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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," ETC.

THE SEVENTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

MCENEIRY, THE COVETOUS

\_What a rare punishment

Is avarice to itself!

VOLPONE.

CHAPTER I.-CONTINUE

" Oh," said he, " you're no good. What in the world put it into your head to set up for a musician. Why, man, you'd scandalize yourself the first place you'd come to. I never heard such bad music in all my lik, unless it might be at Christmas when the piges do be killing. Who in the world was it persuaded you to take up the profession of

"Why then, who else only my wife?" replied "Tom, sarre 'the niely known that no one

Well we must only see what can be done," said the stranger. "Show me your hands." He took Wom's hands between both his, and rubbed them a little, after which he said:
"Now by what hand you can make of he."

Tom took up the harp, but such was the exqui-site harmony which his touch now drew from the instrument that he had well nigh lost his wits in

"Oh." he exclaimed, "where am 1? or is it a phonix I hear ? or one of the children of Lir singing upon the Sruih na Modle? I Never heard sich music in all my days! I'm a made man-you're a jewel of a taicher to me this morning.
"I could taich you more than that," said the

stranger.

"Could you now?" asked Tom with a curious

grin..

".oald so." "What is it av you place?"

"I could taich you how to make ugly men hand-

"In aimest?" " Not a word of a lie. Take me into your services and I'll show you how 'tis done,"

"Me take you!" cried Tom, "sure it would be much better for you to take me. What business would I have of a boy, that isn't able to keep my-

self, let alone a servant." "Don't mind that," said the stranger, "I have a fancy to serve you boyond others, and I'll ask only what wages may be reasonable according to the

gains we make." "If that be the case," said Tom, "I'll take you and welcome, an' where are we to face now?" "To some ugly man's house, to be sure," replied

the stranger. We to find 'em?" asked Tom, ' if it be

our thrade to make ugly people hansome, we'd starve in the county of Limerick, for there's nobody: in want of us.". Calle A. That's not the case with other parts, said the

stranger and now I think of it, I'll tell you where we'll go: There's a gentleman named Scage han or Shaun) are Fhiona, i. e. John of the wine, who, lives at Carrigfolla down by the river's side and there's not an juglier man from this to himself,

"There's some great givin'-out here to-day, surely," said Tom McEneiry, "there's sich a fine smell

o' grickins.'
"Thore al ways is, mostly," replied the stranger "there isn't a betther warrant in the countbry to keep an open house, than John of the Wine, though he being so ugly."

They blew the horn at the gate and were admitted without question, that being a gala day, on which for it." all persons were allowed to partake of the festivities of the castle without distinction or invitation. When they entered the castle hall, Tom had no difficulty in recognizing the lord of the castle amongst all his guests, and could not help acknowledging in his own mind that report had not wronged him in the least, when it spoke of him as an ugly man. However, he kept such reflections to himself, and took his place amongst the musicians, who all looked upon him with supercilious eyes as an intruder of whose pretensions none of their number had any knowledge. After a little time, John of the Wine, who was so named in consequence of his hospitality,) observed a strange face amongst the harpers, and addressed himself to Tom Mc Eneiry.
"Well, my good friend," said he, "what place do

you come from ?" " From a place convanient to Knoc Fierns, place

you honour." "Well, you are welcome. And tell me now, can

you do anything to contribute to the entertainment of all these gontlemen and ladies?" "I'll do my endeavour to play a dhrass for 'em

upon the harp, if they wishes it," said Tom.
"I'm sure they'll be all very happy to hear you, said John of the Wine, "music is always pleasing, more especially when people are disposed to spend a

pleasant evening. Tom took his harp, not without some feeling of timidity, when he observed the eyes of all the ladies and gentlemen fixed upon him, and above all, the eyes of the great harpers and poets, and the place as bright as the noonday, with the blaze of the huge rushlights some of which were twisted to the thicknesss of a man's arm and more. When he had played for a while, John of the Wine asked him from whence he was? McEneiry replied that he was from Knoe Fierna, in the County of Lim-

"And who is the best harper in your country?" asked Shaun.

"They say I am, when I'm at home," said McEneiry "but I don't b'lieve 'em."

"Upon my word, then, I believe you," replied his "You might as well stop," he added, "and not be spoiling whatever good music we have in the place withou you."

"Place your lordship," said Tom, "I hardly got well into the tune before you began to cross-hacle me. If you let me thry another dhrass, may be, I'd knock something out of it that 'ud be more plasin'."

