

CHRONICLE

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PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

50

25

25

15

06

"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 Chapters on Infallibility".....

"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

"The King's Highway," by Rev. Mr. Hewitt. 1 50 "On the Threshold of the Catholic Church," with an Appendix on the Creed of Pope Pius IV., and Infallibility of the Pope, by Rev. John R. Bagshawe 1

"Apostolical and Infallible Authority of the Pope," by Rev. F. X. Wenninger, S. J..... 1 50 D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,

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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 FIFTH JURYMAN'S TALE. DRINK, MY BROTHER.

O, I have pass'd a miserable night : So full of fearful dreams of ugly sights, That as I am a Christian faithful man, I would not spend another such a night, Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days; So full of dismal terror was the time. Shakespeare.

ed the confession of the penienl, he drew for that purpose a low rush-bottomed chair close to the bedside, and prepared to enter on the office of his min istry. Before doing so, he knelt, as was usual with him, for a few moments, to offer up a customary prayer. In this attitude he did not perceive what was done by the pretended penitent, who arose softly from his pallet, and drawing from beneath the bed-clothes a large and pointed knife, he lifted the right hand and leaned forward to reach the spot on which the priest was kneeling. At this instant, a rush of hurried feet and a rapid voice was heard outside. The clergyman turned his head to listen, and

which was handed him by the messenger. Having

caused the latter to leave the house while he receiv-

the penitent shrunk again beneath the bed-clothes. The outer door was dashed back upon its hinges, and a figure drenched in rain, and wild in look and gesture rushed into the room. It was Richard Magrath. Standing between his brother and the bed, from which with one arm he held him back, with the other he dragged of the bed clothes, and revealed to the eyes of the astonished clergyman the figure of the Pounder, fully diessed, and with a knife exposed and gleaming in his grasp. For some moments all three remained motionless and without speaking. The baffled assassin seemed irresolute what he should do, and glanced from one to another as if doubting which of the two he should select for the object of his assault, while the clergyman lifted his hands and eyes in mute aston-isliment, and Richard pointed out the detected with a look of deprecation and self-abaseruffian.

ment. At length Richard, turning to his still irresolute accomplice, addressed him in a low and agitated voice :

"Go!" said he, "and provide for your security. It is not for me to be your accuser, whe have more reason to accuse myself. But never see or speak with me again."

The fellow arose with a sullen look, and after muttering something which they could not distinctly hear, departed from the house. Richard, then turning to his brother, and casting himself at his feet, confessed with sentiments of the deepest remorse, the whole extent of his criminality relating at the same time the temptations by which he had been assailed, and the awful dreams by which he had been recalled from the very verge of ruin.

"But now," he added, "I place myself in your hand to do with me as you will, to deliver me up to any punishment my crime deserves. I resign the trust which you reposed in me, and which I have so grievously abused. From this time forward it shall be my chief care to repair the injustices I have committed, and to avenge against myself, the unnatural war which I have so long made on my own happiness and peace."

It is unnecessary for us to dwell on the astonishment and horror of the worthy priest at the extisordinary scene which passed before him, or his heartfelt thankfuln as to Heavin, not so much for his own providential escape, as for the repentance and restoration of his lost brother. After a full recon-cillation and forgiveness, Richard returned with him and by his advice, and his own perseverance, became and continued, for the remainder of his life, a modcl of exactness and regularity to all the neighbourhood, never ceasing to recal with feelings of terror and of gratitude the awful precipice, to the very verge of which he had been led by his preciptate and hecdless conduct. The fate of his seducer is public, so that it is scarcely necessary to mention it. Touched by some impulse, the nature of which was known to few besides himself, he surrendered himself into the hands of a gentleman residing near the river which had been the scene of his piracies. By some kind of tacit understanding with the au-thorities whom he so long had baffled, he was tried on a minor offence, and sent into propetual exile in one of the great South Sea colonies.

which the vehement gesticulation only of the political union man, and the words "temerarious," "foul calumny," and " sinister intentions," which at intervals was heard to escape his lip, were all that gave a hint of the nature of his oration. Amid tumultuous crics of "chair !" "order !" and deafening calls for "silence," the Foreman arose like Neptune, amid the breakers in the first book of the Eneid.

Prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda, but had not the same felicity in obtaining silence. Having procured a hearing he endeavored to reconcile all parties by reminding them of their convenant, but for a time in vain, one party insisting that the patriot should explain what he meant by the word, "monopoly," and the other demanding a retraction of the calumny upon the character of the country. At length both were prevailed on to explain, each paid the stipulated fine, and quiet was restored.

