VOL. XXV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1875.

NO. 31.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

- "The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance," by Henry Edward, Arch-bishop of Westminster.....
- "Newman's Letter on Mr. Gladstone's Recent Expostulations"..... "Gladstone's Letter, with Manning's Reply".
- "Papal Infallibility Stated and Vindicated," by Right Rev. John Walsh, D.D.... "Papal Infallibility." Leature by Rev. J. Murphy
- "Butler's Catechism for Children with Chapters on Infallibility"..... "The Vetican Council and its Definitions," by
- Archbishop Manning\$1 00 "Papal Infallibility and Civil Allegiance,"
 (Brownson's Review, January, 1875)..... 1 25
- "Vindication of the Papacy," by Anti-Janus.. 1 50 "The Invitation Heeded," by James Kent Stone, 7th edition..... 1 50
- " My Clerical Friends," (Marshall)...... 1 50
- "The King's Highway," by Rev. Mr. Hewitt.. 1 50 "On the Threshold of the Catholic Church,"
- with an Appendix on the Creed of Pope Pius IV., and Infallibility of the Pope, by Rev. John R. Bagshawe..... 1 50 "Apostolical and Infallible Authority of the
- Pope," by Bev. F. X. Wenninger, S. J..... 1 50 D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,
 - 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

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

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE MUNSTER PROMVALS," ETC

THE FOURTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

THE MISTAKE .- (CONTRICED:)

"Tell, why the sepulchre, Whereiu we saw thee quietly inurned

depended on the decision of the next few mo- and rain in all the gloom of beginning winter; but ments. The porter appeared and demanded his

"Will you tell me, if you please, answered Phelim, "do you remember a woman of the name of Anty O'Rourke, that I brought here sick of the cholera, a little time ago?"

"I do, well," returned the porter.

"What became of her?" "She was discharged, cured, about three weeks

ago." "Cured!" ejaculated Phelim, his jaw dropping, and his eyes dilating like saucers, "Iss, to be sure. Do you think we never cure

any one?" returned the porter, with an air of offended dignity. "I don't mean that," faltered Phelim, but my-my

-my wife." "Oh, oh! she was your wife, was she? why then

I never see one take the recovery of his wife so much to heart before." "She's dead, I tell you," cried Phelim, "'tis a mistake of yours-you-you yourself put her corpse in the coffin for me, five weeks ago, and gev it into my own two hands at this very doore-don't you re-

member here at this doore? do, agra, try to remember-'tis as true as davlight." "I don't remember any sitch thing," answered the porter.

'Oh, murther!" exclaimed Phelim, striking his hands against his forehead.

"May-be," continued the porter, "I gev you some one else in a mistake,"
"Oh, murther!" roared Phelim again, as with

hands still pressed to his forehead, he moved backwards and forwards before the gate, stamping the

ground vehemently at every step, "Faix, it sometimes happens us, for all," continued the porter, "when there's a great number of em goes off in the night. The names are pinned on | ever him. em: when they're thrun in the dead house, but sometimes they slips off again, you know, and then we're all at a dead loss, not knowen one from anether, so no wondther a mistake should happen-

some one else's wife I giv you, I suppose!" Phelim, upon whom some new light seemed to be breaking during this explanation, now started out of his reverie, and catching the porter's hand with eagerness, exclaimed. "Tell me one thing now like an honest man, and may the heavens be your bed as you tell me truly, do ye ever have two people, of the same name in the hospital at the same

do, almost every day there's no pleasing the peo-ple at all count of the bother we have with the way

ud freeze a turnip when any body venthured to auswer her."

Phelin's heart sunk within him again: he summoned courage however to continue the investigation.

"E'then, do you know at all, did she get much medicine from the Docthers?" "She couldn't be got to taste as much as a drop

for any of 'em," replied the porter.
"Lord help us," ejaculated Phelim, with a deep

sigh,
"But how is it," said the porter, "now I think on it if she was your wife, that she did'nt go home to

you."
"Thrue for you," answered Phelim, rubbing his hands and brightening up at a thought which had never occurred to him before. "What is it I'm thinking of at all; sure if she and I were on the living airth she'd find me out in half the time. The power av the world ud hardly keep her from me, for three whole weeks, that is, if she had her walk and her five senses, I'm the rail fool and not to recollect that at wanst, No! no! poor ocman, she's dead and buried long enough to keep quiet for my day at any rate! sure I helped to make the grave and throw the earth on her my-

"I'll be bail then, she has the good winter's coat of it observed the porter, smiling, "you wouldn't like to let the frost to her poor thing!"