"That would easy be for any one, but yourself, I'm thinking," said Shaun, "but, however, you can try again if you desire it."

Tom took his harp again, but so far from improving upon the former experiment, he had hardly struck a few notes, when his music created such a tumnit in the half of the castle, that it was with great difficulty any degree of order could be restored. Some roared with laughter,-others stopped their ears, and ran to the farthest end of the room while not a few manifested a strong inclination to eject the manufacturer of such abominable discord, from the banquet hall. This movement was highly applanded by the remainder of the company, and amidst general shouts of " turn him out !" one or two of the most determined, laid their hands on him, and were about to rough handle him when the stranger bustled through the crowd, and rescued him from their græp.

"Stop! stop!" cried he, "let him alone—have patience-I often told you, masther, not to offer ever to touch the harp, while your fingers were so stiff from the frost. Let me rub them a little, and then see what you can do. 'Tisa very sharp evening gentlemen," he continued, rubbing his master's hands between his own, "and ye oughtn't to be too hard upon travellers. Try now mes-

ter, and see whether you can satisfy them better." Tom took the harp and played such ravishing strains that the company thought themselves happy to hear him.

"Well," exclaimed John of the Wine, "I give it up to you, and to your instructor, whoever he was. You're the finest touch at the harp of any man that ever set foot across our threshold."

"Ah," said Tom, smiling round on the company, with all of whom he had now become an object of great admiration. "I could do more than play a

tune upon the harp." "And what else could you do?"

"I could make an ugly man handsome," said Tom, fixing his eyes upon the master of the

"Could you really?" "I could by by being raisonably considered for it." "Why thon," said John of the Wine, "there isn't a man in Ireland stands more in need of your art at this moment, than I do myself, and if you can make me handsome, my word to you, you'll not be

orry for it."
"Poh," said Tom, "I could assily do it."
"And when will you begin?"

"We muy as well try it to-morrow morning," said Tom, for my boy and myself will want to be gone before neglic.

evening was spent; infomirth and seasting, Tom McEnciry enchanting all who, heard him with the nor argood pleeca, apast him. Let us, go, there, and dayon begin playing a little upon the hardyon were at it too. Increase and a sum garaged pleeca, pass them, Let us, go, there, and if adopted by the playing a little upon the hardyon were at it too. Increase and a sum garaged pleeca, pass them, Let us, go, there, and if a sum garaged pleeca, pass them, Let us, go, there, and if a sum garaged pleeca, pass them, Let us, go, there, and if a sum garaged pleeca, pass them, and take the rest, the me. Hell, pay you were at it too. Increase go did you were at it too. Increase go do do for the castic, he beleid O'Connor.coming forth a ship and said; "Bo diseacher domina did suu garaged pleecand properties on the road before us," It is moment, leasting his eyes towards the enough for us yot besides all the at cattle we have a sement, and leave the rest, the me. Hell, pay you were at it too. Increase go do door of the Castic, he beleid O'Connor.coming forth a ship and said; "Bo diseacher domina did suu garaged pleecand properties on the road before us," It is moment, leasting his eyes towards the on the road before us, "It is moment, leasting his eyes towards the on the road before us," It is moment, leasting his eyes towards the on the road before us, "It is moment, leave the rest, the me. Hell, pay you were at it too. Increase go do door of the Castic, he beleid O'Connor.coming forth at him, and said; "Bo diseacher domina did suu garaged life" went the rest, he me. Hell, pay you were at it too. Increase go do door of the Castic, he beleid O'Connor.coming forth at him, and said; "Bo diseacher domina did suu garaged life" went the rest, he went the castic we have a suit of the current life went the rest, he went the castic we have a suit of the with him and said; "Bo diseacher domina did suu garaged him, and the least of the current life went the said of the current life went the said of the current life went the said of the current life went the current life went the said of the current life went the current life went

"What are you going to do with that?" said John of the Wine, looking somewhat surprised. "To cut off your ugly head," replied the Boy, "and

to give you a handsome one in place of it."
"Nonsense, man," said Seaghan an Phiona, "do you think I'd allow you to cut off my head?" "Oh, well, surely you can keep it if you wish,"

said the Boy, "I didn't know you had such a value "And couldn't you perform the cure without cut-

ting off my head?" "No-nor the most skilful man that walks Ireland. Sure it stands to reason you must root up the weed before you plant the flower."