The incarcented tourist, who lay all this while in the lower cupboard, much diverted by what he conceived, to be so frivolous a dispute amongst fellowcountrymen was now doomed to experience the truth of that adage which tells us that "listeners hear no rood of themselves."

"There is one thing at all events," said a Juror, in the calm which followed, "which all will read-ily admit. Whatever may be thought of crime in Ireland, I believe everybody will allow that is not half so had as it is at the other side of the Chanrol?

To this there was a general and immediate expression of assent. Every one agreed that, let people say what they would of Ireland, she was not half so bad as England,

"There is something naturally bad about all the English," said one. "You read every other day in the newspapers of crimes committed in England the like of which are not so much as known in this country."

"Gentlemen," said the Juror, who had given rise to this discussion, perceiving that all those remarks appeared to be directed toward his side of the room, "you must understand me. When I alluded to the condition of our own country on the score of moral offence, I was far from designing to insinuate that the case was at all so bad as it is in England.

"Oh, we all know that," exclaimed a number of voices. "Except a man was out of his senses he couldn't think that."

It may be imagined what feelings agitated the breast of the tourist, while he was thus compelled to hear his native country spoken of in such a manner. Involuntarily, he thrust open one of the doors a few inches, and a vehement expression of dissent arose to his lips, when he was recalled to his senses by one of the Jurors asking "what was that noise?" to which another having replied that "he believed it was a rat," the first speaker flung a sod of turf at the cupboard, remarking that "the whole town was pestered with them." On reflection, he judged it better to remain quiet, consoling himself with the thought, that whatever they might say of his country, he had often heard their own as ill-spoken of

nibal at all comparable to his melting a passage through the rocks with vinegar? For my part, I candidly confers to you, I would not give a button for a narrative that had not three or four good stout impossibilities to show the author's mettle and keep one from falling asleep over the course of the tale."

"All depends," said the Foreman, "upon the genius of the author. There are some writers who will describe a journey to the moon with a greater air of veri-similitude than others can throw into their account of a trip from Dublin to Liverpool. One can make a lie look like truth, another will maul the truth in such a manner that the whole world shall take it for a lie. So in the hands of a stupid dunce, an every day fact will wear all the awkwardness of an impossibility, while in those of another, better skilled in the use of language, a physical or moral impossibility will read as smoothly as an every day fact."

"Since that is your feeling, gentlemen," said the Sixth Juror, "I will no longer delay but supply my lack of invention by relating for your entertainment The tidings reached the monarch, who, together as closely as my memory will enable me to do, one with all his household, made great lamentations for of those numerous ancient Irish romances which are his eldest daughter, grieving more especially for the at this day circulated so extensively in their original affliction which it caused to Lir. language in the cottages of the Irish peasantry, but for the most part so totally unknown in any other circles, whether literary or polite."

The one I am about to relate is, perhaps, the most popular of them, and as a purely literal translation of a national romance, the great anliquity of which is indisputable, must be regarded as a literary curiosity. You have all heard of the mournful history of, the children of Lir, if not in its original language, at least in the beautiful melody of our island hard which commences :

"Silent, O'Moyle, be the roar of thy waters," a narrative, in the original, of pathos so affecting, yct wild withal; so deeply wrought and uniformly sustained to its close, that an Irish peasant at this

day cannot hear it named without a sigh." The attention of the company being excited by this preamble, a general silence prevailed, when the

Sixth Juryman commenced the story. THE SIXTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

THE SWANS OF LIR.

Silent. O Moyle he the roar of thy water, Break not ye breezes your chain of repose. While murmuring mournfully Lir's lonely daugh

Tells to the night star her tale of woes Moore's Irish Melodies.

CHAPTER I.

After the battle of Tailltean, the Teatha Danana assembled together from the remotest corners of the five provinces of Ireland, in order to make arrangements for the future government of the Isle. All agreed that it was better the whole country should be united under one monarch, chosen by common consent, than to continue subject to the interminable

dour. Was there anything in all the wars of Han- them sat the queen, wife of Bogh Dearg. When Lir and the Monarch entered, the latter directed his attention to the three princesses, and bade him

choose which he would. "I do not know which of the three to choose," said Lir, " but the eldest is the most royal, and besides it is just that she should have precedence of the rest."

"Then," said the monarch, " that is Aov." "Aov, then, I choose," replied Lir.

