



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 22, 1875.

NO. 23.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO., CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS, 275, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

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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 CORRUPT ONE."

TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM. Eamus in jus. PLACT. Pomius, 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 FOREMAN'S TALE. SIGISMUND.

PRINCESS. Rosaline; What did the Russian whisper in your ear! ROSALINE.—Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear As precious eye-sight, and did value me Above this world; adding thereto, moreover, That he would wed me, or else die my lover. Love's Labour Lost, Act v. Scene VII.

It was a beautiful summer evening, that fell on the mountains to the north-east of Poland, but those vast tracts of country lying at their base, were then almost uninhabited, and the traveller, who on this evening, found himself alone on the hill side felt sensations very different from those which might result from the beauty of the scene.

He was young and fair and habited in the riding costume of Muscovy. A sword hung at his waist which from the splendour of its carriage seemed rather intended for dress than for warfare, and although it had not been so, the slender figure and delicate appearance of the youth, who bore it, would have acquitted it of any suspicion, as to the latter design. His bright yellow hair was twined up under his bonnet, and as he placed one hand over his brow, in order to shade his eyes from the sun, while he looked anxiously down into the plain, the dark tones of its shadow formed a striking contrast to the sickly paleness of his cheek.

"He is not there," said the stranger, and the night will have fallen before we have left these crags behind us. "Mother why have you advised me to this?"

A loud and shrill "Ujju!" from beneath the cliff where he stood, made him start and rush toward its edge.

"Clarín is it you? is there any hope? where are our horses? what shall we do?" said the youth. The person whom he addressed, now stood forward upon the point of a rock which jutted out from the base of the cliff, so as nearly to form an angle with that and its summit, and yet was itself, no bigger than a spear's point in the eyes of the distant valley dweller. He leaned upon his gold-headed staff and waved his arm to the querist to descend, at the same time pointing out on his left a safer path than that which the latter was about to choose. He continued while his companion was descending, looking along the hill side, and down the vale with a ludicrous expression of dismay painted on his broad countenance, and uneasily shifting his bonnet from side to side, twirling his mustachios between his finger and thumb, and muttering to himself at intervals.

"Oh I merry—merry Castile! that ever the evil one should have put it into the head of poor Clarín that he might find a pleasant spot on the earth than that of his birth. I was not content with good, without looking for better, and I have lost both. I would I had never heard of Muscovy when I was in Castile, or that I never heard of Poland when I was in Muscovy."

His companion was, now by his side, breathless and exhausted. He repeated his first interrogatory. "It is Clarín truly enough, and sorry he is to say it," answered the Castilian, "as to whether there is any hope I know nothing about it; since we came hither. Our horses have very wisely taken care of themselves, seeing that we could not do it for them, and as to what we shall do, I leave that to your judgment; since the enterprise is of your planning, what so must do I am afraid I foresee very well."

away with his foot the brambles which lay across it—took all the trouble in the world to assure him that his conduct had driven all esteem and regard from his heart, averring that it was as hard as that of his enemy, Astolpho himself. Before they had reached the base of the mountain, the sun had long since been hidden from their eyes, and they were left almost in utter darkness—the youth then resting his head on the shoulder of Clarín declared that he could proceed no further, and flinging his mantle on the earth, was about to throw himself upon it, when suddenly directing the attention of his companion to the depths beneath them, he exclaimed.

"Look! look! we have passed the frontier. That light is a Polish one."