"Eyeh! no matter," returned Phelim, " 'tis equal how we lie, when it comes to that with us, but I'm obleeged to you for your information entirely, a good evenen." "Safe home to you, Misther O'Rourke," cried the porter, the smile playing about his mouth, "and if I hear anything of Anty's stieren about, I'll not fail to come with the news to

Phelim quickened his pace, and pretended not to hear, muttered however when he reached a sufficient distance to vent his feelings with impunity, "wisha asy enough it is with you, that haven't chick nor child, nor any thing but your own four bones to throuble you; may be when you marry, you'll not have your jokes so ready, and faix when you do, all the harm I wish you, is a wife equal to

On arriving at home, Phelim recovered his spirits and made every preparation for the wedding. After trying on a new sult of clothes which was made for him by a Limerick toiler, fitting himself with a shining caroline hat, and reviewing his figure, with due particularity, in a broken piece of a mirror which he had neathly set in polished ash, he repent the evening at the bride's. To such as have level, it is needless to tell that he did not return home out if the moon was going to rest, and that he had be not a province of the second set. then by down on his humble bed to pass away the time in clading the lazy hours, that one by one come slowly to his pillow to tell him of the ap-

Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again t What may this mean?"

Hamer, Acr I., Scene iv.

On arriving at the gate, Phelim lifted the knocker with a palpitating heart, feeling that his fate with wind and the desirious of the mark fam. the barn, in which for the sake of increased room, the company were assembled, was defended by a thick coating of thatch from the power of the storm and a roaring fire blazing at the the upper end, gave a fair guarantee against the influence of the cold. The wedding baked meats were set forth, the bagpipes had struck up a merry air, and the priest had already taken his place at the head of the banqueting table when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and a poor woman, wrapped in a cloak, who sought shelter from the whether, was admitted to a seat by the fireside. The occurence was too common to cccesion much observation, and the feast proceeded. Great and fearful was the destruction on every hand, and stunning was the noise of the delighted multitude. After the meats and other substantial elements of the entertainment had disappeared and a becoming time was allowed for discussing the punch, they all arose at a signal from the priest, and a little circle was formed at the upper end of the apartment, in the centre of which he placed himself, with Phelim and Maggy before him. The important ceremony was now about to take place which was to make them happy for ever, and an anxious silence reigned throughout the room, broken only by the whisper of some of the elders to one another, or the suppressed titter of some sly maiden, at the bashful bearing of the bride. Just as the priest took the book, a loud cough was heard from the stranger. No one took notice of it, except Phelim; but as soon as he heard it, he started as if he had been electrified, and let fall Maggy's hand from his own. Then looking towards the fire-place where the old woman was sitting, a cold shivering I'll have her attended at home now, where she'll be came over him and large drops of perspiration hung

glistening on his forehead.
"What's the matter with you, darlin," exclaimed Maggy, terrified at the change which came

"Nothing achree," replied the bridegroom, "but a weakness that come upon me, when I heard that cough from the ind of the room, it was so like the sound of one, that I was once used to, but that can never be heard in this world

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when another cough resounded in the same direction, and again a sudden terror seized upon Phelim, his teeth began to chatter, his limbs to tremble, and he kept looking up towards the fire-place like one that was

fairy stricken. The strick of the ejaculated in a faint whisper to himself. The state of the Phelim Phelim, honey!" cried Maggy dreadful-

ly alarmed! dairy and I Sure," muttered he heedless of the voice of the

customary words after him, "I take thee, Margaret san," and writing a few words on a scrap of paper, Fitzgerald, for my wedded wife," his eyes instinctively fixed itself on the little woman at the firetweet where he would get two powders, one of which he place, when to his utter horror, he saw her slowly rising from her stool and throwing back the cloak from her head, turn round to the company. A general scream acknowledged the presence of Mrs. Anty O'Rourke! She settled her look steadily on Phelim and walked slowly towards him. He stag-gered back two or three steps and would have fallen, had he not been supported by those about him. Her person seemed to grow taller as she advanced -her countenance more ferocious than he had ever seen it, and she was struggling with suppressed passion to such a degree as for some moments to impede here utterance, When her feelings at length found vent in words, she shook her clenched fist at him, at once relieving the party from all suspense as to her spectral character. "You villain," she exclaimed, you thought you got rid of me-did you? You thought you had three feet of the sod over me and that you might get on wid your pranks as you pleased yourself, but I'll spoil your divarsion for you. I'll trait you wid a wife, so I will, you unnatural dor. Your darlen indeed, (curtsying to Maggy). Your Maggy, achree. So ma'am—hem. Nothen ud satisfy you but to be Mrs. O'Rourke, Mrs. O'Rourke enagh' Why you unmoral, unproper character, would you have the man marry two wives? would you have him soundalize the whole country? O you rail Turk (to Phelim) I have been watching every turn of you, these three weeks back; I've seen your doens-your coorten and dearen and drinken. What's become av the pig, you haugman? the pig that I reared from a bonnive wid my own hands, Yes, two hands—look at em—not so white as Maggy's may-be, but belonging to Mrs. O'Rourke for all that, thankee. Where's my pig

