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# THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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# TAINES ENGLISH LITERATURE. [1]

In so far as we may judge from the notices in periodicals and newspapers, this work appears to have been received, both in England and the United States, not only with general favor, but with enthusiastic admiration.

A history of English literature based on a system new to the great body of English readers, and written with freshness, *verve*, and certain attractive peculiarities of style, could not fail to fix their attention and engage their interest from the beginning to the end of its two bulky octavo volumes. The author of the work in question is so well known in the world of letters by his essays on the philosophy of art that he needs no introduction to our readers.

M. Taine starts out with the assumption that the literature of any given country is the exponent of its mental life, or, as he states it (p. 20), "I am about to write the history of a literature, and to seek in it for the psychology of a people." In France and Germany, we are told, history has been revolutionized by the study of their literatures.

"It was perceived," says M. Taine, "that a work of literature is not a mere play of imagination, a solitary caprice of a heated brain, but a transcript of contemporary manners, a type of a certain kind of mind. It was concluded that one might retrace, from the monuments of literature, the style of man's feelings and thoughts for centuries back. The attempt was made, and it succeeded."

Unquestionably the style of man's feelings may be traced in literature for centuries back. That is M. Taine's first approach. But between the successful insight into this or that writer's opinions and modes of thought and the opinions and modes of thought of a nation, the void is so enormous—unless, indeed, we dangerously reason from particulars to generals—as to require to fill it more subjective literary productions than any country has ever yet produced.

From this system it would follow that if a nation has no literature it can have no history. If it have—as is too often the case—no literature but that of a despotism or of a dominant minority, it follows that you cannot discern a single idea nor hear a single pulsation of the heart of a great people. But granting the literature to exist, although we are told that a work "is not a mere play of the imagination," we nevertheless know full well that some of the most brilliant portions of every literature are precisely what that phrase describes. Beyond that, we also know that all writers are not only not sincere, but too often unfaithful because too often venal, and cannot therefore be relied upon. [2]

In certain writings enumerated by him, M. Taine says: "The reader will see all the wealth that may be drawn from a literary work: *when the work is rich, and one knows how to interpret it*, we find there the psychology of a soul, frequently of an age, now and then of a race." Partially true. And M. Taine might have instanced the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, but he does not. We may indeed find what he indicates under certain conditions, for, as he very correctly adds, "their utility grows with their perfection." Unfortunately, such works occur in literature at the rarest intervals.

It cannot be questioned that M. Taine's theory contains a germ of truth. But, in fact, so far as it is true it is a very old story. What is true in his theory is not new, and what is new is questionable. Since history has risen to be something more and something better than a mere roll of warriors and a correct list of kings and queens—which latter class of good people are fast disappearing, never again, we trust, to return—since the historian has been elevated from the rank of a mere annalist to be the interpreter to his own age of not only the acts and sufferings, but the mind and the heart of dead generations, he has become avid of the most trifling details concerning their transitory passage here on earth. He desires to discover and relate how they lived, slept, and ate—how they talked, toiled, and travelled—what they said, what they thought—what, in a word, was their social and psychological life. To obtain the knowledge he seeks, all sources are equally valuable—written manuscripts that speak as well as stone ruins that are dumb.

Such knowledge as this the new school of German historians, having first exhausted all literary material, have sought to gather from the most remote and even repulsive sources; and from philological analysis, from works of art, from monuments, old roads, half-corroded coins, almost obliterated inscriptions, broken pottery, partially effaced frescoes, and from the very fragments of mere kitchen utensils, they have created afresh and revealed to us, in all its details, the daily and familiar life of ancient Rome, and poured a flood of light upon the living man of the that day.

And yet, before the results of their archæological and ethnological labors were given to the world, we thought we knew our Roman well and familiarly. For what literature, unless it be that of Greece, presents so rich and so complete a portrait gallery of all the types of its people as the literature of Rome? From Virgil, who gives us the ploughman and vinedresser, and Cæsar, through whose pages marches the Roman soldier, to Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, Juvenal, and Horace, we have a score of writers in whose pages all the virtues and vices, the grandeur and the shame, the nobility and the grovelling sensuality, of Rome are spread before us in language so attractive and so grand as to promise to outlast many modern masterpieces. [3]

M. Taine sneers at "Latin literature as worth nothing at the outset," being "borrowed and imitative." To this we reply, *Adhuc sub judice*, etc., and, bad or not, it tells the story of the Roman people, and very nearly reveals to us the ancient Roman as he walked on earth.

We have no such faithful picture of the English people in English literature.



We fear that M. Taine mistakes a part for the whole. Unquestionably, literature has its uses, and high ones, for the elucidation of many a problem and the illumination of many a page of history; but, if we set out to find the history of a nation in its literature, outside of history proper and the new aids to historical research we have referred to, we merely adopt a deceptive guide that can lead us only to disappointment. For these grand theories, so symmetrical and so plausible, when presented by their generally eloquent framers, stand, when put into actual service, very little wear and tear. Accordingly, we find that there happens to M. Taine precisely what happens to every man who starts out to construct a work strictly according to a given system. And what thus happens is a serious matter. This it is. Facts are treated as of secondary importance. They are put upon their best behavior. They must show themselves up to a certain standard, or they are counted as worthless. If they are so wrong-headed as to come in conflict with the author's theory—the old story—why, so much the worse for the facts, and our theorist ruthlessly tramples upon and walks over them straight to his objective point, which is, necessarily, his foregone conclusion.

It would detain us too long to present an analysis of M. Taine's introduction, from which alone it would not be difficult to demonstrate the insufficiency of his theory. It contains passages which, in the stately march of his eloquent phrase, seem to sound as though they announced newly discovered truths of startling import, but which, translated into familiar language, turn out to be but little more than the text-book enunciation of some familiar principle. Thus:

“When you have observed and noted in man one, two, three, then a multitude of sensations, does this suffice, or does your knowledge appear complete? Is a book of observation a psychology? It is no psychology, and here as elsewhere the search for causes must come after the collection of facts. No matter if the facts be physical or moral, they all have their causes; there is a cause for ambition, for courage, for truth, as there is for digestion, for muscular movement, for animal heat. Vice and virtue are products, like vitriol and sugar, and every complex phenomenon has its springs from other more simple phenomena on which it hangs.”

M. Taine, it is evident, cannot be charged with sparing his readers either the enunciation or the elucidation of first principles.