The marriage was celebrated with the magnificence becoming the rank of the parties. They re-mained a fortnight in the palace of the monarch, after which they went to the residence of Lir, who gave a splendid banquet on his arrival. In the progress of time Aov had twins, a son and daughter, who were named, the one Fingula, and the other Aodh, or Eugene. In her next confinement, she gave birth to two sons, to whom were given the names of Fiacra, and Cornu, but died herself, in a few days after. Lir was exceedingly grieved at her death, and only for the love he bore his children, would almost have wished to die along with her.with all his household, made great lamentations for

" Nevertheless," said the monarch, " what has occurred, need not dissolve the connection between Lir and us, for he can, if he please, take my second doughter Aoife to supply her place."

This speech as was intended, soon found its way to Lir, who set out immediately for the palace of Bogh Dearg. The marriage was celebrated with the sume splendour as on the former occasion, and Lir after spending some time at the monarch's palace. returned to his house with Aoife, where he received her with all the love and honor which she could expect. For some time Aoifs returned the same to him and to his children, and indeed any person who once saw those children, could not avoid giving them all the love which any creature could receive. Frequently the old monarch came to see them to Lir's house, and often took them to his own, where he would gladly keep them, but that their father could not bear to have them out of his sight. It was the custom of the Tuatha Danaans to entertain each other in succession. When they assembled at the house of Lir, the four children were the whole subject of discourse, and the chief ornament of the day, they were so fair and so winning both in their appearances and their dispositions, and even as they dispersed to their several homes, the guests were heard to speak of nothing elso. Lir himself would rise every morning at daybreak, and going to the apartment in which his children lay, would lie down mong them for a while. The black poison of jealousy began at length to insinuate itself into the mind of Aoifu. As if the love of Lir were not wide enough to comprehend them and herself, she conceived a mortal hatred against hor sister's children. She feigned illness, and remained nearly a year in that condition, totally occupied in devising in her mind, some means of ruining the children.

One morning she ordered her chariot to the great surprise of Lir, who, however, was well pleased at

CHAPTER IV .-- (Continued.)

At the same instant, one universal cry of execration burst from the assembled multitude. Some rushed upon him with bideus looks, some menaced, some railed loudly a him, while one, dipping his fingers in the silver vessel and drawing them forth all steeped in blood, with a smile of sharp contempt sprinkled some drops upon his face and dress. His senses could no longer support the oppressive vision : he awoke with a cry of terror, and springing to his feet, for a time could neither remember where he was, nor whether he still slept. The darkness contributed to bewilder him; he could only discern the open sky alone, where a few stars twinkled faintly between the masses of cloud, and broken outlines of the roofless walls around him. The night had changed in his sleep, for the wind now rushed hoarsely through the trees, and drove a mizzling rain upon his person ; circumstances which had probably some influence in producing the latter changes in his dream. So strongly was the intense feeling of terror still upon his mind, that one of his first impulses was to fly, supposing that the dreadful scene might be renewed. He darted through the open doorway and again involuntary paused, as he reached the grassy slope outside. He gazed around him. Gradual recollection stole upon him, the ruin, the distant river, the little valley. every new sight restored him to himself, and as the thrilling ides, "It is only a dream !" flashed upon his mind, with a wild cry of extacy and gratitude, be flung himself upon his knees, and gave vent to his

feeling in a burst of joyous weeping. His extacy was not of long duration. Recollection awoke, the occurrences of the preceding evening returned to his mind and filled him

with alarm. "What!" he exclaimed -- "A dream? This hour-this very instant, all may become real. Al-

Without waiting to give full expression to the ter-rible doubt, he started from his knees, and forget-ting even his hat which had fullen from him in his sleep, he rushed with the speed of madness through the fields.

While this was passing, Father John continued his journey towards the place appointed still unable to persuade himself that any evil was really intended him. The night had already changed to wind and rain. On arriving at the cross, he found, as he had been led to expect, a person waiting for him on the road. The man answered his question without embarrassment or hesitation, and recommeded him tion: "I most emphatically, sir, deny the correct-demount as the way was rather difficult to ride. ness of your last position. Crimes take place in to dismount, as the way was rather difficult to ride. Mr. Magrath, who saw nothing to be gained by any show of distrust, at once complied and accompanied the messenger on toot, conversing cheerfully as they proceeded. About a quarter of a mile from the common road they reached the house, a miserable cabin; in which they found only the man for whom the clergyman's assistance was required. The lonliness of the place, the discomfort of everything, and the deserted look of the house, in, which scarce even a spark of fire was lighted on the hearth, adding nothing to the confidence of Mr. Magrath, A wretched partition divided the hut, on, the inner side of which sick man alay ou a low pallet,

All the Jurors courteously returned thanks to the Fifth Juryman for the pain he bad taken to entertain them by his narrative. "An incident, somewhat similar to what forms a

main feature in the story we have just heard," said one of the company, when the murmur of voices had subsided "is related of one of the later Greek Emperors, who if I mistake not, afterwards came to a violent death while absent from his dominions. But, unfortunately, in his case the dream came after the crime and not before it."

