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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.

JUST PUBLISHED: FINE ENGRAVING OF FATHER MATHEW. We take great pleasure in announcing the publication of a beautiful portrait of the GREAT APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE. It represents him as he appears giving the TEMPERANCE PLEDGE; and below the Engraving is a facsimile of his handwriting endorsing this likeness of himself as "A CORRECT ONE."

TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

EMANES IN JUS. PLAUT. Pomilius, Act v. Dogberry. Are you good men, and true? Much Afo about Nothing.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS," ETC.

THE FOREMAN'S TALE.

SIGISMUND.

The Muscovite prince stood forward. The hope which in the early part of the king's address had well nigh sunk to an ember—was relieved by his last words. He resolved again to play the only part which his nature prompted him to, and affected to submit cheerfully, partly because he thought he might secure his interests better thereby, partly because he could not help himself. Estrella did not affect, she assented with gladness of soul. The assembled multitudes, seconded with shouts the request of Astolpho, that their prince might be given to them as speedily as might be. Basilus joyfully promised, that he should that very night be conveyed to the palace, and calling on the lord attendant of the household, to wait on his cousins thither, he rose and walked toward the rising ground at a little distance, where Clotaldus with the prisoners, abided the result of the conference. Him he look aside, and directed at length, in what manner he should prepare the prince for the change in his condition, without even by a word or look, appraising him of their intention. Clotaldus pledged himself to execute all faithfully, and then, as the monarch was departing, knelt before him. "What would ye, Clotaldus?" asked Basilus. "Why, sire," replied the old man, "this fine youth and his companion have daringly, though unknowingly, contrary to the prohibition, entered the precincts of the mound and—"

have I not wielded it now?" he added, on perceiving the youth's surprise, "will not be found unaccustomed to the work of justice." The eyes of the Muscovite lit up, as he girded once more the weapon to his side. "Now I hold thee once again," said he, "I will confide in the assurance thou bringest, and persevere to the end; what of his power?—it may be reached." "Is yours a powerful enemy, then?" said Clotaldus. "So much so, but I must not say it, I would not have you revoke the friendly assurance you have made. "There is no danger of that; on the contrary, you will then secure my assistance, for the confidence you repose upon at the least have the effect of preventing me from lending countenance to your opposer. Who is he?" "Astolpho of Muscovy." Clotaldus gazed on the young complainant with an alternate expression of wonder and anxiety. "Stranger," said he, "do you know what you have said, and what you are about to do? Are you not of Muscovy?" "I was born in Poland, but I am a Muscovite by family and education." "Then," said Clotaldus, "he is your natural prince, and he could not offend you. Return to your adopted land, and forget that fatal courage which misleads you; return and forgive." "His being a Prince," said the youth, "neither lessens his guilt nor my resentment. When a man has offended me, I do not ask his name." "He could not offend you," said Clotaldus, "not even—O Cielos! not even though he had dared to lay his hand upon thy face." "He did more." "He could not do more." "He did." "A deeper insult than that?" "Yes! listen to me; I know not how it is that you win me to confidence thus easily. I feel as if under the influence of a supernatural emotion, and I am drawn to you in affection and in trust. But hear all. I am not what I seem. Then weigh it well, whether, if I am other than this habit speaks me, and Astolpho comes here with the