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#### TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

Eamus in jus. PLAUT. Pomilius, Act v. Are you good men, and true? Much Ado about Nothing.

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

#### THE THIRD JURYMAN'S TALE: THE KNIGHT WITHOUT REPROACH.

Honor that is ever living, Honor that is ever giving Honer that see all and knows. Both the ebbs of man and flows; Honor that rewards the best, Sends thee thy rich labor's rest! VALENTINIAN.

### CHAPTER I .- (CONTINUED).

A few days before that on which the foregoing dislogue took place, the two individuals between whom it passed were walking together at a short distance from the camp, when the chevalier 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 grieved and downcast look. It was this picture which came before the mind of the chevalier (not for the first time since he had looked upon it), on the remote suggestion of his attendant.

"Hast thou learned any thing further, Le Jay," he asked, after a pause, "of those people?—that querulous mother, and her well-shaped daughter?" "I have not, my lord," replied the ecuyer, "nor sought it."

"And wherefore, tell me, good Le Jay? Thou knowest what a time I have spent since I entered that cottage."

"In good truth, my lord, I will take no pains about it. A poor ecuyer hath a body and a soul to save as well as a chevalier, and I have heard too much good counsel in your worship's excellent service, to be ready to fling mine away, for no better hire perchance than a round half hour's lecture for

my pains."
"Tush!" said the Knight, "I was in the sour vein that morning. I had been with the Admiral, who has the flattering knack of always soliciting another's counsel, and always following dis own; and his fears, and his wavering, and his shifting to this side and to that; lighting on every measure, and resting upon none-neither bold enough to be victorious, nor cautious enough to be secure, were such that it soured my spirit to speak with him; and as he was Commander in chief, and thou wert but the conver of an insignificant chevaller, I made thee compliment of the full measure of chagrins which it were more just than seemly to bestow upon the Admiral."

The ecuyer acknowledged the preference by a

grateful bow. "Therefore, dost thou hear?-prosecute this matter, and speak of it no more, unless to tell me thou hast succeeded: I trust all to thy discretion; of thy genius I have had proofs in many ways, so I doubt not of its efficiency in this; and the sooner thou has executed thy commission the better."

The third Juror here paused to replenish his tumbler, which had insensibly become exhausted since he commenced speaking. We will take advantage of the pause to close this first chapter of his maryaliye, and was the close this first chapter of his maryaliye, and was the close story and ladd

we should be poor, and hungry, and needy. At thy rosary, truly. And I must drudge like a ploughhorse 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."

"I thought I had left nothing undone, mother." "What hast thou to do with masses, and rosaries and pious sodalities? It is for those who are at their ease, and have a heavy purse and a well-stocked cellar to spend so much time upon the concerns of their soul, and not for poor wretches like us, who know not when we rise in the morning, where we are to provide the means of subsisting

until nightfall. "I was wrong, I know, mother."

"Thou art ever so when we differ. I ask thyself, had I ever to reprove thee yet, that in the end thou had'st not to make the same confession? Is it not the invariable termination of all our disputes, that in the end thou art compelled thus to entwine thy hands together, and cry bitterly, and say, 'I was wrong mother?' Is it not, I ask thee?"

"I believe it is indeed, mother."
"Do-cry away-didst thou ever once hear me

make such an acknowledgment?"

" Never, indeed, that I remember."

"To thee, or to any one else." " Never, Í believe,"

" Didst thou ever see me thus fold my hands together and burst out a crying, and say 'I was wrong, daughter? No, I warrant you, nor any one else in the parish. I am four and thirty years old come next Assumption, (Dame Francesca had come to a halt at four and thirty, for fifteen years past at least), and no one can say that since I first learned the use of my tongue, I ever yet was heard to acknowledge myself on the wrong side in a dispute;-

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. 1 am sure I say enough to thee. Do I not? Do I suffer a day to pass without talking myself hoarse in striving to make thee sensible of thy misconduct?

There was an answer in the negative, almost inaudible for timidity.

