VOL. XXV.

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NO. 33.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

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TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

Eamus in jus. PLAUT. Pomilius, Act v. Dogberry. Are you good men, and true? Much Ado about Nothing.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN. AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS," RTC

THE FIFTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

DRINK, MY BROTHER.

O, I have pass'd a miserable night; So full of fearful dreams of ugly sights, That as I am a Christian faithful man, I would not spend another such a night, Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days; So full of dismal terror was the time.

CHAPTER III .- (CONTINUED.)

Satisfied that he was indeed asleep, he hurried downward through the glen and across the fields in the direction of the cabin which he had left to follow Richard. Crossing the threshold, he beheld scated near the fire, one of his accomplices, in boatman's costume like his own, and busy in finishing the drink which he had left behind him.

"Come along i" exclaimed the Pounder, beckoning impatiently. "He is safe."

"Isn't he coming back?"

"No,-he will remain quiet where he is, till midnight at the least. I took care of that when I mixed his drink."

"Did you get his consent?" "Trash, man! I didn't want it. He'll be ready

enough to consent when it is done." "I'm in dread to have anything to do with it. I

done many a thing with you, but never the likes o' this before. Nothing ever has luck or grace that has any call to a thing o' the kind." "I suppose some ould woman was talkin' to you

since I left the house."

'Tis not any ould woman, but the whole counthry knows it. We seen ourselves the time o' the throubles, those that waylaid father Mulqueen, and took his life for crossin' 'em in their night walkin', that none of 'em ever come to a good end. One was dhrownded in goin' to America, another was killed by a fall from his horse, another was found dead in his bed (lord save us!) afther spendin' the night drinkin', and sure there was only the other day that yourself seen the last of 'em dyin' of the dint of starvation, in his ould days, afther bein' in beggary half his time." "Is it crack'd you're gettin'?"

"If you wouldn't heed that, isn't it recorded in histhory itself what happened all those that had a hand in the death o' Father Sheehy of Clonmel Isn't it noted to this very day, that from all the grand jury down to the manest witness, neither they nor their children afther 'em, come to a timely

"It's my belief you're gettin' light."

"Whatever would come across myself, I would'nt be placed my deeds 'ud be visited upon my chil-

"Why didn't you think o' that before? Sure you can plase yourself. If you don't like to do it, you can stay here. I'll find plenty besides that has notions above crusheening with ould women in the

chimney corner?"
"I wasn't sayin' again' goin' all out. I was only

talkin' as it came into my head?

"Well then, did you talk enough? If you did, go now an' do as I tould you. You know yourself vhat you're to say: An' ould man, a thraveller, bat's taken suddenly ill, on the read side. But here's one job that we have a right to settle first."

".What is it?" Do you remember when last we were talkin' o'

tis, businessem van de deel de de masse men de de l'Alla des man de de l'Alla de l'A

"An' when we settled the way we were to do it?"

ge a little cough in the room, a near us, just as if case his misjortune would have been as irremedidate out the standard of t

jobs about the counthry. There's no need to be in dbread of him; he's a little cowardly sprissawneen that wouldn't daar open his mouth."

"I think 'tis betther make sure of him for all that. 'Tis alsy done, for his cabin is in among the threes on the road side as we go."

"Wisha, the dear knows nobody need to be in dhread o' Sam Hare. What is it you're thinkin' o' doin'?"

"I'll tell you as we go along." They left the house together."

In the meantime, Father John expected with anxiety the return of his brother. Evening fell, however, and he came not. Day closed in all the splendor of an Atlantic sunset. Night came, and it was evident that Richard did not intend returning. It was within two hours of midnight, and every one in the house had retired to rest. Mr. Magrath had already begun to disencumber himself of bis dress, when a loud knock was heard at the front door. In a few minutes after, Fitzgerald turned the handle of the chamber door.

"Are you asleep, sir?"

" No, what do you want?"

