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PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

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

to do evil, but that shall not prevent my calling 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.'

tailed, the Chevalier received his death-wound in one of those fatal skirmishes with the army of the Confederates, which attended the retreat of the French troops. But, as he sat bleeding on the 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 eyer, it may be supposed that the remembrance of this morning, was not the least consoling, which presented itself to the mind of the dying hero.

he'll understand it. Oh! mo leare! the life of a dog is a fine life." Time, which it is said wears down the edge of the sharpest evil, did very little in his weary course for Phelim O'Rourke, when the cholera suddenly reached his neighbourhood, and committed awful havoc in every direction.

pore. "Rub me, you vagabond, if there's any compassion left for your poor murdered 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, Dheelan?"

TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

Ramus in Jus. PLAUT. Pomitius, 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; Honor that see all and knows, Both the ebb and flow of life, Honor that rewards the best, Sends thee thy rich labor's rest!

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.

"I am fully so," replied Jacopo, "I freely declare it." "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 a 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?"

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

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.

THE MISTAKE.

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 he 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 future 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 he decided.

Phelim was, happily for himself, of a very elastic 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 quietness 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 the season of her ill-humour sat in after wedlock like a polar night to the northern mariner, long and hopeless, and with no promise of a future day.

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 peevishness and vexation at his lot. He was often heard to say, "I wish to Heaven I was taken off at once by 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 ear, "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 depict 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 children, had been carried off by the cholera in the night, leaving the disconsolate husband alone in the world. Mrs. O'Rourke's eye, after she had recovered from the shock which the first announcement of the news 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-bursting violence into what she hoped might even for its ownness prove more cutting, a bitter irony, she observed:

"Pleasant news this fine mornen, Misher O'Rourke; the loss of so many poor innocent crathurs 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 business if I wasn't sorry for poor Davy, in his trouble?" "Trouble enough!" retorted Anty, "I b'lieve you'd give a thrife to be in his case, for all; 'twould be the glory of your heart, you murdering 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, open it may come to my turn at last; but I'll disappoint you; wid the blessin' of Heaven, I tell you, I'll disappoint 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 to 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 subside, 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 bave your wish, you murderer, 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 husband again with as strong an expression of anxiety as he could summon up.

"Indeed 'tis seldom they're troublesome after comen out of their hands," observed a pedlar who stood listening in the crowd, "they're the quieter for visitin' 'em ever afther to my knowledge." "Thru for him, fair," 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."

"Eyah, 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!" "Ulaloo! the vagabonds," exclaimed the sister, "they destroy 'em with their physics; sure 'em 'em 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 pedlar, "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 trouble. They thrived emigration, and transportation, and turnen us out to starve on the high roads by what they call the subtlety act, and they thrived the threadmill, and even hangin' itself, and twas to no purpose. So they med up their minds at last to rid the country of us be pisenen us like varmin, and when the cholera come, they tuck advantage of the Doctors to do it, be way of cure, unknowst to us."

"Eeh that why!" ejaculated several. "Tis a good hundred pounds to 'em at any rate, every poor soul they put out of pain," continued the pedlar. A low "Dheelan!" (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 hospital. He met, however, perhaps in consequence of the pedlar's communication, with more opposition than he expected, especially from Anty's sister, a Mrs. Judy O'Leary, of whom we have before made mention. He at length thought 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 Doctors." 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 neygar," exclaimed the indignant sister, "is it to get rid of her you want?" The priest, perceiving that the difference of opinion 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. "Eyah! the notorious thieves of the earth," returned Judy, "tisn't for nothing they're done it, and as for recoveren people, ernt the hospitals open now as good as a fortnight, and for the hundred that come out in coffin, there isn't one yet come in his clothes!"