VOL. XXV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1875.

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 Intallibility Stated and Vindicated," by Right Rev. John Walsb, D.D. "Papal Infullibility." Lecture by Rev. J. Murphy "Butler's Catechism for Children with Chapters on Infallibility".... "The Vatican Council and its Definitions," by " Papal Infallibility and Civil Allegiance," (Brownson's Review, January, 1875)..... 1 25

" Vindication of the Papacy," by Anti-Janus. 1 50 "The Invitation Reeded," by James Kent Stone, 7th edition..... 1 50 a 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..... 2 50 "Apostolical and Infallible Authority of the

Pope," by Rev. F. X. Wenninger, S. J. . . . 1 50 D. & J. SADLIER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

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. "TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS," ETC.

THE SIXTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

THE SWANS OF LIE.

litezt, O Mayle, be the roar of thy water, Break not ye breezes your chain of repose, hile murmuring mournfully Lin's lonely daughter. Tells to the night star her tale of woes. Moone's Irish Melodies.

CHAPTER II.-(CONTINUED.)

The children of Lir continued for a long time in the sa me condition on the Sruih na Maoile, until one ni the they suffered so much from the cold and wind a si snow, that nothing they had hithorto felt was con sparable to it; which made Fingula utter the follo wing words:

FINGULA.

Hat d is our life and sharp with ill, My brethren dear;
The snow so thick, the wind so chill, The night so drear. We at rive to keep

Sa d concert in our songs of pain, But the wild deep, Rel entless, mars the rising strain. 11.

Vainly we soothe our aching hearts With converse sweet, Wave after wave, high heaving, paris

Our un ion meet. Ah, doom so were! Harsh w as our mother's vengeful will,

Ab, brethren . iear, Hard is of w life, and sharp with ill.

They remained for a year on the sea of Moyle, when one night, as the were on the Rock of the Seals, the waters conge alod around them with the cold, and as they lay can the rock, their feet and wings were frozen to it, I to that they could not move a limb. When at length, after using what strength remained in their bodies, they succeeded in getting free, the skin of their feet, and the innermost down of their breasts, and the quills of their wings, re-

mained clinging to the icy c. rag.
"Woe to the children of Lir!" said Fingula, " mournful is our fate to-night, for when the salt water pierces into our wounds, we shall be pained to death;" and she sung these h'aes:

FINGULA.

Sad is our hap this mournful night, With mangled feet and plumag e, bleeding; Our wings no more sustain our dight, Woe comes to linked woo succeeding. Ah, cruel was our step-dame's mind, When hard to nature's sweet emotion, She sent us here mid wave and wind, To freeze on Moyle's relentless ocean.

n. The wild sea foam that strews the shore, .The weeds those briny waves engender, For past delights are all our store, Though fostered once in regal splendour Rise, sister of three brothren dear,

Let custom dull the edge of anguish, In hollow rock or cavern drear, By doom unrighteous, bound to languish.

Leaving the Rock of Seals, they alighted again on the water of the heavens and the eight. Do my biddin an I'll engage you'll egon them keenly, although they strove to keep their feet under their wings as closely as they could.

They continued to sinfer thus until/their feathers grew, and the wounds of their feet were healed.

They used frequently go as near the shores the shore at they could, an that part of the Irish coast which shores the shore the shore the shores the shores the shore the shores the shores the shores the shores the shores the shore the shore the shores the shore the sh

ther to Moyle, which was their constant place of, rest. One day as they drew nigh the shore of Bama to the north, they saw a number of chariots and horsemen, splendidly arrayed, with horses richly caparisoned, approaching from the west.

"Do you observe that brilliant company, you sons of Lir?" said Fingula.

"We know not who they are," replied her brethren, but they seem to be Irish; whether of the Sons of Mile, or the Tuatha Danaans, it is impossible for us to conjecture."

