VOL. XXV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1875.

JUBILEE BOOK.

INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE.

AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE STATION CHURCHES;

To which is prefixed the Encyclical of

His Holiness POPE PIUS IX.,

For the ARCHDIOCESE of TORONTO, containing the PASTORAL of HIS GRACE ARCHEISHOP

For the DIOCESE of MONTREAL, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP

For the DIOCESE of LONDON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP

For the DIOCESE of HAMILTON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP EISHOP CRINNON.

EACH DIOCESE has its Separate JUBILEE EOOK.

Per Copy, 10c. | Per Dozen 80c. | Per 100 \$5

D. & J. SADLIER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

Ramps 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 EIGHTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

MR. TIBBOT O'LEARY, THE CURIOUS.

CHAPTER I .- (CONTINUED.)

contents on the table, Mr. O'Leary awoke by the jingling of keys and half-pence, turned his head

"Well, Nash, are we likely to have rain?"

"I never seen such a mornin', sir. The sky is all one cloud from e'st to west, an' so low that I could a'most tetch it with my hand. I don't know from Adam, what we'll do about the piaties; the men won't be able to give half a day with the weather, a clean loss of half a guinea at the laste."

"That's delightful."
"Delightful!" Nash repeated involuntarily, looking over his shoulder with surprise. "He's purse-

"Nash," said Mr. O'Leary, pulling back his nightcap and sitting up, "have both horses saddled and fed. I intend riding out immediately after breakfast."

"Isit in the rain, masther?"

"It is. Make haste and do as I desire you." "Pursewarin' all through!" ejaculated Nash, as he went out and shut the door behind him. "A whole month of the fairest weather that ever come out o' the shky, he laves the horses in the stable without stirrin', an' now the first day he hears 'tis rainin' he ordhers 'em out for a ride. 'That's delightful!' he says, when I tell him we'll lose a guinea by the men. 'Hang the platies!' If he bean't gettin' light I do'n know what to make of it. I suppose we must do his biddin'."

Some drops were just beginning to fall, as Mr. O'Leary and his faithful squire set off upon their

"Will you bring the umbrella, sir?" enquired Nash, as they were about leaving the hall door.

" No, that would never do."

"'Tis goin' to rain, sir."

"So much the better." Nash opend his mouth as if to let his astonishment come forth. "Wouldn't you take a cloak or a coat itself, mas-

ther, sech a day as this ?" "No, no, 'twould never answer." "The lord betune uz an' harm! A' why so mas-

"Wonder, Tom, is the child of ignorance, and experience the fruit of time. Be patient therefore, and content yourself with doing as you are direct-

They rode on for something more than half a mile, at the termination of which space the rain beman to fail in corrents. Mr. O'Leary now quickened his pace, and Nash followed his example, but their speed did not have them from a thorough drenching.
"Dear knows, masther," exclaimed Nash, who

really feared that the antiquarian was becoming demented, we'll be dhrowned this way. Wouldn't it be betther turn into some house 'till it gets lighter

any way?"
"I hinted to you, Tom, that patience is the sister of content," replied his master, continuing his gallop.

"Oh, bother to herself an' her sisther," muttered

Nash, gathering the collar of his coat up under the know that history furnishes but one instance of a leaf of his hat, so as to prevent the water running down his neck, and fortifying, as well as he could that part of his person on which the wind best. "I that the ingenious but fanciful author of Collectanes course, until they received a second visit from Mr.

cracked in airnest Dear knows, if it wasn't that though I admit his conjecture to be plausible as his I'm dhread which might happen to him, I'd be apt evidences are ingenious. to let him folly his coorse alone. This day flogs all I ever hear."

After riding about a quarter of a mile further, Mr. O'Leary suddenly pulled up his horse and said : "Tom, isn't that the avenue leading to Mr. O'Con-"'Tis, sir."

