## VOL. XXV.

## MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 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 Infallibility Stated and Vindicated," by Right Rev. John Walsh, D.D..... "Papal Infallibility." Lecture by Rev. J. Murphy ..... "Butler's Catechism for Children with Chap-"The Vatican Council and its Definitions," by Archbishop Manning......\$1 00 "Papal Infallibility and Civil Allegiance," (Brownson's Review, January, 1875)..... 1 25 "Vindication of the Papacy," by Anti-Janus.. 1 50 "The Invitation Heeded," by James Kent Stone, 7th edition..... 1 50 "My Clerical Friends," (Marshall)...... 1 50

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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 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 V .- (CONTINUED.) "And now." said the Chevalier, "is there any female friend whom you wish to see before your

return?" Rosalia named the sister of Jacopo.

"Retire," said he, for some time into that room. until she arrives. Fear nothing; no one shall intrude upon you there. For Jacopo, he must remain in the camp to-night, but no harm shall come to him." Rosalia entered a small division of the tent, and

the Chevalier summoned Le Jay to his presence.-When he appeared, the Knight looked fixedly in his countenance for some moments and said :

"Le Jay, you have deceived me in this matter. but no more of that. The offence was mine rather than yours. Go now to the cottage of Jacopo Pecchioli and bring Maria, his sister, hither. Tell Francesca likewise to come here early to-morrow moraing."

Le Jay executed his commission. Rosalia went with Maria Pecchioli to pass the night at the house of a relative of the latter. In the morning all had assembled at the tent of the Chevalier, when he ordered the prisoner to be brought before him.

Jacopo had passed a night of cruel perplexity.-He could not suspect Rosalia of acting wrong, but he was passionate, and her seeming want of confidence annoyed him. There was added to these causes of vexation, a misgiving of his own prudence in trusting so fully to Arabella, and a doubt that Rosalia after all might have had sufficient reasons for what seemed so extraordinary in her conduct.-Unable, however, to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, he continued in the same mood of resentment against all parties up to the moment when he was summoned to the presence of the Chevalier: "So, young man," said the Knight, "you have

been apprehended in the act of assaulting one of his most Christian Majesty's servants. I have brought your friends here in order to afford you an opportunity of bringing forward any evidence you

may think useful in your defence."

Jacopo looked round upon the assembly with astonishment, until his eye rested on Rosalia, who stood with her head drooping, in what might be a feeling either of modesty, or of conscious guilt. At first his bearing and his look, had been those of a person suffering under gross injustice, and violently excited : but the sudden apparition of Rosalia, in that place, and the undefined expression of her attitude and countenance, appeared to give a new direction to his feelings. He covered his face with his bands, and gave vent to a silent flood of tears,

you by your right name. You talk of your King, but he shall hear of you. Do what you will with me, I care not; you have already done your worst. As to you," he said, addressing Rosalia, "the fault is more than half yours—had you returned with me yesterday, all this might have been prevented."

"What can you mean, Jacopo?" exclaimed his sister, "how can you address Rosalia and the Chevalier in such a manner ?"

"Ask her," said Jacopo, " what was it that brought

her to the camp."

"The same which brought me," replied Maria,
"we came together in obedience to the summons of
the Chevalier." "Together?" said Jacopo.

"Yes, this morning, we are not an hour arrived. She left the camp with me yesterday evening and returned with me this morning." "And is she—is she innocent?" he asked, sinking

his voice. "Innocent? of what?" exclaimed Maria. Jacopo looked round with a bewildered air, until

his glance rested on the Chevalier. "She is, Jacopo," said the latter, "rely on my sin-cerity, when I tell you that your mind on that subject may be perfectly at rest. At another and more fitting time, you may hear all that has seemed perplexing to you in the conduct of Rosalia. For the " The King's Highway," by Rev. Mr. Hewitt.. 1 50 present let it suffice to assure you in her presence, and in that of her respectable friends, that there is not the slightest foundation for the uneasiness you seem to feel."

Jacopo gazed around him in astonishment. His thoughts now rushed to the other extreme, and he became as impetuous in gratitude as he was in resentment.

