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Will send, with pleasure, to any address, their 1875 School Book Catalogue, and Classified List of Catholic School Books and School Requisites, used in the different Colleges, Convents, Separate Schools, and Catholic Private Schools in the Dominion.

FINE ENGRAVING OF FATHER MATHEW. We take great pleasure in announcing the publication of a beautiful portrait of the Great Apostles of TEMPERANCE. It represents him as he appears giving the TEMPERANCE PRIZES; and below the Engraving is a facsimile of his handwriting endorsing this likeness of himself as "a constant one."

TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

Eamus in jus. PLAUT. Pomitius, Act v. Degberry. Are you good men, and true? Much ado about Nothing.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN. AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS," ETC.

THE SECOND JURYMANS TALE.

THE STORY-TELLER AT FAULT.

"Cudgel 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 churlishness from this time forward, or if you do, I'll come to you again, and break your leg worse than it was before, and not only that, but the other leg also. I'll break 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."

"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 retainers. As he did so, he perceived the Giolla De, and the Story-teller again by his side. Wearing 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.

"What's the matter now?" cried the king, yawning and stretching himself. "Please your majesty, we hanged that vagabond according to your majesty's orders, and he's as well as ever again now in spite of us." He was afraid of 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 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.

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With alter'd eyes his native shore! With aching heart and weary brain, Who treads those lonesome scenes against And backward views the sunny hours, When first he knew those ruin'd bow'rs, And hears in every pealing gale Some best affection's dying wail. Oh, say, what spell of power serene Can cheer that hour of sharpest pain, And turn to peace the anguish keen, That deeper wounds because in vain 'Tis not the thought that glory won, Of hoarded gold or pleasures gone; Of changeless faith—unbroken truth, These turn 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 called on to choose the alternative of paying the fine, or complying with the requisite condition: "Gentlemen," said the third Juror, rising from his place, "apart from the satisfaction I must ever feel in striving to contribute to your innocent entertainment, I confess that my skillings 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 man can only do his best in your service."