again, you born villain?" Poor Phelim, somewhat aroused by the fury of this attack, endeavoured to collect his scattered senses and get out of so awkward a business as decently as he could, but the greater his anxiety to appease her indignation, the longer his explanations-the more abject his apologies—the higher Anty's wrath mounted, until at length in the climax of a violent fit, she fell on the floor perfectly insensible.

The interest was now suddenly changed. The feelings of the party, which a moment before ran altogether in Puelim's favour, now set back in a returning tide of pity for the unfortunate Anty. All was anxiety and readiness to assist her, and no effort suggested for her repovery was left untried. Water was splashed in her face, feathers burnt under her pose, and attempts were even made at open ing a vein by a skilful farrier who happened to be among the guests, but every thing they ventured to do for her relief proved for a time fruitless. While the crowd was still pressing round her, Phelim lay in a chair by the fireside, overcome with suspense and agitation, but after the lapse of some twenty or thirty minutes, suspecting from various exclamations which reached him, from time to time, from the group around his wife, that there were hopes of her coming to, he roused himself up and beckoning Davy Dooley, an old companion of his, to the door, he addressed him with a look full of meaning and in a gentle under tone.

Isn't this a purty business, Davy?" "The quarest I ever seen in my born days," replied Davy, "she's coming to, I believe."

"We must have a Docthor, Davy," rejoined the husband, eyeing his friend with the same intent look. "Eyeh! plague on 'em for Docthors, hadn't they

her ondher their hands before?" "They wern't to blame any way, Davy, she gev 'em no fair play either for death or recovery. The porter tould me she wouldn't taste a dhrop of their medicines if they were to flay her alive for it."

"Twas like her cuteness," observed Davy.
"Well, but listen to me," continued Phelim, and stooping over, he muttered something into the ear

of his friend. " No better on Ireland ground," exclaimed Davy, slapping his hands in approval of the communication, "a kind, tender-hearted man, that never keeps poor craythurs long in pain. Oh! begannies, he's

the real Docthor." "Away with you then, arragal," cried Phelim, I hear her voice getten stronger, offer him any money, run, aroo! oh! mavrone!"

"Where's Davy going?" enquired the Priest as he saw him hastily leaving the door.

"Sending him off for the Docthor, I am your reverence," answered Phelim, "for I'll never let her set foot in the hospital again. They neglected her there entirely, them rogues of nurse-tenders, and so med take every whole happerth the Docthor ordhers for her."

"You're an honest and a sensible man, Phelim, observed the Priest, and I admire your behaviour very much in all this strange business. I'm glad to find, too, you're not giving way to that foolish and wicked prejudice against the Docthors, which has been so prevalent since the cholera commenced!

"I'd be sorry to undervalue the gentlemen, your reverence," returned Phelim, "sure, what ud I do at all now without 'em, and poor Auty is so bad. I

wondher is there any chance for her?" "Very little, I fear, Phelim: it appears like an apoplectic attack." "Is it anything of a lingering dizage, jour reve-

rence ?" continued the husband, in a faltering tone. "Not at all," replied the Priest, " it is generally a very sudden one." ory studen one.

gone woman," observed Phelim again, inquiringly. "Indeed I fear so," answered the Priest, "unless the Doctor can do something for her."

was to give his wife as soon as ever he returned, and the second at five o'clock, if she lived so long.

The people cast ominous looks at one another, as he concluded, and the Doctor and Priest departed together. Davy meantime started off afresh for the medicine, and as soon as he got back, took care to see it administered strictly as the Doctor ordered. At ten minutes to five precisely, Mrs. Anty O'Rourke took her departure for another world.