" A call, sir, there's one abroad for you to go over in all haste to the cross."

Mr. Magrath thought of the cooper's warning, but he kept the suspicion to himself, and said in an ord nary tone:

"It is just like them, just the old story. They let the whole day pass, and wait until I am just stepping into bed. Who is it that's ill?"

"An ould man, sir, he says, a thraveller that's taken suddenly ill, a little piece in from the cross; I axed him myself why he wouldn't come airly, an' he says 'tis only a while ago the man come to the house at all."

"I suppose there is no help for it. Bring round the horse as soon as you can. You had better give the messenger a drink by the fire-side while he is Fitzgerald departed and returned in a few minutes.

"He wouldn't take anything for the world, sir.-He says he must go back at once, as ourselves knows the way, an' there'll be one waitin' for us at

the cross to show us the house." This last incident did not contribute to the removal of the doubts which had occurred to the mind of the clergyman. In a short time the horses were ready, and Mr. Magrath, accompanied as usual by his clerk, set out upon his mission. It is scarcely necessary to say that he experienced no little anxiety as he left the house, but he did not feel the vague warning of Mahony, sufficiently precise or credible to warrant him in acting on it, at the hazard of abandoning a fellow creature in his extremity.-The night was moonless and calm, with just sufficient light to enable them to pursue their road with tolerable certainty. About half a mile from the house, after traversing a lonely mountainous track, on which, at long intervals only, appeared the wretched cabin of some poor laborer, or petty agriculturist, the travellers descended a slope leading to a turn in the road, which was crossed by a small stream. On either side, at this place, extended one of those woods of stunted oak, which grow spontaneously in various parts of the country. As they crossed the stream, an exclamation from the clerk

attracted the attention of his master. "The light, sir! Did you see the light in the

Mr. Magrath turned to the left, and beheld among the trees, at the distance of a musket shot from the road, the reflection of a strong light, but from what cause it originated, the distance and the intervening

wood rendered it impossible to discern.
"What can be the cause of that, Edward?" he said, after gazing on it for some moments in silence. "The heavens bless you, masther, an' don't let it throuble you, but let us go on, whatever it is. What call have we to it?"

"I'm afraid there's some mischief going on thereabout, Edward."

"Eyeh, what mischief, sir? A heap o' faggots may be, they're burnin'. The night will be lost on

us, if we stop lookin' at it."

The clergyman hesitated for some moments. "I do not like to go further without knowing more about it," he said, "Follow me, or if you are

afraid, remain here till I return."

This speech left the hearer in a state of cruel perplexity, for being long since fully, though privately ratisfied in his own mind, that the light which they beheld proceeded from no natural cause, the horror of approaching the awful scene, even in so good company as that of his master, seemed nothing inferior to that of remaining alone upon the road. He decided, however, on accompanying Mr. Magrath, knowing enough of his character to judge how useless would be any attempt at dissuading him from his terrific purpose.

CHAPTER 1V.

Turning into a narrow bridle road, they proceeded for some minutes in silence, the clergyman with difficulty preventing his horse from stumbling over the huge stones and masses of broken earth, that filled the track. At length, an opening in the wood disclosed the cause of their perplexity. The light was seen to proceed from a small cabin, which fronted the narrow road, and was almost hid on every other side by the close ash and fir trees that grew around. From the small window, but more especially from the doorway which stood wide open, the light proceeded.