"What light? where?" said Clarín turning quickly round, for he had been bent to the earth in the act of arranging the mantle so as to preserve his exhausted companion from the darkness of the heath bloom. The fair hand of the latter was still extended, but the light had vanished. The struggling light of the moon, however, just revealed to him in the same direction the habitation from which it was most probable it had proceeded, but such was the situation of the place that it seemed almost hopeless to attempt reaching it, at least at that hour. It appeared from the distance at which they stood to be a species of tower, but it was too completely buried in the side of the mountain which overhung it, and whose peak formed a projecting roof between it and the heavens, that any traveller would have passed without noticing it, whose mind was not intent on discovering some sign of human habitation. The small sandy opening before it, seemed to be surrounded on every side with rocks, which rose one above the other to an immense height, and rested at length against the brown and heathy side of the mountain. This dismal abode had been made in the early times of Poland, by one of the independent barons of the country, who marked its completion with bloodshed, for with his own hand, he butchered all those who had been employed in its construction, after inviting them to a feast, within its gates, and rendering them defenceless, by mingling poppy juice with their wine. Their bones still whitened the platform before the entrance. During his life he had made use of the place for the incarceration of those enemies whom he got into his power, and those among his own vassals, who were obnoxious to him. The unhappy wretch, who had once entered this horrid prison house, never saw the sun again, for it was only visible when in the mid heaven, from the centre of the platform, and on that he was never suffered to place his foot. When the tyrant had fixed on a victim, he selected the most trusty of his guards, and blinding them one after the other, placed the prisoner in chains between them, and conducted them himself at midnight to the entrance of the dungeon, or rather burying ground which was no less than a mile from its interior. After his death the secret, for many years remained unknown, until in the reign of Eustorgius III, the young Prince Basilus, who was then devoting himself deeply to the study of the occult sciences, issued a proclamation, offering a large reward for all the antique manuscripts of whatever kind they might be, which should be presented to him. The nobility of the kingdom were anxious by such a trifling sacrifice to procure the favour of the heir of Poland, and amongst many others who supplied him with the documents of their families for centuries, were the descendants of the cruel baron, Basilus, among the writings of this house, discovered one giving a description, of the site, and manner of the building—the entrance to it—the date of its construction—and a long roll containing the names of those whom the builder had compelled to wear out their existence. The young prince, having privately ascertained the truth of the scroll, was wise enough to conceal the discovery from all, (even his father) he came to the throne, and he entrusted it only to his confidential friend, and agent, the aged Clotaldus.

As Clarín and his companion, sitting on the brow of the cliff, above looked anxiously into the chasm beneath them, they observed the light again glimmer from the recess under the rock. The younger of the travellers was standing in an instant. "Clarín, there it is again—Let us descend."

"How shall we descend over the rock?" said Clarín, "I see no other way, and for that manner of seeking succour, I had as lief even wait here 'till it comes."

"I see," said the other, "a little rill which drops from rock to rock, and flows across the centre of that small level space before the light; and look, there is a stream at our feet."

"And one may bring us to the other," said Clarín, rising, "but we can neither burrow like conies, nor bound like the stream—nevertheless have a good heart—we will try it!"

They followed the course of the stream as long as it continued to flow on passable soil, and had nearly proceeded a furlong gradually descending, when by a sudden turn it brought them before two large rocks, which meeting above, formed a kind of rude archway under which the water continued to gurgle onwards.

"We shall be buried alive!" said Clarín in answer to the proposal of the Muscovite youth that they should enter. "We shall never see the day break again."

They had scarcely proceeded forty paces, still following the hollow murmur of the rivulet, when they could perceive that they trod on artificial steps. In a little time they saw the water bounding into the moonlight, and pleasantly enjoying its enfranchisement by describing frolic mazes on the sandy plain before the cleft whence it had emanated.

Clarín descended on the platform, and then assisted his companion to follow. On looking up, they perceived themselves in front of the secret dungeon. They turned their eyes to the clear heaven, and perceived at an immense distance above them, almost directly over their heads, the rock from which they had first seen the light. They had found the little plain much more extensive than they had concluded it to be, from that distance. The stream, which had conducted them, was wound across through its centre where it formed a capacious basin, and flowing onward disappeared under the rocks on the opposite side. Before them was a large iron grating, thrown open—two smaller ones,

closed, on each side, appeared to lead in an oblique direction from the great entrance. A solitary pine tree in a corner of the court, if such it might be termed, where the wanderers stood, formed the only appearance of vegetation which the place presented.

"I should hardly have thought," said the younger, as he looked upward, "that we had descended so far. Let us approach the gate."

"The gate?" repeated Clarín, plucking him back by the mantle.

"What should be the fear?" said the Muscovite, "other than the interior be desolate."

"Heaven forbid it should prove worse," said Clarín; "Nevertheless there be those things should be dreaded more by travellers than an empty dwelling, when the midnight is around them. But such a one! If night were to mingle with night and be made double, doubtless they could not form a blocker."

"Let us, however," said he of Muscovy, "range ourselves by the gate, and listen for intelligence."—They did so.

