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TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

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

BT GERALD GBIFFIN. AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE MUNSTER PESTIVALS," BTC.

THE SECOND JURYMAN'S TALE.

THE STORY-TELLER AT FAULT.

" Ondged thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating." HAMLET, Act V., Sc. 1.

"Now, you Mac Eocha," said the stranger, "do not be guilty of inhospitality or charlishness from this time forward, or if you do, I'll come to you again, and break your leg worse than it was before,

"What reward would you require ?" asked O'Connor. "A share, little or much, of anything you may get while I am with you;" replied the Giolla De.

"Agreed," exclaimed the king. "Very well," said the Giolla De, "do you hold on your journey driving your spoils, while I coax the

Munster men home again." The king proceeded, and saw nothing of the men of Munster, until he reached his own domain, where he arrived before any of his retinue. As he did so, he perceived the Giolla De, and the Stery-teller again by his side. Wearied from the fatigue of the expedition, after welcoming them he entered a shieling by the wayside, and called for a drink. It was brought, and he drank it off without even thinking of the Giolla De.

"I am sorry to see you forget your agreement," said the latter.

"Do you call that trifle a breach of my agreement ?" said the king. "Ah" replied the Giolla De, "it is trifles that

show the mind. You went to war for a basket, and you call a cup of wine a trifle." And he immediately spoke these lines :

The wrong a king doth, were it huge as a mountain, He weighs it no more than a drep from the fountain, The wrong a king suffers, though light as a bubble, Sends fools to the slaughter, and kingdoms to

trouble, Thenceforth I'll not swear by the weight of a feather Nor the firmness of ice in the sunny spring weather, But I'll swear by a lighter, more slippery thing, And my troth shall be plight, by the word of a king. The instant he had uttered these lines the Caol Riava and the Story-teller vanished from the syes of O'Connor, who looked around for them in vain in all directions. But what astonished him still more was, that not a particle of all the spoils he had driven from Munster remained with his host, nor could anything be found throughout the whole army but an old basket, which the Connaught woman already spoken of, recognised as the one she had lent to the Munster woman. While all were wondering at those strange events, the Caol Riava and the astonished Story-teller approached the house of a man named Thady O'Kelly, who at that moment happened to be sitting at his own door, in the midst of his friends and dependants. The Caol Riava drew near, dressed in the same tattered garments as usual, and bearing a white croeked wand

in his hand. "Save you, Thady O'Kelly," said the Caol Riava. "And you likewise," replied Thady, " from whence do von come ?" "From the house of O'Connor, Sligo," answered

the Caol Riava.

"What is your occupation?" asked Thady. "I am a travelling juggler," replied the stranger, "and if you promise to give me five pieces of silver, I will perform a trick for you." "I do promise you," said Thady.

The Caol Riava then took three small sweens or leeks and placed them lengthwise on his hand, and "Now," said the Caol Riava turoing to him, "I said he would blow out the middle one and leave have rendered you invisible in order that you may the two others in their places. All present said that such a feat was perfectly impossible, for the three sivens were so light and lay so close together that the breath which carried away one, must necessarily take the two others also. However, the Caol Riava put his two fingers on the two outside leeks. and then blew away that which was in the middle. " There's a trick for you, Thady O'Kelly," said the Caol Riava. "I declare to my heart," said Thady, "'tis a good one." And he paid him the five pieces of silver. "Why then, that he may get good of your money, himself and his trick," said one of O'Kelly's men, If you gave me half what you have him, I'll engage I'd perform the same trick as well as he did

tonishment of the beholders, the animal ran up the line with as much dexterity as if she had been all her life at Astley's or Vauxhall. He next took out a greyhound, which he placed on the thread in like according to your majesty's orders, and he's as well manner, when the animal stretched away after the as ever again now in spite of us." He was afraid of hare with as much zest and security as if both were on the Carragh of Kildare on a March morning.

"Now said the Cael Riava, " has any one a mind to run up after the dog and see the course ?" "I will," said the man who had spoken twice be

fore. "You are always ready," said the juggler, " but I fear you are lazy, for you are almost as broad as you are long, and I'm afrald you'll fall asleep on the

way and let the hound eat the hare." "There is not a more active man in the known world than the very individual who is talking to yeu now," said the fat man.

"Up with you then," said the juggler, " but I warn you if you let my hare be killed, I'll cut off your head when you come down."