"What in the world came over me, an not to know the place 'till now?" exclaimed Fitzgerald .-Sure it ought to be as well known to me as our own hall doore. Tis Sam Hare the little tinker

that lives there." Proceeding onward until they arrived opposite the door, they beheld within a figure which had enough of the grotesque, to have afforded them amusement under any other circumstances. On the floor was seated a small sized, thin featured man, his hands bound together at the wrists, and passed over his knees in such a manner, as to allow a long broom handle to pass beneath the flexure of the latter, and over that of the elbows, so as effectually to keep "I remember that likewise." (and that just afterwell him philored in his sitting posters); without the him her thought the was seated in the caping Well, don't you call to mind that just afterwell him philored in his sitting posters; without the him her thought the was seated in the caping Well, don't you call to mind that just afterwell him philored in his sitting posters; without the had left the Pounder of Herwas alone and still he plant and where he had left the Pounder of latter all may be him which in editating on the deed to which the latter and any sitting the said in which in editating on the deed to which the latter and any sitting the said in the caping and the deed to which the latter and any sitting the said in the caping and the deed to which the latter and any sitting the said in the caping and the deed to which the latter and any sitting the said in the caping and the deed to which the latter and any sitting the said in the caping and the deed to which the latter and any sitting the said in the caping and the caping

"I does—little Sam Hare, the tinker, that does as he looked up, betrayed the most pitiable terror and anxiety.

Dismounting, Mr. Magrath gave his bridle to Fitzgerald, and approached the door. As he presented himself at the threshold, a harsh cry broke from the little man, which was echoed by a female voice from an inner room, and for some minutes a screaming duet was kept up which rendered in impossible to distinguish any other sound. His appearance, however, contributed more to make it cease than anything which he could say. The terror of the pinioned tinker changed, on seeing him, to the most extravagant joy. Drawing out the broom handle and releasing his wrist, Mr. Magrath enquired for a time, in vain, the cause of his being found in so extraordinary a position. The poor tinker, however, was too thoroughly affrighted to be able to give any account of the occurrence, and it was only from the female he learned that, while they were at their supper, their house had been suddenly invaded by two men in boatmen's dress, who, after menacing and ill-treating Hare in various ways, administered an oath to him, to what purport she could not say, as they had taken the precaution to remove her at first to another chamber, where she could only gather an indistinct account of what was passing. In the meantime, the bewildered tinker did nothing but mean and laugh with a kind of incoherent joy, when he looked upon the clergyman. The fire-place was occupied by an enormous heap of burning turf, which the woman told him had been made by the strange men, who threatened to burn the tinker behind it, in case he persisted in

"So these people have made you take an oath, Sam," said the priest.

"Hi! hi! the Poundher! he! he!"

"Oh! ho! the Poundher was it? Well, what did he swear you to?"

The tinker was silent.

refusing to take the oath.

"Of course you are well instructed enough to know, Sam, that you had no right to take an unlawful oath, and are as little bound to keep it, more especially if it binds you to anything unjust. You know what is said of the ways of becoming a partaker in the sin of another. Don't be guilty by concealing; participans, mutus, non obstans, non manifestans, are all alike."

"Aye, sir, that's the way," said Fitzgerald, whose curiosity had led him to fasten the horse at the door, and follow his master unseen into the house, "give him enough o' the Latin, an' I'll engage you'll soon bring him to, if anything could do it.

Nothing, however, could do it, as it appeared, for neither by Latin or English could the tinker be induced to reveal a word of what had passed between him and the Pounder. Still it was evident that something had occurred, in which Mr. Magrath was personally interested, for when that gentleman, wenry of the scene, was about taking his departure, the tinker flung himself before him, and embracing his knees, seemed entreating him in the most piteous manner not to venture abroad. In answer to the clergyman's repeated questions, he only exclaimed in broken sentences:

"Don't — don't! — Go home! — I can't! — Go home."

"Why should I? What is it you desire me not to do? What have I to fear?"

"I can't—I can't tell—I can't speak at all—I'd be burnt—I'm desthroyed—I'll be burnt behind the

"You may surely tell me at least what is the nature of the danger you see for me? You will not? Then do not annoy me with your noise.