They drew close to the shore, in order to observe more accurately. When the horsemen saw them coming, they hastened towards them, until they came within speaking distance. The persons of note who were almost them were, Aodh Aithiosatch, or Merry Hugh, and Feargus Fithcall, (of the Complete Armour), the two sons of Bogh Dearg the Monarch, and the third part of his body guard. The horsemen were, for a long time, shifting their place, in order to come near the birds, and when at length they did so, they saluted each other very lovingly, with the affections which became relations. The children of Lir inquired how the Tuatha Dansans were, and especially, Lir and Bogh Doorg, with their friends and dependents

"They are all well in their respective homes," replied the horsemen. "At present, it is true, they are in your father's palace, partaking of a splendid banquet, in health and joy, knowing no other want than that of your absence, and their ignorance of your place of abode, since you left the Lake of the Speckled Oak."

"Evil has been our life since then," said Fingula, for neither we nor any other creature, that we have heard of, ever suffered so much as we have done, since we came to the waters of Moyle;" and she uttered the following words:-

FINGULA.

We four are well, Though in keen want, and sombre gricf we dwell, Happy are they; Who sit in Lir's bright hall, and share his banquet

Rich food and wine, For them in sperkling gold and silver chine: While far away,

His children shiver in the hungry spray! We, who of yore, On dainties fired, and silken garments were;

Now all our fare, Cold sand, and bitter brine, for wax and honey rare.

Our noftest bed, The crag that o'er those surges lifts its head; Oft have are laid

Our limbs on beds of tenderest down arrayed. Now must we lie, On Moyle's rough wave, with plamage seldom dry

A pageant rare Oft-bore us to our grandsire's palace fair. Ah mournful change!

Now with faint wings, these dreary shores I range. O'er Moyle's dark tide, Plume touching plume, we wander side by side; Sharing no more

The joys that cheer'd our happy · The welcome mild, That on our grandsire's kingly features smiled!

Lir's counsel meet,

And fond paternal kiss, that made the morning SM Sct.

The horsemen returned soon after to the house of Lir, and told the principal men of the Tuatha Danams where they had seen the birds, and the dialogue they had held together.
"We exhaut assist them," they replied, "but we

be restored to their former shape, after a long time has elapsed. The children of Lir, meantime, returned north-wards to the sea of Moyle, where they remained

are well pleased to hear that they live, for they will

until their time in that place had expired. Then Fingula spoke to her brothers, and said:-"It is time for us to depart from hence, for the

period appointed for us to remain here, is at an end, and she added these verses :-

FINGULA.

At length we leave this cheerless shore, Unblest by summer's sunshine splendid; Its storm for us shall howl no more, Our time on gloomy Moyle is ended. Three bundred sunless summers past, We leave at length this loveless billow; Where oft we felt the icy blast, And made the shelving crag our pillow.

Still on our lingering night of pain, Far distant beams the dawn of gladness; Light ease beside the western main, Awaits our long accustomed sadness. Long must we haunt, that billowy shore, Ere breaks for us, the day beam splendid,

But here our numbered years are o'er,

H.

Our time on gloomy Moyle is ended. After that time, the children of Lir left the sea of Moyle, and flew until they came to the most westerly part of the ocean. They were there for a long time, suffering all kinds of hardship, until they hap-pened to see a man, a tiller of the ground, who used often watch them when they came near the shore, and took great pleasure in listening to their music He told the people on the coast of what he had seen, and spread the tidings of the prodigy far and near. However, the same tale remains to be re-peated, for the children of Lir never suffered so much before or after as they did on that very night, after the husbandman had seen them; the frost was so keen, and the snow coming so thick upon the wind. The waters all congealed into ice, so that the woods and the sea were of one colour. Their feet stuck to the ground, leaving them unable to move, and they began to utter the most lamentable cries, while Fingula comforted, and strove to persuade them not to grieve, but in vain , and she repeated these lines:

FINGULA designation of the company o

Where'er they search the frost bound ocean o'er, On solid ice, their thirsty beaks are ringing,

Nor on the wintry shore, Fresh water laves their plames, nor bubbling fount is springing.

O thou dread Menarch, who to sea and coast, Their being gave, And lcd'st, as shedowy rumour tells, a host,

Through the deep wave! Behold these wretched birds with pitying eyes, Their lingering years in joyless slavery spending,

In thy great might arise, £nd bid our souls be free, their bonds of anguish rending. "Brothers," said Fingula, "confide in him, who made heaven, and the elements, the carth with all

its fruit, and the sea with all its wenders, and you will find comfort and relief." "We do confide in him," they answered. "And I confide with you," said Fingula, "in the only being, who is full of knowledge and pity," and

their confidence came in due time, for they obtained the relief they sought, and from that day forward they never suffered trouble or perplexity. They remained on the Craas Domhnan, (Deep Seas), until their time was fulfilled, when Fingula said to her

"It is time for us to go to Fioncha, where Lir and his people dwell, and our reople also.

