usurped, and the laws of the Church despised and trampled under foot. Schools of false doctrine have been established—libels and infamous journals, the offspring of darkness, have been distributed in every place at an enormous expense by a criminal conspiracy. Pernicious and abominable writings attack our holy faith, religion, piety, honesty, modesty, honour, and virtue, and overthrow the true and unshakable rules of eternal and natural law of public and private rights; the legitimate liberty and property of every one is attacked; the foundations of family ties and of civil society are ruined; the reputation of every virtuous person is blackened by false accusations, and the impunity of all vices and of all errors in every day more and more nourished, propagated, and increased. There is no one who has not seen what a deplorable suite of calamities, crimes, and misfortunes have been scattered over unfortunate Italy by this great and scintillating rebellion; for, to use the words of the prophet, "By swearing and lying, and killing and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth blood" (Hoses, iv. 2). Yes, the sad heart is seized with horror; words are wanting to depict the numbers of towns of the kingdom of Naples burnt and destroyed; a considerable number of virtuous priests, monks, and citizens of all ages, sex, and condition, without exception, even those consumed by disease, charged with the most shameful outrages, thrown into prison, or put to death in the most barbarous manner, without even the form of a trial. And who would not be filled with the most profound sadness at seeing these men, these frantic rebels, without any respect for ancient ministers, for the dignity of bishop or cardinal, without any respect for us, for this Apostolic See, for the