The author commences by disposing of the Anglo-Saxons, their literature, and six centuries of their annals, in a short chapter of twenty-three pages, which, so far as our observation has extended, has been passed over both by English and American criticism almost without remark. Some reviewers account for its conciseness by saying that Anglo-Saxon literature has but little interest for the general reader, except as a question of philology. As of general application, the remark is not widely incorrect, but it is signally out of place with reference to M. Taine's work, for he announces as part of his task that of “developing the recondite mechanism whereby the Saxon barbarian has been transformed into the Englishman of to-day.” [4]

Now, fairly to understand the Englishman of to-day, we must, by M. Taine's own announcement, have the Saxon original placed before us; for, he says, “the modern Englishman existed entire in this Saxon” (p. 31). The Saxon must be produced to our sight, and we must have him evolved strictly on M. Taine's principles, viz., as *the psychological product of his literature*. If this is done, he will fulfil his engagement of “developing the recondite mechanism,” etc., or, in other words, of presenting us a full exposition of Anglo-Saxon literature.

We feel bound to say that none of these promises are kept, and none of these results are reached, by M. Taine; nay, more, that he not only totally fails in presenting a fair or even intelligible abstract of Anglo-Saxon literature, but that he appears to be wanting in the necessary information which might enable him to do it. We think it less derogatory to him to say that his knowledge of the subject is defective than to make the necessarily alternative charge.

We find, however, some excuse for M. Taine's limited acquirements in Anglo-Saxon literature in the fact that he appears to have relied to a great extent on Warton and on Sharon Turner. Dr. Warton's well-known history of English poetry is unquestionably a work of great merit and utility, in so far as it treats of English poetry from the period of Chaucer down, but as authority on any matter connected with Anglo-Saxon literature, it is next to worthless. Warton knew very little about it. Sharon Turner as authority on Anglo-Saxon history, and Sharon Turner as authority on Anglo-Saxon literature, are two very different persons. The knowledge of Anglo-Saxon literature has made great strides since his day. For his history he was not dependent on Anglo-Saxon documents. Latin material was abundant.

It must be borne in mind that, although the English tongue is so directly derived from it, Anglo-Saxon is, nevertheless, a dead language, and when, in the sixteenth century, its study was to some extent revived, it had not only been dead four hundred years, but buried and forgotten. That revival occurred at a time when religious controversy ran high in England, the motive prompting it being to discover testimony among Anglo-Saxon ecclesiastical MSS. as to the existence of an English Catholic Church separate from and independent of Papal authority. Thus far the search has not been attended with any marked success. In the seventeenth century, Anglo-Saxon was studied for the light it threw on the early history and legislation of England. Since the commencement of the present century, the study has been pursued with greater success than ever for objects purely literary and philological. Indeed, it may be said that, until within some forty years, the cultivation of Anglo-Saxon was confined to a very small circle of scholars.

The most remarkable monuments of its literature are of comparatively recent publication, and

there happened at the outset to the study of Anglo-Saxon precisely what happened to the study of Sanskrit. It was that many scholars, aware of its literary wealth, and, possibly, in possession of copies of some of its productions, were without adequate means of pursuing or even of commencing their studies on account of the want of dictionaries and grammars. It was for this reason that Frederick Schlegel, before writing his great work on *The Language and Wisdom of the Indians*, was obliged to leave Germany and go to England, in order to avail himself of the resources of the British Museum; and when we consider the difficulties under which Dr. Lingard made his Anglo-Saxon studies, and wrote his *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, of which work M. Taine does not appear to have heard, we are more than ever surprised at the ability displayed by the great English historian.

[5]

When we undertake to trace the gradual development of the Anglo-Saxon of Anno 500 into the Englishman of 1800, the first phase is immeasurably the most interesting and the most important, for in that phase he was at once civilized and christianized. Take away the introduction and development of Christianity from Anglo-Saxon history, and you have left nothing but a list of kings and two or three battles. Now, M. Taine's exposition of how, when, and through what agencies civilization and Christianity were brought into England may be descriptively characterized as "how not to do it." His great effort in his introductory chapter is to eliminate Christianity from Anglo-Saxon history, and to give us, as it were, the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted—an effort so systematic and persistent as to make us almost regret our volunteered plea for his excuse on the ground of want of familiarity with his subject. Here is his device to escape the necessity of relating the all essential story of the conversion to Christianity: "A race so constituted was predisposed to Christianity by its gloom, its aversion to sensual and reckless living, its inclination for the serious and sublime." M. Taine has just described (pp. 41-43) the leading characteristics of the *pagan* Anglo-Saxon mind as manifested in its poetry—"a race so constituted"—and cites in support of his exposition two passages translated from what he asserts to be pagan Anglo-Saxon poetry. The first, *Battle of Finsborough*, we know was found on the cover of a MS. book of homilies, written by some monk, although it may, perhaps, be of pagan origin. The second, and more important one, *The Battle of Brunanburh*, containing the line, "The sun on high, the great star, God's brilliant candle, the noble creature"<sup>[2]</sup> (p. 43), is Christian and monkish beyond all peradventure, for it forms a portion of the *Saxon Chronicle*, begun as late as the days of Alfred. The battle was fought in the year 939!

We continue: "Its aversion to sensual and reckless living." This is simply astounding when we remember that M. Taine has just been telling us, through twenty pages, of their "ravenous stomachs filled with meat and cheese, heated by strong drinks," "prone to brutal drunkenness," becoming "more gluttonous, carving their hogs, filling themselves with flesh; swallowing all the strong, coarse drinks which they could procure," etc.

And then follows the far more surprising psychological result: "These utter barbarians embrace Christianity straightway, *through sheer force of mood and clime*" (p. 44).

Now, M. Taine knows—as we all know—that these pagan Anglo-Saxons were brutal and sensual to the last degree. In personal indulgence, they were what he describes and more. They were pirates, robbers, and murderers.

[6]

The rewards promised them by their gods after death were that they should have nothing to do but eat and drink. Even the paganism of their Scandinavian and Teutonic forefathers, a mixture of massacre and sensuality, was corrupted by them, and the emblems of their bloody and obscene gods were naked swords and hammers, with which they broke the heads of their victims. The immortality promised them in their Walhalla was a long continuance of new days of slaughter, and nights of debauch spent in drinking from their enemies' skulls. Such was the race found by M. Taine so constituted as to be "predisposed to Christianity by its gloom, its aversion to sensual and reckless living"; such the people who "through sheer force of mood and clime" laid aside their cruelty, brutality, carnage, and sensuality, gave up feasting for fasting, proud independence for obedience, indulgence for self-denial! Truly remarkable effects of atmosphere. The climate of England must have greatly changed since the year 597.