"She's dead!" whispered Davy, as he laid his hand on Phelim's shoulder, who was hanging drowsily over the dying embers on the hearthstone.

"Dead!" ejaculated Phelim, springing from his seat, as if half astounded at the news, "dead all out, is she, Davy?" "Dead as a door-nail," returned Davy, and 'tis

just on the stroke of five!" "Think o' that, Davy," uttered Phelim faintly, and squeezed the hand of his friend.

"Faix he was very exact in his business." rejoined his companion significantly, "Oh mo leare! they're

the dearies for Docthors!" "Say nothen, Davy—say nothen," observed the widower, "sure he did as he was taught at the univarsity. He was a kind man, so he was, and I'll not forget it to him."

Phelim was as good as his word; the week after the decease and funeral of poor Anty, he had the doctor invited to another wedding feast, at which the affair between himself and the blooming Maggy was concluded without any farther interruption, and he was ever after his most intrepid defender, when any of the old women in the neighborhood ventured to tamper with his reputation. He was, indeed, often heard to declare, "he'd go to the world's end for the Docthor-do anything for him-anything in life-but take his medicine.

Having concluded his tale, greatly to the regret of his hearers, who were much interested in the vicissitudes of fortune which it unfolded, the Fourth Juror without waiting to be called upon, "cleared the cobwebs out of his throat," as he facetiously expressed himself, with a premenitory cough, after which he acquitted himself of the musical part of his obligation in the following manner:

Hark, Erin! the blast is blown on the heath, That summons' thy sons to conquest or death; The lines ere all set in fearful servey, And thou must be saved or ruin'd to-day. Lake the flood of the winter, resistless and grand, Forth rushed to the shock the strength of the land:

And hearty and free was the ready hallo That answered the call of Brian Boru.

"Oh! trust not that form so aged and dear, Amid the wild crash of targot and spear, Bright star of the field and light of the hall, Our ruin is sure if Brian should fall." Like the waves of the west that burn on the rock The hosts at the morning rushed to the shock, But ere his last boam was quench'd in the sea, The Raven was quell'd and Erin was free.

Yet hush'd be the sound of trumpet and drum, And silent as death let victory come; For he, at whose call the chieftains arose, All bleeding and cold was found at the close. And Erin is sad though burst is her chain, And loud was the wall that rose o'er the plain : For Victory cost more tears on that shore Than ever Defeat or Ruin before.

m.

Loud applause followed the conclusion of the song of the fourth juror, after which, without any preamble, the gentleman who sat next in order commenced as follows:

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. Shakespeare.

CHAPTER I.

I don't know, gentlemen, said the Fifth Juror, after pausing for some moments to collect his thoughts, what your opinions may be of Irish parish priests in general, but it was my lot at one time to have an individual of that class for a neighbor, and a more civil, worthy kind of man, I have sel-

The Fifth Juroz was here interrupted by some murmurs and cries of "order!" from two or three of the company. After some discussion, however, it was decided that simply to speak of a parish priest in the way of narrative could not, strictly speaking, be considered controversial, and the story was suffered to proceed. ...

-A more worthy, civil gentleman, than Father Magrath it was not often my lot to meet. He was one of those few persons in whom good principles are engrafted on a happy nature, and whose minds, like some fertile regions of the east, produce spontaneously and in abundance, the flowers and fruits which are elsewhere only the product of costly and laborious cultivation. He was well liked by all in his neighborhood, excepting a perverse few, with whom is would be a disgrace to be at peace, and whom it would be a disgrace, to be at peace, and the without any mean compliances, such as are this, without any mean compliances, such as are of the world by covardly spirits to propitate the clock, "that his revere ice would put up with the good will of those they fear. Many an occasion likes at all, at all. Third is not a man but himself, arose between him and the gentry in his neighbour. That would bear with it. ple as all count of the bother wish with the way I pleasment.

The production of Davieys or Mary E.

The production of Davies of Mary E.

The production of the Doctor can do something for her.

The production of the Doctor can do something for her.

The production of the Doctor can do something for her.

The production of the Doctor can do something for her.

The production of the Doctor can do something for her.

The production of the Doctor can do something for her.

The production of the Doctor can do something for her.

The production of the Doctor can do something for her.

The production of the Doctor can do something for her.

The production of the Doctor can do something for her.