"If I have wronged you," he said, addressing the Chevalier, "and surely it is—it must be so, for who ever heard the name you bear, mentioned, except in praise. I hope you will forgive me; but I was told tales, for which I thought good reason was shown why I should believe them, and I did so. I was told that—but it must be false; it is impossible so renowned a Knight could act so wicked a part. I was too credulous, and I am ready to suffer any punishment which you may think my offence deserves."

"Rise, young man," said the Chevalier, as Jacopo knelt before him, "I do not merit the good opinion you have expressed of me—but in supposing that anything has happened, or is likely to happen, that can make Rosalia less dear or less estimable to you, you err widely and most injuriously to her and to yourself. And now tell me, are you satisfied?"
"I am fully so," replied Jacopo, "I freely declare

"Then take her hand," said the Knight, "and be sure you have a treasure in it which many a sovereign might envy you."

"One moment, signor," said Rosalia, "I cannot consent to give Jacopo a hand which only yesterday I discovered he does not value. He refused to trust me, and demanded from me this medal," she added, taking it from her neck, "which I chiefly valued as a gift from himself. I did not like to give it to you then," she said, " because it might seem like acknowledging the justice of your doubts; but now I freely return it, and I hope you will find some person on whom you can bestow it, and what is of greater value, your confidence along with it."

"You have done enough in your own vindication, Rosalia," said the Knight, "to persist, would be resentment and not dignity."

"Then, signor," replied Rosalia, with a modest hesitation, "since I must not return it to the giver. Jacopo will forgive me if I bestow it where it is better deserved than by either of us. I am poor, my lord," she said, addressing the Chevalier with smile, "and have little more than thanks to offer you; but you have given happiness this morning to many hearts.-Will it please you to accept this humble remembrance in return?"

So saying, she placed the medal on the neck of

the Chevalier, with a grace and modesty which charmed the beholders. The eyes of the warrior glistened as he raised the medal to his lips. Without making any reply, he directed all to withdraw except Francesca, whose feelings were not the most enviable when she found herself alone with the Chevalier.

"And now," he said, with a look and tone of unusual severity, "in what way shall we speak of your conduct on this occasion? If you have anything to say which can palliate it, I am willing to hear you, for to me your behaviour, considering the character of your daughter, seems to have been something worse than censurable."

"Alas, signor," exclaimed Francesca, kneeling at his feet, "I can only offer our poverty as my apology. We were on the brink of ruin, and I thought you so good and so renowned a cavalier-

"You are right," replied the Knight, "the offence egan with me. Tell me now how much is the debt which you have to pay."

"Six hundred florins, signor—indeed it is a sum

"There," said the Knight, handing her a purse, you will find in that two hundred crowns, which are more than sufficient to pay your debt. The remainder will serve to purchase a dress for the bride. Here are a hundred crowns more for a wedding portion, and now the sooner this marriage is concluded the better. Not a word more!" he exclaimed, as Francesca, with expanded arms, was about to burst forth into a torrent of gratitude, "let all return

hither, Le Jay !"
The echyer appeared, and in compliance with his

to do evil, but that shall not prevent my calling | tailed, the Chevalier received his death-wound in | he'll understand it. Oh! mo leare! the life of a | pore. "Rub me, you vagabond, if there's any comone of those fatal skirmishes with the army of the dog is a fine life." Confederates, which attended the retreat of the brance of this morning, was not the least consoling, which presented itself to the mind of the dying hero.

> The third juryman having concluded his story, which was listened to with much attention, there was a general call for the song, with which, after a few moments recollection, he complied as follows:

Oh, weeds will haunt the loveliest scene, The summer sun can see, And clouds will sometimes rise between, The truest friends that be! And thoughts unkind may come perchance, And haply words of blame, For pride is man's inheritance, And frailty is his name.

Yet while I tread this leafy vale. That nursed thine infancy, And hear in every passing gale, A whispered sound of thee. My nighted bosom wakes anew, To feeling's genial ray, And each dark mist on memory's view

Melts into light away.

The flowers that deck this shaded spot, Low, lovely and obscure,
Were like the joys thy friendship brought,
Delicious, calm and pure. Now faded is their genial glow, And changed their simple hue, Ah! must it e'er be mine to know, Their type is faded too!