"The only fault that I would presume to find with our friend's story," said another juror, "is that in secondance with the vicious taste of the day he has made the interest turn too much upon the evil dispositions of our nature. I know that vice itself can be so represented as to make the picture serve the interests of virtue, but I cannot relish the continual harping upon guilt and crime which overspreads what people still persevere in calling our literature. For my part as I never could take a pleasure in reading such productions, so when it comes to my turn you must not expect anything of the kind from me."

"If you tell about our own beloved isle," mu tered another of the company, in a half sneering tone, I fear you can scarce be so choice of your subject and adhere to the truth."

"I emphatically deny, sir," exclaimed one of the patriot's, (who was a member of a political union, and secretary to a liberal clab,) rising from his seat with an inflamed countenance, and gazing with fiery eyeballs on the last speaker-while he placed his clenched hand upon the table to express determina-Ireland as in all countries, but I denv, sir, [with a slight rap on the table]-I deny, sir-

"Two or three voices called, " order," (and chair P

The political union man still kept his eyes fixed on the other party. "It is most incorrect," said he, " to .charge a whole country with the deeds of individuals, and most untrue to say that Ireland exceeds, sye, or equals other countries either in the my story; such as it is, whether you object to imposnumber or quality of the crimes which stain her soll. You may smile, sir, in the consciousness of your own fancing superiority, but I tell you, [another rap on the table] that nothing but the most

at the other side of the Channel; "and perhaps," he added in his own mind, "with as little justice or due balancing of circumstances after all." Harmony being perfectly restored, the Fifth Juryman was called on for his song, which, after a little pause he gave to the company as follows :

Ι.

The merricst bird on bush or tree, Was Robin of the grove, When, in the jocund spring time, he Sang to his nestling love. Unknowing he the art to frame Methodic numbers vain, But as each varied feeling came He wove it in his strain. With freedom gay He poured his lay, While heaved his little breast of fire. To rival all the woodland choir. II. Upon a day, a luckless day, When drove the wintry sleet,

Some urchins limed a willow spray, To catch poor Robin's feet. They sought by measured rule and note To change his woodland strain, Do, re, mi, fa, he heeded not, He never sung again! His joy is o'er, His sings no more. Nor knows the genial kindling thrill, That only freedom's children feel. 1**II**. You, who would dull the poet's fire

With learning of the schools, Gay Fancy's feet with fetters tire, And give to Genius rules Had bounteous Nature's counsel hung, Upon your will severe, Tom Moore had ne'er green Erin Sung, Nor Burns the banks of Ayr. O'erawed I ween Both Bards had been,

Nor dared to strike the simple lute ! In your majestic presence mute.

When the Fifth Juryman had ended his song, which was received as the playbills have it, [" with the most unbounded applause," the Juryman next in order was called on for his Tale.

The Sixth Juror, after surveying the company for some moments with an air of gravity and importance, as if deliberating with bimself whether or no he should resolve his thoughts into words, and striving to form an estimate of the frame of mind of the company to which he was about addressing himself said :

"Mr. Foreman and gentlemen, may I be allowed to ask you a question ?"

"Certainly," said several voices. "I wish to know, then," he said, "before I begin sibilities in the tales we are to tell ?" "Object to impossibilities !" exclaimed a jurir in

astonishment. . "How can you ask such a question? Why impossibilities, are the very life and soul of

dissensions and oppressive imposts, arising from the rivalry of a number of petty sovercigus. Six candidates aspired to this supreme power, namely, Bogh Dearg, or Red Bow, of the tribe of the Deasies. Ibbreac, or the Many Colored, from the Red Stream, Lir, Fiuvar the Royal, Mioyar of the Great Burthen, so surnamed from his prodigious strength, and Aon, gusa Og, or young Oneas. All the rest of the Tu-atha Danaans, except the six candidates then went into council, and the determination was, to give the kingdom to Bogh Dearg, for three reasons. The first reason was, that his father had been a good man in his time, the second that he was a good man himself, and the third, that he came of the best blood in the nation. When Lir heard that the crown was to be given

to Bogh Dearg, indignant at the choice, he retarned to his own home, without waiting to see the new king inaugurated, or letting any of the assembly know that he was going, for he was convinced that the choice of the people, would have fallen upon himself. Bogh Dearg, however, was proclaimed in due form, by the unanimous consent of the assem-bly, none of the five rejected candidates opposing bis election, except Lir alone.

