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JUBILEE BOOK, CONTAINING 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 ARCHBISHOP LYNCH. For the DIOCESE OF LONDON, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH. For the DIOCESE OF HAMILTON, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CRINNON. For the DIOCESE OF OTTAWA, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DUMAMEL. For the DIOCESE OF ST. JOHN, New Brunswick, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP SWEENEY. For the DIOCESE OF ARICHAT, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP MCKINNON. For the DIOCESE OF MONTREAL, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP BOURGET. EACH DIOCESE has its Separate JUBILEE BOOK. For Copy, 10c. | For Dozen 80c. | For 100 85 D. & J. SADLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

EMANUS 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 NINTH JURYMANS TALE. THE LAMB TAILOR OF MACEL. "Or man, or spirit I answer thee! Behold me here—behold me!" "I was musing On things that are not of this world: eye dallying With dreams that others shrink from; communing With disembodied Nature in her den Of lonely desolation, silent and dark." JULIAN the Apostle.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

I found all things in the community pretty nearly as he had described them, with the exception of some points of doctrine, and certain feelings of which he had not spoken. I found that while they professed a strict obedience to their own superior, they acknowledged none such outside the precincts of their community, acknowledging only God for their master; and ready to suffer everything rather than obey man; unlike the christian monks, who, independent of their religious obedience, made it a rule to be models of submission, to any government under which they may be placed. But what most of all disgusted me, in addition to such empty pride, and their never-ending purifications, was the absurdity of their belief in destiny, imagining that all things were done, even to their own acts, by necessity, and that there was no such thing as freedom of the will. Accordingly, after a trial of some months, not finding myself much farther advanced on the road to wisdom and happiness, I left the Essenians, their white robes and their ablutions, turned and my attention seriously to my long projected journey to Athens. "In that city of sages," I said, "I shall at least learn something to the purpose. The garden of philosophy, the school of the whole world, must have some fruits as yet uncultured; some wisdom still remembered. There I shall learn something satisfactory of man, and of his nature." Thus I went on, figuring to my own mind, a city of silence and of gravity, filled with bearded philosophers whose eyes for ever betokened abstraction of mind, and whose lips were ever silent, except when they opened to convey instruction. Alas! how quickly on my approach to the city were those sublime visions put to flight. I was pacing leisurely along one of the public roads, within a few miles of the city, when I was accosted by a young man, who asked without ceremony, on what business I came to Athens? On hearing my reply, he said: "Then you are fortunate in having met with me, for I am a pupil of the sophist Himerius, by far the most eminent in Athens; he teaches grammar, history, poetry, mathematics, to perfection, and there is not such another astronomer beneath the moon." He ran on pouring forth such a torrent of eulogy as he walked by my side, that I could not but admire my good fortune in falling in with a disciple of the renowned Himerius. As he continued to speak, a new voice suddenly struck upon my ear. "Hearken not to him, unwary stranger, but follow me, and I will conduct thee, to the feast of the sophist Propheris, to whom this Himerius is no better than a clown." Other voices now broke in, and we were instantly surrounded by a crowd of young men, in the habit of students, all voicing the names of the several sophists under whom they studied, and pulling me one from another, until I thought I should have