In a few moments they heard a heavy moan within, and at the same time a clanking of iron—Clarín trembled. The other who seemed to be all grief, walked towards the gate as noiselessly as the grating sand would permit, and looked in. A human figure approached from the interior. It was clothed in a rude habit formed of the skins of the forest creatures, which reaching only to the wearer's elbows and his knees, left the extremities of his limbs unprotected. His hair parted in the middle of the forehead, and hung in thick and neglected masses upon his shoulders. His eyes were dark, bright, and large, and on his brow was stamped, the savage grandeur of uncultivated nature, but his whole appearance, every look, and every motion, evinced a melancholy sternness of disposition. As he came forward he held aloft in one hand a lamp, the flame of which, fully revealed his figure to the wanderers, and with the other he lifted the chain which was made fast to an iron ring, on his right leg, in order to relieve himself as he walked. He came from the open gate and laid his lamp on the ground. Then pausing for some time, while he sprinkled his brow with the water which flowed over the sands, he suddenly extended his arms and looking up exclaimed,

"Ye heavens! since it is my fate to be thus treated, I will ask ye what has been my crime? My existence is your only answer, my existence is my only crime. Then tell me why are not all the many creatures, that I see around me, punished for an offence of which they are no less guilty than I. The bird that visits me in my solitude, no sooner feels the budding down upon its wings, than springing forward, it is borne like a winged flower upon the wind, now dividing the blue heavens in its rapid flight, and now returning to nestle in its former home, while I, with a greater capability of appreciating the joys of freedom, am doomed to chains and slavery. Nature has no sooner tinged with her magic pencil, the soft and spotted fur of the beast that prowls among the crags and heath of yonder mountain than starting boldly and fiercely from his lair, he flies to the free desert to shun the tyranny of man, more fierce than he. I have more cause to hate that tyranny, and less liberty to avoid it. The fish beneath me, the thing that breathes not, the abortion of weeds and foam, no sooner sees his scaly sides reflected in the wave, than darting from the light he measures the vast profundity of its liquid centre, while I, with more will to fly to the shelter of darkness, have less power to indulge it. I see the streamlet leave its bed and gliding like a serpent among the flowers, break its silvery side against the pebbly shore, while, with a sweet murmur, the meadow opens its painted bosom to receive it, and I, with more need of such a friend, have none to give me aid or succour.—When I think of these things, my bosom swells and burns, as though a furnace were labouring at its centre, and I could in the anger of my soul tear it asunder to give the passion room. What law, what justice, what reason is there in denying to man, the sweet privilege the Almighty has given to the creatures of the air, the forest, and even to the inanimate waste of water?"

"Have you heard him, Clarín?" said the Muscovite, "his appearance strikes me with terror, and yet his speech has filled me with compassion."

The strange inhabitant of the dungeon here suddenly turned and exclaimed, "Who heard my speech? Is that Clotaldus?"

"Alas! no," exclaimed the terrified youth, "it is only a wretched being, whose ill-fortune has conducted him to your cold vault, and who has unintentionally overheard your complaints."

"Then," said he, rushing fiercely on and seizing him, "your fate is certain, for I will not suffer you to go hence with the story of my weakness." The youth flung himself at his feet. "Mercy!" he exclaimed, "if you are a man you will not despise the prayer of a stranger on your own threshold."

Sigismund, (for such was the name of the prisoner,) paused and relaxed the sternness of his grasp. At the same moment the moonlight fell full upon the upturned countenance of the kneeling stranger. It was the first sight of beauty he had ever known, and he wondered at the influence which he felt rushing to his soul.

"Thy voice," said he, "has moved me—thy person astonishes me—thy glance troubles my senses; who art thou? For I know so little of the world that this tower has been my cradle and my tomb—Ever since my birth, if this can be called life, I have only beheld this rude desert, where I drag on my wretched existence, a lump of inactive earth, a breathing corpse. I have never seen or spoken to more than one man, who, alone, knows my misfortunes; and who, as if to make my slavery more miserable, tells me daily and hourly of a free and glorious world without—of the wonders of the heavens, of the changes of kingdoms and empires, and myriads of beings like myself, in all but my chains and dungeon, and yet amidst all my griefs, and amidst all the wonders that have at times delighted and amazed me; thou art the only thing whose glance has ever calmed the fury of my rage. I look on thee and wonder, and look again and wonder; still more—my eyes feel as though they would never be satisfied with gazing on thee, yet the sensation which they convey to my soul resembles what I have been told of the thrill of death. I will not

slay thee. Beautiful creature, arise and take thy way."