The ceremonies being concluded, the assembled tribes called on the new monarch to lead them in pursuit of Lir.

"Let us burn and spoil his territory," said they. "Why dares he, who never had a king in his family, presume to slight the sovereign we have chosen ?" "We will follow no such counsel," replied Bogh Dearg. "His ancestors and himself have always kept the province in which he lives in peace, and it will take nothing from my sovereignty over the Tuatha Danaans, to allow him still to hold his own possessions there."

The assembly, not fully satisfied with this reply, debated much on the course they had best take, but after much discussion, the question was allowed to rest for a time. Meanwhile, an incident occurred, which pressed heavily on the mind of Lir. His wife, whom he tenderly loved, fell ill and dicd in three nights. The report of her death which was looked upon as a grievous loss in her own country soon spread all over Ireland. It reached at length the cars of Bogh Dearg, and of the princes and

nobles who were at his palace. "Now," said the monarch, " if Lir were willing to sccede to it, I could propose a mode of redoubling the present friendship which I entertain for Lir .--You all know that I have three daughters, the fairest in the kingdom, and I would praise them further, but that I am their father. I mean Aov, Aoife, and Alve, of whom Lir might choose which he pleased, to supply the place of his dead wife."

The speech of the king circulated amongst the Tuatha Danans and all agreed that a messenger ought to be sent to Lir in order to propose the connection, with a suitable dowry for the bride. When the am bassador arrived at the palace of Lir, he found the latter willing to accept the proposal, and ac-cordingly, both returned together to the royal residence of Bogh Dearg on the shores of Lough Derg, where they were received on the part of the Tuatha Dansans, with all the accismations that even a more popular prince could expect. All parties side of which the sick manualay ou a lew pallet, other map on the table] that nothing but the most why includes an other special speci

this sign of returning health. Aoife next desired that the four children of Lir should be placed in the chariot with her, and drove away in the direction of Bogh Dearg's house. It was much against her will that Fingula, the daughter, went into the carriage, for she had long observed the increasing coolness in the mind of her step-mother, and guessed that she had no kindly purpose in her thoughts at present. She could not, however, avoid the destiny that was prepared for her, nor escope the suffering which she was doomed to undergo. Aoife continued her journey until she arrived at

Fiondach, where dwelt some of her father's people whom she knew to be deeply skilled in the art of the Druids. Having arrived at their residence, she went into the place where they were, and endea-vored to prevail on them to kill the children, tulling them that their father through his affection for them had slighted her, and promising to bestow on them all the riches which they could require. "Ah," replied the Druids, " we would not kill the

children of Lir for the whole world. You took an evil thought into your mind, and left your shame behind you, when you come with such a request to **u** i.'

"Then if you will not," cried Aoife, scizing a aword which lay near, "I will avenge myself, for I am recolved they shall not live."

Saying these words, sho rushed out with the drawn sword, but through her womanhood she lost her courage when she was about to strike at the children. She then returned the sword to the Druids, and said she could not kill them.

Aoife resumed her journey, and they all drove on until they reached the shores of Lough Dairvreac, on the Lake of the Speckled Oak. Here she unbarnessed the horses, and desired the children to descend and bathe in the lake. They did as she bade, but when all were in the water, she took a magic wand and struck them with it one after another. One after another, the forms of the beautiful children disappeared, and four white swans were seen upon the water in their stead, when she addressed them in the following words :

A OIFE.

Away, you children of the king! I have separated your lives from joy. Your people will grieve to hear these tidings, but

- you shall continue birds.
- What I have done, I have done through hatred of you, and malice to your father.

THE CHILDREN.

We, left here on the waters, must be tossed from ways to wave.

In the mean time Lir, returning to his palace missed his childron, and finding Acife not yet come home, immediately guessed that she had destroyed them, for he likewise had observed her jealousy .---In the morning he ordered his charlot to be prepared, and following the track of his wife, travelled along until he came to the Lake of the Speekled Oak, when the children 'saw the charlot approaching, and Fingula spoke as follows :

territe (17) and (17)

By yon old Oak, whose branches hear. Wave o'er Lough Dairvrae's lonely shore, Bright in the morn; a dazzling line Of helms and silver targets shine;