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TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM

275 Notre Dame Street,

Much Ado about Nothing.

Montreal.

Eamus in jus. PLAUT. Pomilius, Act v. Dogberry. Are you good men, and true?

BY GERALD GRIFFIN. AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE MUNSTER PESTIVALS," ETC.

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 I .-- (CONTINUED.)

Mr. Fitzgerald, who added the dignity of porter to those of clerk, groom and valet, in the service of his master, laid aside the boots which he had at length brought to a suitable degree of lustre, and went to the hall-door. He had not opened it many minutes when a cry of terror suddenly resounded through the house, followed by exclamations of "help! murder! robbery! The Pounder! The Wather-Pirate!"

It may be imagined what alarm these terrific sounds excited through the quiet dwelling of the priest. Mrs. Ahearn sunk down almost fainting upon the settle-bed. Father John came hurrying in his slippers from the parlor, but ere he reached the hall, the sounds had already ceased, and all was silent. On arriving at the front door, he found it wide open, and his clerk lying prostrate and apparently lifeless across the threshold. Anxious in the first place to ascertain the cause of the commotion, he hurried out upon the little gravel plat before the house, and looked on all sides, but could discern nothing capable of furnishing a clue to the mystery. Returning to the clerk, he found him already coming to himself, opening his eyes with looks of ghastly terror and amazement, and glancing on all sides as if he thought an enemy still lurked about the place. Mr. Magrath assisted him to rise, and conducted him to the kitchen, where he placed him in a chair, and commanded Mrs. Ahearn to have done fainting and get him a glass of wine.

The stimulant in some degree restored the af-

frighted clerk to his recellection, and after much sighing and groaning and broken exclamations, of "oh, the villain! oh, the water-pirate! oh, my cheek! my jaw!—to daar to come facin' in the very doore I' he felt sufficiently restored to be able to give some account of what he had seen.

He had gone to the door, he said, expecting to find Mr. Richard, Magrath, for whose arrival they had been all looking out during several days past. To his surprise therefore it was that he beheld a man in the common dress of a beatman standing butside. An enormous great coat of frieze enveloped his person, and as he stood, half turned away, the high standing collar aided by the wide-leafed oiled-cloth hat, which was drawn over his brow, almost completely hid his features. In this position he remained while he asked the clerk, "whether

Mr. Richard was within ?" I was full sure that it is one o' them boatmen I had comin' to sell his turf," so the clerk continued his narrative. "Why then says I, you're welcome home to us with your double rap; one would think it was the Lord Lieutenant was there! I was so yourd with him what I was goin' to slap the doore in his face, when that does the impident vagabone do but to turn overright me, an' openin' his great coat, put a pistol to my breast. If you stir, says he or make the laste noise, you're a dead man. I knew the Poundher in a minute, for I saw him once in Kilrish! Well though bein greatly rightened, the lord was plaised to put the sprink into my heart, that in place of makin him an answor, its what I did was to lep upon him like sampen among the Philistines; an saize him by the collar

for in place o' firin' he only ga' me a fist in the jaw an' med off. Between the sthroke an' the fright, an' one thing or other, I got such a megrim that I suppose I lost my senses, for I don't remember any-thing more till I see your reverence along-side o' me with the glass o' wine."

The rumour of so daring an attempt made upon the very dwelling of the pastor, soon spread throughout the parish, and excited universal astonishment and indignation. After this, what enterprise was there which the Pounder might not be expected to undertake. Every one was terrified for his house and all that it contained. Like small birds twittering after a hawk had passed, the people of the parish were seen getting into groups at each other's doors throughout the day, and discussing the motives of so audacious a proceeding. What could be the Pounder's object? and what was there that could stop him after pulling out his pistol at the priest's hall door? It could not be robbery he had in view, for he was shrewd enough to know that he had little chance of finding any great share of ready money in Father John's coffers. A less criminal intent could scarce demand so violent and hazardous a proceeding; and for any design bearing a deeper hue of wickedness, no probable motive could be imagined; so after all the disquisitions of all the longest heads that could be put together in the parish during the ensuing day, the aim and origin of the occurrence remained as much a mystery as they had been at the commencement.

CHAPTER II.

While the folks of the parish were talking and wondering, Father John had returned to his parlor where he remained for some time in a state of great uneasiness of mind. The clerk had been despatched to the house of the next magistrate, and a pursuit had been set on foot, but, as might have been anti-cipated, without success. Father John, or (as it is the more elegant modern fashion to call persons of his class,) Mr. Magrath continued to say his office, walking to and fro at a slow pace between the window and cupboard, pausing now and then in involuntary distraction of mind, and yielding unconsciously to the auxieties that pressed upon him.

