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THIODOLF THE ICELANDER.

BY BARON DE LA MOTTE POUQUE.

CHAPTER XX.

While these things were passing, a forester had joined himself to those who waited in the chestnut-grove...

Once, as the noble huntsman turned to put a question to the Northern regarding their long and heavy lances, Malgherita whispered in Pietro's ear...

The forester was silent for a time, and his countenance was sad; then he said at length, pointing to the large castle which was shining in the distance...

He shuddered at his own words, and silently fixed his eyes on the ground; then again raised his voice, and said: "I sent a curse after the fugitives, and that may every one know, as well as the wicked deed which preceded it..."

He smiled bitterly to himself. Malgherita gave a shriek of anguish. The old baron drew himself up slowly, stared, now at the lady, now at the knight...

Neither Pietro nor Malgherita dared to move, and the great baron went his way through the chestnut-forest with threatening words and blowing on his horn.

The terrified lady wrung her hands and wept hot tears, and the only words she could bring forth were, "Flight, speedy flight!" In vain Pietro opposed to her repeated entreaties that they must await the return of Thiodolf...

Pietro, to whom the whole world was but a ring where Malgherita shone as the jewel, gladly agreed to this. He asked again of his gentle love what was her pleasure; and as she, in anxious haste, pointed to the sea, and commanded that no one should remain behind...

CHAPTER XXI.

Not long afterwards, Thiodolf came with Isolde to the appointed spot in the wood, and finding it deserted, he looked around, with angry flashing eyes. "Vanished!" he cried out. "Has, then, the earth opened her mouth, or have the spirits of the air carried them away?"

some traces of combat; at least, arms would be scattered about here, and a heap of the bones of the dead. But I will soon find out some watch-tower, where I can see all around."

Isolde obeyed the strange direction. Like some fair image, she stood motionless beneath the branches, and truly she was deadly pale as a marble statue...

Then came a richly-attired youth riding through the forest. He was called Glykomedon, and was from the great Greek capital Constantinople. Skilled in many delicate arts, equally diligent in the employments of a merchant and of a knight...

The eagle-glance of the young Icander had soon ascertained that there was no trace of Pietro and Malgherita, nor of his soldiers, to be discovered on the coast. And when, looking down, he also missed Isolde, he sprang from the tree full of rage...

Isolde trembled violently, and concealed her face yet deeper in the bright mantle; but Glykomedon pointed with courteous mien, to the right, and said, "Yonder, dear sir, I saw her run, and it appeared to me, in sooth, that she took her way to the castle."

And then he went with Isolde into the thicket to the left, while Thiodolf flew with quickened speed along the opposite path, which had been pointed out to him.

He had not gone far when he met a troop of the great baron's retainers, who were riding, in armed array, towards the coast. He wished to avoid the troop, in order not to delay his pursuit; but two other detachments in conjunction with the first formed a semicircle which reached to the sea, connected by some detached marksmen and riders...

"Give place!" cried Thiodolf to them. They heeded him not, and only pressed on, more on their guard, and more prepared for fight. But then a lofty knight, in a splendid hunting-dress, on a beautiful gray horse—it was the great baron—called out: "I find them not in the chestnut-grove. Seize me that man; he must give an account of them!"

"Must I?" cried Thiodolf. And he threw one of the two spears that he held in his hand so rapidly and so surely, that the horse of a trooper, who was dashing towards him, lay stretched on the ground, pierced through. The other lance he threw, as if in sport, vigorously upwards, and caught it again; then slowly took his way back to the sea-shore, at times holding out the shining spear-point towards his pursuers. They slackened their pursuit; and none dared to advance towards him, all looked upon him as a wild beast already surrounded and captured, which must yield itself soon to the immense superiority of numbers.

Thus the Icander reached the strand, where they thought surely to take him; and those nearest to him covered themselves with their cloaks and mantles, that they might escape the lance-stroke with which his practiced hand threatened them; but Thiodolf sprang lightly into the sea,

as if it had been but a bath prepared for a joyous sport, and with powerful strokes of his arm swam back to his ship. Hardly could the astonished pursuers collect themselves enough to send some arrows after him; and they hissed harmlessly in the water. They stirred up Thiodolf's wrath, however; and while a boat came towards him from the ship, and he swung himself into it, he threw his spear to the shore, and struck down dead the boldest of the archers, crying out—"There, you have a slight token from me.—Henceforth beware of such as me!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Once on board the ship, Thiodolf cast fearful glances around him. It was easy to see that the Berserker rage was beginning its terrific work within him. He looked fixedly at Pietro, tried with alarming care the edge of a battle-axe that he had caught up, and cried to the seamen:—"Raise the anchor! give the sails to the wind! Everything has failed here; and I can well take vengeance during the voyage. Ye shall see a somewhat bloody tragedy, but one well worth noting."