In the course of a debate which once arose in the British House of Commons on the subject of negro emancipation, it was urged against the measure that you could not civilize the negro; he belonged to an inferior race which offered human sacrifices and sold their own children into slavery. Whereupon, a member promptly replied that was just what our ancestors in England did—they offered human sacrifices and sold their children into slavery. This will naturally recall to the reader's mind the touching incident which led to the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, the fair-haired and blue-eyed children offered for sale, and their redemption by the great Gregory, who said they were not only Angles, but angels. From that moment the mission to England was resolved upon. We all know the story. Gregory's departure, his capture by the citizens of Rome and forcible return, his elevation to the pontifical throne, the departure of St. Augustine and his forty companions, their trials, sufferings, and danger of death on the route, their arrival in England, their labors, the gradual and peaceful conversion of the people, their successful efforts in bringing the Saviour, his Gospel, and his church to benighted heathens, and their civilization and social amelioration of the Anglo-Saxons. To the immortal glory of these men be it said that neither violence nor persecution was resorted to by them, their disciples, or their protectors for the triumph of civilization and religion. It is one of the grandest Christian victories on record. Of all this, here is M. Taine's record:

"Roman missionaries bearing a silver cross with a picture of Christ came in procession, chanting a litany. Presently the high priest of the Northumbrians

declared, in presence of the nobles, that the old gods were powerless, and confessed that formerly 'he knew nothing of that which he adored;' and he among the first, lance in hand, assisted to demolish their temple. At his side a chief rose in the assembly, and said:

"You remember, O king, what sometimes happens in winter when you are at supper with your earls and thanes, while the good fire burns within, and it rains and the wind howls without. A sparrow enters at one door, and flies out quickly at the other. During that rapid passage and pleasant moment it disappears, and from winter returns to winter again. Such seems to me to be the life of man, and his career but a brief moment between that which goes before and that which follows after, and of which we know nothing. If, then, the new doctrine can teach us something certain, it deserves to be followed."<sup>[3]</sup>

[7]

The Protestant historian, Sharon Turner, says of the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons: "It was accomplished in a manner worthy of the benevolence and purity [of the Christian religion]. Genuine piety seems to have led the first missionaries to our shores. Their zeal, their perseverance, and the excellence of the system they diffused made their labors successful." He gives a detailed narrative of the action of Gregory the Great, of the devotion and self-sacrifice of St. Augustine and his companions, of their long and perilous journey, their landing in England, and, in describing their procession on the Isle of Thanet, writes: "With a silver cross and a picture of Christ, they advanced singing the litany." M. Taine, with a stroke of the pen, copies this line almost word for word, and makes it do duty for a full and detailed account of the labors of St. Augustine and his forty companions for two score years!

What period of time the word *presently* represents to M. Taine we do not know. It may be an hour, or a day, or a month, but the incident which he refers to as occurring "presently" took place about forty years after the "procession."

And now it is sought to belittle or decry the victory of the Christian missionaries in two ways: 1st. It was the most natural thing in the world for the brutal, bloody, slave-dealing, drunken barbarian to embrace the new religion, because his paganism so strongly resembled Christianity. 2d. But after conversion they remained, after all, substantially, barbarous pagans as before, and their songs remind M. Taine of "the songs of the servants of Odin, tonsured and clad in the garments of monks." "The Christian hymns embody the pagan" (p. 46).

To demonstrate this, and to show that the songs of these converted Saxons are "but a concrete of exclamations," have "no development," and are nothing but paganism after all, M. Taine gives five prose lines of imperfect translation from a poem by Cædmon. Here is a correct rendering of the opening of the poem in the original metre. Let the reader judge of the amount of pagan inspiration it contains:

"Now must we glorify  
The guardian of heaven's kingdom,  
The Maker's might,  
And his mind's thought,  
The work of the worshipped father,  
When of his wonders, each one,  
The ever-living Lord  
Ordered the origin,  
He erst created  
For earth's children  
Heaven as a high roof,  
The holy Creator:  
Then on this mid-world  
Did man's great guardian,  
The ever-living Lord,  
Afterward prepare  
For men a mansion,  
The Master Almighty."<sup>[4]</sup>

M. Taine continues:

"One of them" [those servants of Odin, take notice], "Adhelm, stood on a bridge leading to the town where he lived, and repeated warlike and profane odes alternately with religious poetry, in order to attract and instruct the men of his time. He could do it without changing his key. In one of them, a funeral song, Death speaks. It was one of the last Saxon compositions, containing a terrible Christianity, which seems at the same time to have sprung from the blackest depths of the *Edda*."

[8]

M. Taine has here given rein to his imagination, and made terrible work with Saxon chronology and other matters. For Adhelm read Aldhelm, in Saxon *Ealdhelm*, so King Alfred spelt it. The name signifies *Old Helmet*; Aldhelm was of princely extraction. "Warlike and profane odes" does not correctly translate "*carmen triviale*." Aldhelm was a learned priest, a Greek, Latin, and Hebrew scholar, with a profound knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. His present reputation rests on his Latin works. His contemporary reputation was founded on his Anglo-Saxon productions. He composed canticles and ballads in his native tongue, and, remarking the haste of many of the

Anglo-Saxon peasants to leave church as soon as the Sunday Mass was over, in order to avoid the sermon, he would lie in wait for them at the bridge or wayside, and, singing to them as a bard, attract their attention, and in the fascination of a musical verse teach them the truths of religion they would not wait to hear from the pulpit. It was not for the pleasure of singing that Aldhelm thus labored: it was to save souls. Without the slightest authority, M. Taine puts in his mouth this beautiful Anglo-Saxon fragment:

“Death speaks to man: ‘For thee was a house built ere thou wast born; for thee was a mould shapen ere thou camest of thy mother. Its height is not determined, nor its depth measured, nor is it closed up (however long it may be) until I bring thee where thou shalt remain, until I shall measure thee and the sod of earth. Thy house is not highly built, it is unhigh and low; when thou art in it the heelways are low, the sideways low. The roof is built full nigh thy breast; so thou shalt dwell in earth full cold, dim, and dark. Doorless is that house, and dark it is within; there thou art fast prisoner, and Death holds the key. Loathly is that earth-house, and grim to dwell in; there thou shalt dwell, and worms shall share thee. Thus thou art laid, and leavest thy friends; thou hast no friend that will come to thee, who will ever inquire how that house liketh thee, who shall ever open the door for thee, and seek thee, for soon thou becomest loathly and hateful to look upon.’”

