



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. VOL. XXV. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1875. NO. 36.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY. The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance, by Henry Edward, Archbishop 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. Lecture by Rev. J. Murphy. Butler's Catechism for Children with Chapters on Infallibility. The Vatican Council and its Definitions, by Archbishop Manning. Papal Infallibility and Civil Allegiance, (Brownson's Review, January, 1875). Vindication of the Papacy, by Anti-Janus. The Invitation Heeded, by James Kent Stone, 7th edition. My Clerical Friends, (Marshall). The King's Highway, by Rev. Mr. Hewitt. 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. Apostolical and Infallible Authority of the Pope, by Rev. F. X. Weninger, S. J.

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 MOUNTAIN FESTIVALS," ETC. THE SEVENTH JURYMAN'S TALE. McENEIRY, THE COVETOUS. What a rare punishment is avarice to itself! VOLPONE.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED. "Oh," said he, "you're no good. What in the world put it into your head to set up as a musician. Why, man, you'd scandalize yourself the first place you'd come to. I never heard such bad music in all my life, unless it might be that Christmas when the pigs do be killing. Who in the world was it, persuaded you to take up the profession of music?" "Why, then, who else only my wife?" replied Tom, "a sure 'tis aisy known that no one but a woman could ever think of anything so foolish."

"There's some great givin'-out here to-day, surely," said Tom McEnery, "there's such a fine smell o' grickins." "There always is, mostly," replied the stranger, "there isn't a better warrant in the country 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 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 suspicious 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 McEnery. "Well, my good friend," said he, "what place do you come from?" "From a place convenient to Knoc Fierna, please you honour."

"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 Saghua an Fhiona, "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 for it." "And couldn't you perform the cure without cutting 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."

"I'll tell you," replied the Man, "do you take 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 Enery looked like a man who was treated in a very unreasonable manner. "Well," said the Man, observing how he stared at him, "I have I three heads on me?" "No," said Mc Enery, "but the one you have hasn't much sense in it. Will you bear in mind, if you please, that in all this business I was the Master and you were only the man. It is I that should have the sharing of it and 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?"

Mc Enery 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. "Well, brother," said John of the Wine, "this is too bad. I hope you won'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."