"What am I to do with him?" he ran on, half in his own mind, half in audibly whispered soliloguy, as his reflections crowded more forcibly upon him, or was ever father plagued with an unduteous son, as I am with this intractable of brothers? Js it even excusable to bear with him any longer? to sanction, as it were, by evident connivance, the scandal which he gives to the whole neighborhood? Mildness has no effect on him; gentleness and forbearance, which are ever sure to disarm a generous nature, seem only to stimulate his insolence. How long shall I endure his rapacity towards my poor tenants, and his gross dishonesty towards myself? Is it not time for me to give up all hope and to have done with the heart-sickening suspense in which his conduct holds me. Nor is it even a moderate evil-a moderate ruin that menaces him. His whole career tends to no better a goal than a disgraceful exile, or an ignominious death. Shall I bring all to a close with him this very day, and appoint another in his place? No, never! . Let all go to wreck and ruin before I lay patience aside, and surrender a brother to despair. The moment of mercy yet may come for him, as it has for others, and death shall come for one or both, before I grow weary of awaiting its arrival. At moments, too amid the pitchy darkness that blinds him yet, I can fancy I see already faint gleams of light that seem to promise such a dawn. O joy of joys, if I should live to see it!"

At this instant, the door of his chamber opened, and half a figure presented itself in the aperture.— There was nothing in it to prepossess the beholder in favor of its owner. The dress was soiled and disordered as if through long travel or laborious exercise, and the countenance, though not deficient in youth or comeliness, was pale and dingy, as if from the effects of toil and watching. The features had, moreover, an expression of anxiety, which was plainly visible through the air of habitual dissolute boldness which invested them. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, his hand still grasping the door handle.

"Come in, Richard, come in," said Mr. Magrath in a quiet tone.

The young man entered accordingly, with a discontented reckless look. He spun his hat across the room till it rested on a table at the further end, and walked towards the fire-place with a confident air, his hands thrust into the huge pockets of his open coat, and his uncombed hair half shadowing his forehead as he looked sullenly downward.

" Morrow, John." "Good morrow, Richard."

Well, John, have you been thinking since about

that business we were speaking of?" "How can you be so unreasonable? Give you up my property, not only as to the usufruct which you possess already to all intents and purposes, but as to the actual ownership; quoad dominuine. I cannot consent to it."

"So pious a man as you, and the pastor of a parish too, might find something better to mind than a temporal possession."

"That's a good sentiment, Richard, but I fear not altogether disinterested. It would be much the better done if you would give an account of your stewardship, Richard, which I can by no means prevail on you to do, than to continue urging me to a step which . I cannot conscientiously consent;

"Everybody says that it is ill-done in you, who have your course chalked out before you, to refuse to provide for a brother who has nothing in the world to look to, except what you may choose to afford him."

Refuse to provide for you, Richard Me Name any profession you will, and I will gladly furnish you the means of attaining it." "I do not want a profession. it is too late in life for me to begin studying. Every body says it is a

"Ill give you more of it then, I promise you.-I'll make you tired of your life before I have done. with you, if you don't repent your avarice and covetousness."

His brether smiled pensively, as if to say, "you have gone night o that already," but he only an-

" You can do no more than God suffers you. Welcome be his will, Richard."

"Why do you keep calling me Richard, Richard, in that way at every sentence. That's what I hate, that preaching manner you have towards me, as if I was some fool that you wanted to convert."

At this, his brother laughed outright.
"You remind me," said he, "of what is related of some obstinate Pagans in old times, who were so irritable at beholding the devoted affection of the early Christians for one snother, and hearing them call each other brothers, that they declared it gave them a disgust for the word when applied to their own natural relatives. But no such deep-rooted depravity has a place in your heart, and I can tell you I have my hopes of you."
"Then I can tell you that you never were more

mistaken in your life," exclaimed Richard, in a loud and passionate tone. "I think I can see myself indeed bending down my head crying pecavi, brother John. You shall see strange things first, I promise

"Never mind." said his brother nodding his head

and smiling, "time will tall."
"I'll let you know what time is likely to tell since you put me to it," cried Richard, still furious with anger, "and what I was thinking of this morning as I came hither, and what I most certainly will de, if you coutinue to show your niggardly and parsimonious temper. I'll read my recentation. I'll engage I'll find plenty of people who will be glad to do me justice. As fpr religion, I don't care what you say about it; I think one is as good as another. Never fear; I'll make a stir in the country before long, and if I have not the head to write a long letter to the newspapers about the Irish parish priest I can find those that will be ready and able to help me: Never fear, I'll touch you all up, depend upon

it. I'll come like a thunderbolt upon you when you are least thinking of it. I'll go to meetings-I'll make speeches in Bugland, and Scotland, and Bublin. I'll learn Latin—I'll print books—I'll ransack old libraries—or I'll find those that know

how—I'll do for you, be certain."
"I suppose, Dick," said Mr. Magrath, after enduring this hail of menaces in silence, "it might be one of those theologians you speak of, who was flourishing his pistul at the hall door this morn-

"This morning?" 'Yes—a kind of sea-faring missionary, more commonly known, as Fitzgerald tells me, by the significant appellation of the Pounder."