"We are well content to do so," replied they; and all proceeded together somewhat joyfully, until they came to Fionche. They found the place where their father's palace had stood, and all around it, without either house or inhabitants, but everything looking dreary and dull. They saw smoke at a distance, and the four came towards it, and uttered three mournful cries, and Fingula repeated these words.

FINGULA.

A mournful wonder, is this place to me, Which once I knew so well! Not even the trace of that loved home I see, Where Lir was wont to dwell. Nor hound, nor steed, nor lord nor lady bright,

Nor welcome spoken! Since I have lived to see this mournful sight, My heart is broken.

This was not in our father's time of old, A loveless, lightless waste, Without a cup, the sparkling wine to hold,

Or princely guest to taste. The home where oft we hail'd each joyous mern, Is bleak and lonely!

And nothing left, to us its heirs forlorn, Save memory only.

Now do I know the deep devouring grave, Holds all who once were dear! Sad was our life, on Moyle's tempestuous wave, But keener grief is here.

w rustling grass, and winds that endly blow Through dry leaves creeping! And he who should his cherish'd darling's know, For ever sleeping!

CHAPTER III.

When shall the day-star mildly springing, Warm our island with peace and love. O when shall beaven its sweet bell ringing, Call my spirit to the fields above. MOORE'S Irish Melodies.

The children of Lir remained in the place where their father and their ancestors had lived, and where they had themselves been nursed and educated, and late at night they began to sing most melodious music. In the morning they took wing and flew until they came to Inis Glusire Breanain, and they began to sing there; so that all the birds of the country that could swim came to that place, which was called Lochan na Heanlaithe, (or the Lake of the Birds,) situate in Inis Gluaire Breausin. The used frequently go round that country and sometimes to Luis Geridh, and to all the western islands in the country, returning every night to their accustomed place of rest. They continued in that condition for a long time, until the christian doctrine was preached in those countries, when St. Patrick came to Ireland, and St. Macaomh Og came to Inis Gluaire Breanain. The first night he came there the children of Lir heard the sound of the bell ringing near them, and were greatly rejoiced. They hastened towards the place from whence they heard the bells, and the three sons of Lir made such speed that they left Fingula by herself.

"What is the matter with you, dear brothren?" said Fingula. "We cannot tell," they replied, "we know not how to account for the heavenly music we have

heard." "I will explain to you," said she, "that is the bell of Macaomh Og, and it is by him you shall be released from your pain and trouble, and you shall be comforted;" and she said these lines: FINGULA.

List, list to the sound of the anchoret's bell, Rise children of Lir from the wave where ye dwell Uplift your glad wings and exult as ye hear. And give thanks, for the hour of your freedom is

He merits our duty, the Mighty, to save, From the rock and the surge, from the storm and the wave.

Who clings to his doctrine with constant endea-YOUT.

His grief shall be turn'd into glory for ever, Past moments of anguish forever farewell ! List children of Lir to the sound of the bell.

Tre children of Lirwere listening to the music of the bell until the saint had finished his prayers.

"Let us now" said Fingula, "sing our own music to the great ruler of the heavens and the earth."

was to relieve you that I was sent to this island? rather than any other part of Ireland. You may trust in me, for this is the place that was appointed fer you to be released from your enchant-

On hearing these words the children of Lir came to the shore, and depended on his word. He took them down to his residence, where they remained listening to his instructions and joining in his devotions day after day. Macaomh Og sent for a craftsman and desired him to make two silver chains, which he accordingly did. One of them he put between Eugene and Fingula, and the other between Cornu and Fiacra. The four swans were frequently in great spirits, rejoicing at the termination of their sorrows, and as happy as if they had

forgotten all their previous misery.