been torn in pieces between these partisans of the rival teachers of wisdom, and in the midst of a still increasing tumult, I was dragged rather than conducted to the town, where after a dreadful contest, in which my own inclinations were no longer consulted, I was borne away in triumph by the strongest party, and conveyed to a house, where I thought my troubles were at an end; but this was only the commencement of such a day of persecution as I had never before experienced. It were tedious to detail the whole. First I was exposed in public to a crowd of disputants, who set upon me like so many hounds about to worry an unfortunate hare, one asking what I thought of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls? another, to what sect I belonged? a fourth, my trade? a fifth, my country? another, if I placed happiness in the things without or those within my power? to all which inquiries, my grave and serious answers seemed to afford them infinite diversion. When tired of this scene, they conducted me with great ceremony, marching two and two to the public bath, on reaching which they began shouting and leaping like so many bacchanals or madmen, enjoying the terror I could not avoid manifesting, and knocking at the door as if they would have torn it from the hinges. Fortunately, I was not so dismayed but I made my way in as soon as the door was opened, on which I was visible through the mists that ever floated and wreathed around it, a lurid semblance of eyes and ghastrly features, but with an expression from which the beholder recoiled, with a feeling of indescribable fear and melancholy. "I am here!" exclaimed the phantom, "what wouldst thou?" "I would hear something," said the stranger, "of the world to which thou belongest. Is it happier or more wretched than our own?" "It is happier and more wretched." "When shall I enter it?" "When thou wilt." "But apart from my own act or will?" "Beware of Phrygia." "What shall I be called, when that day arrives?" "Augustus." "Shall I succeed in the design which I am meditating at this moment?" "Thou shalt do much, but much shall remain undone." "From whom, then, shall the new system receive its heaviest blow?" "From its professors." "Thou sayest, the world from which thou comest is more happy and more wretched than our own—Which is it to thee?" "Happiness has many names." "Which of the two is it more advisable to use in the design I meditate?—force or art?" "Art—and force." "I would ask thee more. Why are laws so strong in the physical world, and so feeble in the moral? Why is there order in the heavenly bodies, and little or none on earth?" "The stars have no will." "What reward do you propose, in case I serve you in the way I meditate?" "A share in our kingdom." "And happiness?" "In our kingdom." "Beyond the numbering. Dismiss me!" the phantom continued, addressing the hierophant, who stood at a distance, a silent spectator of the scene. "A moment!" cried the stranger, hastily. "I would see thy companions," he added, in a lower tone. "Scarcely had he uttered the words, when the horrors of the scene, already on the verge of mortal endurance, became multiplied tenfold. Volumes of curling mist ascended in the strong torchlight, to the very roof of the temple, through which innumerable shapes were seen, thick as sparks above a furnace, of an appearance so shifting and variable, that it baffled every effort at description, and amid a dull roar of mingled sounds like that of a distant multitude, or the noise of a storm-tossed ocean—Some looked like specks in the remotest distance, others appeared to be almost in startling contact with the very person of the beholder. Most bore a hideously distorted resemblance to the form of man or of other animals, but with a capricious alteration of size, either in particular features, or in the whole, or half the figure, which had an effect as whimsical as it was horrible. It is impossible to convey any idea of the scene, for what, singular to say, was the most appalling in its influence on the beholder's mind, would in cold narration be more likely to provoke laughter or contempt. The whole scene came to a termination as abrupt as it was unexpected. Terrified by the phantoms he had, himself evoked, the stranger, trembling in every limb, and pale as death, forgetting the warning of the magician, signed himself with the cross in the manner of the christians, and to my relief and astonishment, the awful sights and sounds were no longer to be heard or seen, and the temple remained silent and lonely as before; the torch extinguished in the hand of the idol, and the dim moonlight shining on the marble features as before. "Why didst thou disregard my warning?" said the hierophant. "Thou hast ruined all." "I knew not what I did," replied the stranger. "But how was it that the sign I made had power to terrify those beings, themselves so terrible?" "It was not fear," said the hierophant. "They did it, but to show a horror of your weakness—What, thou! with such designs in head, thou show thyself a slave, to the very folly thou condemnest in so many others. Thou must cherish thy heart in a panoply of steel if thou wouldst carry into effect the mighty work of which thou dreamest by night, and argue in thy waking hours." "It may be as thou sayest," replied the stranger, still pale and trembling in every limb, "and if so, I grieve to have offended those tremendous beings. O shadows of the immortal world, how terrible ye are! How, even in recollection, ye still freeze with supernatural awe, the very current of my blood—And have I indeed, beheld them? Have I truly looked upon those, whom I have so long thirsted to see, and to serve? This strange excitement, so unlike all I fear awakened by the sense of natural danger, this shilly creeping of the flesh, and stirring of the hair, and all but dissolution of the strong knit frame itself, assures me that it is so. But, alas! what am I? what has a being such as I the power