Yet should those well remembered hours, Return to me no more, And like those cull'd and faded flowers, Their day of life be o'er. In memory's fragrant shrine conceal'd. A sweeter scent they give, Than aught the world again can yield, Or I again receive.

It was admitted by all present, that the third juror had fulfilled all the conditions of the common agreement without rendering himself liable to any demand on his purse. The call next passed to the fourth juror, who, after some hesitation, took from his lips the cigar with which he had been regaling himself, and after indulging in a preliminary draught of the generous ale which stood beside him, commenced the following narrative.

## THE FOURTH JURYMAN'S TALE

THE MISTAKE. "Tell, why the sepulchre, Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws To cast thee up again! What may this mean?

HAMLET, ACT I., Scene iv. There was no happier man in the wide world. than Phelim O'Rourke, from the longest day he could remember, until that on which he was married, and alas, that we should have to record it. no one so miserable ever after. His fate was the more pitiable, that he was unusually cautious in entering on a state which was to fix the good or evil fortune of his tuture life. He did not embrace it as a mere boy, he was verging fast beyond manhood at the time, he had known the object of his choice from childhood, and he devoted a fortnight of deep contemplation to the affair before shrovetide. But after the inextricable knot was tied, the grounds upon which his unfortunate attachment rested, proved beyond all conception unsubstantial. The gay good humour of little Anty O'Donnel, the tender look, the glad welcome, and above all the winning obsequiousness of manner, which first caught his heart, one by one, faded, like fairy gifts away, in the person of Mrs. O'Rourke, until at the end of five or six months, he began almost to call in question. the fact of their having ever had any existence. He sometimes thought to himself, that he must have been juggled by witchcraft, or his imagination deluded by some love potion, perhaps privately administered by Anty. When he went from home in the morning, instead of the fond farewell look, which, in his young fancy, he imagined would daily follow him to his early labour, he had to endure the frowning glances of his helpmate, and her oft repeated charges about his tarrying out after work time; for the joyous welcome home, he met a reception that would have augured a change for the worse, in the wife of Rip Van Winkle | and for the fond anxiety to please in their frequent communings, a total disregard to every wish of his heart,

and a determined resolution to have everything her OWN WAY. Phelim was, happily for himself, of a very clastic temperament. If he was easily depressed by his evil fortune, he was also easily elated when his better star seemed to be in the ascendant; and perhaps if the settled cloudiness of Anty's countenance had been ever so rarely visited with a gleam of sunshine, he might have considered his fate, though a very chequered one, as not quite insupportable. But in which many of the speciators shared. After some moment, he approached Rosalla with a look party in which many of the speciators shared. After some moment, he approached Rosalla with a look present of the Speciators shared. After some moment, he approached Rosalla with a look present of the Speciators shared. After some moment, he approached Rosalla with a look present of the Speciators shared. After some moment, he approached Rosalla with a look present of the Speciators shared. After some moment, he approached Rosalla with a look present of the Speciators shared. After some moment, he approached Rosalla with a look present of the Speciators shared. After some moment, he approached Rosalla with a look present of the Speciators shared. After some moment, he approached Rosalla with a look present of the Speciators shared in the Speciators shared. After some moment, he approached Rosalla with a look present of the Speciators shared in the Speciators shared

Time, which it is said wears down the edge of French troops. But, as he sat bleeding on the the sharpest evil, did very little in his weary course ground, his back placed against a tree, and his face according to his own directions, turned towards the enemy, with no other companion remaining than his ecuyer, it may be supposed that the remem-consternation throughout the district, and the visitdeath of his terrors. Phelim could not be altegehope, that Anty's temper would be mollified by the universal panic, he was much less depressed than the multitude. Even a furtive smile might be sometimes detected playing about his mouth, on the pallid fear oversprending the brow of his partner, and a silence, sudden as the palsy arresting her conversation. It at length, unfortunately, attracted Anty's notice, and as may be conjectured, convinced from that moment, that he was felicitating himself on the prespect of her seixure with the disease, her rage knew no bounds. Every thrill or start of terror she experienced, as the danger increased about her, furnished new ground for suspicion! his very looks were watched, and examined with a metaphysical acuteness, and the faintest expression traced home to its iniquitous source, until all his anticipations, of even temporary repose, were buried in the darkest disappointment, the spring by which he thought to lie down for awhile and drink the sweet waters of contentment, pouring out for him only new draughts of bitterness.