"And what is my return? the reward for all my counsels? to find thee after day repeating the same scene, listening, without a word to say in thy defence, and in the end, bursting out a crying and acknowledging thy fault. But I cannot help it-I can but give my counsel; if thou wilt not follow it, the guilt be upon your own head. Yes—thou addest the black crime of ingratitude to all thy other offences, for I do think that never was so pains taking a mother afflicted with so disobedient, so idle, so self willed a daughter."

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 asseveration, 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 disobe-dient, and incorrigible daughters, in all Milan. So in answer to the foregoing invective, she could only multiply her penitent tears.

"But did'st 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." "Nor staid to gossip or ask questions by the way?"

"I-oh, yes-I spoke for a few moments, with

one person only." "I thought so. Oh, this art! I could forgive anything but art and cunning. But I promise thee, clever as thou art, and simpleton as thou thinkest me, theu shall not find me simple enough to be thy

"Rosalia, who was the last person in the world to make a dupe of anybody, could only weep afresh at this new charge.

"And who was this person with whom you had the heart to remain idly gossipping, while you knew that your poor, feeble, widewed parent was wearing out her existence, to find the means of prolonging

your's at home ?" "It was Maria Pecchio."

"Umph! I might have guessed as much. And what was the important subject of your conversation? No artifice! no hiding of the truth! Thou mightest as well speak plainly, for I shall be sure to find it out. Thou knowest that when I once have got fairly a-foot to track a secret, there is not a hole in the Duchy of Milan in which it can escape

"Indeed, dear mother, I have no desire to hide it from you. She did but stop me on the bye-path near Rencio Ceri's vineyard, to tell me that—that— Jacopo had returned," she added, blushing and look-

ing down at her sandals.
"So—so—so—so—bit after bit, the whole plot is coming forth. I see the whole at length Maria Pacchioli came to tell thee that Jacopo had returned, and thou and Maria went together by the

stopped to hear Maris say he had arrived when I

"Don't tell me-don't tell me!" exclaimed the the shameful indolence and artifice, with which voice, tremulous with passion; "it is little wonder 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 unseen graces of character and disposition. It is true there were few young men of their rank in the one to be over-bold. You must find the cavalier an neighborhood, who could afford in the choice of a wite 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 as good use of their wealth. But, my poor head! I had their weight with even Dame Francesca herself, had led her to look with less approving eyes self, had led her to look with less approving eyes than hitherto, upon the long projected union between Jacopo Pecchioli, one of the many younger sons of a neighboring farmer, and her daughter! Whatever prospect Jacopo had a year before of being able to provide for a wife and family, was now entirely annihilated, in Francesca's eyes at least, by the sudden irruption on the country, of conflicting armies, and she had accordingly in her own mind determined to see, whether Rosalia's good qualities, both of mind and person, might succeed in obtaining for her a settlement, more conducive to their common advantage. It was true Jacopo had been their friend from childhood, and at all times regarded Francesca with the feelings of a son. But circumstances had changed, and one's feelings must not be put in the balance against an imperative necessity. There were several comfortable young farmers in the neighborhood, who when they should understand that Rosalia was at liberty, and-

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 foudness, 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 recognising the esquire of the cavaller, 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 ecuyer with one of her most condescending courtesies.

"Ah, signor, you are welcome! Will you please

to come in ?" Le Jay had lost nothing of his confidence, by the conversation which he liad overheard. Determined to make the most of his time, he politely declined the invitation, and signified to Francesco that he had a communication to make to her from the "chevalier," his master, which he had rather deliver in some place where they might not be liable to interruntion.

"A message for me?" Francesca exclaimed, overflowing with sudden curiosity, as she led the ecuyer 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 en closed, as a trifling mark of his esteem."

"Me. Signor! me accept money from the noblethe 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 woads, 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.