of accomplishing? without place, without command, without dominion?" "Thou canst watch occasions," said the hierophant; "thou canst hold the weapon poised, and be ready with the blow, when the opportunity shall be afforded thee. No mortal of his own mere force hath any power. The successful are only stronger, because they are more vigilant than others. When conquest makes them careless, they fall in their turn, by affording the occasions which the watched before." "Thou hearest," said the stranger, "the phantom evade my inquiry as to the issue of my design." "And is it by doubting of the issue that thou canst ever hope to be successful?" "O, Evemarus, exclaimed the stranger, "is it not like the madness of one, who with outspread hands would attempt to arrest the rushing of the broad north wind? This all-powerful illusion, which I have half hated all my life, and wholly so within the last few years, spreads irresistible as a pestilence throughout the world. All yield, all fall before it—thrones, kingdoms, land and sea, island and continent, the city and the desert, wherever it breathes, with stilly and penetrating influence, it subdues and changes all. To thee, Evemarus, I disclose my thoughts in confidence. There are times, when I think of abandoning all for peace." "You let it trouble your mind too much," said the hierophant. "All must be done with quietude and perseverance. Be not solicitous, nor devote your own mind with useless anxieties." "Are they devils or gods, whom I have spoken with?" exclaimed the stranger, with a sudden burst of impatience. "If thou waver thus," said the hierophant in a sedate tone, "were better all should come to an end at once. I am sorry that I brought thee hither. I ever doubted of thy resolution, and now thou givest me cause. Why didst thou press me? Did I not tell thee, few were capable of preserving the reason cool in mysteries, such as these? But thou wert so assured, so confident—nothing could move thee—the Acropolis itself was not more firm. Thou wouldst be gratified, thou wouldst behold and speak with them. But yesterday, who was so eloquent and bold? Who mourned in more musical terms over the deserted temple—the neglected sacrifice? And yet now, the first occasion has revealed thy weakness. I tell thee once again—proceed no further. Have naught to do with that which thou wouldst take in hand. If I urged thee differently, but now it was but to put thee fully to the test.—Thou wilt either miserably fail, or thy reason will become a wreck in the protracted and soul-wearing effort. It is the work of a giant to which thou puttest thy hand. Thou art not fit for it—be content and return to the lectures of Escabulus, and think of it no more. The veil that hangs at the door of his grammar school, hides no mysteries that can place thy wits in danger." "Thou hast a taunting tongue, African," said the stranger, "but I suffer thy reproaches." "Hast thou strength of mind?" continued the hierophant, "to stake all upon a hazardous cast, and then bear the suspense of years, or perhaps half a life before the issue can be known? Hast thou vigor of body to endure the watchings, the labors, the ceaseless tensions of the mind, and frame, that such an enterprise demands? If, as thou sayest, it is indeed the spirit of the son of Ammon that animates thine, I tell thee that the work of which thou speakest with so free a lip, is one to which the conquest of ten Dariuses were sport for virgins." "Sharply, but surely," said the stranger, "thou hast recalled me to myself. For the present, let all be covered with the deepest silence. Thou only, Evemarus, knowest as yet my secret. For some time longer, I must continue to play the hypocrite, and seem to honor that which in my soul I hate.