Abruptly leaving the house, Mr. Magrath deliberated with himself for a few moments on the course which he had best take. Some mischief was evidently afoot, but he hardly could persuade himself that it was directed against his life. The thought seemed too extravagant. No motive, but Richard's benefit, could be imagined for it, and he never could persuade himself that his brother could really even for a moment entertain so horrible a

thought. "Amid all his thoughtlessness and violence," he said to himself. I have detected traces of a better spirit, that makes it seem impossible he should proceed to such atrocious lengths. I have seen him on more than one occasion bestow his best coat, or pair of shoes, on a poor man, when he thought he was entirely unobserved. It is impossible that he can be a party to such a plot, and without him what motive can any other person have to injure

He determined to pursue his journey, and dismissing Fitzgerald on the ground that he did not require his attendance, he took the road which led to

the appointed place, alone.
In the meantime Richard continued to sleep profoundly on the uneven resting place, which he had taken up within the ruined Kill. The drug which had been mingled with his drink, while it oppressed his senses, quickened his imagniation, and rendered it more susceptible of those vivid and singular impressions, which the mind often receives in dreaming. At first his visions were confused and mingled of the pleasing and the horrible. Sometimes he fancied himself borne upon a strong wind with a speed that excessive as it was, yet filled him with a sense of buoyant delight and exultation, over houses, rivers, towns, churches, gardens, seas and continents, all of which seemed gliding rapidly away beneath him, in briliant panoramic succession. Then a sudden and intense darkness overspread the face of all things-terrific sounds re-echoed through the gloom, and a crash like that of falling mountains, with rocks rolling upon rocks to an unfathomable depth, turned the very sense of hearing to an affliction. Then again the series of phantoms assumed a pleasing character. Green fields and gently flowing streams, with waving groves and rustic music, succeeded to the congregation of ter-rors, from which he had just escaped. For a considerable time these incoherent phantoms occupied: his fancy. At length, whether that the influence of the potion he had drank was worn out, or from some other cause, this extreme confusion consed. and this visions began to assume a more consecutive order. a hot was to andralling of and galacud

from its accomplishment, now recoiling horrorstricken, from the means suggested, he thought the Pounder entered and beckoned him from the cottage. Led by some strange impulse, he arose in silence and followed. The Pounder led the way to the shore, where he turned and awaited him. As they walked together on the beach, the river corsair renewed his instances, and with so much force and artifice, that the dreamer could no longer hold out against him. He consented, but as, when he had done so, the tempter turned to look upon him with a gesture of applause and satisfaction, he started back with a thril of fear, as he discerned beneath the broad leafed hat and matted hanging locks, the malignant features of the Arch-enemy of man-

The consent, however, was given, and it was not recalled. The deed he now thought was executed exactly in the manner which had been proposed to him when awake. Their whole scheme succeeded to their desire. Detection was effectually baffled, and Richard, as his brother's legal heir, entered into possession of the property, which he had acquired by the sin of Cain!

Still, the connection of his dream continued. He entered on the gay and dissipated course of life which had been, for so long a time, the object of his ambition. He kept hunters-attended and bet at race courses-won and lost at cards-indulged in all the varities of what he had regarded, and heard spoken by others, as a life of pleasure.

He did not, however, find it such. In the midst of his tumultuous delights, remorse haunted him, and the memory of what he had done, was for ever present to his soul. It was in vain that he shut out reflection at one sense; she instantly re-entered through another, and as he hurriedly swallowed cup after cup of the intoxicating waters of delight, she was for ever present to mingle bitterness and anguish in the draught.

Wearied out by the incessant strife, sick of his disappointed hopes, and stung almost to madness by tormenting recollections, a settled gloom and melancholy at length took possession of his mind. Every kind word that had been ever spoken to him by his brother in their days of familiar intercourse, every gentle tone and mild forbearing glance came back upon his mind, and pierced it through with agony. The love which in childhood he had felt toward his brother, revived with a more than redoubled force, and as he reviewed his whole career of quiet generosity and kindness, he experienced a torment, somewhat similar to that he might imagine of a lost spirit, remembering the happiness which it slighted, and which it could never more

