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FINE ENGRAVING OF FATHER MATHÉW. We take great pleasure in announcing the publication of a beautiful portrait of the GREAT APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE. It represents him as he appears giving the TEMPERANCE PLEDGE; and below the Engraving is a facsimile of his handwriting endorsing this likeness of himself as "A CORRECT ONE."

TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

By GERALD GRIFFIN. AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE MONSTER FESTIVALS," ETC. THE THIRD JURYMAN'S TALE: THE KNIGHT WITHOUT REPROACH. Honor that is ever living, Honor that is ever giving; Honor that see all and knows, Both the ebbs and man and frowns; Honor that rewards the best, Sends thee thy rich labor's rest!

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED). A few days before that on which the foregoing dialogue took place, the two individuals between whom it passed were walking together at a short distance from the camp, when the cavalier complained of thirst. A cottage, apparently belonging to a farmer of the very humblest class, stood with the door invitingly open. A middle-aged country woman, meanly clad, and a young girl, whose beauty, both of form and features, received additional grace from the modest gentleness of her demeanour, were the only persons whom they found within. The elderly woman complained much of the ruin which the continuance of the war had brought upon the country, while her daughter listened with a pensive and downcast look. It was this picture which came before the mind of the cavalier (not for the first time since he had looked upon it), on the remote suggestion of his attendant.

"Don't tell me—don't tell me!" exclaimed the voice, tremulous with passion; "it is little wonder we should be poor, and hungry, and needy. At thy rosary, truly. And I must drudge like a plough-horse while thou art chapel-hunting. What with masses, and rosaries, there is nothing done in the house from sunrise to sunset as it should be, except what I am obliged to do myself, to the sacrifice of the little remains of health, that old age and care have left me."

There was a brief pause, as if intended to allow the triumphant assertion to make a due impression. "But thou art ever in the wrong," the voice continued, "and the proof of it is, that thou art always thyself compelled to acknowledge it. Aye, cry—it may do thee good—though I cannot say that it ever hath produced that effect upon thee yet, any more than anything else. But it is no fault of mine. I am sure I say enough to thee. Do not? Do I suffer a day to pass without talking myself hoarse in striving to make thee sensible of thy misconduct? Do I?"

Dame Francesca Pacheco had by the force of conviction, that she was indeed the very paragon of mothers, and the young Rosalia, anything but the paragon of daughters;—nay, such is the power of eloquence, that she had by the same persevering strength of assertion, persuaded her daughter likewise, into the full belief that her mother was a very model of goodness as a mother, and that she was herself one of the most worthless, and disobedient, and incorrigible daughters, in all Milan. So in answer to the foregoing invective, she could only multiply her penitent tears.

"But didst thou tell me all?" the louder of the two voices resumed. "Hast thou been no where else than to the convent?" "No where indeed, mother. I did but wait until the Angelus had ended."

"Indeed, dear mother, I have no desire to hide it from you. She did but stop me on the bye-path near Rencio Cervi's vineyard, to tell me that—"

the shameful indolence and artifice, with which thou hast disgraced the day." Rosalia entered the cottage without reply, and Dame Francesca remained without, deliberating some matter silently in her own mind. She was not so blind to her daughter's merits, as to suppose that, apart from all which had relation to herself, Rosalia was already destitute of any claim to esteem or admiration. Her beauty spoke for itself so plainly, that it was not to be called in question, like her un- seen graces of character and disposition. It is true there were few young men of their rank in the neighborhood, who could afford in the choice of a wife to be influenced by ornamental, rather than useful qualities, but the case might do otherwise, when both were combined as they actually were in Rosalia, in a sufficient degree to render her worthy the esteem of any individual, with the exception of so unparalleled a mother. These reflections, which had their weight with even Dame Francesca herself, had led her to look with less approving eyes than hitherto, upon the long projected union between Jacopo Pecchiolo, one of the many younger sons of a neighboring farmer, and her daughter!

Francesca had proceeded so far in her train of thought, when it was suddenly interrupted by a voice so near, that she started as if her silent reflections were liable to observation. In justice to the good lady, it should be stated that the tone of severe animadversion, in which she conceived it her duty almost invariably to address her daughter, was not extended indiscriminately to all who had the happiness of enjoying her acquaintance. She could upon occasion be gracious and affable to an extreme, more especially when the individual she addressed, was one wholly beyond the sphere of her authority, and who, either by superior rank or wealth, or an influential interest with those who possessed either, might possibly have it in his power to gratify her taste for some of the good things of this life, for which Francesca was said to entertain a fondness, that sometimes interfered painfully with her stricter notions of morality. Such an individual was he, who now stood before her, for she had little hesitation in recognizing the esquire of the cavalier, whom she had the honour of receiving in her cottage a few days before. Accordingly, the close knit eyebrows relaxed, the contemptuous curve, described by the protruded lips, making them resemble those of a frog emerging from his pond, and prudently reconnoitering the country before he will venture ashore, or the arch of a lofty bridge spanning a very narrow stream, now became smilingly inverted to a semblance of the same arch, reflected in the glassy stream beneath; the likeness of a battered dollar vanished from the chin, and Dame Francesca returned the Parisian greeting of the esquire with one of her most condescending welcomes.