At the mention of this name, the countenance of Richard Magrath acquired a prodigious length. "The Pounder?" he exclaimed in amazement. Did Fitzgerald say he saw that rufflan here this

"He both saw and felt him," replied the priest. as if you take the trouble to examine, his left jaw will bear testimony at this instant."

Richard hurried from the room with a confused and agitated look, as if he were not sorry at the instant to have an excuse for retiring. His brother quietly resumed the reading of his office, and awaited is return, but in vain. On his ringing the bell at the end of half an hour, the clerk entered with his head bound up in a handkerchief to say that he had left the house immediately on hearing the particulars of the Pounder's visit, and with an air of con fusion and haste, as if the intelligence had occa-

sioned him some strange perplexity.

"But there's one abroad, sir," added the clerk. that wants to speak with you." Who is it?"

"Nobody, only me, please your Reverence," said voice outside the door.

"Come in Mahony, come in," said the priest, and the stranger entered while Fitzgerald returned to the kitchen. "Well, Mahony, what's the matter

"I hear you had the Poundher here this morning. sir?" "You heard aright."

"An' Misther Richard? wasn't he with you while 8go ?"

"He was." "Do you know where he's gone to, sir ?"

" I have no idea."

The stranger made a considerable pause, and drew up his perron as if about to deliver an oration. There were few circumstances which could occasion more uneasiness to the worthy clergyman, or to any one who knew the individual who stood before him. He was a cooper by trade and a great politician; one of those blustering noisy patriots, who I make think a good deal more of themselves. No one could no doubt think much of their country, but certainly be on more pleasing terms with another than Mr. Mahony was with himself. A certain fluency of words, in a district where English, not to say Latin, was at a premium, aided by that noble scorn of false modesty peculiar to great minds, rendered him by pre-eminence one of the most troublesome, unmanageable, turbulent characters in Father John's entire parish. Wherever a mob collected, or on whatever occasion, he was sure to be a ringleader. Who would, might look after his tubs and cans when any popular movement called him out of doors, and his neighbours declared that he must have a great capacity for minding the business of the public, for it was acknowledged on all hands that he paid very little attention to his own. Some wags indeed, through envy or malice, had contrived to affix upon him the subriquet of ." Incubus" from the frequent use of which he made of that word in his orations, and with so much success that he was better known by other name of Incubus Mahony, than by his own. But such petty malevolence he treated with the silent contempt which it deserved.

"Do you mean general danger, arising out of the | habituated to resist and subdue such impulses, began deplerable state of things in which we live, or any particular danger as regards myself?"

"Reverend sir," said the cooper, " in this case the danger is particular. Most undeniable it is indeed, that at any time we cannot be said to possess our habitations in security. Our destinations are in the hands of persons whose minds are a century behind the age. But they sleep on a volcano. Salus populi suprema lex. Dispersed by the whirlwind of popular indignation they shall see its waters burst apconflagration. Too long have we grouned beneath that incubus, which-"

As Father John knew by experience, that when the cooper was once fairly mounted on the incubus it was no easy matter to stop him, he cut short his eareer at the outset by requesting him to state what detection, or on some other ground. At length, the the particular danger of which he spoke. The Pound r began to look on him as one of those beings question seemed at once to restore the orator to his recollections, and enabled him to speak ra-

"The danger," said he, "is nearer to you than you imagine. At some time to-day you will be sent you for to visit an old man who, will bet old, lies ill in a cabin near the shore. Beware of that old man ?

"This is too absurd," said Mr. Magrath. "Whom have I injured, that I should fear such treachery?" "Ask not whom you have injured, but whom your death might serve?" " How ?"

"With what purpose, do you think, that in-famous wretch presented himself at your door this morning? Was it to look for money? He is not so simple."

"And what could be his object," said Mr. Ma-grath' "what has he to gain or lose by my life or death ?"

"Might it not be that he would feel an interest in the loss or gain of others?" Might it not be made worth his while?"