The composition is not by Aldhelm, who, probably, never heard of it. All of Aldhelm’s Anglo-Saxon mss. perished when the magnificent monastery at Malmesbury was sacked under Henry VIII. The Protestant historian, Maitland, thus tells the story: “The precious MSS. of his [Aldhelm’s] library were long employed to fill up broken windows in the neighboring houses, or to light the bakers’ fires.”

All that we know of *The Grave* is that it was found written in the margin of a volume of Anglo-Saxon homilies, preserved in the Bodleian Library. It is of a period following Aldhelm’s era, and is in the dialect of East Anglia, while Aldhelm was of Wessex. But M. Taine himself demonstrates that it could not be Aldhelm’s. At page 50, he tells us Aldhelm died in 709, having previously stated (p. 46) that the fragment “was one of the last Anglo-Saxon compositions.” But among the finest Anglo-Saxon poetical compositions are the celebrated *Ormulum*, and various poems by Layamon, which were written about the year 1225. *The Grave*, moreover, so far from containing [9] “a terrible Christianity,” has so essentially the tone and spirit of many well-known Catholic meditations on death, that it might have been written in a Spanish monastery or taken from a book of Christian devotions.

Of course, “the poor monks” can do nothing creditable in M. Taine’s eyes, and he comes to sad grief in undertaking to go, by specification, beyond the common counts of the ordinary declaration dictated by bigotry. At page 53, vol. i., he thus refers in contemptuous terms to the monks who compiled the *Saxon Chronicle*:

“They spun out awkwardly and heavily dry chronicles, a sort of historical almanacs. You might think them peasants, who, returning from their toil, came and scribbled with chalk on a smoky table the date of a year of scarcity, the price of corn, the changes in the weather, a death.”

And here a word as to this *Chronicle*, which is a national history generally conceded to have been established by King Alfred, under the advice of his counsellor Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, about 870 A.D. It begins with a brief account of Britain from Cæsar’s invasion, and becomes very full in its narrative after the year 853.

The *Chronicle* shares with Bede’s history the highest place among authorities for early English history. Seven original copies of it are still in existence, and, making due allowance for the ravages of time and the elements, and the destruction by war, demolition of the monasteries, theft, spoliation, and the wilful mischief of religious bigotry, the survival of these seven copies would go far to prove the former existence of several hundreds. The copies yet extant are all evidently based upon a single original text, and it is presumed that the *Chronicle* was continued at all the monasteries in England, each one forwarding its local annals to some one special monastery, where a brief summary was compiled of the whole, copies of which were supplied to all the religious houses, to be incorporated with the general *Chronicle*, thus keeping up from year to year the general history of the nation. M. Taine gives some half-dozen dry-as-dust extracts from the *Chronicle* of this nature:

“902. *This year there was the great fight at the Holme, between the men of Kent and the Danes.*”

He adds:

“It is thus the poor monks speak, with monotonous dryness, who after Alfred’s time gather up and take notes of great visible events; sparsely scattered we find a few moral reflections, a passionate emotion, nothing more” (vol. i. p. 53).

But at page 42, M. Taine has given us as belonging to a period preceding Christianity in England, as a part of “the pagan current,” an extract from the song on Athelstan’s victory, of which he speaks in terms of enthusiastic admiration. “If there has ever been anywhere a deep and serious poetic sentiment, it is here,” etc. Now, this song, under the date of A.D. 937, is a part of the *Saxon Chronicle*, written by some poor monk “after Alfred’s time.”

“This year King Athelstane, the Lord of Earls,  
Ring-giver to the warriors, Edmund too  
His brother, won in fight with edge of swords  
Lifelong renown at Brunanburh. The sons  
Of Edward clave with the forged steel the wall  
Of linden shields. The spirit of their sires  
Made them defenders of the land, its wealth,  
Its homes, in many a fight with many a foe.”<sup>[5]</sup>

“It is thus the monks speak with monotonous dryness”! And so speak they often in their *Chronicle*. The death of Byrhtnoth referred to by M. Taine in note 2, p. 36, is also from the *Saxon Chronicle*, and Mr. Morley specifies numerous other poetical passages in it. Nevertheless, we find that M. Taine is not at all embarrassed by his somewhat uncertain and limited command of Anglo-Saxon literature. On the contrary, he qualifies as *amusing* (p. 30) a discussion on a point of Anglo-Saxon history by two such distinguished scholars as Dr. Lingard and Sharon Turner! These historians “amuse” M. Taine! [10]

“What is your first remark,” asks Mr. Taine, “in turning over the great, stiff leaves of a folio, the yellow sheets of a manuscript? This, you say, was not created alone. It is but a mould, like a fossil shell, an imprint, like one of those shapes embossed in stone by an animal which lived and perished. Under the stone there was an animal, and behind the document there was a man. Why do you study the shell, except to represent to yourself the animal? So do you study the document only in order to know the man” (Introduction, p. 1).

In this we almost agree with our author. It is well to study shells, and well to study men in the shells of leaves, sheets, manuscripts, or other literary exuviae they may have left. Our objection to M. Taine is that he has piles and heaps of such shells, which he resolutely refuses to study, behind which he persistently refuses to look. The trouble with him lies here. Behind every shell is a monk, a priest, or a bishop, whose piety and whose virtues are not subjects of agreeable contemplation to a writer who announces his belief that religion is a mere human invention; that man makes a religion as he paints a portrait or constructs a steam-engine. Thus M. Taine states it: “Let us take first the three chief works of human intelligence—religion, art, philosophy” (p. 15).

Accordingly, of the great minds of Anglo-Saxon England during whole centuries we see nothing in M. Taine’s pages. They are carefully kept out of sight. One of the most majestic figures in all literary history, that of the Venerable Bede, is absent from his chapters, being referred to only twice by name, once as “Bede, their old poet”! The learned Aldhelm is made a mere gleeman on the highway. Roger Bacon’s name is not mentioned—the name of the man who was a prodigy of learning, and who announced the principles of the inductive system nearly four hundred years before Lord Verulam appropriated the glory of its discovery.<sup>[6]</sup> Augustine, Paulinus, Wilfred, Cuthbert, and scores of others are not referred to. These men and their companions were at once monks, preachers, schoolmasters, book-makers, scribes, authors, physicians, architects, builders, surveyors, and farmers. *Laborare est orare*, Labor is prayer, was their device. Barren moors, repulsive marshes, fever-bearing fens, and wasted tracts they cultivated, and made glad fields of gloomy swamps.