"Well, cutaway," said O'Connor, "I'd risk a deal

to get rid of such a face as I have at present."
He lay down, and the Boy out off his head, wash-'ed it carefully, shook upon the wound a little of the white powder already spoken of and placed it once more upon the body. He then slapped O'Connor on the shoulder and and exclaimed:

Get up now, John of the Wine, look at yourself in the glass, and I wish you joy of your fine face and fine poll of hair.'

Shaun started up from the table, and Mr. McEneiry handed him over to the looking glass. "Now, sir," said he, "do you rejoice at your

change of features?" "Upon my hnoour," replied John of the Wine, "I never saw a finer face upon any man, though 'tis so like my own in all but its ugliness that any would know me again. You are welcome now to stop at my house so long as you like."

McEneiry looked at his man.

"We can't stop so long, master," said the Man, for you know we must go down to Ulster to the great O'Neil, who stands very much in want of your

"That's true," said McEneiry, "'twould never do for us to make any delay here."

"Well, I am sorry for it," said Shaun, "but let me know when you are going in the morning, an

I'll be prepared for ye."
Early next day McEneiry and his man got up and told Shaua they were about to go. Finding it useless to attempt prevailing on them to remain, he called his herdsman, ordered him to bring out a score of the fattest cattle, and desired a pair of his best horses to be got ready for the use of the travellers When they had mounted and all was ready for their departure, he brought out two boots, one full of gold and the other full of

"Here," said he, " Mr. McEneiry is a small token of my gratitude for the favour I have received at your hands. There are two scores of fat cattle, of which I request your acceptance, and a small sum of ready money, which may be of some use to you on the way home."

So saying, he handed the two boots to McEneiry, who desired his man to carry them, with as much composure as he could use, although it was hard, for him to avoid springing off his horse with surprise and joy. O'Connor next summoned four of his working men, and commanded them to drive the cattle home for the two gentlemen, and to be sure to show them all due respect upon the way. When all was arranged they took leave of John of the Wine and his family, and departed.

They had not proceeded a great way on their journey homeward, when the Man turned around to the persons who were driving the cattle, and said :

"Well, what are ye, my good men?" The four men all took of their hats, and bowed down almost to the ground before they answered according to the instructions given them by their mister.

"Place your benow's revenue and glory," said they," we are labouring men of the Seaghan an Fhiona."

"I dare say now," said the Man, "you may have some work to do ut home for yourselves." " Plaze your majesty," said the four men, bowing down again to the earth, "it is true for you; we

have so." "What time," asked the Man, "did your master allow you to go and come with us?" "He gave us one week, my lord."

When the Man heard this he put his hand into the boot that was full of gold. "Come here, my good men," said he.

They approached in the most respectful manner, with their hats off, bowing down their knees, and he gave each of them a hundful of gold and another of silver.

"There," said he, "poor men, take that and go home and till your gardens until the week is out, and take the horses back with ye, likewise, and we'll drive the cattle home ourselves."

The four men broke out into a torrent of gratitude, showering down praises and blessings of all kinds upon the travellers, after which they all set off on their way home.

For some time after their departure, Mc Eneiry remained silent, following the cattle without turning his eyes on either side. At length he said to his man:

"Why then, you had very little to do that time, so you had," "Why so?" asked the Man. " To be giving our money away to those fellows

that had their day's hire to get when they'd go back." "Don't speak so uncharitable," said the Man, " we earned all that in the course of a few hours, without much labour or trouble, and we have plenty re-

maining after what we gave them." "What do you call plenty?' said Mc Eneiry. with the distance of the syou, and the remainder of the syou, are plied the Man, "you needn't go about with you'll was agreed upon, and the remainder of the syou, replied the Man, "you needn't go about with you'll was agreed upon, and the remainder of the syou, replied the Man, "you needn't go about with you'll was agreed upon, and the remainder of the syou, replied the Man, "you needn't go about with your harp upon your back, as you did, and a bad hand/you were at it too. Thore's gold, and silver enough for us yet, besides all the at cattle we have

ten of those fat cattle for your part, and I'll keep the remaining half score, and we'll make two fair halves of the gold and silver, and you must get one of them also." At this proposal Mc Eneiry looked like a man

who was treated in a very unreasonable manner. "Well," said the Man, observing how he stared at him," "have I three heads on me?"

"No," said Mc Eneiry," but the one you have hasn't much sense in it. Will you bear in mind, if you plaze, that in all this business I was the Masther an' you were only the man. It is I that should have the sharing of it an' not you; and I think," he continued, "the one twentieth part of that we got ought to be enough for you, more especially, considering all you wasted on them fellows that had

their hire growing for 'em while they were with us." " Ah," said the Man, "that is an ingenious speech. We have both plenty by dividing all fairly in two, and I'll engage your family will have a joyful welcome for you when you go home with the half of it."