"To whom do you allude?"

"I scarce know how to make you credit it, but this much I can tell you as certain, that the Pounder and one of his notorious gang were both overheard as they were drinking together forming a plot to put you out of the way in order that your brother Richard might have the disposal of your property. I am not at liberty to make known to you the name of my informant, but you may depend upon my information."

"I am obliged to you for it, Mahony, but I cannot give credit to your informant whoever he is. You surely do not suppose that I can think my brother capable of such an act."

"I did not hear that he was actually privy to it, but I would strengly recommend to you to mind what sick calls you may have to answer on this day. Prudence is the first of cardinal virtues. In answer to the question 'whom have you injured?' I am free to answer do one; but if you ask who is likely ito injure you?' I would self treading on smoother water. True indeed, reverend sir, no wrestler in the game of patriotism has approached nearer to the goal, or culled more laurels in the stormy waves of political life, as the whole parish and the rest of Europe can bear testimony. No one has been more prompt in responding to the call of the people, when uplifted against

that incubus which-" "You flatter me, Mahony, too much, but I am thankful to you for your information, and I hope you will be satisfied with my telling you that I will not fail to think of it."

With this assurance the cooper took his leave, not however until he had enabled Mr. Magrath to take down in writing a minute account of all that he was at liberty to reveal. Putting the notes which he had made into his pocket book, the clergyman, afther wishing his informant good morning, resumed the customary business of the day.

CHAPTER III.

departure from his brother's house in a state of mind which it would not be easy to describe. There is no truth, gentlemen, more certain, and we have frequent opportunities of bearing testimony to it, than that there is no depth of depravity at which we are not capable of arriving, when we have once forsaken the path of goodness. The prince of the apostles denied his master, and an unguarded glance transformed the King of Israel from a saint into a murderer. There was just so much truth in the statement of the cooper that the dreaful act had alreadly been spoken of between the parties in question, and the plan proposed; and there was just so much justice in the clergyman's opinion of his brother, that the latter had recoiled from the detestable act when placed before him in all the naked horror of detail, and refused his assent to the perpetration of a deed, under any circumstances as singular in enormity, as it is rare in actual occurrence. Amid the violence of character, which he had displayed from childhood, occasional gleams of good had appeared, though at long intervals, which seemed to redeem his nature in some slight degree from the reproach of absolute and unmingled depravity. Those favourable indications, however, were completely lost in the vicious and dissolute career which he had run for many years, and it was only the startling proposition of his reckless associate, which at length awakened something like a movement of remorse within his mind. Stunned by the strocious suggestion, he was for a time unable to offer a reply, and spent the whole of the remaining day in a reverse of thought. He had heard in his childhood, stories of crime, and violence, and listened with a terrifled interest, to the awful do-On the present occasion however the seemed to rible position of those wretched beings, whose his light of him for a considerable time. On crossing labour under some more immediate slarm than that tory in old times struck dismay into his soul? He bet what I did was to lep upon him like sampon lors in array you do not choose the best counsel. Is how under some more immediate slarm than that tory in old times struck dismay into his soul? He valley and reaching the ruin, he, was surprised lors in the world, Bichard was to lep upon him like sampon lors in the world, Bichard was to lep upon him like sampon lors in the world, Bichard was to lep upon him like sampon lors in the world, Bichard was to lep upon him like sampon lors in the world, Bichard was to lep upon him like sampon lors in the world, Bichard was to sample of any prospective holithele last ferres praise it in the world, Bichard was to sample of any prospective holithele last ferres praise it in the world, Bichard was to sample of any prospective holithele last ferres praise it in the world, Bichard was to sample of any prospective holithele last ferres praise it in the world, Bichard was to sample of any prospective holithele last ferres praise it in the world, Bichard was to sample of any prospective holithele last ferres praise it in the world was to sample of any prospective holithele last ferres praise it in the world was to sample of any prospective holithele last ferres praise in the world was to sample of any prospective holithele last ferres praise in the world was to sample of the praise of the praise in the world was to sample of the praise of the prais TO OTHER CHAIN AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

ere long to feel less sensitive even with regard to this, and he listened with less horror to the harden-ed suggestions of his associate, and the details of the plan which he laid down for the accomplishment of his design. The latter was, however, astonished and vexed to find that he could not at any time obtain from him, either by word or action, a distinct assent to his proposition. It was in vain he tempted his cupidity by setting before him its ad-vantages to himself, and stimulated his passions by on them with outspread wings and find themselves exaggerating the distrust with which he was treat-overwhelmed when too late, beneath the tottering ed. The young man listened to him, but avoided as if in stinctively, all the traps which he laid for catching an assent however slight, and all the remarks he made in reply, came in the shape of an objection of some kind or another, either as to the means to be used, or the probability of escaping who combine weakness with their wickedness, and who are much more easily induced to play the part of accessories after the fact than before, through a feeling, not of virtue still unextinguished, but of mere selfish cowardice. Reasoning in this manner though not altogether correctly, on the disposition of his coy disciple, this minion of iniquity had been induced to make that daring attempt at obtaining admission to the presence of Mr. Magrath, which had been frustrated by the unexpected valour of Fitzger-