One evening, scourged in spirit by such thoughts, he sought relief by walking out alone by the riverside. Insensibly he found himself pursuing the same path which he had actually followed during his walk on the proceeding evening. On arriving within view of what in his waking moments appeared to him to be a ruined church, he was surprised to behold it thronged with people as at the celebration of some great festival. Making inquiry at directing consciences, was within, and engaged in hearing the confessions of the people. Immediately the idea occurred to him of seeking relief from his remorse, by acknowledging his guilt at the feet of this saintly minister. Entering the church with this intent, he was, however, diverted from carrying it into execution by the extraordinary sight which he beheld within. The people were on their knees and praying in silence; a great number of candles were lighted on the alter before which stood a priest with his back turned, and engaged in the most selemn part of the Mass. While he stood fixed in wonder, with his eyes riveted on the officiating minister, the latter slowly turned as if to give a benediction to the people, and revealed to the con-science-striken Richard, the ghastly inexpressive features, and meaningless eye of his murdered brotheri

The terrible dream continued with the same conseculive distinctness. He now thought, that while he still gazed as if spell-bound, on the features of the awful figure, it returned his gaze, and slowly doscending the steps of the altar, approached the spot on which he stood, bearing in his uplifted hands the silver chalice which he used during the sacred ceremony. The people gave way in silence, and formed an open passage between the brothers, along which Richard saw the figure still approach. He thought to fly, but all power of motion had deserted him, nor could he even avoid the cold and fearful glance that met his own. At length the figure stood, and presenting to his lips the sacred vessel, which now he saw was filled with blood, said, with the gentle smile which he so well remembered:

" DRINK MY BROTHER !"

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS

LORDSHIP the BISHOP of MONTREAL PUBLISHING THE ENCYCLICAL OF OUR HOLY FATHER POPE PIUS IX CONCERNING THE JUBILEE OF 1875.

IGNATIUS BOURGET, by the grace of God and of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Montreal, Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, etc., etc.

Health and Benediction, in the name of Our Lord, to the Glergy, secular and regular to all religious institutions, and to the Faithful of our Diocese.

> (CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.) XVI. 5. Faults of the Junium.

In celebrating the Jubilee with good dispositions as We hope to do, Dear Brethren, and in sharing the numerous and precious graces, which belong to it, you will necessarily be under a solemn obligation, downrds the infinite mercy of God, by showing Him h) Again, he thought he was seated in the cabin, all the days of your life your deep gratitude, in per-

potissimum, quod ad sacrum pertinet Jubilaum, fideles

With great anxiety for the future, this vigilant Pastor, ardently wishes, in his solicitude for all the Churches, that the Jubilce which he would like to extend over the Catholic universe, might contribute to reform the vices and bad morals in all places:

ut omnis, si fieri potest, corruptela a moribus christiani

sistet industria.

populi in perpetuum remoceatur.

There are many things to tell you on this subject, selves by sketching rapidly the important points of the doctrine, to which this Holy Pontiff calls our attention, in our firm conviction that your l'astors themselves, and the Missionaries and other Priests, that they may call to their assistance, will treat these subjects with the care that Pontifical vigilance dictates to them, and which We, on our part, point: out to meet the views of that Pontiff, who tells us: You are well aware of the vices that exist in your flock; in your pastoral zeal, you should use all the means in your power to root them out." In ea evellenda incumber nunquam zeli vestri pastoralis de-

XV. S. BLASPHEMY.

Mind now, Dear Brethren, that the words you are about to hear, are those addressed by the great Popo to the Bishops, for the instruction of all the catholies. You will give them then the strict attention they merit, and be inspired with a reverence truly sincere towards the common Father of the whole Church. "There is hardly any country," he says, "where the Holy Name of God is not used with rashness. We shudder at the thought of it, and blush to speak of it (horrescimus cogitantes, pudctque dicere)..... May your zeal arouse you against such impicty which is the greatest harm that can be done to Divine Majesty, and may you make every possible effort to destroy it." Exardescal areas vester summaque ope invekatur.

