



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1857.

No. 16.

EARLY RISING;

OR TERRY OULAHAN'S ENGAGEMENT.

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, proboque, 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 is 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 (as they say in Ireland) 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 the better judgment, was a firm resolution to "bounce" the next morning—which firm resolutions, 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 calico!

Notwithstanding all his resolutions, all his fretting, 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 bringing 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, which ever 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 bedclothes, 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 appealed 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, namely, to call me up every morning at half-past five o'clock, and 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 sinecure, 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 put his ear to the same, and hearing no reply, exclaimed, "Murder, murder, but I believe he's 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 winding up, or finale of a most discordant snore—"Oh, blessed and holy St. Monica!" cried out Terry; "the Lord be between us and harm, but the devil 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 cum to call you, sir."—"humb—humb,"—"I'm here sense half after five, sir,"—"humb,"—"and it's now just six; it's six o'clock, sir; it's a fine morning, sir;"—"humb—humb—bah." 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 expressible 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 running 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's there?" "By the powers of 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 silent 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 of 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, sir," 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, before 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 with 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 that he had not only been authorized, 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 Banagher; up he gets any how wid all his snoring; I'm his boy," saying which, he went to the bed 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 now 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 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 down—there now—go, Terry, 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 go a foot till you're out o' bed; see there now, sir, you're dropping off again, (oh, murder, what I do!) Sir, sir," exclaimed Terry, giving him again several shakes, "arrab under an' 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 startled 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? I've 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 out of bed."

"Oh, my heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Snoreaway to himself, "well, I believed 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 vagabond 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're 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. Everything wore the air of such deliberate earnestness on the part of Snoreaway; his positive 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 had 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 bedroom."

"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 to God, it aint my fault."

"But I tell you," said Mr. Snoreaway, "it is your fault."

"As I hope 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 towd me you were as good as up, and to be off wid myself. I wonder what was I to do?"

"Well, now, I'll look over this now. 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 say 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 anything, and everything, until you have me up. If you find all won't do, pull the clothes off me, and throw cold water on me; and now mind me, Terry, besides your wages, I'll give you a guinea, if you do now 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 mornings were fully gone through; the snorings, and the sighings, and the shakings, and the get up, sirs, 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 jail."

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, (fearing 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 if 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 shootings, all fell harmless against the decided determination of Terry to succeed or fall in the action. Terry was a man of powerful strength, and seizing a deadly grasp of the blankets, sheets, and all, in his athletic hands, he dislodged his man; who, to save himself from the utter evacuation of his drowsy territory, put out one of his hands and caught the bedpost. 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 constitution, 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 cooperation to the 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, 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 describ-

ed. The reader will be glad to learn that his well-paid pertinacity was of essential benefit to his master, and the date of this "glorious victory," an epoch in both their lives.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE OPINIONS OF THE FOREIGN PRESS ON INDIA AND ENGLAND.

Since the battle of Waterloo, England has taken her own leave, without permission from others, to assume a dictatorial power in the affairs of mankind in general, and in the policy of Europe in particular. Her Ambassadors have unhesitatingly, and almost authoritatively, attempted in several weak Sovereignities to sway their Cabinets, and to model the internal organic laws of their several Constitution. She has partially succeeded in three or four instances; and has thus by violence, domination or intrigue, engrafted on unwilling submission an importation of English laws, foreign to the genius of these peoples, galling to their independence, and borne in angry silence only till a favorable opportunity shall arise to reject this foreign odious legislation, and to recover their lost liberties. Spain and Portugal furnish melancholy examples of this intermeddling diplomacy, where usurpation has for a time crushed their nationalities and altered their legitimate succession to the throne; but still withal, where a deep feeling of patriotism, almost inherent in the soil, is steadily gaining strength in these countries, becoming more powerful in proportion as English influence there verges to decay. They are fast recovering and rapidly advancing every day to the original cherished government which has been unjustly replaced during the last quarter of a century by foreign hated legislation.

And in those States where England could not or dare not introduce her revolutionary policy, she employed her whole press to misrepresent their institutions, to malign their religion, and even to forge scandal on the private intercourse of the Palace. From the very Capitol of Rome, from the dome of Saint Peter's, these English emissaries raised the standard of British assumption, and for five-and-twenty years they fomented the revolution of Hungary, aiding in stimulating into periodic paroxysm the irrepresible temper of France, and kept Switzerland a boiling cauldron of the very worst congregated vices of Europe, ready to be poured out at a given signal like a torrent of molten lava on the Catholic countries. Europe was for a long time past perfectly aware of this arrogant usurping voice; this palpable scheme of encouraging the discontented, the abandoned, the lawless in several countries against religion and the throne, was well understood in Austria, in Naples and in all Italy. But England at this time had the prestige of unequalled military discipline, of unrivalled military commanders, of pre-eminent efficiency in all naval, military and strategical efficiency throughout all the departments of warfare. During the last forty years she was considered to be the great European seminary, where a brilliant military education was completed; she was believed to be the first European school of trained courage, at once the example, the admiration, and the terror of the surrounding nations. Her high-sounding acts of parliament, too, published liberty on parchment on the most liberal basis; while her hired press, her biblical historians, her public meetings, her literature, presented to foreign peoples the most exaggerated report of her unrestricted liberty of conscience.

Within the last ten years, however, the facilities of steam communication, the closer intercourse of the neighboring nations, the progress of journalism and the advance of general civilization have torn the bandage off the eyes of Europe; and facts which could not be contradicted or concealed have demonstrated that this outward exhibition of civil and religious liberties on parchment is a mere cover to deceive the public, while concealing beneath these specious parliamentary fallacies and cheats such a grinding social exclusiveness and such a galling religious intolerance, as are not to be found in any other State in Europe. These discoveries, entirely owing to the causes already named, began to awake Europe to the hollow pretensions of England in matters of political and religious import, and to produce corresponding feelings of defiance and independence in former pliant and submissive Courts. But when the full account of the ribald persecution of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill had reached them; when they read the cruel expatriation of millions of Irish Catholics by emigration; when they heard the confusion of our Commissariat at Balaklava; when the surprise at Inkermann was reported to them by Bosquet's division; when their mistake in the trenches, their failure at the Redan, were discussed in all European military and political circles, a feeling of astonishment, mingled with joy, seized the public mind. And while all admitted the general religious toleration of the people of England; while all have justly lauded the brave-