The Doctor can do something for her min and the gentry his held of the Doctor can do something fo

that no one could quarrel with him, except such persons as were noted for love of strife, or who could not endure to be thwarted in their views. Well, gentlemen, I dare say you think I have

been long enough singing the paromesis of this country priest. However, I can assure you, what-ever good qualities he possessed, he had one more than he needed, for, of all the laborious offices that have been entailed upon our species by the sin of our first parents, perhaps that of an Irish priest upon a country mission is not readily to be surpassed. There was, in the first place, some thousands of rough, stiff-necked, wrong-headed country fellows to please and manage, many of them folks of impervious brains and inveterate habits, with which it were as idle to deal as to set about altering the bend of an old oak tree. It was in vain he begged of them, in the most persuasive terms, to make their calls in the day-time. If an old woman had but got the headache, they were sure to wait until he was just dropping off in his first sleep, and then knock him up to set out on a journey of two or three miles across a wild and boggy mountain, with all the assurances in the world that "he never would overtake her." And slight would be their apology when, as it sometimes happened, after arriving at the scene of terror, he found the poor penitent smoking a pipe by the fireside without any more notion of making a voyage to the other world. than of setting out for Constantinople. What added to the annoyance (if so patient a man could be annoyed by anything), was that it was invariably the most worthless, reckless, good-for-nothing vaga-bonds in his parish, who were least sparing for his time or labour, and who seemed to think that the less peace or quietness they allowed the priest, the more they showed their piety, and the surer they were of their salvation. It seemed in truth, as if by some supernatural means they know precisely the very moment when their calls would be most embarrassing and inopportune, and chose that time especially to lay hands upon the well-piled knocker of his door. And there might be something to say, if 'those individuals were as liberal in contributing to the decent maintainance of their paster, as they were in adding to his labors, but the reversa was the case to a lamentable extent. While the good, plous, well-conducted parishioners who never troubled their clergyman, but when it was necessary, and always at the proper time, were attentive to his temporal wants, and generous in contributing to his support, those reckless, unmanageable follows whom it was impossible to please, who thought least of laterrupting his mails or his slace without necessity, and had meases of a complaint to the bishow most frequently on their, tips; were precisely those of all others who were most niggently in giving, and whose neares remained lostest on the list of the unpuld at Christmas and Easter; who were always best provided with an excuse, when a horse was wanted to draw home his hay, or a hand to work in his potatoe field. Nor was this all his trouble. Now and then some zealous preacher of an opposing creed would cast an eagle eye upon his remote mountain parish, and make a sudden and unexpected inroad, preaching through highways and byways and scattering small tracts about him like hand grenades, setting the whole district in commotion for a time, and then as suddenly make his exit. leaving Father John some month's work at least apon his hands to pick up all his combustible cahiers, and clear the soil of the seeds of heterodoxy which he had left behind him. Sometimes, likewise, such an individual, bolder than his brothren, (no small thing to say), would seek an opportunity of encountering him face to face, in the presence of the most ignorant of his flock, and open a volley of citations from various councils, the very names of which were sufficient to invest him who was capable of uttering them, with all the authority of a man of parts and learning, more especially before hearers who are but too apt to suppose that the man who talks most and loudest has the best of the dispute, and that he is the most learned whom they find it hardest to understand. Then, again, there was the perpetual fighting at fairs, and drinking in public houses, to say nothing of night dances, cardplayers, fortune-tellers, and other such characters. To counterbalance all this he had, it is true his satisfactions also. He had the pleasure of believing that he was doing some good in his way of numbering amongst his flock some gentle, peaceful souls, such as one sometimes has the happiness to meet in this selfish world, and whose very looks inspire serenity and love. He had, besides, his books of theology and ecclesiastical history, to furnish him entertainment in his leisure hours; and if life, after all, felt burthensome at intervals, he had the hope

for a better. I should have told you that Father John was not dependent on his parish for a subsistence. He inherited a small property, of which, at the sugges-tion of some friends rather than by his own inclination, he retained possession after devoting himself to religion. The care of this he left in the hands of a younger, brother, one of the most unprincipled ruffians that ever set his foot upon the earth. Neither the example nor the kindness of his brother had the least effect upon him, and everybody wondered that Father John did not send him about his business, and commit the care of his affairs to safer and honester hands.

which we all have, that he was laying up provision

One morning it happened that the clerk and the Housekeeper were both busy in the kitchen, the former in giving the last polish to his master's boots, the latter in preparing breakfast. They were very free in their remarks both on the priest and his brother, the former of whom was in the meantime quietly reading his office in the parlour.