"I think we might as well turn in and ask for shelter there, until this shower passes, at all events." "The Lord be praised, he's comin' to again." Nash added to himself, as he alighted and opened the gate. They followed the windings of the path for nearly a quarter of an hour, amid the wildest and barest scenery, at the end of which time they reached a cottage somewhat superior in appearance to the general description of farm houses in the country, with at least a sufficient degree of decoration about the doors and windows to intimate that the inmates were not com-pelled to be at all times toiling at the spade or the ploughhandle. As the door, which was on that side of the house on which the wind did not then blow, stood open at the moment, our travellers alighted and entered the porch without ceremony. Here they stood but a few moments, when one of the side doors opened and a hale looking man, of respectable appearance, presented himself before the vistors. Mr. O'Leary apologized for their intrusion, talked of the rain, and mentioned his name, at the same time looking out and expressing a hope (which Nash could not help thinking either strangely inconsistent, or very insincere,) that it would shortly clear.

"Mr. O'Leary!" exclaimed the host with an expression of great satisfaction, "the very man of all others who should be most welcome to this house. 1 can assure you, you are no stranger here. Many a time your name is spoken of amongst us. Come in, come in. In the first place, you'll stop and dine with us-that's settled-not a word now. Hallo! Pat, take round those horses and see them well taken care. But you are dripping wet!"

"Oh, 'tis nothing."
"Nothing? Why you couldn't do a worse thing than to sit in wet clothes—that and reading a wet newspaper. My poor father ought to know both, for he lost his eyes by one, and his life by the other. The time of the election he used to be in such a hurry to learn the state of the poll, and to read the editor's remarks, that he never would wait to dry the paper after taking it out of the cover. I used often to say to him, 'now, father, mightn't you as well just hold it to the fire for a minute. You'll certainly lose your eyesight. True for me, so he did. Come up stairs and change your clothes. Not a word now. I tell you tis madness not to do it. Peg, tell Miss Moriarty that Mr. O'Leary is come to spend the day with us. Step into the kitchen

There was no resisting, so that Mr. O'Leary abandoned himself into the hands of his host, and after Early on the following morning, Nash went into the necessary change of attire, was by him conduct-his master's room as usual, to take his clothes to ed to the sitting room, where he found the antiquar-brush. While he empited the pockets and laid the ian lady ready to receive him. To his surprise, there was nothing at all extraordinary either in her manner or appearance, except that she wore a profusion of very fine hair, which made some amends for a decidedly ordinary set of features. He had not, however, much time to speculate on either, when the blunt and hospitable master of the mansion, arose and said in his customary tone:

my good friend (addressing Rash) and warm your-

"Well, now, as I have a little business to do before dinner, and would only be a blockhead in your company, I will leave you both to talk of all that took place before the flood and after, while I settle an account with one or two of my tenant's in another room. Let me see, now, which of ye will puzzle the

One of the parties was already in this predicament Mr. Tibbot O'Leavy, at this instant, found himself in the condition of those unhappy individuals who rashly place themselves in situations for which they are wholly unfitted by nature, and only discover their want of capacity when it is too late to make a graceful retreat. Not a word had yet passed between them, he had merely bowed to the lady seven yards off, on being introduced, when they left, as it were, caged together, with the pleasant consciousness that he was expected to entertain her. Had it been with a lioness, Tibbot O'Leary could not have felt a greater confusion of mind. Deing totally unused to anything like strange society, he never until this moment, became aware of his failing, Miss Moriarty, with a polite movement of the band invited him to be seated. He placed himself in a chair with the utmost celerity, then, after a few minutes, perceiving that the lady was yet standing he sprung from his seat with the greatest embarrassment, and bowed repeatedly, by way of apology, without the power of uttering a syllable. After a time both obtained chairs, but without seeming to have approached the nearer to anything like a sociable interchange of sentiments. The longer the silence continued, the more difficult Mr. O'Leary found in breaking it, and yet the more embarrassing it became. It was not that he had got nothing to say. The evil was, that a thousand things occurred to him, but all were rejected as unsatisfactory. The lady, whether that she shared his awkwardness, or resolved to enjoy it, was equally silent. At length, when the chimney ornaments were beginning to dance before his eyes, and the room move slowly round, he ventured to stammer forth: p-p-pray, ma-ma'am, what is your opi-