The fat fellow ran up the thread and all three soon disappeared. After looking up for a long time the Caol Riava said :

"I'm afraid the hound is eating the hare, and that our fat friend has fallen asleep."

Saying this, he began to wind the thread and found the case as he had suspected it to be, the fat man fast asleep, and the greyhound with the last morsel of the hare between his teeth. He immedistely drew his sword and cut off the young man's head at a blow.

At this Thady O'Kelly stood up, and said he did not relish such conduct, and that it was not a thing he could ever sanction to see a young man murdered in that manner under his roof.

"If its grieves you," said the juggler, "I think as little of curing him now as I did before; but I must leave him some mark to make him remember his rashness."

So saying, he placed the head upon the shoulders again and healed them, but in such a manner that the countenance looked the wrong way, after which he spoke these lines :---

What I take at my case, at my case I restore, It becomes him muck better I'm sure than before, If any man says I have wronged him thereby. Tell that man from me that I give him the lie, For an insolent braggart is odder to see Than a fool with his face where his poll ought to be.

The Caol Biava had scarcely uttered those lines when he and the Story-teller disappeared, nor could any person present tell whether they had flown into the air or whether the earth had swallowed them. The next place the Story-teller found himself with his whimsical master, was in the palace of the king of Leinster, where the customary evening banquet was on the point of being prepared. The Storyteller was grieved and perplexed to hear the king continually asking for his favorite Story-teller, while no one present was able to give any account of him.

witness all that is about to take place here, without being recognised by any of your daily acquaintances. So saying, he sat down close to the musicians, who were playing in concert at the time. Observ"What's the matter now ?" cried the king, yawn-

ing and stretching himself. "Please your majesty, we hanged that vagabond telling him about his brother.

"Take him and hang him again, then," and don't be disturbing me about such trifles," said the king of Leinster, and he went of to sleep again.

They did as he recommended, and the same scene was repeated three times over, and each time some near friend or favourite kinsman of the king was hanged instead of the Caol Riava. By this time the captain of the guard was fairly at his wit's end.

"Well," said the Caol Riava, " do you wish to hang me any more ?"

"We'll have no more to say to yos," said the captain, "you may go wherever you like, and the sooner the better. We got trouble enough by you already. May be 'tig the king himself we'd find hanging the next time we tried it."

"Since you are growing so reasonable," said the Caol Riava, "you may go out now and take your three friends down again. They will not be much worse for their experience, but they can thank you for finding them more comfortable quarters ; and I give you a parting advice, never while you like sgain to interpose between a critic and a poet, a man and his wife, or a mether and an only child, after which he spoke these lin 8:

He who consures a strain, which a minstrel com-

poses, Must lie upon something less grateful than roses He who takes up a quarrel begun by a poet,

May at bottom have wit, but lacks wisdom to show it, For than him a worse ninny, will rarely be found,

Who would peril his nese for a dealer in sound.

Immediately after he had uttered these verses, he disappeared, and the Story-teller found himself in company with him on the spot where they had first met, and where his wife with the carriage and horses were awaiting them, under the care of the man whom the Caol Riava had entrusted them

"Now," said the latter, " I will not be tormenting you any longer. There are your carriage and horses, and your dogs, and your money, and your lady, and you may take them with you as soon as you please, for I have no business in life with any of them at all."

The Story-teller paused for some moments to collect his thoughts before he made any reply.

"For my carriage and horses and hounds," he said at length, "I thank you, but my lady and my

money you may keep." "No," replied the Boosch, "I have told you that I do not want either; and do not harbour any ill will against your lady on account of what she has done, for she could not help it."

"Not help it F' exclaimed the Story-teller. "Not help kicking me into the mouth of my own hounds! Not help casting me off, after all my kindness to her, in favour of a beggarly old-I beg pardon," he said, correcting himself, "Logght not so speak in that way, but a woman's ingratitude will make a man forget his good manners."

With alter'd eyes his native shore ! With aching hears and weary brain', Who treads those lonesome scenes again t And backward views the sunny hours When first he knew those ruin'd bow'rs, And hears in every passing gale Some best affection's dying wail.

III.

NO. 27

Oh, say, what spell of power screne Can cheer that hour of sharpest pain, And turn to peace the anguish keen

That deeplier wounds because in vain ? 'Tis not the thought that glory won, Of hoarded gold or pleasures gone ; But one bright course, from earliest youth, Of changeless faith-unbroken truth, These tarn to gold, the vapours dun, That close on life's descending sun.