The sandy plains and barren heaths of Northumbria, and the marshes of East Anglia and Mercia, the monks transformed by intelligent labor and enduring toil from uninhabited deserts into rich fields yielding abundant harvests. Around these isolated monasteries soon sprang up, as around so many centres of life, schools, workshops, and settlements. The wilderness blossomed. And the monks wrote Christianity and civilization on the hearts of the people and on the soil of England. Not to mention the grand literary monuments dedicated to the record of their pious labors by Count Montalembert in his *Monks of the West*, all these victories for humanity are clearly discernible to scores of modern Protestant writers, who have borne eloquent testimony to the noble devotion and glorious services of these holy men, whose real merits have been too long obscured by the historical conspiracy against truth. They have looked behind shells and manuscripts, and found something to reward their search. [11]

Thus Carlyle finds a man behind the old MS. of Jocelin of Brakelond:

“A personable man of seven-and-forty, stout made, stands erect as a pillar; with bushy eyebrows, the face of him beaming into you in a really strange way: the name of him Samson: a man worth looking at.... He was wont to preach to the people in the English tongue, though according to the dialect of Norfolk, where he had been brought up. There preached he: a man worth going to hear.... Abbot Samson built many useful, many pious edifices; human dwellings, churches, steeples, barns;—all fallen now and vanished, but useful while they stood. He built and endowed ‘the Hospital of Babwell’; built ‘fit houses for the St. Edmundsbury schools.’ ... And yet these grim old walls are not a dilettantism and dubiety; they are an earnest fact. It was a most real and serious purpose they were built for? Yes, another world it was, when these black ruins, white in their new mortar and fresh chiselling, first saw the sun as walls, long ago. *Gauge not, with thy dilettante compasses, with that placid dilettante simper, the Heaven’s-Watchtower of our Fathers, the fallen God’s Houses, the Golgotha of true Souls departed*”!

With the advantage of eleven hundred years of accumulated knowledge in his favor, the cultivated M. Taine can well afford to sneer at "a kind of literature" with which he credits these monks. The "kind of literature" they most affected, and in which they unceasingly labored, was the kind known as "the Scriptures." Of a verity, strange occupation for "sons of Odin," for the most meagre summary of Anglo-Saxon, monastic labor in this field is a magnificent memorial of their imperishable glory.

In default of types and power-presses, volumes of the Scriptures were multiplied by copying, and every talent and gift of man was enlisted to preserve, beautify, and bring them within the reach and comprehension of the great body of the people. Its light was not hidden in the obscurity of an unfamiliar tongue. In the fourth century, on the banks of the Danube, Ulphilas had translated the entire Scriptures into the then barbarous Mæso-Gothic. In England, Cædmon had sung the Scripture story of God's power and mercy, and put into verse all of Genesis and Exodus, with other portions of the Old Testament, besides the life and passion of our Lord and the Acts of the Apostles. The Venerable Bede had translated St. John's Gospel, and written numerous expositions of the Old and New Testaments. Aldhelm had translated the Psalms. The entire four Gospels have come down to us in the Anglo-Saxon of King Alfred's day. Ælfric translated the whole of the Pentateuch and the Book of Job. The Normans in England had various translations besides their metrical romance, and a verse translation of the Bible. In 1327, William of Shoreham translated the Psalter into English. A few years later, Richard Rolle translated the Psalms and part of the Book of Job into the dialect of Northumberland. The four Gospels issued in 1571 by Parker, with a dedication to Queen Elizabeth by Foxe, the martyrologist, *are copied from two Anglo-Saxon versions of the tenth and eleventh centuries*. From the original copy, *Tha Halgan Godspel on Englisc*, they appear to have been divided and arranged for reading aloud to the people. Many of these, it will be noticed, are versions adorned and heightened by literary labor and poetic inspiration. Plain prose Bible translations existed in large numbers, which, as being more exposed, were the first to perish from the effects of time, the elements, and the wilful destruction of bigotry. The metrical versions were generally better bound and better cared for in special libraries, and in the hands of the wealthy. And yet of these how few copies survive! And who shall tell us of scores of hundreds more of which we have never heard? An immense body of Anglo-Saxon Scriptural literature has perished and left no trace.

[12]

But M. Taine, it may be objected, was surely under no obligation to write the history of your Anglo-Saxon monks! Certainly not. But he was under some sort of obligation not to represent the product of Christianity, viz., the Anglo-Saxon man, as the product of pure paganism. That he has done so, we have shown from the remarkable manner in which he has spoken of the products of Anglo-Saxon literature, and we have not taken into account the full and rich material at command, written in the Latin language by the Anglo-Saxons.

When we get further on in M. Taine's work, we find in his fifth chapter, book the second, a yet more flagrant violation of his promise to show us the Englishman as the psychological product of his literature, and to "develop the recondite mechanism whereby the Saxon barbarian has been transformed into the Englishman of to-day." Does he present to us the nature of the English Reformation as evolved from the writings of Englishmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? Not at all. It would not be pleasant to show that, as politics was the leverage of the Reformation in Germany, plunder was the leverage in England, and he candidly admits, in phrase of studied delicacy (p. 362), that "the Reformation entered England by a side door."

And so he travels all the way to Germany, and gives us, instead of English opinion and English mind, the echoes of Martin Luther's "bellowing in bad Latin,"<sup>[7]</sup> and passages from his beery, boozy *Table-Talk*, bolstered up with extracts from a modern history of England by the late Mr. Froude. No study of shells and animals and manuscripts here. No elaborate development of recondite mechanism!

But we have scarcely space left for a few remarks we desire to make concerning

### THE SHAKESPEARE OF M. TAINE.

And, at the outset, we do not agree with those critics who ascribe M. Taine's utterly fantastic and distorted appreciation of Shakespeare to the general incapacity of the Gallic mind to grasp the great dramatist. We find something more than this. We discover a labored effort at depreciation, negatively, positively, and by comparison. Of Shakespeare the man, the careful student must admit that we know very little—almost nothing, indeed. Hence the sharpened avidity of his biographers to seize upon every floating piece of gossip, every stray tradition concerning him, whereof to make history. With aid of such loose and unreliable material, M. Taine makes of Shakespeare a man of licentious morals and loose habits.

