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PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

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

which was handed him by the messenger. Having caused the latter to leave the house while he received the confession of the penitent, he drew for that purpose a low rush-bottomed chair close to the bedside, and prepared to enter on the office of his ministry. 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 polished 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 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 off the bed clothes, and revealed to the eyes of the astonished clergyman the figure of the Pounder, fully dressed, 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 astonishment, and Richard pointed out the detected ruffian, with a look of deprecation and self-abasement. 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, who have more reason to accuse myself. But never see or speak with me again."

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. Amidst tumultuous cries of "chair!" "order!" and deafening calls for "silence," the Foreman arose like Neptune, amid the breakers in the first book of the Æneid. Prospectus, summa placidum cepit extulit unda, but had not the same felicity in endeavoring to reconcile all parties by reminding them of their covenant, 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 incarcerated tourist, who lay all this while in the lower cupboard, much diverted by what he conceived to be so frivolous a dispute amongst fellow-countrymen was now doomed to experience the truth of that adage which tells us that "listeners hear no good of themselves."

dour. Was there anything in all the wars of Hannibal at all comparable to his melting a passage through the rocks with vinegar? For my part, I candidly confess 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 verisimilitude 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."

them at 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 remained 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 Fiaca, 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. The tidings reached the monarch, who, together with all his household, made great lamentations for his eldest daughter, grieving more especially for the affliction which it caused to Lir. "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 daughter Aoiife to supply her place."

TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

EMUS 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 MONSTER 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.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

At the same instant, one universal cry of execration burst from the assembled multitude. Some rushed upon him with hideous looks, some menaced, some called 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 above, 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 involuntarily 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 idea, "It is only a dream!" flashed upon his mind, with a wild cry of ecstasy and gratitude, he flung himself upon his knees, and gave vent to his feeling in a burst of joyous weeping. His ecstasy 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. Already—"

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."

All the Jurors courteously returned thanks to the Fifth Jurymen for the pain he had 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 accordance 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."

"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 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 Jurymen was called on for his song, which, after a little pause he gave to the company as follows: I. The merriest 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 heav'd his little breast of fire, To rival all the woodland choir. II. Upon a day, a luckless day, When drove the windy 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. III. 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 n'er green Erin sung, Nor Burns the banks of Ayr. O'eraw'd I ween Both Bards had been, Nor dared to strike the simple lute! In your majestic presence mute. When the Fifth Jurymen had ended his song, which was received as the playbills have it, "with the most unbounded applause," the Jurymen 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 himself 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 my story, such as it is, whether you object to impossibilities in the tales we are to tell?" "Object to impossibilities!" exclaimed a juror in astonishment. "How can you ask such a question? Why impossibilities are the very life and soul of fiction, and for ought I know of history too. By no means whatever. It is in describing impossibilities that the genius of an author appears in all its splendor."

THE SIXTH JURYMAN'S TALE. THE SWANS OF LIR. Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water, Break not ye breezes your chain of repose, While murmuring mournfully Lir's lonely daughter, Tells to the night star her tale of woes. Moore's Irish Melodies.

After the battle of Tailtean, the Tuatha Danaans 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 dissensions and oppressive imposts, arising from the rivalry of a number of petty sovereigns. Six candidates aspired to this supreme power, namely, Bogh Dearg, or Red Bow, of the tribe of the Deasias. Ibbreac, or the Many Colored, from the Red Strath, Lir, Fivvar the Royal, Mayor of the Great Burnham, so surnamed from his prodigious strength, and Aon, gusa Og, or young Oness. All the rest of the Tuatha 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 returned 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 assembly, none of the five rejected candidates opposing his 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 died 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 ears of Bogh Dearg, and of the princes and nobles who were at his palace. "Now," said the monarch, "if Lir were willing to accede 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, Aoiife, 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 Danaans 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 ambassador arrived at the palace of Lir, he found the latter willing to accept the proposal, and accordingly, both returned together to the royal residence of Bogh Dearg on the shores of Lough Dearg, where they were received on the part of the Tuatha Danaans, with all the acclamations that even a more popular prince could expect. All parties seemed to take an interest in prompting the union. The three daughters were sitting on chairs richly ornamented, in a hall of their father's palace, near

the marriage was celebrated with the magnificence becoming the rank of the parties. They remained 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 Fiaca, 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. The tidings reached the monarch, who, together with all his household, made great lamentations for his eldest daughter, grieving more especially for the affliction which it caused to Lir. "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 daughter Aoiife to supply her place."