"But as a mark of cateem, merely, Signora," said the ecuyer. "Surely you would not occasion my master so much pain, as he must feel when he hears that you have refused him?" And saying this in his most insinuating tones, he ventured to slip the purse into the hand just spoken of, and with gentle violence to close the fingers on the treasure.

"In that case indeed, Signor," said Francesca. slowly withdrawing the hand as she turned gradually round, "as a mark of esteem, as you say, and to avoid wounding the feelings of the dear, noble cavaller-" here she shot a downward glance at the purse, ere she plunged it into her capacious side pocket. "And yet, Signor, to lay pride apart," she continued in a mournful voice, "if you did but know the miserable state of mind in which the war has left me at this moment hot knowing how soon this cottage; in which I spent the happlest years of my life" here the good lady laid hold of the corner of her apron, may pass into other hands, and I be vineyard to Peochloll's house, and thou remainedst cast upon the world without a home or a resting

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 heaself to the very greatly altered of late. I believe it is the war, and had brought her daughter and heaself 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 excellent master, Signor."

"The kindest in the world."

"He is rich, too, I doubt not?" Le Jay nodded his head in assent.

"Long may be live to enjoy it! and happy were it for the world, if all the rich were inclined to make

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 ne saint, was honest, and when she was made to understand the views of the profligate messenger, was for some moments really horror-striken. The though 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 smple process which he at first expected at 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 ! could not be insulted; but there is no one to stand up for the door widow. Ah, villian 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 thine head have spoken so.

The artful emissary did not think it prudent to make any reply.

"But I will see whether there is justice to be had in your camp," said Francesca, "the Admiral shall hear of it."

"The Admiral?" Le Jay exclaimed, with a careless laugh, "you know not who my master is, Signors, when you menace him with the displeasure of the Admiral."

"And who may may he be then, Signor Impudence ?

The ecuyer mentioned the name of the knight, and had the satisfaction to observe that it produced its full effect upon the mind of the angry widow.

"What! he?" she exclaimed, "he send thee on such an errand? Impossible!" "Thou wilt find it true, however."

"Why, they say he has more of the monk about him than the soldier, although he be as brave a knight as ever mounted steed. Thou wilt never persuade me that he gave thee such a commission. He bears too high and too fair a name to soil it with such a deed as this. They say be is a very father to the poor, and will go disguised about the streets in his own country, in order to discover those who are ashamed to beg, and to scatter his gold amongst them without being recog-"They may say what they will, Signora, and

thou mayest imagine what thou will, but I assure thee it was he and no other who snoke with thee in this cottage some day since and who this day commissioned me to make on his behalf a proposal which any rational mother in Europe would have received as one of the highest honours which fortune could bestow."

Francesca paused. Had the tempter been less

estimable, she would in all probability have con-tinued to spurn the guilty proposition of his ambas-sador, but the high reputation of the Chevalier offected what all the arts of a known profligate might have failed to accomplish. The horror of the offence became diminished to her eyes, when she found it recommended by so admirable an example. 'She did not, however, think it proper immediately, to allow the alteration in her sentiments to become apparent. She contended herself for the present. with uttering a new volley of reproaches in a some what less angry tone, and expressing her determination to ascertain, without loss of 'time, whether the unprincipled ecuyer were not audaciously calmuniaing one of the noblest and most exemplary knights in Christendom. Le Jay took his departure, it be-ing understood that he was to return on the following day, merely for the plithose of ascertaining whether Francesca had satisfied herself as to the truth of his mission, and Erancesca consenting to allow him another interview with the same harm-less object.

# con test less tonners et less test test tests In the mean time, Rosalia was busy spinning in talking with Jacopo, while I supposed thou wert place. It is a substantial in the cottage. She was timing the movement of the piously joining in the Angelus. The cottage of the cottage. She was timing the movement of the piously joining in the Angelus. Me, mother | I remain talking with Jacopo | I her eyes, and turned her head aside, to include her was only in Francesca's presence that she ever felt go to Jacopo's house! Indeed I did not I scarcely grief without restraint white and mother was only in Francesca's presence that she ever felt unhappy for uncomfortable, who cking at unhappy for uncomfortable, listen a knocking at And she concluded by striking the ground violently the door attracted her attention, whe opened it and with her cane in illustration of what she said.

afraid to think of my mother returning and finding thee here."
"Here? Why, it is not the first time she has

our continued difficulties, that have disturbed her mind; but it is not a quarter of an hour since she speke so terribly to me for having staid to hear from Maria, that you had arrived."