design of wedding with Estrella, it may not that he has done me a deeper offence than that you spoke of, I have said he wronged me. He was my betrothed. While she thus spoke, her face gradually deepened in hue, and at the end she covered it with her hands, and hung down her head in sorrow. However, the feeling passed away with its effect, and she looked up once more with the pale and frozen fixedness of resolution, which was so strongly mingled with her character. She waved her hand to Clarin, who, after he had been re-invested by Clotaldus, with his gold headed staff of office, followed her, as she hastened along the hill side to overtake the trail of Estrella, and they were both lost to the eyes of Clotaldus before he found the sense of her last words. "The heavens and the earth," said he, "are full of wonders. What doth she mean? Astolpho? and then, that sword! But I must attend the king. The youth has an excess of that which I was about to condemn him for needing. The dust has been thrown upon his head, but he has shaken it off nobly." The sleeping draught was soon after prepared; Clotaldus left for the prison, Basilus expected him in his laboratory. The sun had gone down before his return was announced to the king. "I prepared the beverage," said Clotaldus, "exactly according to your directions, and in such a manner were its narcotic ingredients commingled with others of an agreeable flavour, that it was impossible he should detect them; with these I descend alone to his prison, leaving the guard without the distant entrance as usual, masked and blindfolded. I found Sigismund stretched upon the ground, one hand beneath his head, the grasping his chain in the manner yourself have often marked. I found it at first difficult to draw his attention away from his own gloomy reflections. He looked straight forward with an air of vacancy, and seemed to regard me no more than the breeze that stirred upon the fountain before him. On a sudden, an eagle stooped from the upper air into the chasm of the rocks, and beholding the desolation, uttered a loud scream mounted upon the winds, and went to prey elsewhere. "I saw Sigismund's eyes kindle; he half started from the earth and gazed at it, until his eyes ached with the effort. I saw the feeling which agitated him, and affected to participate in it, in order to accomplish my end. "What a noble creature," said I, "it is the monarch of its kind. It does not, like the lesser of them, content itself with the dull heavy sphere of the terrestrial air, but comet-like soars into the regions of fire, and then floats upon the sunbeams, a winged lightning—a wanderer without limit. What a majestic creature!" Sigismund sunk back on the ground. "I am tired," said he, "I am chained. I do not want wings; but even the free use of that which I have received. They have bound me, they have tortured me before they had cause. I am miserable, my heart is destroyed! I have been a slave until liberty is no longer a sweet sound. Yet if it were otherwise, the eagle is the first of his kind; and I should not be the last of mine." "When I saw his mind and imagination hurried along by the violence of the emotion in which they had been caught, I began to descend on his favorite theme of dominion." Clotaldus in passing through the gallery observed near a window, at the far end, a figure standing as if in expectation of his exit from the king's chamber. He had not much difficulty in recognising the attendant of Rossura. "Well, Clarin," said he, "how didst thou penetrate thus far? Where were the sentinels posted at the entrance?" "After his usual routine of obeisance, the merry countier replied, "Indeed, my lord, I do not marvel you should deem it strange how I came hither, and you as the guards at the entrance, these poor shoulders coming fully testify that they have done their duty, but it would not be checked. I raised them, and they dared not quit their posts to follow me, I came off with the showers I had received in the passage