The seamen of both ships dared not oppose the slightest resistance to the will of the wrathful hero, and put to sea. He at first walked to and fro with frightful calmness, and at length went slowly, with lifted battle-axe, towards Pietro, who, well knowing that no words of his could now avail, held himself prepared for a combat for life or death. But then Malgherita—her usual timidity overcome by this overwhelming terror—placed herself between the combatants. "Thiodolf," she said, "and pointing to her beating heart, "turn hither thy weapon. It must be all one to thee to kill me so, or by terror and grief; and I truly am alone the guilty one."

"That I believe not," answered Thiodolf;—"and I need not believe it; for I have already one before me on whom I may take vengeance. Take thyself out of my sight! Thou wouldst die before my eyes if the old dark spirit of my race gained full power over me! Thou couldst not even bear the sight of Mount Hecla. Away, I tell thee!"

"Never!" sighed the pale lady. "I know now that I must die; but I will die with Pietro. And here, so close to the gate of death, I swear to thee that I alone am guilty of all. Thou saidst that thou didst need no help but thine own."

"I did say so, truly," said Thiodolf, his anger softening. He lowered the battle-axe, and looked for a time steadfastly in Malgherita's face. At length he cried out: "How las that child power to ally the Berserker rage with her pure eyes! Ah, and she is like Isolde also, though truly she is but a tiny image of her!"

Then he flung away his battle-axe, went up cordially to Pietro, and said: "But, my good brother in arms, wherefore didst thou leave the shore before I blew on my horn?"

When he now had heard all, and how Pietro had throughout resisted, and only yielded to the imploring prayers and commands of Malgherita, he became very thoughtful and still, and said, at last to the oldest of the Icelanders: "If ever I show myself so mad again, I give thee full power to have me held, and, if necessary, to bind me. I should never through my whole life have known peace again if my beloved brother had fallen so undeservedly by my own hand."

The old man looked at him, and shook his head, saying: "I ween that thou couldst sooner bind us all together than we thee, especially when once thou art possessed by the true Berserker rage."

"That might well be," answered Thiodolf, thoughtfully, "and so much the worse both for me and the whole ship's crew."

He sighed deeply, and placed himself at the helm; and for the rest of the day no one could draw forth a word from him, though in other respects he showed himself kind and submissive to every one.

The next morning he looked better pleased. "I will take the greatest heed to myself," he said, taking Pietro and Malgherita's hands; "and if, in spite of all, I begin to thunder and lighten, then tell me some stories of how your white Christ came to His disciples, who were fishers, on the sea-coast, in the gray mists of morning.—I know not how it happens, but when I hear such tales, I feel such a longing in my mind, and I become so soft and kind. But now let me talk to you, dear children, of what concerns us at present."

And then he related to them all that he had wished to do, and how all had failed. Malgherita and Pietro could not but smile, at times, at his strange wild true-heartedness, but he himself could no ways understand why all had not turned out well. He ended by saying that he would but take them first in safety to Tuscany, and then return to fetch Isolde, and assuredly bring about a reconciliation in his own way. "Ask me nothing about it, children," he concluded.—"You do not understand, I see plainly, our northern schemes; and as at the very worst it is only

my own skin that will suffer, and that of my sworn companions, no one has anything to do with the business but myself."

FREEDOM OF EDUCATION—THE GREAT MEETING IN CORK.

(From the Dublin Freeman.)

The great Catholic Meeting on the subject of Intermediate Education was held in the Cathedral on Wednesday. It was probably the most imposing demonstration that has ever taken place in the city.—The great extent of the Cathedral, though crammed to its utmost limits, proved utterly inadequate to accommodate the numbers that flocked to swell the assemblage. The meeting was presided over by the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork, assisted by the Bishops of Cloyne, of Ross, and of Kerry, in ecclesiastical robes. The great mass of the dignitaries and clergy were present, and the rank and wealth of the Catholics of the county and city was assembled in imposing numbers.

On the motion of the Bishop of Cloyne, seconded by William Fagan, M.P., the chair was taken amid loud applause by...

The Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork. On the motion of Francis Leahy, Esq., J.P., seconded by E. J. Gould, Esq., J.P., the following were requested to act as secretaries to the meeting—the Dean of Cork, Daniel Weply, Esq., J.P.; the Very Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, P.P., of Middleton, and T. Sheehy Esq., J.P.