—Hence thou ye idle fears, remorse of childhood, offspring of custom, and of prejudice, I renounce your empire! And thou, dread Heate! be continued stretching his arms toward the idol, "and yet more awful joy, forgive me if I seem still to doubt, in order that I may serve you the more surely." During the entire of this scene, it would be vain to attempt giving any idea of the feelings which it excited in my mind, or of the thousand heart piercing circumstances that gave it an interest while it passed, which far from being transferred into a cold narration of the past, cannot even be recalled in memory with anything approaching the same distinctness. I have not made an effort to convey a notion of the tones, the gestures which accompanied the words of the several speakers, now penetrating the mind of the hearer with a certain wild and pre-ternatural melancholy, which it is impossible for those who have not felt it to conceive; and now disturbing, and as it were, shaking it to its very foundation with a strange and unaccountable terror, making the spectator feel as if he stood in the presence and in the power of capricious beings, of a tremendous strength, whose force it was impossible for him to avoid, and whose nature he knew not how to propitiate. I shared the first terror, but not the subsequent admiration of the stranger, nor would I for millions of worlds have been willing again to look upon such sights, or hear such sounds. The shifts of the hierophant were not to me so satisfactory, as they seemed to the philosophic stranger. I was not altogether without experience of the arts of such impostors. I had been present more than once at the scenes of merriment, which took place among the populace when the adyti, or sacred recesses of some half ruined temple, were disclosed, and all their oracular machinery brought to light, but this was never sufficient to satisfy me that all was the mere result of human craft; or that a delusion so universal could be so long sustained, if there really was nothing in it, beyond what the resources of cunning man could furnish. Candour seemed to demand a more open and honest course of dealing, and from all I had heard and read of events in my time—and more especially in the past, I could not deny that the oracles had given answers in many instances which must have proceeded from a more than human understanding. Whether the scene I have detailed to thee, O Phrygian, were an imposition or a reality, judge for thyself, the state of my own feelings were to me, I confess, a no less powerful evidence of its truth than that of my senses.

"But what most of all excited my curiosity was, the part which the unknown stranger had taken in the dialogue. Who could he be? A christian, it appeared, and one on the verge of forsaking his religion in order to return to that which all the world were abandoning. But, who was he? and what stupendous design was this of which he spoke in terms so mystical? Conjecture could tell me nothing, and my companion to whom I referred could afford me no information. All he knew was that the hierophant was an African named Evemarus, (as I had heard the stranger term him,) notorious for his skill in magic. All my endeavors to obtain a sight of the stranger after we had left the temple were in vain, and both my curiosity and my gratitude were compelled to remain unsatisfied. I returned to my studies. It was often to me a source of amusement to observe the various minds and dispositions of the students who at this time crowded the schools, where they afforded me the opportunity. Some of them were fellows wholly devoted to demonstrative reasoning, with minds as dry as chips of wood or marble, incapable of being interested in anything less susceptible of demonstration than a mathematical problem, and would discourse of morals and religion in precisely the same spirit as they would of angles and parallels, or not at all, and listen to nothing which was not capable of being proved to a metaphysical certainty. Others with imaginations like fax, ready to catch fire at every spark, believed any thing upon trust that happened for an instant to dazzle their minds with ever so faint a resemblance of truth. Others again would hear nothing which one did not lay before them in some regular dialectic form; while they would, without hesitation, admit any extravagance you pleased, provided it were dressed out with a suitable major, minor and conclusion, or were to be found lagging at the rag end of a respectable sorites. According, however, as I advanced in such acquirements as the sophists taught, I began to discover how very improbable it was that the sanguine hopes I had formed on entering Athens could ever be fulfilled. I felt like one ascending a hill in order to ascertain how much of his journey remains yet unfinished, and is disheartened to find that the higher he ascends the longer the way appears which he has yet to travel. These reflections brought on a mood of indolence which contributed nothing to restore my cheerfulness. The following lines written, at this time, on one of the walls of my sleeping chamber, may furnish some idea of the state of mind under which I labored: O Indolence! curst worm That cankrest in mid bloom fair virtues form, That when with heaviest pain, We breathe released from Pasetons hateful reign, Creep'st with thy noisome