from the flats of their swords. A plague on the maker of these Toledo's. My own country conspired against me; they lay over my shoulder and along my spine as a willow of Tugus." "I am sorry for thee, Clarin, but why didst thou bring it upon thyself? What had ye to do to force your way hither in that manner?" "To speak with you, my lord." "On what affairs, prithee?" "On rather a delicate matter, mayhap, but it must be said. To tell you the plain truth, you have taken some steps, lately, which do not immediately meet my approval. "And what may those be, Clarin?" "Why, in the first place, there is Madam Cosaura, (for such was the name of the young Muscovite), you have made to put off her disguise and put on her maiden weeds again, and the consequence is, it is told all over the palace that she is your niece, and she is as much honoured as the princess herself, who by the way, has taken into her suite, as principal dame of honour, and tenders her like a sister." "And where might the mischief of all this? my good adviser," said Clotaldus. Clarin twirled his bonnet, and looked on the ground for a moment. "She has resumed her own dress," he replied. "Would it be very decorous to do otherwise, after her secret was discovered?" asked Clotaldus. "Aye, that is all very good," said Clarin, "and it would be better still, and I should not murmur, if I was permitted to make a similar change, but alas on casting off her habit, Madame has cast off her attendant also and that is what I cannot by any means approve of, in my present situation." "Oh! he! are you there, Clarin?" said Clotaldus; "why all this might have been said in two words." "She forgets," said Clarin, waxing warm, "that I know more about somebody, though I'll tell nobody of it, than somebody would wish anybody else to know, and that I could raise a dust in this court, which might make a certain person sneeze, but no matter for that, yet it should be recollected that I am Clarin, which is first cousin to Clarin, which is a very noisy thing you know." "Indeed!" said Clotaldus to himself, "we must take care of you, then. Well, Clarin, your complaint is not without justice, I will seek to find you a remedy. In the mean time enter into my own service." Clarin assented with delight. On entering the chamber, where Sigismund lay, Clotaldus found all the attendants gathered in silence round the bed of state; they informed him that the sleeper had just then began to breathe audibly, and his brown forehead was moist with perspiration. Clotaldus motioned them to a distance, ordered the hangings of the bed to be removed, and the band of musicians, which was stationed in an adjoining chamber, to begin a martial air. After they had played a little time Sigismund raised himself on his elbow to wipe the damp from his brow, and opened his eyes. They first fell on the large and splendidly stained window which looked upon the water, and opposed his bed's foot—they then wandered to the inland porphy-table near it, which was half exposed, half covered with cloth of gold. The magnificent vases which were disposed on that and the window frames—with the rare beautiful display of the earliest bloom of the spring—to the richly decorated tapestry of the apartment and the costly attire of the attendants. He seemed afraid to speak or move, and almost suspended his breathing, lest he should destroy the glorious vision, and wake to his poverty and his sorrow. At length he slowly arose, and walked noiselessly and carefully from the couch. The musicians again played, and he listened with pleasure and attention, but did not yet speak. On a sudden the mingled chorus of sounds was hushed, and a trumpet, loud and single, continued the strain. Sigismund started, and remained fixed in admiration. His eyes filled with fire. He had never before heard any musical sound, save those of the winds and the waters of his mountain residence and the wild creatures, who sometimes made it their sojourn. At this moment one of the attendants advanced and offered him a dress suitable to his estate. Sigismund took it with a feeling of uncertainty, and hesitation. He felt it—gazed on it, and on the attendant alternately. "Tell me," said Sigismund, "what is the meaning of this?" "What are you, and those who are with you? what are they? are ye the princes and rulers of whom Clotaldus tells me. Is this real, or do I dream? Answer me? Where am I, and how came I here?" The attendant, following the instructions of Clotaldus, bowed and retired without speaking. "Well," said Sigismund, "come what may, I shall enjoy the delusion, if it be indeed no more, while it lasts. I will put on this splendor, and be in my slumber, what I would be in my waking." The attendants assisted him to dress, and then asked him if the musicians should again play? "No!" said Sigismund. "I thought it might please you," said they. "It does not please me, I am a miserable creature, and pleasant sounds mock me. But hush, stay, there was a fine and single sound, which filled my breast with fire; let me hear that again, for I can think and hear. I pray you let me hear that again or none." As he spoke this, Clotaldus stood before him.—He started back in wonder and confusion. Clotaldus knelt at his feet and respectfully kissed his hand. "Is this indeed Clotaldus?" said Sigismund, "Clotaldus, my tyrant, my torturer? How is he thus changed? I begin again to doubt the reality of what passes round me." Clotaldus seeing him relapse into incredulity revealed to him his birth, the cause of his imprisonment, with a hope that it would be found futile, as it was in the power of a great mind ever to resist the influence of the stars themselves. He concluded by informing him that the king Basilus, his father, was preparing to see him. Sigismund burst forth with rage. His eyes flashed, his forehead whitened, and his frame trembled. At length he burst forth with all the violence of abuse. "Thou vile, infamous, malignant traitor, blacker than the blackest of the many serpents thyself hast-