Our author's æsthetic starting-point renders simply impossible for him any fair appreciation of the great English poet. Corneille and Racine are his models in tragedy—Molière in comedy. To them and to their productions he subordinates Shakespeare at every step. Listen!

[13]

"If [a poet] is a logician, a moralist, an orator, as, for instance, one of the French great tragic poets (Racine), he will only represent noble manners; he will avoid low characters; he will have a horror of valets and the plebs; he will observe the greatest decorum in respect of the strongest outbreaks of passion; he will reject as scandalous every low or indecent word; he will give us reason, loftiness, good taste throughout; he will suppress the familiarity, childishness," etc.... "*Shakespeare does just the contrary, because his genius*

At page 326, we are told: "If, in fact, Shakespeare comes across a heroic character worthy of Corneille, a Roman, such as the mother of Coriolanus, he will explain by passion<sup>[8]</sup> what Corneille would have explained by heroism." "*Reason*," M. Taine further informs us, "*tells us that our manners should be measured*; this is why the manners which Shakespeare paints are not so." Again, "Shakespeare paints us as we are; his heroes bow, ask people for news, speak of rain and fine weather," etc. (p. 312). As M. Taine finds that Shakespeare's heroes bow, we should like to know his opinion of the exordium of the grand rhetorical effort which Corneille puts in the mouth of the master of the world, Cæsar Augustus:

*"Prends un siège, Cinna."*<sup>[9]</sup>

It cannot in reason be expected that the man who admires the stiff and frigid artificiality of French tragedy should reach any clear perception of Shakespeare. Nor can we expect the appreciator of Shakespeare to find any superiority in Corneille and Racine. A distinguished German scholar (Grimm) admirably expresses the general German and English estimate of these French poets in a letter he addressed to Michelet: "Must I tell you the opinion commonly expressed among us here in Germany? With the greatest possible amount of good-will, I have again and again opened Racine, Corneille, and Boileau, and I fully appreciate their superior talents; but I cannot read them for any length of time [*mais je ne puis en soutenir la lecture*], so strong upon me is the impression that a portion of the most profound sentiments awakened by poetry are a sealed book for these authors."

A French writer so able and so thoroughly skilled as M. Taine, is at home in *persiflage*, and throughout his work he freely indulges in it at the expense of "those excellent English." From the moment the Norman sets his foot in England, he is the Englishman's superior. With the Norman came in education and intelligence. These poor Anglo-Saxons appear to have been their inferiors. Wherever opportunity occurs, English models suffer in comparison with French throughout the work, which closes with an extravagant rhapsody on Alfred de Musset, and this line: "I prefer Alfred de Musset to Tennyson."

Many scholars of high acquirements, admirers of Shakespeare, having exhausted with praise the catalogue of Shakespeare's serious and solid qualities, find that his pre-eminent superiority lies in wit and humor—the wit bright and sparkling, the humor kindly and genial, more akin to wisdom than to wit, and, indeed, in itself a particular form of wisdom, so that it might almost be said that his fools give us more wisdom than the philosophers of ordinary dramatists. M. Taine is of a diametrically opposite opinion. Here it is: "The mechanical imagination produces Shakespeare's fool-characters: a quick, venturesome, dazzling, unquiet imagination produces his men of wit."

[14]

Would you know what is true wit? You may learn from page 320, vol. i.:

"Of wit, there are many kinds. One, altogether French, which is but reason, a foe to paradox, scorner of folly, a sort of incisive common sense, having no occupation but to render truth amusing and evident, the most effective weapon with an intelligent and vain people: such was the wit of Voltaire and the drawing-rooms."

The conclusion is thus forced upon us that this is by no means the wit of Shakespeare. M. Taine falls into a mistake common to many persons who understand Shakespeare but imperfectly. It is that of attributing to him a certain style: "Let us, then, look for the man, and in his style. The style explains the work." Ordinary writers have a style easily recognizable after slight study, but Shakespeare has fifty styles, certainly at least one for every character of marked individualism. This is not M. Taine's view, for he says: "Shakespeare's style is a compound of furious expressions. No man has submitted words to such a contortion. Mingled contrasts, raving exaggerations, apostrophes, exclamations, the whole fury of the ode, inversion of ideas, accumulation of images, the horrible and the divine jumbled into the same line; it seems, to my fancy, as though he never writes a word without shouting it" (p. 308).

If there is one peculiarity or merit of Shakespeare which, more than another, has received the general assent of critics and scholars, it is his eminently objective power. It is looked upon as a striking proof of the great dramatist's deep, clear insight into the depths of the human heart, that he never thrusts his individuality into his conception of characters. He never mistakes the operations of his own mind for those of others, and never confounds his personality with that of any of his dramatic personages. Every page of Milton's writings, it is said, exhibits a full-length portrait of the author. Byron's heroes, Lara, Conrad, Manfred, and the rest, might interchange reflections and speeches, and not seriously interfere with each other's identity, and the sentimental rubbish and trashy sophistry poured out from the mouths of any of Bulwer's men and women might answer for all of them. But nothing that Romeo says could by possibility enter the mind of Hamlet, and King Lear has not a line which would be fitting in the mouth of Othello.

But M. Taine is not of this way of thinking. His theory is diametrically opposed to this, and he finds Shakespeare eminently subjective. He is always Shakespeare. "These characters are all of the same family. *Good or bad, gross or delicate, refined or awkward, Shakespeare gives them all the same kind of spirit which is his own*" (p. 317). Hamlet is Shakespeare, the melancholy Jaques<sup>[10]</sup> is Shakespeare, Othello is Shakespeare, and—Falstaff is Shakespeare!

No, we do not exaggerate. Here are M. Taine's words: "Hamlet, it will be said, is half-mad; this explains his vehemence of expression. The truth is that Hamlet here is Shakespeare" (p. 308).

[15]

"Hamlet is Shakespeare, and, at the close of this gallery of portraits, which have all some features of his own, Shakespeare has painted himself in the most striking of all" (p. 340).

Things equal to the same are equal to each other. Lara being George Gordon Noel Byron, and Conrad also being the same George, we see at once why there exists a striking resemblance between them; but when we are told that Hamlet and Falstaff, morally as far apart as the poles, are yet painted from the same model, we find that too much is asked of our credulity. Of Falstaff M. Taine says: "This big, pot-bellied fellow, a coward, a jester, a brawler, a drunkard, a lewd rascal, a pot-house poet, is one of Shakespeare's favorites. The reason is that his manners are those of pure nature, and *Shakespeare's mind is congenial with his own*" (p. 323). Wherein this "drunkard and lewd rascal" resembles Prince Hamlet, and wherein Shakespeare resembles either or both of them, is beyond the range of any Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic mind to comprehend. Perhaps M. Taine may be able to explain it. His book totally fails to do so.