pi-pinion of the r-r-round towers?" "I can hardly say," replied Miss Moriarity, with a degree of ease which somewhat diminished the confusion of her visitor, "that I am satisfied with any of the theories which have been broached upon that most interesting subject. Gambrensis calls them ecolesiastical towers," with some probability. Lynch attributes them to the Danes, as does also Peter Walsh, who are followed by Ladwich and Molyneux, but then, as Harris very properly asks, if so, why are no remains to be found in Denmark? As to Dean Richardson's conjecture that they were used by anchorites, I can hardly admit it, when I

During the delivery of this speech, Mr. O'Leary gazed from side to side, opened wide his cyclids they sometimes know how to keep a secret. Did in astonishment, and, from time to time, gradually you hear about Captain . . . moved his chair an inch or two nearer to the speaker.

What a woman !" he exclaimed in his own mind. and then added aloud: "I cannot help thinking, ma'am, that one who is so familiar with the conjecture of her own, upon a subject which has

deservedly occupied so much of her attention."
"Why, I cannot but say I have been thinking of it," said Miss Moriarty, "though I have not yet ventured to mention it to any one, there is such danger of a person's being anticipated. However, for all I have heard of Mr. O'Leary, I am sure he would be incapable of taking so unhandsome an advantage.

Mr. O'Leary acknowledged the exemption in his favour by a low bow, accompanied by a look of horror at the very idea of such baseness.

"My idea, then, is, that they were built for none of the ends I have mentioned," said Miss Moriarty.
"You are aware that mankind have, in all ages, been remarkable for a love of the arduous, and that no pursuits have been carried on with greater zeal, expense, or perseverance, than those which held our least hope of ever yielding any profitable result; and the most important practical discoveries in science have often been attained in the pursuit of some visionary and unattainable end. The search after the philosopher's stone led to the discovery of Glauber's salts—the study of judicial astrology produced those elaborate calculations in old times which are of such importance to the astronomer; and the desire to effect a North West passage conducted the voyagers of England to the magnetic pole. Now, my theory is, that some philanthropic patron of letters in old time, observing this disposition in his species, had those round towers built with no other view than that they should exercise the research and ingenuity of the learned in succeeding ages, and, by furnishing an inscrutable sub-

quities through all succeeding time. The astonishment and admiration of Mr. O'Leary had been reaching a climax, during the delivery of this ingenious speech, at the conclusion of which he again sprang from his seat, and seemed about to fling himself on his knees in an ecstacy of delight, but, recollecting himself in time, he drew back with a respectful bow, and remained in his chair. At the same instant, the master of the mansion returned in time to prevent any repetition of such ecstacies, and the conversation became more general and less abstruse. In some time after, dinner was announced and served up with a degree of comfort which made the recollection of his own solitory meals at Chore Abbey, less tolerable, in the comparison to Mr. O'Leary's inward eye, than they had hitherto been The worthy farmer's family was numerous, and did cordial justice to the cheer which was set before them. After the cloth was removed, and grace said, Mr. O'Connor turned to his guest, and made the following speech

ject of inquiry, perpetuate the study of Irish anti-

"I don't know, Mr. O'Leavy, whether you are a patron of those modern fashions which they have begun to introduce, such as not drinking healths after dinner, bowing as if you had not a joint below the shoulder, and such like; but for our parts, we still keep up the good old custom here, and I hope you will have no objection to join us?"