"Well," said Mc Eneiry," all I can say to you is, that I will insist upon getting the most part of it, as I was master, and if you offer any objection, I am here in my own neighbourhood, and I can get more people with a whistle than will be sufficient to make you agree to it."

"There is no one living would allow you so much," said the Man, "and as it happens, let us leave it all to that man on the white horse behind your back, coming along the road. I am satisfied to abide by his decision."

"Let us hear what he'll say first," replied Me Enciry.

Saying this, he looked about in the direction pointed out by his man, but could see nothing. "What white horse do you speak of?" he said,
I can see no ——— Eh? what's this?" He looked round again-above, below, behind, on all sides, but neither man, nor boots, nor cattle were to be seen. All had vanished, and there he stood, at the foot of the hill, as poor as he had left it two days back, the wind lifting his threadbare garment, and sighing to be hanged for?"

Tom only recovered from his astonishment to vent his feelings in a burst of lamentation. The inutility of wasting his time in the mere indulgence of grief was however apparent, and he accordingly soon desisted. Sitting down on the road side, he endeavoured to collect his scattered thoughts, and entered into the following dialogue with himself:

a melancholy cadence through the strings of his old

"Well, Tom Mc Enciry, what are you to do now? If you go home you know you must be under the painful necessity of leaving itagain and parting with your family in the same manner as you did before, and where would be the use o' that. I'll tell you what you'll do, Tom, as I'm your best friend, and indeed, I may say, almost your only friend, these times. Go to the next farmer's house, and begin to play your harp for them, and you'll get a welcome there for this night, and stop there; and if you want to know what you are to do in the morning, don't be in a hurry, but take things alsy, and I'll toll you. Start off with yourself, at the peep of the day for Carrigfoile, and come before John of the Wind and tell him you want a letter of recommendation from him to the great O'Neil, in Ulater, states' what an ugly face he had an' what a purty one you gave him in the place of it. When you get the letther, which he will be most happy to give you, start eway with yourself again for Ulster, au' when you get there, you have only to put a purty face upon the great C'Neil, the same way as you scen your man done upon O'Connor, an' you'll get twice as great a reward from him as from Scaghan an Fhiona, an' you can keep it all to yourself, without having an ungrateful, annaythur'l, baste of a man, to squadcher, the half of it away upon the road home, and rob you of the rest when you get there. That's my advice to you, and if you're a wise man you'll take it."

## CHAPTER III.

Mc Eneiry like a great many people in the world had a great respect for his own advice, so he followed it without delay. He slept that night at the house of a neighbouring farmer, who was not so nice in music as John of the Wine, and in the morning early, set off for Carrigfoile. It was near sunset when he beheld the majestic castle lifting its head between him and the west, and proudly tower-ing above the waves that lashed the base of the lofty cliff on which it stood. When he arrived at the gate, he was surprised to find all in confusion before him. The court-yard was full of men and women running to and fro, and a large body of kerns and galloglach were under arms before the door. While he looked on all sides, perplexed to think what could be the cause of all this turnilt, he saw a man approach, whom he recognized as one of those who had been sent to drive the cows home with him and his man. The poor man saluted him with great respect and seemed overjoyed to see him. In answer to his enquiry respecting the cause of the confusion which he beheld, the countryman told him that there was confined in the castle, a young boy, a servant of John of the Wine, whose name was Cluss o Faibbhe or Fulvey of the ear, (so called be-

cause he had one ear of unusual size).
"Every body is sure," said he, "that he will be hanged this evening or to-morrow morning airly, an' that's the raison they're gatherin' to see the exccution."

"An' what is it he done out o' the way ?" asked M: Enerry."
"I don't know that, indeed," replied the man,

"but they say there's no doubt but he'll be hauged.

"I'll tell you," replied the Man, "do you take naught, who is come to demand satisfaction for the affront he gave him, and I am very much afraid he must be hanged in the merning. I can't tell you how sorry I am for it; for he was one of the wilt'est men I ever had in my service, besides being an excellent poet, and you know yourself, what respect I have for poets, and bards, and all branches of science and learning. However, I'll tell you what you'll do. Go into the Castle and stop there to-night.— I'll give orders to have you well taken care of, and in the morning I'll hear whatever you have to say to me."