Clarín thought all that would be now necessary to secure their safety, would be promptly to take advantage of the moment, and civilly assure him of their pacific intentions. He was a courtier too, and though not of the highest order, yet he knew how the highest act, when a favor is to be sought, or a great man to be conciliated, and however pitiful a figure Sigismund might make at the court of Muscovy, he was decidedly the greatest man here; at least as far as power was concerned. He therefore advanced with a smile, and having made some profound bows, rested on his gold-headed staff. Sigismund scarcely looked at him. He ventured a step nearer, and again repeated his obeisance. Sigismund lifted his head and gazed full upon him, not in a manner calculated to make Clarín pleased with his address.

"Who art thou?" said Sigismund, "and what art thou? What do you want? Why do you call my eyes away from this pleasant sight to such a sickly prospect as thyself? Away! What do you mean by those postures and grimaces? The night is hot, cool thyself, and leave me to better employment."

Clarín had not time to expostulate, or explain, when Sigismund lifted him from the sand, and cast him into the fountain. He scrambled to the other side as quickly as he could, and made his way under the opposite cliff, grumbling at the knave's inhospitality, and only wishing that his companion, as being the cause, might share in its effect.

"Tell me again," said Sigismund, addressing the youth, "What and who thou art? When Clotaldus gives me books and teaches me to find their sense, and tells me of a wide world, and multitudes of men, and cities, and kingdoms, and oceans, I listen, and am pleased with the relation, but cannot understand. I know nothing about it. I take up those books which are strowed around us, and ask him what are they? He says they were once men like me. I cannot believe it. How are they thus? He says that they have died. He tells me I shall one day lie down and grow cold, and become such as these. I laugh at that; and yet when I take up those bones I cannot laugh. What is the reason? Every thing surprises me. When I am enraged, nothing can calm me until my anger wastes itself out, yet you took it in its height and arrested it. I look on you, and wonder; and at every glance I wonder yet more. Tell me what power have you? If I wished to hurt you, I could not do it now! Who are you?"

"I thought myself," said the stranger, as Sigismund suffered him to replace his bonnet, "the most afflicted wretch that ever knew mourning, until heaven directed my steps to your prison house for a lesson of thanksgiving and contentment. If it be indeed true that we are naturally so selfish, that not even the dew of compassion falls so soothingly on a wounded heart as the tears of a fellow sufferer, hear my grief, and be pleased."

At this moment he was interrupted by a voice from within. "Guards of the tower!" it exclaimed, "Awake, ho! Your trust has either been neglected or betrayed. The precincts of your keeping have been entered. Come forth, ho! and speedily!" The youth started and turned yet paler than before.

"It is Clotaldus," said Sigismund. "But fear not you! I will guard you!"

The aged Clotaldus now appeared in his coat of mail, and increased helmet, followed by a guard, all of whom wore masks, while in the presence of the prisoner. The youth clung to the latter as Clotaldus approached. "You," said the leader, "who have had the hardihood to despise our king's prohibition, and entered this prison on the pain of death, surrender your arms and quietly submit, or make the forfeit at once!"

Sigismund stepped between his extended weapon and the fearful stranger.

"They shall do neither," said he. "Ho! ho!" said Clotaldus, "Art thou his defender then? And how shall I be prevented?"

"Get thee hence—shrunken snake! begone. Before thou shalt harm these, I will gnaw my chains and make these rocks my weapons. Get thee hence I say."

Clotaldus signed to an attendant, who walked toward the larger gate and touched a spring on the right. In an instant Sigismund was dragged by his chain within the tower, and the double gate shut with a loud crash, leaving him within, foaming with rage. Clotaldus mocked at him. "I think," said he, "it were as well for your dependants that you did not boast so loudly, why do you not come forth and aid them. But he spake of them. I see but one. Guards search the prison."

In a few moments Clarín was dragged from his hiding place, and brought before Clotaldus. Both travellers fell on their knees, and in one voice begged for mercy. He bade them surrender their arms, Clarín's staff was on the ground in an instant. The youth was silent, and did not offer to ungrudge the light sword which hung at his side.

"Youth," said Clotaldus, "You seem unwilling to submit, guards seize him."

Strangers," he added, addressing himself to them, "follow me, and fear nothing; ye are not the only unfortunates in the world; I cannot promise you life, but all that I can do you may depend upon."

Saying this, he led them from the prison to the plain on which Basilus intended, on the morning which had now risen, to hold a convention of the highest states of the kingdom, for the purpose of deciding a controversy which had arisen between princess Estrella, a niece of Basilus, and Astolpho, prince of Muscovy. He had summoned them both to meet him here, on the frontiers of his kingdom, apprising them that he would there settle all the claims that they could make—recommending them in the meanwhile to live in good will as became two sons of the same stock so nearly united. Estrella submitted, because she was peaceably disposed; Astolpho submitted, because he was ambitious not only of government but of the favor of the lady.—They met and pitched their several camps at the foot of the gray mountain that contained the dungeon of Sigismund.

