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PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

Table listing various articles on Papal Infallibility, including 'The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance' and 'Papal Infallibility Stated and Vindicated'.

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.

Where'er they search the frost-bound ocean o'er, On solid ice, their thirsty books are ringing. Nor on the wintry shore, Fresh water laves their plumes, nor bubbling fount is springing.

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 for you to be released from your enchantment.

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.

TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

Emmus in Jus. PLACIT. Pomilius, Act v. Dogberry. Are you good men, and true? Much ado about Nothing.

THE SIXTH JUROR'S TALE.

THE SWANS OF LIR. O Moyle, be the roar of thy water, Break not ye breezes your chain of repose, Tale murmuring mournfully Lir's lonely daughter, Tells to the night star her tale of woes.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

The children of Lir continued for a long time in the same condition on the Struth na Naolte, until one day, when they suffered so much from the cold and wind as to snow, that nothing they had hitherto felt was comparable to it; which made Fingula utter the following words:

FINGULA. Ha! it is our life and sharp with ill, My brethren dear; The snow so thick, the wind so chill, The night so drear. We strive to keep Sa d concert in our songs of pain, But the wild deep, Relentless, mars the rising strain.

They remained for a year on the sea of Moyle, when one night, as they were on the Rock of the Seals, the waters congealed around them with the cold, and as they lay on the rock, their feet and wings were frozen to it, so that they could not move a limb.

Sad is our hap this mournful night, With mangled feet and plumage, bleeding; Our wings no more sustain our flight, Woe comes to linked woe 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.

FINGULA. We four are well, Though in keen want, and sombre grief we dwell, Happy are they; Who sit in Lir's bright hall, and share his banquet gay. Rich food and wine, For them in sparkling gold and silver chine; While far away, His children shiver in the hungry spray! We, who of yore, On dainties fed, and silken garments wore; Now all our fare, Cold sand, and bitter brine, for wax and honey rare. Our softer bed, The crag that o'er those surges lifts its head; Oft have we laid Our limbs on beds of tenderness down arrayed. Now must we lie, On Moyle's rough wave, with plumage seldom dry; A peasant 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, Plumage touching plume, we wander side by side; Sharing no more The joys that cheer'd our happy hearts of yore; The welcome mild, That on our grandsire's kingly features smiled! Lir's counsel meet, And fond paternal kiss, that made the morning sweet.

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 in the night they began to sing most melodious music. In the morning they took wing and flew until they came to Luis Gluair Breanna, 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 Heanaithe, (or the Lake of the Birds), situated in Inis Gluair Breanna.

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 hundred sunless summers past, We leave at length this loveless billow; Where oft we felt the icy blast, And made the shivering crag our pillow.

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 happened 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 repeated, 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.

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.

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. Low rustling grass, and winds that sadly blow Through dry leaves creeping! And he who should his cherished darling's know, For ever sleeping!

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

List, list to the sound of the anchorite'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 near. 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 endeavour, 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. The children of Lir were 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; and they sang the most melodious strains of praise and adoration. Maccoomb Og was listening, and in the morning early he came to the Lake of the Birds and saw them on the water. Coming close to the shore, he asked them, were they the children of Lir? They answered, they were, and he said, "I am most thankful to hear it," and he set it

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 feathers disappeared, and the three sons of Lir appeared three withered old men, with their bones seeming to project through their skin, while Fingula, instead of the graceful swan that sung such enchanting strains, became an old shrivell'd hag, fleshless, and bloodless. The King, astounded at what he saw, let fall the chains, and returned home, while Maccoomb Og uttered many lamentations after the birds, and pronounced a malediction on Lirganean. Fingula then said: "Come hither, holy 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 together in this manner. Place Cornu and Fiaca at my back, and place Eugene before me;" and she again said, "baptize us, holy father, 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, I desire."

After that they departed this life, and the children of Lir were buried by Maccoomb Og as Fingula had desired; that is to say, Cornu and Fiaca 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 Lirganean, who was the immediate cause of their death, Maccoomb Og predicted his fate in the following lines:

MACCOOMB OG. I'll shoot of Colman's royal line, The malison of heaven is thine, The grief which thou hast caused to mine, 'Tis none a cold heart shall feel, 'Thou whose unholy zeal Hath left me on this isle forlorn, My cherish'd darlings' loss to mourn.

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 close. "For 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 SEVENTH JUROR'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, rises, as the whole universe is aware, the famous mountain of Knock Ferna. Its double peak forms one of the most striking objects on the horizon, for many miles round, and awful and wonderful and worthy of eternal memory are the numerous events connected with its history, as veraciously detailed in the adjacent cottages. But I have not now undertaken to give you a history of the mountain, nor even a description of it, or of its neighbourhood. My sole business at present is with a certain Tom McEnairy, who formerly took up his abode near the foot of that majestic eminence. Were I writing a novel in three volumes, instead of relating a plain story here by the fire-side to a chosen of the most intelligent and patient hearers that ever sat in a jury-box, it might be prudent on my part, having the prospect of some nine hundred weary blank pages before my eyes, to fill as large a portion as possible, with a minute description of Tom, or as I should in such case call it my duty to call him, Mr. Thomas McEnairy, 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 capriciously deviated in any degree to either side, if the mouth were straight or otherwise together with an accurate sketch of his costume, a full description of his house and furniture, and a complete 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 the most exquisite display of more pictorial fidelity, I shall beg leave without further preamble, to leave all these elaborate details to your own fertile imaginations.

Tom McEnairy, then, was Tom McEnairy; once a comfortable farmer, as any in the vicinity of Knock Ferna, 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 cattle died, at another, the potato crops failed, or the wheat was half smut; misfortune after misfortune fell upon him, until at length the change began to eat its way even into appearances themselves. Thomas McEnairy became Tom McEnairy, and at last, "poor Tom McEnairy," 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, 'tis 'How goes it Molly?' They grow thinner and thinner, and shabbier and shabbier, until both in fortune and appearance, they present 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 helpmate.

"Here, Mrs. McEnairy," he said, politely handing her a laughing white-eye across the table, "take it—'tis a fine maul one, an' make much of it—for I'm sorely afeard, 'tis the last time I am ever to have the honour of presenting you with anything in the shape of a table!"

"'Tis your own fault if you don't," said his wife. "How so?" said Tom, "how do you make that out?"

"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 old as that," replied Mrs. McEnairy, "you could play very well if you like it, and you know yourself the great play harpers and poets, and historians, and antiquarians, and genealogists, 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 country."

"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 'days, a poor fellow o' my kind, that never had any recourse to history, or other great authors, nor knows nothin' of joggery, nor the juice of the globes, nor mensuration, nor more branches of that kind?" "Many's the songs and pothery I ever hard myself," said Mrs. McEnairy, "and there wasn't much sense nor 'days in 'em, an' they to be well liked for all. Begin praise! their ancestors, an' they'll be well satisfied, I'll go bail, whatever way the verse runs." "But when I do'n know one o' the ancestors, woman?" "What hurt? Can't you praise 'em so itself?" "But sure I should have their names any way," said Tom, "an' I'll go bail they won't disown 'em." "Do my biddin' an' I'll engage you'll soon have a pocket full o' money."