> Well, gentlemen, I will not weary you any longer with general observations, when I know you are longing for incident. The account which Richard had received of the appearence of the Pounder at his brother's cottage, excited his indignation to the highest. He sought and found him in a low cabin near a small creek, where he was accustomed to moor his boat. He repreached him vehemently with his treachery, to such a degree that it had nearly brought on a breach of their intimacy. As before, however, the pertinacity of his companion exhausted his anger, and he was once more prevailed upon to listen, almost in silence, to plans and arguments against which he offered but faint and nominal objections. While they disputed, the Pounder adroitly caused some drink to be placed upon the table. It appeared also as if he had mingled some unusual ingredient in that portion of which he prevasled on Richard to partake, for before he had finished a single glass, its effects became apparent in the extreme drewsiness which affected his features and his conversation. Perceiving the unaccustomed heaviness which oppressed him, he refused to drink more, and telling the Pounder that he would only take a turn in the air in order to shake off his drowsiness, he arose and left the

Unobserved, the Pounder followed him at a dis-

tance cautiously watching his movements. The

evening was calm and sunny, the surface of the

river lay smooth as a mirror, and the wood and

ald the clerk.

cottages along the shore had that melancholy beauty which was occasioned by the loneliness keep the negative in the rear ranks until I find my of the scene and the hour. The freshness of the air dissipated in a degree his inclination to sleet and enabled him even to pursue a connected train of thought or rather of musing with tolerable distinctness. The loveliness of the landscape, and the tender light of evening by which he looked upon it affected his spirits and predisposed him for the reception of gentle and softening impressions. Forgetting the promise made to his associate, he strolled for a considerable way along the margin of the waters, following the numerous windings of the shore, as they led him onward, at one time by a jetting point, and at others by a silent wood, or green and level coreass. The thoughts, which amid the hurry and dissipation of the past months had occurred at intervals and for passing moments only to his mind, now came before him in a connected series, and fixed his almost undivided attention. Still wrapt in thought, he entered a small glen, through which a broken stream came hastening to mingle its waters with those of the malestic river that flowed beneath. Following at a distance, the Pounder saw him turn into this and continue his In the meantime, Richard Magrath had taken his lonely walk, thridding his way slowly amid the rocks and brushwood by which the place was filled. About a quarter of a mile from the shore the glen was crossed by a small green valley, free from trees and ornamented on one side of its acclivities by a ruined kill or church called by the name of some saint of the Carlovingian times, whose name alone survived in popular tradition. Further up the valley, at some distance on the opposite side, stood the small parish chapel, a low white-washed building overshadowed by a few elms. Being the eve of the Sabbath, a few men and women, cottagers in the neighbourhood, were seen passing the door or following the lonesome pathways that led from various directions to the house of worship. The quiet, sunny scene contributed still further to dispose the mind of the young man to a mood of calm reflection. He approached the ruin. The waste of time was visible on all around it. A broken holy water vase of hewn stone lay fallen near the threshold. Some mouldering bones discoloured by the weather were scattered near the porch and around the rank grass that grow around. Through the moss and lichen, and between the foliage of ivy that mantled the decaying walls and grew close around the doors and windows, traces were visible of claborate sculpture and mason work. Thoughts of times long past came over the mind of the young prodigal as he gazed around him. The contrast of manners struck and interested him. Those mouldering bones, where were the spirite that inhabited them? and were they at this moment the better or the worse, for the share which they might have had in the creation of this ruined temple, and the hymns which once sounded within its wall? From the past, his thoughts strayed to the future, and he gazed curiously on his limbs, and over his extended fingers, and strange listened with a terrified interest, to the step, some limbs, and over his extended angers, and standard tall of evil practices by which, step by step, some limbs, and over his extended angers, and standard them miserable being had been led to the extremity of foolings woke within his mind as he compared them miserable fragments that lay strown around with the miserable fragments that lay strown around were true that such was indeed to be the end of his him. Continuing to watch his movements, the course? and was he really now himself in the tery pounder soon beheld him enter the church and lost