The camps, the banners, and the moving myriads of men glittering in their harness were the first objects that caught the eyes of our travellers as they suddenly emerged from the crags. The younger traveller started when he beheld the banners of Muscovy, and Clarín rubbed his hands and almost shouted for joy; he was, however, instantly checked in his raptures by a look from Clotaldus, who signified to the guards that they should descend by a circuitous route to that part of the plain which was yet unoccupied, and which a single banner of Poland shewed was intended for the site of the monarch's court.

As Clotaldus and his party again turned from a ravine, and placed their feet upon the pleasant sward of the slope leading to the plain, they beheld the rivals with their attendants not many hundred paces removed from them, at the very foot of the ascent. The whole scene, as it then presented itself, was grand and inspiring; it was the sweetest time of the year—the close of the spring. The swell of the music, in its intervening pauses, contrasted with the gentle voice of the mountain rills, and the song of the wild birds that woke with the day—the waving of the banners in their pride of glory and display—the curvetting of the spirited steeds that pranced and bounded beneath their riders as if they shined in their enthusiasm and in the jealousy of valour, all was glorious—all was elevating. Even the withered and hoary Clotaldus, accustomed as he was to the splendour of military show, paused on the hill side, and leaned on Clarín's staff to enjoy it.

"Who is that?" said Clarín to a soldier, "with the hat and white plume—his casque hanging at his saddle-bow—I think I should know him—but who is he?"

"Astolpho of Muscovy," replied the guard. The young traveller's eye had been fixed on the same object, but he dared not to ask the question; when he heard Clarín make it, he turned yet paler than usual; and when he was answered his cheek and brow were covered with a rushing tide of crimson.

Before Clotaldus had given order to the guards to renew their march, both had resumed their sickly whiteness. They passed on and mingled with the general camp.

"Princess," said Astolpho, after he had alighted, "I have sought this interview for many reasons; and I would not have sought it were I not aware that Estrella herself was not of a mind that could delight in the effect of careless bickering among relatives. Will Estrella guess the means I have to myself proposed, or will she insist on a detail?" he continued, laying his sword at her feet, and pausing for a reply.

There was a mixture of pride and meanness in his manner; it was an attempt at condescension, influenced by self-interest, and checked at half-way by the lord of the ascendant among all his affections.—He would have succeeded better with Estrella had he either bowed him down entirely, or stood erect in his haughtiness; even as it was she did not despise him.

"If this be not mockery, prince," said she, "what is such. You lay a sword at my feet, and you have thousands behind ready, at the rising of your finger, to slay themselves in blood for steel."

"It only depends on you, lovely cousin, to say whether such shall be the case. One word, one look from you, will make this plain a scene of death or of joy."

"Do you mean to woo, Cousin?" said Estrella. "Do I look on you and speak with you?" rejoined Astolpho.

"Then," said Estrella, "you have struck on an original mode. It is in order to command your constancy, that while you address me, you wear another on your heart."

Astolpho quickly put up his hand, and found indeed a portrait which had escaped from his vest and hung loosely forward. He thrust it in to his bosom again, muttering something between his teeth, and biting his lip with vexation.

"Alas! cousin," said he, "what a simple supposition you have made. This portrait!—why you shall speedily be satisfied what this portrait is. Lisardo, look out and see if that dust is not caused by the advance of Basilus—yes, it is his troop—they now enter on the green—'tis his train indeed."

"But the portrait," said Estrella, "is not his." "The portrait—Oh! most true. Lady, you shall be fully satisfied on that when Basilus has left us at leisure to speak of it. But the music strikes—and 'ere where he comes yonder, accompanied by the ages of his council; it were but decorous in us to meet him beyond the circuit of the camp." Basilus received them kindly. A lofty seat was prepared for the old monarch, in that part of the plain where the standard of Poland, held so dearly, the chiefs and nobles gathered around, and silence having been proclaimed, and announced; he thus addressed them— "You all know, my kindred, friends and subjects—the occasion for which I have summoned you to meet me here. You know that almost immediately on my accession to the throne of Poland, I took unto myself a woman, whose name, though heaven was not content to spare us; for even the space of one short year. You know she died in the first travail, and you believe that her issue then perished with her. Of that more anon. For some months pre-