told me of; how darest thou front me with that confession? How darest thou be the villain, thou hast acknowledged thyself? A villain without a motive. A tyrant for thy sport! and me, me, thy lord, thy Sovereign, made the victim of a causeless cruelty! What shall I say? Nothing. What shall I do? My heart, my nature tells me." He wrenched a sword from one of the attendants, and rushed upon the old man; the former interposed and detained him, pausing with the eagerness of passion, until Clotaldus had disappeared.—As he left the room he turned to Sigismund, and said, "Unhappy, mistaken man, you begin already to show the sickliness of thy nature, and confidest in the delusion of a dream!" "A dream, a dream," said Sigismund, "it is false; I do not dream, I walk, I talk, I see, I hear, I feel. He speaks with the tongue of a traitor, but he shall never lie and mock again." As he rushed towards the door, the attendants again interposed and closed it, while one of them placed himself immediately in the way of Sigismund. He wore a ribbon on his breast, and a blue sword knot. He caught the prince's arm and knelt at his feet. "Away with you," cried Sigismund, "begone, leave the way clear, or I will hew you down in my stead. I will fling the first that opposes me through yonder window—Get ye hence!" "Observe," said an attendant, "he was not his own master,—he should obey his king." "Not in things unjust," said the attendant, who had stopped his arm, "to enquire whether the commands of his sovereign were so or not." "Have you quarrelled with your life?" said Sigismund? "The prince is right," said Clarin. "And who art thou?" Clarin bowed. "I am a busy body, a fellow that meddles and makes for others' good, until I get over head and ears for it, as your highness may perhaps call to mind was the case not very long since, and which I have no disposition to experience again, for anybody, be the other who he may." "In this new strange world," said Sigismund, "thou alone pleasest me." "At that moment a flourish of trumpets announced the approach of Astolpho, Duke of Muscovy and Sigismund's cousin. He entered with his usual air of haughtiness, and placed himself in a position to deliver his formal congratulations to Sigismund. The latter turned to Clarin. "What is the reason," said he, "that you all pull off your hats when you come into my presence?" "Because you are our prince, and it is a mark of respect." "And what is the reason that man does not remove his?" "Because he is your cousin, and considers him self your equal." "Oh! oh!" said Sigismund. Astolpho now addressed him in form. "Mighty heir of Poland, who hast suddenly risen, like the morning sun from the bosom of the mountains, shine forth and make glad with the light of thy wisdom the horizon of our country. And as thou comest late to gird thy brow with the laurel of sovereignty, may it bloom there for a long line of years until thy time is perfected in joy, and thou hast no more to wait for." After this flourish, he paused for the prince's acknowledgment, and all the suite were silent. "God keep you, my good man," said Sigismund. The attendants gazed on each other with wonder. Clarin laughed in his sleeve. Astolpho looked bigger than ever, and said with sufficient emphasis— "I am Astolpho, Duke of Muscovy, nephew of Basilus king of Poland, and your cousin, and your equal. But you knew not my rank, and I therefore excuse your want of civility." "God keep you," repeated Sigismund; "what do you call this uncivil? Why then go your ways, and when you come again, since this offends you, I will pray that he may not have you in his keeping." Then turning to Clarin, he said, "He saw me from the moment of his entrance; his solemn look and voice were ridiculous, and his insolence intolerable. What business has he to wear his hat and plume." "He is a great man," said an attendant. "I am greater," retorted Sigismund, fiercely. "Yet," said the attendant with the blue sword knot, "there ought to be a greater confidence between you, and you owe him more than he has yet received from you." "And pray," said Sigismund, "who asked your advice?" The entrance of Princess Estrella, cut short this dialogue, just as it was beginning to grow a little warm. She was habited in the light and elegantly feminine costume of her own country, and appeared to the eyes of Sigismund, who had never before beheld a woman, in womanly guise, the divinest object he had ever beheld. All the splendour of the scene round him vanished, all the fiery glow old and dull, and every other prospect, thought fair before, withered and faded the instant that woman's beauty came in contrast with it. Estrella addressed him. "Prince," said she, "you are welcome to the dwelling and the inheritance of your name. May you long be an ornament to the one and a blessing to the other." "Clarin," said Sigismund, "what is this wonderful creature? How every tone and every look agitates me. What infinite grace, what softness, what beauty, what sweetness?" "She expects your answer, prince," said Clarin.— "She is your cousin, the princess Estrella." "But what is she, Clarin? this lovely creature is surely not a man?" "Your highness is a merry man! The princess Estrella; Lord! what innocent creatures we are, before we get into court. She is a woman, and a fine woman too," said Clarin. "Your highness is very merry." Sigismund was already at the side of Estrella, and overpowered her with praises and admiration. He attempted to take her hand; she withdrew it and stepped back; one of the attendants, the same who had before twice checked the prince, observing the commands of Astolpho, advanced a third time. "My lord," said he in his ear, "the duke is pre-