"I can assure you, sir," said Mr. O'Leary, with equal cordiality, "that I am no friend to modern innovations, which very often savour more of selfsufficiency than of politeness. As the poet say:

We think our father's fools, so wise we grow, Our younger sons, no doubt, will think us so." "Ah!" said Mr. O'Connor, slaking his head, many a palmer those two lines cost me, when 1 used to write them in my copy-book at school."

The glasses were now changed, and the next ten minutes were occupied with a confused bubble of "Mrs. O'Connor, your health," "Miss Moriarty,"
"Miss O'Connor," "Mr. O'Connor," "Mr. O'Leary,"
"Mr. O'Leary, your health," and a perpetual ducking of about a dozen heads around the table, which would have had a somewhat comical appearance to

any person not immediately interested. During their ride home, and for months after, Tom Nash observed an extraordinary change in the deportment of his master. He became more talkative than usual, began to show more solicitude about his dress, shaved every day, found fault with everything, staid little in his museum, talked much of repairs and alterations about the house, and acted on the whole, as if some strange influence was at work within his mind. At length the secret came out, one morning, when Nash was in the act of carrying a bag of seed sets into the back parlor.

"Tom," said Mr. O'Leary, " you must not put oats or potatoes into that parlor any more."

Why so, masther? what hurt is it doin' there?"

"No matter. She might'nt like it.' "Is it ould Nelly, sir?"

" No, your mistress." " My missiz!" Nash exclaimed, dropping the bag

"Yes—did'at I tell you I am going to be married!" For nearly a quarter of an hour, the master and man remained gazing in each other's countenances, without uttering a syllable. At length, the latter found words to say in a tone of the profoundest

sympathy:—
"The lord preserve us, masther!"
"Amen, Tom!" sighed Mr. O'Leavy, and not another sentence was exchanged between them upon the subject, until Mrs. O'Leary, ci-devant Miss Moriarty, was introduced, amid rejoicings that resound-

ed far and near, to the venerable mansion which, it

was the owner's will and pleasure, should thence-

forth call her mistress. For a considerable time after his marriage, Nash observed nothing in the demeanour or conversation of his master, which could lead him to suspect that he regretted the step which he had taken. Mrs. O'Leary was all that could be wished in every respect, either by master or servant, and, indeed, it surprised Nash's great deal more than he cared to

never had such a ride in my life. I wondher is he de rebus Hibernicis has throughly convinced me Geoffrey Gunn, now "Counsellor," Gunn, who, on me that it would be to my own injury. Now, were hearing the humourous antiquarian, repeat his hap-piness for the hundredth time, exclaimed:

"I can tell you then, that if ladies are curious

"No-what of them?" "A most extraordinary story they tell, indeed.-

They had been living together in perfect harmony, it seems, for more than twenty years, when she died. and it was for the first time discovered, that she theories of others, cannot but have formed some had exactly got two faces-one behind, and one be-

" Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. O'Leary. "It may be so," replied his friend. "! do not answer for the reality of the story."

> "I know not how the truth may be, I say the tale, as 'twas said to me."

"If it be true," said Tibbot, " I think the worst part of the affair, was the keeping it concealed from her husband.''

As he said this, he could not help observing that his wife looked uneasy and confused, and a strange doubt rushed into his mind, which re-awakened his original foible in more than all its former force,-The conversation ended; but for a long time after, Tibbot did not retain the untroubled peace of mind which had till now accompanied his steps. The extreme amiability of his helpmate, had won all his confidence, but it made him uneasy to perceive that Mrs. O'Leary did not behave towards him with an equal absence of reserve. There was evidently something preying on her mind, and the more pains he took to remove every thing that could in the least degree interfere with her peace and comfort, the more she seemed to feel it.

"I don't know what to do about it, Tom," he said one day, addressing Nash, who was the only person in whom he could repose a confidence. scarcely eats a morsel, and instead of going off as I thought it would, it is only growing worse and

worse every day."