The Right Rev. Chairman on rising to address the meeting was most warmly received. He said, my lords and gentlemen, I feel extreme diffidence in presenting myself before you in the capacity in which I have been placed by your vote. I am so little used to preside on occasions like the present, and from long knowledge of myself, so conscious of my inadequacy, that I cannot but regret that there is not another prelate in my place now to address you, more especially as I have at either side illustrious bishops of the church of Ireland—men endowed with the fairest gifts, and each of them having long experience on the great subject, to discuss which we are assembled here to-day. The magnitude also of the question in which, in common with the bishops of Ireland, and, I may add, with the Catholics of Ireland (loud and continued applause) we are interested, would be enough to deter me from yielding to anything but your requisition to present myself in such a capacity before you. Gentlemen, though the subject be important, I am delighted to find it thoroughly understood, and that we have here assembled men of the highest position, men foremost in their respective walks in life, able and willing to do justice to the all-important theme. Our object here to-day is plain and simple; and it is just—it is one not calculated to create dissension or difference of opinion. And I trust that when the country has spoken on the subject, that for once we of this island shall be found agreeing in sentiment (loud applause). It is patent that we seek at the hands of the administration to which the destinies of this empire may be committed a fair and just share in the public patronage, which, like the other enlightened governments of Europe, they are about to afford to the great cause of intermediate education (loud applause). We live on amicable terms—as I trust we shall ever continue to do—with all that are of our own creed, or all that differ from us in religion (loud applause). It is objected to us that we are bigoted if we insist upon separate intermediate Catholic schools for the education of Catholic youth. Surely Cork is not the place where a suspicion should be breathed of a ground for such an imputation. We stand in the city where some of our greatest men lived and preached. We are close to the spot from which the thrilling voice of the illustrious O'Leary sounded, enunciating these words—"Let not the sacred name of religion, by which we discover a brother even in the person of an enemy—let not religion be any longer a wall to keep us asunder" (loud applause). In the same spirit we contemplate nothing bigoted (cheers). That illustrious man officiated in a humble church at the other extremity of the city, and the world is acquainted with the renown and the benevolence towards all mankind of the Apostle of Temperance, who succeeded him there (loud applause). Need I repeat that the clergy of the city and county, who like myself have grown old amongst you, have never on any occasion exhibited the least leaning to that course of the country, the bigotry that would raise one man in hostility against the person, the creed, or the rights of another (loud cheers). To show that bigotry will not be the result of intermediate education based on thorough Catholic principles which we advocates for Catholics, I wish to refer to experience. I ask you to look round your city and see the Catholic gentlemen who have received this education in its highest form, and do they present themselves otherwise than as realising what the Holy Scripture commends in the good Samaritan. The gentlemen of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in this city, as a body, have received their education in separate intermediate Catholic schools, and I defy the world to produce their numbers a more enlightened, more philanthropic, more liberal, and generous set of gentlemen (loud applause). There is, therefore, no possibility of any reason for an imputation of bigotry upon us (hear, hear). Nor are we the advocates of ignorance. Our presence here to-day refutes the assertion (applause). We wish to promote knowledge (hear, hear). We wish that our country shall rival the world in all that enables mankind (hear, hear). We wish that our Catholic youth shall be second to none in the land (applause). Strange, indeed, it is that the aspersion of desiring ignorance should be cast upon us. What are the records of the world's literature? Who preserved the sacred remains of the past?—(hear, hear.) Who treasured them up with the faithful zeal, and spent their days and nights—their lives, in the investigation and elucidation of long buried, recondite manuscripts, in order that they might communicate the contents to mankind, through every age to come? Who but holy and learned men professing the Catholic faith (applause). We afraid of inquiry? Never (applause). How, or why could Catholics fear inquiry? The results of all the well-directed inquiries of the age tend in one direction—to convince the world of the truth of our holy religion. Look to Oxford, and behold the phalanx of gifted inquirers who have severed the dearest bonds of life