No one can read this long chapter of fifty-five octavo pages on Shakespeare without being struck by the skill with which the author avoids mention of or reference to the dramatist's most admirable passages, and also by his elaborate and painstaking exposition of the defects of Shakespeare's inferior characters. Of the beauties of Romeo and Juliet—the Queen Mab description alone excepted—we hear nothing, but are regaled with two pages concerning "the most complete of all these characters—the nurse," and a long and severe commentary on her "never-ending gossip's babble."<sup>[11]</sup> The same remark may be made of Hamlet, a play of which M. Taine evidently has no comprehension, if Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Ulrici, Tieck, Goethe, and Schlegel at all understand it. Concerning Othello, many paragraphs are frittered away in small criticism on the characters of Iago and Cassio. Of the grand features of Othello the reader obtains no glimpse, while a scandalous industry is exercised in bringing out from under the cover of obscure texts shocking pruriencies that are not perceived by the average reader of Shakespeare.

We may be told that tastes differ, that what through tradition or habit, perhaps, to us appear beauties, do not so strike a foreigner.

Let us test this by the criticism of another foreigner—not a German, but a Frenchman—and we will find him selecting, as prominent beauties on the first hearing of the play, the very passages which also strike us on long and familiar acquaintance.

In the winter of 1829-30, a French version of Othello was represented in a Parisian theatre, and that theatre—shades of Corneille and Racine—the Théâtre Français! Mademoiselle Mars was the Desdemona. The piece was a decided success, and in the *Revue Française* for January, 1830, there appeared an admirably written article which was at once a *compte-rendu* of the representation and a criticism of the tragedy. It was from the pen of the Duc de Broglie, and commanded universal attention. His description of the desperate struggles of the two cliques—the Classical and the Romantic—who were, of course, present in force, his account of the effect of the piece upon the general audience, his analysis of the motives of French admiration or blame of Shakespeare, are all most interesting. But what we specially have to do with is his criticism on the play and the dramatist. Here it is:

"The effect of Othello's narration was irresistible. This portion of the play is translated into all languages—its beauty is perfectly entrancing, its originality is unequalled. Even La Harpe could not refuse it the tribute of his admiration. But perhaps the scene which precedes and that which follows are even still more adapted to exhibit Shakespeare in all his greatness. How wonderful a painter of human nature was this man! How true is it that he has received from on high something of that creative power which, by breathing on a little dust, can transform it into a creature of life and immortality!"

Even as the Christian Anglo-Saxon was doomed to suffer at M. Taine's hands the outrage of attributed paganism, so also was Shakespeare ignominiously foreordained (from the thirty-sixth page of his first volume) to be a maniac Berserker. And all because the author has his little theory to carry out. Do you find it wonderful that under such treatment the facts should suffer? Alas! other and more important things must also suffer if such a work as this is to receive the sanction of recognized critical authority, and be placed in the hands of the rising generation.

To do M. Taine justice, he does not for a moment lose sight of his Berserker, and keeps him, in the soul of Shakespeare, well up to his work. And so, Shakespeare's Coriolanus is "an athlete of war, with a voice like a trumpet; whose eyes by contradiction are filled with a rush of blood and anger, proud and terrible in mood, a lion's soul in the body of a steer" (vol. i. p. 329).

For M. Taine, the grand trial act in the Merchant of Venice is "the horrible scene in which Shylock brandished his butcher's knife before Antonio's bare breast," and King Lear is "the supreme effort of pure imagination, a disease of reason which reason could never have conceived." But reason has so decidedly done the contrary that an experienced physician of long practice in an insane asylum (in the United States) has written an essay<sup>[12]</sup> to show that Shakespeare's physiological and psychological knowledge and acquirements, as displayed in his tragedies, were in advance of those of his age by fully two centuries, and, he adds, that the wonderful skill and sagacity manifested by the great dramatist in seizing upon the premonitory signs of insanity (as in King Lear), which are usually overlooked by all, even the patient's most intimate friends and the members of his family, and weaving them into the character of his hero as a necessary element, without which it would be incomplete, like those of inferior artists, is a matter of wonder to all modern psychologists.



To the Voltairian school of literature in the last century, the plays of Shakespeare were "*ces monstrueuses farces que l'on appelle des tragedies,*" and Hamlet, in particular, in Voltaire's judgment, "*seems the work of a drunken savage.*" When you have read M. Taine on Shakespeare, first let the coruscations of his verbal pyrotechnics subside, await the end of his epileptic contortions of style, then scratch off a thin varnish of polite concession, and you will find under it a Voltairian: although not, we hope, brutal and cynical as was the great original in his denunciation of those Frenchmen who were willing to claim some talent for Shakespeare. Voltaire called them *faquins, impudents, imbéciles, monstres*, etc. Such people were, he said, a source of *calamity and horror*, and France did not contain a sufficient number of pillories to punish *such a crime*. ("Letter of Voltaire to Count d'Argental," July 19, 1776.) [17]

One of the most interesting books to be found in the English language is Carlyle's *French Revolution*. But it is interesting only on condition that the reader is already familiar with the history of that period. And we pay M. Taine's work a high compliment in saying that, in like manner, his *History of English Literature* will be found an interesting work to those whose opinions on art and literature are formed, whose religious principles are fixed, and whose judgments are sufficiently mature to be in no danger of being affected by the artificial, erroneous, and false views of man and his responsibilities, with which the book abounds.

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## FRAGMENTS OF EARLY ENGLISH POEMS ON THE PASSION.

Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, has published a few fragments of poems on the Passion, which he ascribes to the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. There is a harmony in the versification of the following that one scarcely looks for at so early a date:

“Jhesu for thi muckle might  
Thou gif us of thi grace,  
That we may day and night  
Thinken of thi face:  
In myn herte it doth me gode  
Whan y thinke on Jhesu blod,  
That ran down bi ys side;  
Fro ys herte dou to ys fot,  
For us he spradde ys hertis blod,  
His wondes wer so wyde.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Ever and aye he haveth us in thought,  
He will not lose that he so dearly bought.”

One fragment more, which is taken from a sort of dialogue between our Lord on the Cross and the devout soul:

“Behold mi side,  
Mi woundes spred so wide,  
Restless I ride,  
Lok on me, and put fro ye pride:  
Dear man, mi love,  
For mi love sinne no more.”