Mc Eneiry did as he was desired, and was entertained for the night in princely style. In the morning, hearing a bustle in the court yard, he arose, and looking through a window, saw the people gathering to behold the execution. He dressed himself as quickly as he could, and coming down to the court, found the two brothers, John of the Wine, and O'Connor of Connaught, standing before the castle, surrounded by knights and gentlemen, kerns and galloglach, waiting to have the prisoner brought forward.

"Weil; brother," said John of the Wine, "this is too bid. I hope you wou't go any further with the business now. He got punishment enough for what he did, in the fright you gave him, without carrying it any further."

"You may defend him, and have him hanged or no, just as you like," said O'Connor of Connaught, but if you refuse me satisfaction for the affront 1 have received you must be content to incur my displeasure." "Oh, well, sooner than that," says John of the

Wine, "if you insist upon it, he must of course be hanged and welcome, without further delay." He turned to some of his attendants, and was just about to give directions that the prisoner should be brought forward, when Mc Eneiry, having heard

what passed, stepped boldly forward and made his bow and scrape in the presence of the two brothers. "Pray, my lords," said he, " might I make so free as to ask what was it the fellow did, that he is going

O'Couner of Connaught stared at him for some moments, as if in astonishment at his impudence and then said, turning to his brother:

"What kind of a fellow is this, that has the assurance to speak to us in that manner?" "He is a man of a very singular profession," re-

plied John of the Wine. "And what profession is it?"

"Why," answered Seaghan an Fhiona, "he has that degree of skill, that if a man had the uglicat features Nature ever carried out upon a human head, he could change them into the fairest and most becoming you ever looked upon. I have reason to know it," he added, " for he tried the same experiment upon myself, and executed it very much to

my liking."
"Indeed," said O'Connor of Connaught, "you may wall say it is a singular profession, and since you of vourself, sure enough, I remarked great change for the better in your countenance, although I did not like to speak of it before, for fear you might think me impertinent; and what most surprises made, that he should have preserved the resemblance so completely, notwithstanding the greet alteration "

"Yes," said John, " everybody says I'm a handsome likenuss of what I was."

"Please your lordship," Mc Enerry said, addressing O'Connor of Connaught, "might I make an bould as to an again, what is it he done amiss, in if it be left to my devision," he mined with a tone baif jesting, and half serious, "L'il do my enday-vous to get at the rights of it?"

O'Conner of Communication commanded one of his attendants to tell Mc Enerry what Faivey of the Enr ball done.

"Some time since," said the attendant compag forward, "my muster came down here on a visit to his brother, and was so much diverted by the wit and sprighfilness of the prisoner, that he asked John of the Wine to let him go with him to Connaught for a while. When they were about going, John of the Wine called the prisoner aside and addressed him in these words. 'Now, you Falvey of the Ear, listen to me and remember what I am going to tell you, for if you don't, it will be worse for yourself. My brother is a man of a basty, turbulent temper, and I strongly recommend to you, to keep your wit under check, and take care never to play upon his words, or to make him a smart answer, or take him short in what he may say, for that is what nobody relishes, and what he cannot bare. A satirical tongue, or a mouthful of repartees, Cluss, said he, are more dangerous to the owner of them, than to anybody else. You may remember

what the Latin poet says: -Mitte jocos; non est jocus esse malignum, Nunquam sunt grati qui nocuere salas. and moreover:

Omnibus minatur qui facit uni injuriam. meaning, that the honey of wit cannot sweeten the

sting of satire, and that the jester is a common encmy, for he who cracks a joke upon one, threatens all. But enough said—remember what I tell you.' Falvey promised him to be careful, and came with us to Connaught. He went on very well for some time, and my master liked him every day more and more. One morning, however, my master and some gentlemen went out fowling in the wood of Landers, belonging to his wife's father, and they took Falvey with them. One of them shot a bird which fell into the top of a very straight and lofty tree,-When my master saw that he said, he would b: yerr glad to have the bird down by some means or smother. I'll go up for it, O'Connor, said Falvey If the master places to hang him, sure that's no of the Ear, and accordingly he did so. When be business of ours to at the raison."

"Sarely, surely, assented Mc. Eneiry.

"The mysmaster looked up, and said." No rian sum on quality an us is different, and results as an accordingly he did so. When be business of ours to at the raison."

"Sarely, surely, assented Mc. Eneiry.

"The mysmaster looked up, and said." No rian sum on quality an us is different, and said. "No rian sum on at this moment, casting his eyes towards the door of the Castle, he beheld O'Connercoming forth curam capul do bleik oram, "At this there was a