XVI. §. IRREVERENCES IN CHURCH.

"There are still perpetrated, in the Churches, irreverences, by postures, immodest attire, or by any unholy acts whatever, which violate the holiness. of them, by which indeed they could not be more desecrated. May the faithful not forget this warning of the Lord: my house is a house of prayer; and the zeal of your house has consumed me."-Neve unquam excidant monita illa Christi Domini:" Domus mea. etc.

XVII. §. VIGLATION OF HOLY DAYS.

The holy days, which should be held sacred to the service of the Lord, are profaned in a fearful manner, not only by servile work, but by spending these days, in which we are not allowed to work, so that we may attend to the things of God, in abusing this rest, by serving the devil, so that these profeners pass these holy days in feasting, in drinking in rioting, and doing all the works of the evil one.—
May you abolish this scandal for ever by your efforts; and instead, may there be a true zeal to give one of the doors, he was told that a most holy priest, up all to prayer, to give ear to the word of God not celebrated throughout the country for his skill in only in assisting at the very holy sacrifice of the only in assisting at the very holy sacrifice of the Mass, but in receiving the Body of the Lord, which is the most salutary participation of this great peace offering. Tollatur in perpetuum, quoud per vos sieri poterit, scundulum hujusmodi, succedatque illi orundi etudium, etc."

XVIII. S. THE VIOLARION OF ABSTINENCE AND FAST.

In regard to this, we should call your attention to the commandments of the Church. What shall we say, exclaims Leo XII, of the particular observance of abstinence and fast? For, how many are there already, who either take no notice of this precept, or who even despise it altogether; so you see how necessary it is, that the faithful should understand well the commandments of the Church, and with what reverence they should subject themselves to the authority of so great a Mother, of whom Jesus Christ, her Spouse has said: Si quis Reclesiam non audierit, sit tibe sicut ethnicus et publicanus.

XIX. 6. THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

"Persons of every age (it is to the Bishops Leo XII addresses himself) demand all your care, but especially the young, on whom depend the future condition of the Church and of human society; it is against both, that impicty is aroused, and armed to ruin governments, as well as the Church, and it uses every means to drag them down to its level .--Conjurata in utriusque perniciem omni ope ad suas partes adducere conatur impietas."

XX. §. CIVIL MARRIAGE.

"You know perfectly well," he adds, "that the neglect and perversity of this education and discipline, which you regret with us, have been the cause in great measures of making men forgetful of the sanctity and duties of marriage, so much so, that often, the contract which they call civil, used in so many countries, is the reason that the very sacred laws of this sacrament are violated, which sacrament the Apostle calls great in Christ and in the Church; so much so that there has prevailed among catholics and heretics this unrighteous agreement, which allows the whole family to follow the religion of the father, or all the boys to join the father, and the girls to follow the mother. Videtis igitur quanta vobis suscipienda sit sollicitudo, ut fideles catholican de sacramento illo teneant doctrinam."

XXI. §. IMMORAL BOOKS. n

"Do all you can," adds this worthy Pontiff; "that if the young may be surrounded by good morals, and institutions, insisting for themselves as well as for their kinsmen, that they may withdraw from seductrary to religion, to good morals and public peace so that this peatilence (bad books) may be banished da from the faithful people; take care to warn them; that if has been ordered, with much justice and wisdom by our predecessors and by I the Christian a Princes, that such books cannot be kept; and be assured, that you cannot give this subject too much wi watchfulness and care. Cautum sit no libri hujusmodi 🖘 watchfulness and care. Cautum sie nie gipt negocious relineautur fullamque et in re nimam vigilantiam fuir na angule existincia. In a constitution of the property of the State of the State of the Bastor Again.

Well, don't year call to mind that just after well him pinioned in his sitting posture, without the land set the days of year of year of year of the days of year of y