When we mention that five years had already rolled over the heads of this ill-starred pair, and they were still living in one house, and partaking of the same meals in so decorous a manner, as to keep their domestic agreements in some degree hidden from the public, it will be admitted that Phelim was a man of the most enduring patience. With whatever amount, however, of Christian resignation, he suffered this sort of life, he could not always avoid indications of previshness and vexation at his lot. He was often heard to say, "I wish to Heaven I was taken off at once be the sickness, and 'twould be an ease to me," sometimes indeed, it must be confessed, another alternative floated dimly in the perspective, when his wicked angel whispered the question in his eur, "wouldn't it answer as well, Phelim, if it took off little Anty." His better feelings nevertheless always discountenanced those evil suggestions, as well as the contingent results of such an occurrence, which his busy imagination was ever ready to disport in when permitted to go at large.

It happened one morning, as they were sitting to breakfast, that they heard a cry next door, and in a few minutes after a person ran in and informed them that the woman who lived there, and her three world. Mrs. O'Rourke's eve, after she had recovered from the shock which the first announcement of the uews had occasioned, fixed itself instinctively on Phelim, and again she saw, instead of the natural expression of countenance at such awful accounts, a shrouded delight beaming in his looks, which was very badly concealed in his awkward semblance of sympathy for the sufferers. Her ire was instantly kindled, and after a pause of a few minutes, during which she was endeavoring to subdue the up-burst ing violence into what she hoped might even for its newness prove more cutting, a bitter irony, she

"Pleasant news this fine mornen, Misther O'Rourke; the loss of so many poor innocent cray-thurs at a sweep is enough to delight the heart of any one!"

"What do you mane be that, Anty," returned Phelim, "'twould be a strange bizuess if I wasn't

sorry for poor Davy, in his trouble?" "Trouble enough!" retorted Anty, "I b'lieve you'd give a thrifle to be in his case, for all; 'twould be the glory of your heart, you murthering crocodile, if the sickness come into us to-day, and that you saw me decently laid under the sod in the even. I know your thoughts, you villain, for all your long faces, I know how you laugh in your heart within, when you hear of a poor woman dying, hopen it may come to my turn at last; but I'll disappoint you; wid the blessin' of Heaven, I tell you. I'll dis-

appoint you." Phelim in vain protested against these accusations, and much mere to the same purport passed between them, until the dispute reached a pitch, that he found by experience, it was not safe it should long maintain. He accordingly struck his colours and was hanging his head, after his usual fashion, in profound silence, waiting for the storm to sub-side, when the suddenness of that occurrence caught his attention, and looking up into his wife's face, he thought he observed it singularly pale and grave. She was evidently struggling with some sudden terror, and on recovering her speech which she did at once, from the moment she saw Phelim fix his looks upon her, she exclaimed:

"You have your wish, you murtherer, if 'tis of any good to you, but 'tis your bad angel done it .-If you hadn't sold yourself, the wicked longing,

couldn't thrive with you."
"What's the matter now?! answered Phelim.
"I'm off," cried Anty, "that's all—run for the priest-run I tell you, and take your eyes off me." "Erah, what's the matter, darlen," asked the hushand again with as strong an expression of anxiety

passion left for your poor murthered wife. Oh my leg-my leg-rub me-won't any one rub me-there-there-higher up-oh my foot-the other foot—the other foot—won't I get the priest at all Dheclen."

A woman happening to come in at the moment, attracted by her cries, the astounded husband left ation was met by every one in fear and trembling, his wife in her care, and darted off for the priest.except by those for whom misery had already stript. We shall not venture to analyse his reflections by the way, nor offer a conjecture as to their nature.ther placed among the latter class, nor said to be It is sufficient to say, that by the time he reached wholly devoid of apprehension, yet anticipating Father McMahon's residence his countenance had some respite to his torments, from the very natural attained a very decorous length, and he was not wanting in a due degree of impatience, to hurry back with the worthy man. They left the door together, and though the priest was mounted very tolerably, and pushed on, as in all cases of urgency, announcement of some new and appalling stroke of at a rapid rate, he was far outstript by the anxious the destroyer, when he observed the smooth and Phelim, who stood again by poor Anty's side, before it could have been thought possible for him, to traverse such a distance.