in order to follow their souls convictions and testify before Heaven and earth that they had found the truth, that they resigned all temporal advantages in its cause and would live and die in its practices (loud applause). Are we then afraid of inquiry?—What is doing in the historical world at the present time? Even in the century in which we live more than one son of genius has applied himself to the study of history—Protestant by birth, and with all the prejudices that he happened to have engrained on his youthful mind—such men have taken up the subject of ecclesiastical history, whether the history of councils or pontificates, or other branches of the subject, and though they were sent forth like the prophet of old to curse the holy cause, yet their hearts were overcome and they remained to praise (cheers). The present age is proud of the discovery of the ancient and long-buried glories of Nineveh, and now also abstruse writing in hieroglyphics of Egypt are made intelligible, ancient history receives confirmation from them; portions of the Old Testament have light thrown upon them; but what are all these compared to the disintering in the neighborhood of the Eternal City of records and memorials of the first ages of the church? what light from excavations and researches like that which an examination into the Catholic Church? (Applause.) With respect to some kinds of inquiry, need I remind this meeting that the great science of astronomy, and the other speculation still but in embryo, and struggling to form themselves into a system concerning geology, have been turned against the truth of revelation, which, however, is vindicated day by day as these sciences approach to certainty. In astronomy the Copernican system owes its origin to a Catholic cleric; and can I refer you to Lyell's work on geology to learn that priests and friars were the foremost, and most zealous, and accurate in the researches after geology, as yet existing as a branch of science (hear, hear).—There is not a manuscript in the Vatican library that it is hard to publish or submit to examination. I wish the whole truth to be known (loud, hear). We are sincere in our convictions, we challenge all and every inquiry, and fear no result (loud and continued applause). I now come to the immediate subject that engages our attention—intermediate education. We confine ourselves here to this single topic. We are in earnest about it. We wish to be practical and to the point, and we deal with no other subject on the present occasion (hear, hear). We are all united, bishops, priests, and people in the matter (loud and continued applause), and we are making one great combined effort in order to have our labours and aspirations crowned with success.—I begin by asserting that, for Catholic children Catholic separate intermediate education is absolutely necessary (loud applause.)

You will bear in mind the ages of the children we contemplate, just when the intellect is beginning to be developed—just when the passions are forming themselves into strength—and on that ground alone, I should say, separate intermediate education is absolutely indispensable. You will also be good enough to bear in mind that they are preparing themselves to meet this great world upon which they will enter in a few subsequent years—and what are they to meet there in this age when of bookmaking there is no end—when there is a constant cheapening of the means of education of every sort—when a further abatement of the tax on knowledge will take place—when libraries will be extended to every city, town, and almost every hamlet of the kingdom—what are our growing youth to find but wide-spread hostility to their faith? (hear, hear.) I speak it in no unceremonious spirit; I simply state the fact. This is no time to make a list of authors or a catalogue of books, or to review any of them; but I refer you to the pages of the various Catholic journals and publications that have taken up the subject from time to time—and in an especial manner the Dublin Review. You will perceive that in almost every department of literature there is a fierce hostility to the Catholic religion. In the books from which the young men are to learn the first rudiments of history; in the very dictionaries compiled to help them in the attainment of their language; in the geographies put into the hands of youth; in the higher treatises on history at large; in works of fiction as well as historical; in short, there is no department of English literature that does not teem with hostility to our holy faith (hear, hear). I grieve to say it, that even men no less distinguished by their genius than by the generous spirit which they showed for many years in advocating the rights of their Catholic fellow-countrymen. I grieve to say that amongst these will be found the most notorious assailants of everything held sacred by Catholics (hear, hear). How is a child to be prepared to encounter all this safely? Is he to get no instruction according to Catholic principles? As I have already said, I am no opponent of inquiry. I challenge inquiry.—It is the spirit of our body (hear, hear.) But no one would dream of sending children on a voyage of discovery in such matters (hear). It is monstrous to say that on questions of history and incidental topics a child can form notions for himself. There is no denunciation of people on the face of the earth would tolerate it. Catholic, Protestant, or Mahometan—all will train their children in the principles and views of their fathers and co-religionists (applause.) Now, I think, from these few considerations, we are fully warranted in seeking aid from the government for the endowment of schools for the intermediate education of Catholics (hear). I will not dwell upon another topic which will be brought before you by others—namely, the indispensable necessity of imbuing the growing mind with thorough Catholic principles, accompanied with Catholic usages and practices. If any one wishes to understand clearly what I mean, I refer to our seminaries, where confession of sin and repentance for it—where every element of Catholicity is brought into operation under sound guidance to influence and train the young mind, and make the youth what he ought to be—a good, enlightened, and practical Catholic (cheers). I defy any one to effect this in intermediate schools if they be of a mixed or neutral character (hear, hear). The Catholic mind cannot be properly impressed except by Catholic teachers (hear, hear.) Catholic youth cannot be properly trained in our schools without Catholic school books, which necessarily will be excluded from mixed or neutral schools (applause).—And perhaps it will come to this in the end, that