The king who governed Conact at that time was named Lairgneau, the son of Colman (the same of whom Figula had spoken to her father on the Lake of the Speckled Oak,) and his queen's name was Deocha the daughter of Ingri, son of Black Hugh. Deocha came to hear of the wonderful birds, and being seized with a violent desire of possessing tory of the mountain, nor even a description of it, or them, requested the king to procure them for her. He replied that he could never persuade himself to ask Macaomh Og to give them up. Deoche, enraged at up his ahode near the foot of that majestic eminhis refusal, declared that she never again would spend a night within the palace of Glairgnea, as the instead of relating a plain story here by the fire-side king's residence was called, unless she got the swans; and, leaving the palace, she travelled to hearers that ever sat in a jury-box, it might be pru-kill de Luadh (now called Killaloe) and took up her dent on my part, having the prospect of some nine abode at her own home. When Lairgnean found her so resolute, he sent a messenger three several times for the birds, but could not obtain them. Incensed at being thus refused, he came himself the place where Macaomh Og lived, and asked him if it were true he had refused his messengers?

"It is true," answered Macaomh Og.
"Then," said the king, "it is true, likewise, that I will take them with me whether you are willing

or otherwise." As he said this he rushed toward the altar near which they stood, and seized the two chains which coupled them together. No sooner had he done so than the swans lost their plumage, their beautiful gula, instead of the graceful swan that sung such enchanting strains, became an old shrivelled hug, fleshless, and bloodless. The King, astounded at what he saw, let fall the chains, and returned home, while Macaomh Og uttered many lamentations after the birds, and pronounced a malediction on Lairgnean. Fingula then said:

" Come hither, boly father, and give us baptism. for we are as much concerned at parting with you as you in parting with us. You are to bury us tog ther in this manner Place Co nu and Fiacra at my back, and place Eugene before me;" and she again said, "baptize us, holy fathur, and make us happy; and I pray that He who made heaven and earth will prolong our lives until you can perform the holy rite, after which you are to bury us in the manner, 1 desire."

After that they departed this life, and the children of Lir were buried by Macaomh Og as Fingula had desired; that is to say, Cornu and Fiacra at her back, and Eugene before her. He raised the earth in the form of a tomb, and placed a stone over them on which he carved their names in the Ogham character, and wept bitterly above their grave. It is thought that their souls went to heaven. For Lairgnean, who was the immediate cause of their death, Macaomh Og predicted his fate in the follow-

MACAOMH OG.

I'll shoot of Colman's royal line, The malison of heav'n is thine, The grief which thou hast caused to mine. Thine own cold heart shall feel, Thou whose unholy zeal Hath left me on this isle forlorn, My cherish'd darlings' loss to mourn. II.

And she whose soul in cvil strong. Hath prompted this unfeeling wrong, To early dust consigned, shall long Her fruitless rapine wail, A shiv'ring spectro pale i The malison of heav'n is thine, Ill shoot of Colman's royal line!

Not long after, Lairgnean and his wife died a sudden death, according to the prediction of Macaomh Og, which concludes the history of the Swans

Many of the Jurors at the conclusion of the tale. seemed to feel themselves much in the situation of persons who had been just listening to what it would be dangerous to admire, and yet in their hearts were not sorry to find the whole brought fairly to a

"Eor my part," said one, taking the poker, and stirring up the fire, "I thought I should have been frozen to death myself, with listening; I never longed half so much for my dinner, as I did for an opportunity of poking up the turf, which I thought it would be merciful to do, while our friend was making the air of the room chilly with his descriptions of the starvation of those poor Swans. I hope the heroes of the next tale will approach somewhat

nearer to the tropics" "They shan't go, either north or south, I assure you," said the Seventh Juror, further than the borders of our own green isle, and that in the height of summer, as you shall understand; when our friend on my right has favoured us with his song."

The Sixth Juror, in reply to this hint, said that he was sure the company must have anticipated him in the lyric which he proposed attempting, and which was the only one he could athinks of appending to the melancholy tale which they had

When the applause which followed his performance had subsided, the Seventh Juror was called on to redeem his pledge, which he did by relating the narrative which follows.

THE SEVENTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

MCENEIRY, THE COVETOUS

-What a rare punishment

Is avarice to itself!

CHAPTER I.