The song was received with as much applause as the story on the part of the company, after which the person who sat third in succession, was salled on to choose the alternative of paying the fine, or complying with the requisite condition : "Gentiemen," said the third Juror, rising from his

place, "apart from the satisfaction 1 must ever feel in striving to contribute to your innocent entertainment, I confess that my shillings are not so plentiful with me that I could feel myself warranted in . neglecting any honourable occasion of avoiding their expenditure. I will therefore endeavour to imitate the example of our worthy Foreman, hoping you will bear in mind, that a mau can only do his best in your service."

Lond cheers announced the assent of the company to this favourable proposition, after which the third Juryman resumed his seat, and commenced his narrative in the following words.

THE THIRD JURYMAN'S TALE

THE KNIGHT WITHOUT REPROACH.

Honour that is ever living, Monour that is ever giving ; Honour that see all and knows, Both the ebbs of man and flows; Honour that rewards the best, Sends these thy rich labour's rest ! VALENTINTAN.

CHAPTER I.

At the time when Francis the First of heroic memery, was marching against the united forces of the Italian states, and that Soversign who was in those days emphatically styled the Emperor, he was suddenly called to France, by the revolt and desertion of the Constable of Bourbon. Accordingly he returned homeward, relinquishing with regret his dream of Conflicts, leaving the Milanese, which was already overrun by his troops, in the hands of the Admiral Bonnivet, who, so far from adding any-thing to what his master had alroady woo, found it more than he could accomplish to realin possession of what the latter had acquired with so much case and rapidity. His army, composed of the flower of

and not only that, but the other leg also I'll brea in such a manner that all the surgeons in the Fenian hosts will not be able to cure it for you. As for these sixteen impostors that pretended to treat it for you, not one of them shall ever walk without a limp from this time forward."

"I promise you I will remember what you say." replied Mac Rocha, "and to make a beginning, come in new and partake of a magnificent banquet which shall be prepared on the instant, for you and your companion.'

They entered the house and were followed by the sixteen physicians who shortly after came limping across the threshold. However, while Mac Eocha was ordering the banquet, an attendant ran to tell him that the Ulster doctor was running down the hill, which sloped away from the door, faster than a greyhound with a hare in his eye. Mac Eocha was so much surprised at his abrupt departure, that he made those lines, which were often repeated after him e

Though my trust in his skill and his learning is high, I'd have liked him the better for bidding good bye: If the doctors of Ulster have all the same breeding, Twee fitter they stuck to their capping and bleed. ing.

Meanwhile, the Story-teller and his strange master found themselves on a wild heath in Sligo. where they beheld O'Connor of Connaught, at the head of a powerful army, with a vast herd of cattle and other spoils, which he had driven from the bondsmen of Munster. The Caol Riava went up and saluted him :

" Save you, O'Connor," he said boldly.

" And you likewise," replied the monarch, " what is your name."

Call me Giolla De," said the Caol Biava, " what is the cause of the confusion which I observe amonget your forces ?"

"We are expecting an attack from the Munster men," replied the king, "and are at a loss how to drive the spoils, and repel the enemy at the same. time."

"What made you drive them at all ?" said the Caol Biava.

"You know," replied the king, " that a monarch ought always to be ready to redress the slightest grievance of his subjects. Now it happened that a Connaught woman lent a basket to a woman of her acquaintance in Munster, who refused to return it five pieces again, and that is a very good trick." at the appointed time. I heard of the injury and "He's welcome home to us with his tricks," immediately raised an army to avenge it. I am the same man who spoke before, "if he calls that a now returning with the spoils, a portion of which I trick. Oaly I was so hasty and so awkward a while basket.

And what will you do with the rest ?", inquired

signaline my victory, and enhance the national an herb once mere to the place, and healed it as be-glery; after the way of all great kings."

I'm straid it will give you enough to do," re-The wind it will give you entuge to do, this now show you a more curious trick than either of heath, you will have more Munster men to more

They was out in alarm, and to their norror They was out in alarm, and to their norror They was out in alarm, and to their norror They was out in alarm, and to their norror in worder wall it disappeared amongst; the clouds. In worder wall it disappeared amongst; the cloud it was all the clouds. In worder wall it disappeared amongst; the cloud it was all the clouds and colling over the all the disappeared amongst; the cloud it was all the dit was all the disappeared amongst; the cloud it was all

" Oh, 'tis easy enough to do it," said Thady. "Take him at his word," said the Caol Riava, "I'd wager anything he fails, for I never saw a boaster succeed in anything he attempted."