"Ah, signor, you are welcome! Will you please to come in?" Le Jay had lost nothing of his confidence, by the conversation which he had overheard. Determined to make the most of his time, he politely declined the invitation, and signified to Francesca that he had a communication to make to her from the "cavalier," his master, which he had rather deliver in some place where they might not be liable to interruption.

"A message for me?" Francesca exclaimed, overflowing with sudden curiosity, as she led the esquire to a little distance from the house. "In the first place," said Le Jay, "the cavalier presents his respects to you and to the charming donzella, and begs that you will accept the enclosed, as a trilling mark of his esteem."

"Me, Signor! I accept money from the noble—the generous cavalier! Never! never! It shall not be said that Francesca Pacheco receives money in return for the ordinary offices of hospitality." As she uttered these words, by way of evincing her determination, she turned her back directly on the ambassador, placing one hand behind it, in order to add to the dignity of her movements.

which, notwithstanding all the prudence and foresight and industry which it was metaphysically possible for human beings to use, and a degree of heavenly patience and gentleness of conduct, which were quite astonishing under the circumstances, had brought her daughter and herself to the very verge of ruin. "But I ought to ask your pardon, Signor," she said, when the torrent had flowed by, "for troubling you about our grievances; but you and the good cavalier are so compassionate, that it encourages one to be over-bold. You must find the cavalier an excellent master, Signor."

"The kindest in the world." "He is rich, too, I doubt not?" "Le Jay nodded his head in assent. "Long may he live to enjoy it! and happy were it for the world, if all the rich were inclined to make as good use of their wealth. But, my poor head! I had forgot. You told me that the cavalier had entrusted you with a private message. Will it please you to step this way for a moment?"

She led the way to a small gate, and Le Jay followed her into a little garden, where, now sufficiently master of the ground on which he trod, he proceeded to unfold his proposition. The poor woman, though no saint, was honest, and when she was made to understand the views of the prodigal messenger, was for some moments really horrified. The thought of extricating herself from her distresses by delivering her daughter up to infamy, had, in her moments of wildest impatience never yet entered her imagination. Rage first, then grief, rendered her incapable of uttering her thoughts with any coherence, and for a long time both feelings alternately governed her mind and speech. Le Jay, however, though somewhat stunned by the first burst of indignation, had his confidence in some degree restored, by observing that her reproaches were vented with a degree of superfluous vehemence, and that in the tumult of her anger, the simple process which he at first expected every instant of showing him to the other side of the gate, seemed totally to have escaped her recollection. Accordingly, he awaited in apparent humility, the passing of the storm, and suffered the old lady to exhaust the whole stock of invective, without attempting to interpose a word by way of apology.

"Alas," she continued, as her passion gradually subsided into grief—"there was a time when I could not be insulted; but there is no one to stand up for the door widow. Ah, villain, that thou art! if my poor Fornaso Pacheco were alive, he would teach thee to come of such errands to this house; but well thou knowest that he is where my voice cannot reach him, or thou durst not for time head have spoken so."

CHAPTER III. In the mean time, Rosalia was busy spinning in the cottage. She was dimly the movement of the wheel with the low hum of her own voice, (for it was only in Francesca's presence that she ever felt unhappy) or unconsciously, when a knocking at the door attracted her attention. She opened it and beheld Jacopo Pecchiolo! Rosalia received him with a modest joy, yet not without an expression of fear and embarrassment! on his features, and she said, "I am glad to see you, Jacopo. I did not think you would have seen me so soon."

afraid to think of my mother returning and finding thee here." "Here? Why, it is not the first time she has found me here, Rosalia." "No, surely; but I know not how it is, she is greatly altered of late. I believe it is the war, and our continued difficulties, that have disturbed her mind; but it is not a quarter of a hour since she spoke so terribly to me for having staid to hear from Maria, that you had arrived."

"What a beautiful medal!" exclaimed Rosalia, gazing with an naive expression of admiration on the figure of the Madonna and child, which were represented in low relief upon the little trinket. "It is very kind of you to procure it for me."

Francesca, who was exceedingly fond of dress, was for a moment dazzled with the beauty of the gift, and returned thanks for it, in her most gracious manner. When the first burst of admiration however, had subsided, her gravity returned, and she listened with a cold and somewhat formal attention to Jacopo's account of his adventures in Milan.

Jacopo immediately proceeded to combat the fears of the widow with all the energy which might be expected from him, in a case which so closely involved his own prospects of happiness in life, but he was arguing against a predetermined mind. Francesca heard him to the end, shaking her head at every sentence, and now and then replying to his projected schemes of happiness and comfort by a groan of incredulity. When he had done, she repeated what she had already said as to the necessity of breaking off the union, without thinking it expedient to bring forward any fresh argument, or to show the insufficiency of those which Jacopo had advanced.

"Go on—say what you please, Jacopo! I can be as good as you will! I am all patience. I can be calm," she continued, in a loud and shrill voice, while her frame trembled with emotion; "but you will find that I can be as firm as well as cool."