Near the spirited little town of Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick, arises, as the whole universe is aware, the famous mountain of Knoc Fierna. Its double peak forms one of the most striking objects. on the horizon, for many miles ground, and awful and wonderful and worthy of cternal memory are the numberous events connected with its history, as veraciously detailed in the adjacent coffages. But I have not now undertaken to give you a hisof its neighbourhood. My sole business at present is with a certain Tom McEnciry, who formerly took ence. Were I writing a novel in three volumes, to eleven of the most intelligent and patient dent on my part, having the prospect of some nine hundred weary blank pages before my eyes, to fit as large a portion as possible, with a minute description of Tom, or as I should in such case feel it my duty to call him, Mr. Thomas McEneiry, beginning with the soles of his feet, and ending upon the crown of his head, recording the colour of his eyes and hair, not failing to state whether his nose ran faithfully in the painter's line, or enpriciously deviated in any degree to either side, if the month were straight or otherwise together with an accurate sketch of his costume, a full description of his house and furniture, and a copious history of his ancestors. But as there is not a rogue amongst us, however grave a face he may put upon it, who does not in his heart love the stimulus of incident far better than feathers disappeared, and the three sons of Lir ap- the most exquisite display of more pictorial fidelity, peared three withered old men, with their bones I shall beg leave without further preamble, to knyo seeming to project through their skin, while Finall these elaborate details to your own fertile inaginations.

Tom McEnciry, then, was Tom McEnciry; once a comfortable farmer, as any in the vicinity of Knoc Fierna, but reduced by extravagance at first, and then by long continued reverses to a condition far from prosperous. In vain did he and his wife endeavour by a thorough economical reform, to retard their downward course in worldly fortune. At one time entile died, at another, the potatoe crops failed, or the wheat was half smut; misfortune after mis-fortune fell upon him, until at longth the change began to cat its way even into appearances themselves. Thomas McEnciry became Tom McEnciry, and at last, "poor Tom McEneiry," and his helpmate might have applied to herself, the well known stanza, in which a lady in similar circumstances laments the changes of manner produced in her old friends, by a like alteration in her affairs When I had bacon,

They called me Mrs. Akon,

But now that I have none, 'lis' How goes it Molly?' They grew thinner and thinner, and shabbier and shabbier, until both in fortune and appearence, they presented little more than the skeletons of what they had been. At length, they actually came to their last meal, and Tom sighed deeply, as he took his seat on the side of the table opposite his help-

"Here, Mrs. Mc Eneiry," he said, politely handing her a laughing white-eye across the table, "take it tis a fine maly one, an' make much of it—for I'm sorely afeerd, 'tis the last time I am ever to have the honour of presenting you with anything in the 'Tis your own fau't if you don't," said his wife.

"How so?" said Tom, "how do you make that

"Why," replied his wife, "I'll tell you what I was thinking of this morning. I was turning over some of the old lumber in the next room, looking for a little firing, when I found an old harp that I remember you used to play upon, a long time ago.' "Oh, 'tis time for me to forget that now," said the

husband. "You're not so ould as that," replied Mrs. Mc

Enciry, "you could play very well if you like it, and, you know 'yourself the great pay harpers and poets, and historians, and antiquarians, and genologisis, an' people of that sort gets from the great lords and gentry in Ireland. 'Tis known to the world, the repute music is in, and the taste they have for it in this countbry."

"The more taste they has for it," says Tom, " the less chance I has of pleasing 'em' when they hears me."

"Can't you put good words to it," says she, "an'

'twill pass." "Why, that's harder than the music itself, woman," replied her husband, "for the words must have some sense in them, whatever the music has -and where am I to get idayes, a poor fellow o' my kind, that never had any recoorse to history, or other great authors, nor knows nothin' of joggeraphy, nor the juice of the globes, nor mensuration, nor

more branches of that kind." "Many's the songs and pothery I ever hard my-self," said Mrs. McEneiry, "and there wasn't much sense nor *idayes* in 'em; an' they to be well liked for all. Begin praisin' their ancesthors, an' they'll be well satisfied, I'll go bail, whatever way the varse

runs." "But when I do'n' know one o' the ancestors, wo-

man.?"

"What hurt? Can't you praise om so itself?" "But sure I should have their names any way." "You needn't, I tell you, call em any name, an' praise 'em enough, an' I'll go ball they won't dis-