The neighbors were at the time holding a consultation in an ante-chamber, to determine what was the best course to be pursued with her.

"Take her to the hospital at once," says one, who thought the farther and the sooner she was removed from his own domicile the better.

"Tis the best way," says the second, "for she's a gone woman if there isn't something done for her in a hurry."

"Gone or not gone," exclaimed a third, who proved to be a sister of Anty's, "she'll never set foot in the hospital. I'll not have her pisened be the Docthors any way." " Indeed 'tis seldom they're throublesome afther

comen out of their hands," observed a pedlar who stood listening in the crowd, "they're the quieter for visiting 'em ever afther to my knowledge." "Thrue for him, faix," cried another, "many's the fine young boy or girl I see go into 'em stout and

ruddy, and come out in the mornen with their feet foremost. "Eyeh, don't be runnen 'em down that way," observed a little tailor, who had obtained some reputation as a wit, "they're not so bad after all; go into 'em ever so bare or naked and they never fails

to send you out with a new wooden jacket and steel buttons in "Ulaloo! the vagabonds," exclaimed the sister, they destroy 'em with their physics; sure I seen 'en with my own two eyes in the hospital, changing colour as soon as they drank 'em off."

"No wonder," rejoined the pedlar, " when they're paid for it."

"Paid by whom," exclaimed half a dozen voices simultaneously. " By the Government," returned the pediar. " who

else? There are too many of us in the country entirely, and we're for ever fighten, and night-walken, and given the world in all of throuble. They thried emigration, and transportation, and turnen us out children, had been carried off by the cholera in the night, leaving the disconsolate husband alone in the subleting act, and they thried the threadmill, and even hanging itself, and twas to no purpose. So they med up their minds at last to rid the country of us be pisening us like varmin, and when the cholera come, they tuck advantage of the Docthors to do it, be way of curen, unknownst to us."

"See that why!" ejaculated several. "Tis a good hundred pounds to 'em at any rate, every poor soul they put out of pain," continued the nediar.

A low "Dheclen !" (God help us,) was heard from the crowd.

The priest had now arrived, and seeing Mrs. O'Rourke in such a deplorable way that there was not a moment to be lost, recommended strongly, that she should be at once removed to the besuital. He met, however, perhaps in consequence of the pedlar's communication, with more opposition than he expected, especially from Auty's sister, a Mrs. Judy O'Leary, of whom we have before made mention. He at length though it better to refer the matter to Phelim as the fittest person to give a

final decision on the subject. "I'll take the advice of Father Mac," cried Phelim in a melancholy tone, "he's the best judge, and moreover I have a great opinion of the Docthors." Phelim had been attentively listening to the pedlar's account of them.
"I tell you, Phelim," roared Judy, "if you take

her there, she'll never come out of it a living woman !" "The will of God be done!" replied Phelim,

how can we help it." "Be not putting her in there, you neygur," ex-

claimed the indignant sister, "is it to get rid; of her von want!" The priest, perceiving that the difference of opin-

ion between the parties was likely to increase, interposed before it reached a climax, and demanded of Judy, what she meant by insinuating such imputations; against the hospital, where respectable medical gentlemen were risking; their, lives night and day, amidst the most shocking scenes, in the hope of rescuing even, a few lives from the pestilence.

"Eyeh! the notorious thieves of the earth," returned Judy, "tis'nt for nothing they're doen it, and as for recoveren people, arn't the hospitals open now as good as a fortnight, and for the hundred that come out in coffine, there isn't one yet come in his clothes!"

in his clothes!"

"Phelim heaved a deep sigh.

"Mygood woman," observed the priest, "this is all a foolish prejudice. The disease, is a dreadful one, and people, must die, of, it, wherever they are, they are of the consideration. I think