Thady commanded him to proceed, and the fellow placed three sizens on his hand, and laying his two fingers on the outside ones was about to blow away that in the centre. However, he had scarcely done so much, when his two fingers went down through the palm of his hand in such a manner that the tips appeared at the back, and would have remained so in all likelihood to the day of his death, if the

Cleasaige or juggler, had not rubbed an herb upon the place and healed it. "Well," said he, "you perceive that everything is not easy that looks so. But if you, Thady O'Keily, will give me five pieces more, I'll do another trick

for you as good as the last." "You shall have them," answered Thady, "if you let us hear what it is to be."

"Do you see my two ears?" said the juggler,

thrusting his head forward. "What a show they are !" said Thady, " to be sure

we do." "Well, will you give me five pieces, if I stir one

of my cars without stirring the other." "Indeed I will," said Thady, "that is impossible

at all events, for you can only move the cars by moving the whole scalp of your head, and then both must move together."

The juggler put'up his hand, and catching hold of one car stirred it. "Upon my word," said Thady, "you have won my

"He's welcome home to us 'with his tricks," said now returning with the spons, a point of the lest her age, I could have done the trick well enough, but intend to bestow on the poor woman who lest her there's no great art required for this at all events." So saying, he put up his hand and stirred his ear, but to his astonishment and terror, it came away

"Is if Well, Thady O'Kelly," said the juggler, "I will Blava.

those if you give me the same money." The jugglet then wok out of his bag a large ball

ing the attention which he paid, the chief musician said when they concluded :

"Well my good man, I hope you like our performance ?

" I'll tell you that," replied the Caol Riava. " Were you ever listening to a cat purring over a bowl of broth ?"

"I often heard it," replied the chief musician. " Or did you ever hear a parcel of beetles buzzing about in the dusk on a summer evening ?" "I did " said the chief musiclan.

"Or a bitter faced old woman scolding in a pasaion ?"

"I did often." said the chief musician, who was a married man.

"Well then," said the Caol Risva. "I'd rather be listening to any of them than to your music."

"You insolent ragamuffin," said the chief musician, "it well becomes you to express yourself in that manner."

"You are the last that ought to say so," replied the Caol Biava, "for though bad is the best of the whole of you, yet if I were to look out for the worst I should never stop 'till I lighted on yourself." At these words the chief musician arose, and drawing his sword made a blow at the Oaol Riava, but instead of striking him, he wounded one of his own party, who returned the blow forthwith; and in a little time the whole band of musicians were engaged in mortal conflict one with another. While all this confusion prevailed, an attendant came and awoke the king, who had been taking a nap while

the music played. "What's the matter ?" said the king. "The harpers that are murthering one another,

please your majesty."

"Please mel" cried the king of Lienster, "it does not please me. They ought to be satisfied with murdering all the music in my kingdom with-out murdering the musicians too. "Who began it?"

says his majesty. "A stranger that thought proper to find fault with their music," replied the attendant. "Let him be hanged" said the king, " and do not

disturb me again about him."

Accordingly, some of the king's guards took the Caol . Riavs, and cariled, him out to a place where they erected a gallows, and hanged him without loss of time. However, on returning to the palace, they found the Caol Biava, within, sitting among the guests, without having the least appearance of having been ever hanged in his life. "Never welcome you in," cried the captain of the

guard, " didn't we hang yeu this minute, and what brings you here?"

"Is it, me, myself, you mean !" said the Caol 2404

"Who else ?" said the captain.

"That the band may turn into a pig's foot with you when you think of tying the rope," said the Caol Riava, " why should you speak of hanging

They went, out in algen, and to their horror.

"No offence in life," said the Bococh, "for these terms are very just and apply not to my own real form but to that which I have assumed for the purpose of befriending you. I am Aongus of Bruff, for whom you obtained many a favour from the king of Leinster. This morning I discovered by skill in things hidden that you were in a difficulty, and immediately determined to free you from it. As to your lady, do not blame her for what has passed, for by the same power which enabled me to change the form of your body, I changed the affections of her mind. Go home, therefore, as man and wife should do: and now you have a story to tell the king of Leinster when he calls for it."