"Oh, that is nothing. We shall be very good friends when we meet, notwithstanding."

"But she said more than I wish to repeat to you, and not at all passionately. She spoke very seriously about our distress and our poverty and

"I doubt it not-I doubt it not-you know it is her way. Let us talk of something more agreeable for the present. You have not asked me a word about my journey to Milan. See, I have brought you a remembrance of my travals."

"What a beautiful modal!" exclaimed Rosalia gazing with a 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."

While she was placing it around her neck, Francesca entered, full of the conversation which had passed between berself and couyer. The the sight of Jocopo Pecchiolio, in her present mood, was by no means the most agreeable on which it was possible for her eye to rest. Accordingly, there was abundance of coolness in her manner, as she returned his plain and friendly greating. A significant look sent Rosalia to her sleeping-room, when her mother, whose mind was every moment becoming more and more determined with respect to the course she should pursue, prepared to unfold to Jacopo as much of her views as it was necessary he should be made acquainted with.

So Jacopo, you have returned from Milan!

"Yes, signora, and with good news."
"Indeed?"

"I have been entirely successful,"

"Well, for your sake, Jacopo, I am glad to heat

"I have brought you a little token of friendship," said Jacopo, unfolding a gaily coloured head dress, "which I hope you will do me the favour to accept."

Francesca, who was exceedingly fond of diess, was for a moment dazzled with the beauty of the gift, and returned thanks for it, in hos most grac-ious 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

"Well, Jacopo," she said, when he had ended. "I am very glad you have succeeded, but affairs have taken such a turn of late, that I fear we had better look upon this business as entirely at an

"At an end !" Jacopo repeated, with a look of perplexity-"I do not understand you."

"I mean to say, Jacopo, that I have and always had, as you well know, a very great esteem and regard for you, but circumstances are strangely altered. Rothing indeed would give me greater hapiness than to see you and Rosalia happy togetherbut I fear it cannot be. There are too many difficulties in the way. We have enough to struggle with already, without adding new embarrassments to the old." 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 happpiness and comfort by a groan of incredulity. When he had done, she re-peated 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.
"Jacopo," she said, "all this is very fine, and

you perceive that I have listened to you with all the patience which you could desire, but it does not convince me. They are all dreams on which no dependance is to be placed, and the sooner you dismiss them from your mind altogether, the better for your own peace, for, once for all, I tell you this union never can take place." "Never can take place?" exclaimed Jacobo.

Dismiss it from my mind! How easily, you talk ! That hope or dream, if you will have it so, which has supported and encouraged me in every effort I een making since I was capable of making any. Do you tell me now that it is never to take

"Never, Jacopo : I have made up my mind upon it and Lam determined that it never shall." "You are determined! Then it is merely a resolu-

tion" of your own which is to be executed with or without reason," And the data to realize the same and 'It is my resolution, Jacopo, and your rudeness and violence shall not hinder me from carrying it

into effect." And you have resolved on this !

"I am recoved " to a standard and a "Then I can tell you that I never will assent to forego our positive engagement," sald. Jacopo, passionately! "I know not what new plan or scheme may have entered your head during my absence at Milan, but I promise you I never will be a party to

them. Go on say what you please, Jacopo | be as rude as you will 1"am all patience. I can be the cottage. She was timing the movement of the calm, she continued in sloud and shrilly voice, wheel with the low hum of ther own voice, for it, while her frame trembled with emotion; but you will find that I can be firm was awell as cool."

stopped to hear Main say the first of the panes, to company, and the panel of the p