"Ah, murther," said Nash, "don't be vexin' yourself about it. You don't know the women. They d keep on dyen' that way from the age of fifteen to a hundherd. The only way in the world is to let 'em alone an' lave 'em to themselves. The more notice that's tuk of 'em, the worse they gets. They don't know their selves what is it ails 'em half their time. Take it from me, 'tis never any good to be frettin',' more especially if you lets 'em obsarve it."

Mr. O'Leary adopted Tom's advice, and found his acount in doing so. For a considerable time after, he observed that the loss he appeared to notice the anxiety which proyed on Mrs. O'Leary's mind, the

more visibly it diminished.

Years rolled away, and after a life speht in the most exemplary discharge of all her duties as a wife and mother, Mrs. O'Leary felt her death to be at hand. In disposing her mind with all the tranquility which an untroubled conscience afforded, to enter on its final passage to a better world, her faithful spouse took notice that something of her long forgotten and mysterious melancholy, would occasionally cast a gloom upon her manner. At length, finding her end approach, she called him to her bedside, and after saying much to him in the way of consolation and advice, as to the care of the house and children, she added with an appearance of auxiety: "I have now but one request to add. It is that

my head dress, such as it is, be not removed after my death; that you will not yourself uncover my head, nor suffer any one else to do so. I have a particular objection to it. Great and good minds, my dear Tibbot, are always superior to the mean vice of curiosity. I am sure I need say no more to you, except to add that the injury will be your own, if you neglect to comply with this, my last injunction,

In the first access of sorrrow, for the loss of so faithful, and so amiable a partner, Mr. O'Leary found nothing very arduous in the accomplishment of her dying wishes. After the first day, however, when nature had exhausted herself in fits of mourning, and intervals of quiet reflection would succeed the tumult of the widower's grief, he could not prevent the question repeatedly presenting itself to his mind-what in the world could be her motive for desiring that her head-dress might not be removed?

In palliation of any negligence, which the worthy antiquarian might have committed in resisting such suggestions, it should be remembered that a great portion of his life had been spent in researches, having chiefly for their end the gratification of that foible, on which his excellent wife in dying, had imposed so grievous a burthen. By continually recurring, and meeting at each fresh assault a fainter resistance, it obtained at length, a complete mastery over his mind. It was in vain he thought of Blue Beard, and a thousand other awful warnings of the kind. In the throes of his curiosity desiring rather to gain an accomplice than a counsellor, he confided his agonies to Nash, and desired his opinion.

"Be die an' be dat," said Nash, who, in a matter which appeared to him indifferent on the score of morality, considered rather what would be agreeable to his master, than what was most in accordance with the laws of chivalric honor-" dat I may never die in sin, but I'd have a dawny peep."

"But then her last words, Tom-her dying wishes."

" Ayeh, sure she never'll know it." "Well, said Mr. O'Leary, much shocked, "I am sure you do not consider the meaning of what you say. I wish indeed she had never given such an injunction, for it is probable I never should have thought for a moment about her head dress. Could I trust you, Tom, with what I suspect to be the true cause of her injunction?"

"Could you thrust me masther!"
"I believe I can. Well then, I'om, I think the true reason is —" he looked around, and then whispered in horrified accents in his ear..." that my wife had two faces."

Erra, how! !" "I often remarked some mystery about her on that point. However, I who have all my life been so free from this ridiculous foible, must not yield myself to it now."

Wisha, the dear knows," said Nash, whose curiosity was now wound up to as high a pitch as that of his master, "I wouldn't have the laste scruple in life about it. If it was anything that would bring her any harm, or keep any good from her,

any other interests at stake, I wouldn't for the world-but as it can injure no one but myself-Come along, you must assist me in this awful enquiry."