blight Into the heart, and killest its promise quite, Were it not better even again to be The world's unthinking slave, than pine in gloom with thee? To thy unheeded brain Fame sounds her spirit-rousing tramp in vain! To thy dull sluggish ear Vain hope's sweet whisper or the shriek of fear, Nor loud ambition's call (Can wake the palsied soul thou holdst in thrall, Nor craving Avareice, nor Hate, nor Love, Nor aught on earth beneath, nor aught in Heav'n above. Yet triumphs too thou hast— Witness full many a dawning hope o'ercast— Witness from day to day Full many a ruin'd friendship's slow decay, Full many a joy effaced, And lovely flower of genius run to waste, And golden hour of happiness unprized, And scheme of good forgot, and heavenly aid despised. As gangrene taints the blood, Nor rests till the whole frame be quite subdued, So gradual is thy growth, In noble souls thou unseest rust of sloth! Writing with unfeigned shame, We loathe thy yoke, yet loathing live the same. O subtle paced, and velvet footed evil Let one among thy slaves have leave to call thee—devil! CHAPTER IV. In this mood of thought I was walking one evening in the outskirts of the town, when I saw a figure at a distance, which I soon recognized as that of my benefactor. Enraptured at the idea of speaking with him, I hurried towards him, but it did not appear that I was welcome. His air was gloomy and reserved, and he sought to escape me by a sudden turn as I approached. Perceiving this, however, to be impossible, he stopped short and awaited my coming, with a cold and chilly look. My ardour, as I drew nigh, gave place to timidity, and I stood before him, out of breath and agitated. "Clonides," said he, "why do you follow me? Did you not perceive by my action that I wished to be alone?" "I wished to thank thee," I replied, "generous stranger, for the succour thou has afforded me, and for the advantage I have derived from it." "Thou hast done so then, and leave me," he said abruptly. I knew not what reply to make. His coldness checked and surprised me, yet I felt, if I should obey him, as if I were leaving one in whom I felt the strongest interest, in a situation of danger and perplexity. I turned therefore, after some hesitation, and said to him with the tears standing in my eyes: "I beseech thee, pardon me, if I offend without designing to do so; but I am poor and friendless, and thou art almost the only being who has shown me kindness from my childhood. I cannot assume at once the indifference which thou desirest. Be kinder than before, and permit me to be grateful." The stranger remained awkwardly shifting his person as I spoke, and eyeing me with that disagreeable and questioning glance, which was peculiar to him. I cannot describe the mixture of feelings which his demeanor excited within me, but gratitude was ever paramount.

hierophants. In the meantime, while the magician made his preparations, I could not avoid sharing in all the feelings expressed by the stranger. The place seemed to grow hot and suffocating, and I could not withdraw my eyes from the statue, before which the hierophant burned what seemed a small grain of incense, which he had first purified with many ceremonies. While he did so, muttering some verses in a low voice, I could plainly discern a smile arising on the stony features, and the torch which the Goddess held in her hand, broke gradually out into a flame. The scene which it revealed still fills my mind with horror in recalling it. Before the idol, the light shone full upon the figure of the stranger, who seemed to recoil with an attitude of horror, his features pale and distorted with excess of fear. I had no difficulty in recognising my Pythagorean friend, the new revival of Alexander the Great, to whose bounty I stood so much indebted! He seemed now oppressed with terror, his limbs shook, and his mouth half open, seemed gasping for air and utterance. There was enough to justify his terror and to make it impossible for me to avoid sharing it to an extent fully equal to his own. Between him and the idol stood or rather floated a shadowy figure of such terrible and hideous aspect, as I cannot even now recall without a shudder. There was visible through the mists that ever floated and wreathed around it, a lurid semblance of eyes and ghastrly features, but with an expression from which the beholder recoiled, with a feeling of indescribable fear and melancholy. "I am here!" exclaimed the phantom, "what wouldst thou?" "I would hear something," said the stranger, "of the world to which thou belongest. Is it happier or more wretched than our own?" "It is happier and more wretched." "When shall I enter it?" "When thou wilt." "But apart from my own act or will?" "Beware of Phrygia." 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