Baying this he disappeared, and the lady bursting into tears begged her 'husband's fordiveness, and assured him that she would sooner die a, thousand deaths than act in such a manger, if some extraordinary influence had not possessed her.

This explanation proving entirely satisfactory to the Story-teller, they proceeded homeward happily together. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make, it was so late when the Story-teller arrived at the king's palace, that his Majesty had already retired to his sleeping chamber. When the Story-teller entered, the king inquired the cause of his delav.

Please your Majesty," said the Story-toller, " those is nothing like the plain truth, and I will tell it to

you if you desire it." The king commanded him by all means to de so. Accordingly, the Story-teller began, and gave a detailed account of the adventures of the day, his diffigulty in trying to invent a story, the benevolence of the friendly Draoidhe (or Druid), and the ing mti-tude of his wife, remarkable in itself, and still more so in the singular manner in which it was explain-ed. When it was ended, the king laughed so heartly and was so diverted with his marathye, that he commanded him to commence the whole sgain, and relate it from beginning to end, before he went to sleep. The Story-teller obeyed, and when he had concluded, the king commanded him never again to go to the trouble of inventing a new story but to tell him that one every night, for he never would listen to another story again as long as he lived.

A general murmur of approbation followed the conclusion of the Second Juryman's Tale, after which a call arose for his "song," with which he complied as follows :--

When filled with thoughts of life's young day, Alone in distant elimes we roam,

And year on year has roll'd away Since last we view'd our own dear home. Oh then at evening's silent hour, In chamber lone or moonlight bow'r, How sad on memory's listening es. Come long lost voices sounding near i Like the wild chime of village belle Heard far away in mountain della. **II**.

I.

II. But ch | for time, let hind bearts grieve, His term of youth and saile's der, Who sees in Mars deciming are

the French chivalry, was found for less efficient when the ardour of the men was restricted to purely defensive measures, than it had been when they rode triumphant on the very ridge of conquest, with the dauntless Francis at their head.

It was while the camp remained in this state of inactivity, that a knight, tall and well built, and having that in his aspect and demeanour which immediately. attracted the attention and remain of the behalder, sauntered illy towards a tent the shadw interior of which looked cool and inviting in the glare of an Italian mid-day sun. The heat had thinned the camp; the greater portion of the officers and men having retired within the tents. The field in which they stood, a few days before a grassy plain, was now besten into a parcheck and dusty level, by the continual tramp. of meu. and horses. Banners drooping in the noon-tide ain and revealing but partial glimpses of some device renowned in . history and song, distinguished the tents of the Admiral, of La Palice, of Suffolk, of Lorraine, D'Aubigne, Chabanes, and others, whose names shed a. lustre on the French nobility. In front of these a, sentinel paced slowly to and fre, brothing in his. heavy amour and arquebus, and occassionally giving salute to a small body, of horsemen as they gallopped hastly by on some mission from the Admiral, half obscured from the groy oloud which arose from the horses' fast as they proceeded. At intervals, one or two soldiers of the Black Bands, that infantry renowned thronghout all Burope, were seen pading leisurely, along, discoursing in. quietly murmured tones, of their past victories and the comparative merits of their leadens. OccasionIly too, the shrill pipe of a. wondiere, complaining of some real or feigned injustice suffered in the disposal of his goods, interrug ted the summer stillness

of the camp. "What sayest thou, Le Jay?" exclaimed the Enight already spoken of, as he entered the tent in which a single equery was occupied in arranging his mater's armour; how are we'to spend these scorching days in which our cautious admiral will not allow us to retrant or to advance?"

" It is a heavy time indeed my lord," replied the

"I may speak freely with the Le Jay," said the chevaller. "It will I doubt not, one worse than it has begun. The men are disheartened, and the Confederates as they loiter in our rear, seem to pick up the spirit, which, along with other more substantial good things, we are compelled to leave behind us. Francis and Bonnivet Fire and snow !! The one; by his excers of erargy, hurries us into "the very midst" of danger, and then leaves us in the hands of the other who by his lack of that quality, is unable to take us out of it. These two extremes. meet very punctually, and I fear to our grievous loss."

"I could mame ene," said the equery, "to whom it is agreed on all hands, the post of com mander inshiel might have been entrusted on this occasion

with better advantage. "And who is that, Le Jay ?" enquired the Knight. "Why, my lost," replied the rettiner, "I do not bling it make to seme him; and it is no casy matter

thing it safe to Bano have a spanning on the state of a factor of the second of th