sent, and at all events you should not act thus toward the princess." Sigismund turned shortly round and gazed on him for a moment. "Did I not tell you," said Sigismund, "that your advice was not needed?" "It is not the less just," said he of the sword knot. "I'll none on't. It displeases me, and that's enough." "Yet your highness said that even the will of kings, should bend before justice." "Did I? Well, said I not also, that I would fling him who crossed mine through the window." All eyes were now directed to the attendant. He had gone far—his spirit was wound up, and it would have been pality to shrink back at last. He twirled his bonnet round, smiled, looking with a little mingling of contempt toward the window, and replied: "Yes, my lord, that may be done with boys—with men like me it may be found a little difficult." "Say you so," said the prince, "we shall see, we shall prove it." He sprung on the attendant, seized him by the wrist, lifted him with ease from the curb, then bounded on the table, dashed away with his feet the window and its frame into a thousand pieces, heaved him forth through the aperture, and then folded his arms and gazed upon his fall. An universal cry of horror filled the apartment and spread through the palace. "Villain," said Astolpho, forgetting in the terror of the deed, the advantage his own views would reap from it, what is it you have done?" "I thought I could have done it," said the other coolly. "He fell upon the great water, how he leaps and struggles upon it, how he rages; stay—what is this? he is quiet, he is not there, where is he sunk?" "You have murdered him," said Astolpho, "and you are a villain." "Take care," said Sigismund, "that you be left a head to put your hat on." Attracted by the great consternation, Basilus hurried into the apartment, followed by his guards, and enquired the cause of the confusion; Sigismund sprang from the table, and carelessly walked across the room. "It is nothing," said Sigismund. "A man was insolent, and I flung him through the window." "My lord," whispered Clarin, "you are now speaking to the king." Basilus seemed horror stricken. "What," said he, "the first day, and a life already gone?" "He said I could not do it, I thought I could, and I tried it, and I shewed him his mistake, and that's all." "Prince," said Basilus with dignity, "this grieves me to the heart. I took thee from the dungeon of the mountains, in the hope, that by the native strength of thy own mind, thou mightest be enabled to resist the influence of the evil stars themselves, and that I might in mine old age, see I am gathered to the dust of my name, feel within my arms a son of my heart, who, when I was no more, should preserve my memory to my people. You have already destroyed that hope. I can never embrace thee now. We start when we gaze on the steel that has drunk human blood, we shudder when we walk over the spot of earth which has once been the scene of a death struggle, but how much more repulsive the contact of the murderer himself. Although I longed to bind thee to my side in love and fondness, and came hither to embrace and to bless thee, I turn away in horror, aversion and sorrow. I never can, never will receive a murderer to my arms." Sigismund paused for a moment, and a feeling like sorrow pierced through his mind. The fine venerable frame of the old silver haired king, struck him with a reverential respect. "That man too was his father, and though never known till then, a voice within him told him that he was not as other men in his esteem. Again, his mind recurred to the causes of their separation, to his chain and his dungeon, his sufferings, his undeserved bondage. This train of recollections instantly overturned all that nature had been doing, and changed the appearance of the old monarch into that of an unnatural and wanton tyrant. His heart burned within him, and he walked away from Basilus toward the window. "I can do without them, now," said he, "as I have ever. You say you are my father, and yet you have persecuted me from my birth like a bitter enemy; you have cast me out from human life; you have chained me up as if I were a creature of the forest; you have made me the monster you feared; you have sought my death, and tortured me into a weariness of my life. Why then your kindness is grown a mockery, I could not enjoy, nor thank you for it. You have so entirely destroyed all capability of pleasure, that nothing now can ever make life agreeable." "I would," said Basilus, "I had never given it to thee. I should not now hear thy reproaches, nor behold thy audacity." "Had you not given it," replied Sigismund, "I should not complain of you, but I do for having given, and again taking it away. It may be a generous action to give; but to give for the purpose of taking away, is worse than withholding altogether." "To this Basilus replied, "How well dost thou show thy gratitude for my raising thee from a state of humiliating captivity, to the dignity which thou now holdest?" Sigismund here burst into fury. "What gratitude," he cried, "tyrant of my happiness, do I owe thee? Old and decrepit as thou art, and about to drop into the grave, what dost thou give me that is not my own? Thou art my father and a king.—Then all that dignity of which thou speakest was given me by nature and the laws. Nay, but thou owest me much that is yet unaccounted for. What wilt thou answer be when I demand of thee the time of which thou hast robbed me—my liberty so long debarred—my life—the honor which I might have acquired, had I been left free to seek it? I owe thee nothing, king, but thou art my debtor, and to a large amount." "Thou art a daring savage," said Basilus, "and the word of heaven has been accomplished. Yet haughty and vain man, I warn thee to beware, for all this which thou seest may be a dream, from which thou mayest ere long awaken. Saying this, he withdrew, suddenly leaving Sigismund much startled by the repetition of this singular doubt. "A dream," he again exclaimed in a soft voice,