They entered the room in which Jay the remains of the poor lady, Mr. O'i.eary's mind filled with the story of Geoffrey Gunn, which had occupied his thoughts since he first heard it, a great deal oftener than he would have wished Mrs. O'Leary to suspect. Having excluded, on different pretexts, every other individual, they proceeded to the task of removing the head-dress. A cold perspiration already stood on Nash's brow, as he lent his aid in the investigation, holding the candle in his hand, while his master, with a countenance expressing the most horrible anticipations, removed the mysterious headdress. Imagine his amazement, when he disclosed to view-

At this instant, some gravel was thrown from without, against the window of the Jury Room.— Almost all started, as if they held the chain of a galvanic battery, so highly were their nerves excited by the situation into which the Eighth Juryman had brought his principal characters.

"What can that be?" cried a Jurer. The Foreman arcse and lifted up the window. "Who's there?" he asked, after a pause.

"Tis no body, only myself, your honor," replied well-known voice from below. "I'm come to know if your honors are done with the bottles and things."

Nothing could more clearly demonstrate the fleeting nature of all human gratitude, than the effect which this announcement produced in the Jury-room. All the good offices and merits of the poor systerman seemed forgotten in the general burst of indignation which arose at his interrupting

the story in so critical a juncture.
"Tell the fellow to be hanged," cried one. "Twould be a good deed," cried another, "to break one of his bottles upon his own head."

"Give the scoundrel his glasses, and send him

about his business," exclaimed a third.

The Foreman, who, as chairman, preserved the greatest degree of moderation, here interposed, and caused the line of handkerchiefs to be once more lowered for the basket, observing that, in a world where so much intentional evil passed without any reprehension whatever, it was rather hard to make much account of what was purely accidental. Tho oysterman being satisfied, the Eighth Juryman re-

Gentlemen, said he. I fear after all this indignation, that you will be much disappointed at the conclusion of my story. All that Mr. O'Leary discovered on removing the awful head-dress, was, that the fine hair of which he had so often expressed an enthusiastic admiration, was only his wife's by purchase. The good lady had no more than the average quantity of features, and less than the average quantity of hair, and, sharing the weakness of the lady, who, on a like occasion, charged her handmaid to

-give here her ka little red!

she feared that it should be known, even after her death, that she was indebted for almost her only personal attraction to _____a wig.

The Eighth Juror having concluded his story,

there was a general call for his song; which, in order to avoid the forfeit, he gave, after a little hesitation, as follows:

'Tis, it is the Shannon's stream, Brightly glancing, brightly glancing, See, oh see the rudy beam Upon its waters dancing! Thus returned from travel vain, Years of exile, years of pain, To see old Shannon's face again, Oh the bliss entrancing ! Hail, our own majestic stream, Flowing ever, flowing ever, Silent in the morning beam, Our own beloved river!

. 11.

Fling thy rocky portals wide, Western ocean, western ocean: Bend ye hills, on either side, In solemn, deep devotion; While before the rising gales On his heaving surface sails, Half the wealth of Erin's vales, With undulating motion. Hail, our own beloved stream, Flowing ever, flowing ever, Silent in the morning beam, Our own majestic river !

m. On thy bosom deep and wide, Noble river, lordly river, Reyal navies safe might ride, Green Erin's lovely river! Proud upon thy banks to dwell, Let me ring Ambition's knell, Lured by Hope's illusive spell, Again to wander, never. Hail, our own romantic stream, Flowing ever, flowing ever, Silent in the morning beam, Our own majestic river!

IV. Let me, from thy placed course, Gentle river, mighty river, Draw such truth of silent force, .. As sophist uttered never. Thus, like thee, unchanging still, With tranquil breast, and ordered will, east With tranquil oreast, size oreast. My heaven appointed course fulfil, Undeviating, ever !

Hail, our own majestic stream,

Flowing ever, flowing ever, Silent in the morning beam, Our own delightful river,

It was acknowledged by all that the Eighth Juror had acquitted himself of the conditions laid down the case would be deferent. had sequitted himself of the conditions laid down.
"That is true, Tom," said his master, "She told in the beginning of the evening; on which the