“Jhesu Christe, mi lemman swete,  
That for me deyedis on rood tree  
With al myn herte I the biseke  
For thi woundes two and thre:  
That so fast in mi herte  
Thi love rooted might be,  
As was the spere in thi side  
When thou suffredst deth for me.”  
—*Christian Schools and Scholars.*

# THE HOUSE OF YORKE.

## CHAPTER XXV. BOADICEA'S WATCH.

It was rather late when Mr. Yorke came down Sunday morning. The storm was yet violent, and he did not mean to go out; and besides, he had been tormented all night with disagreeable dreams. When he appeared in the breakfast-room, Patrick had been to the village, and had seen Father Rasle. The priest was resolutely keeping his fast, and even hearing confessions.

The occurrence of the night before had stirred up the sluggish faith and piety of those few Catholics who had not meant to attend to their religious duties, and they crowded about their pastor at the last moment.

It would, perhaps, be just as well not to describe the manner in which Mr. Yorke received the news they had to tell him, for his anger was scarcely greater toward the mob than toward his own family. He would eat no breakfast, would scarcely stop to change his slippers for boots, but started off to see Father Rasle.

"I shall bring the priest home with me; or, if he will not come, shall stay with him, and defend him with my life from any further outrage," he said as he went out the door, addressing no one in particular.

"We expect him to return with you, Charles," his wife said; but he paid no attention to her.

"Coddled like a great booby!" he muttered to himself as he strode down the avenue. "Amy should have more respect for me, or, at least, more regard for my reputation. It is a wonder she does not dress me in petticoats, and set me spinning."

"Never mind, mamma!" Clara said, kissing her mother, and leading her into the house. "This storm will cool papa off nicely. He will come home penitent, you may be sure. I only hope that you will hold off a little, and not forgive him too readily."

Mrs. Yorke wiped away the tears which had started at her husband's unusual severity.

"Never think to comfort your mother, my dear, by speaking disrespectfully of your father," she said, but, while chiding, returned her daughter's caress. "And do not think that I could remember one moment any hasty word or act of his when I knew that he was sorry for it. I do not at all wonder that your father is annoyed at not having been called: I quite expected it."

"Mother, I give you up," Clara exclaimed. "Where Mr. Charles Yorke is concerned, you have not a sign of—may I say spunk? That is what I mean."

"No, you may not," replied Mrs. Yorke with decision. And so the conversation dropped.

Patrick drove Edith to the church. When they entered, they found the people all gathered; and in a few minutes Mass began. The scene was touching. The congregation, prostrate before the altar, wept silently; the choir, attempting to sing, faltered, and stopped in the first hymn; and the priest, in turning toward his people, could not trust himself to look at them, but closed his eyes or glanced over their heads. Tears rolled down the faces of the communicants when they knelt at the altar; and at the benediction many wept aloud.

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It was a Low Mass, and when it was over the priest addressed them. He talked only a little while, but in those few words they found both comfort and courage. They were not to mourn, but rather to rejoice that he had been found worthy to suffer ignominy for Christ's sake. He translated and gave them for their motto these words of St. Bernard: "*Pudeat sub spinato capite membrum fieri delicatum.*" They should not seek persecution, indeed, but when God sent it upon them they should accept it joyfully. For pain was the only real treasure of earth, and real happiness was unknown, save in anticipation, outside heaven. They belonged to the church militant; and as their great Captain had marched in the van, with shoulders bleeding from the lash, and forehead bleeding from the thorn, they should blush to walk delicately and at ease in his ensanguined footsteps. He implored them to pray constantly, and keep themselves from sin, and, since they might for some time be deprived of the sacraments, to take more than ordinary pains to preserve the sacramental grace which they had just received. There were a few words of farewell, uttered with difficulty, then he ceased speaking.

When Father Rasle went out with Mr. Yorke, the weeping congregation gathered about him, falling on their knees, some of them catching at his robe as he passed by. He was obliged to tear himself away.

The storm was now over, and the sun burst forth brilliantly as they stepped into the air. A carriage was in waiting, and, when he had seated himself in it, with Mr. Yorke and Edith, Father Rasle leaned out, looked once more with suffused eyes at his mourning people, and raised his hand in benediction. Then the door closed upon him, and they were alone.

A second carriage followed this containing four men, well armed, and several other men, armed also, took the shorter road, through East Street and the woods, to Mr. Yorke's house. Whatever they might suffer, these men did not mean that any further violence should be offered to their priest or to the man who protected him.

As the carriage drove up the avenue, Mrs. Yorke and her two daughters came down the steps to receive their guest. Both Mrs. Yorke and Clara, who were speechless with emotion, gave a silent welcome; but Melicent, much to her own satisfaction, was able to pronounce an eloquent little

oration. In the entry Betsey stood stiffly, the two young Pattens in perspective. Thinking, probably, that one of her abrupt courtesies was not enough for the occasion, this good creature made a succession of them as long as the priest was visible, young Sally bobbing in unison. Paul, duly instructed by his mother, waited till the proper moment, then bowed from the waist, till he made a pretty accurate right-angle of himself.

All that day, besides the regular guard, the Irish were coming and going about the house, and when toward night they retired to their homes, the guard was doubled.

Sally Patten came over in the evening and offered her services. Joe could take care of the young ones, and her desire was to stay all night and keep watch at the Yorkes'. It was in vain for them to say that she was not needed. With every sort of compliment, and every demonstration of respect, she persisted in staying. Betsey, she said, had slept none the night before, and would be needed about the house the next day, and they might all rest better if there were a vigilant watcher in-doors as well as out. Men were slow and stupid sometimes, but there was no danger of her letting slumber steal over her eyelids.

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"Well, it is true, my head does feel like a soggy batter-pudding," Betsey owned, beginning to waver. "I had a jumping toothache all Friday night, and last night I never slept one wink."

"Besides," continued Boadicea, growing heroic, "when the two eldest of my offspring are in the jaws of destruction, my place is beside them."

It was impossible to resist such an argument, and she was permitted to have her way.

"I was going to leave the door unlocked, so that the men could come in and get their luncheon," Betsey said. "But as you are here, perhaps you will carry it out to them."

A dignified bow was the only reply. Mrs. Patten considered so trivial a subject as luncheon irrelevant to these thrilling circumstances. The question in her mind at this moment was what weapon she should use in the event of an attack. Her taste was for the mediæval, and she would have welcomed with enthusiasm the sight of a battle-axe or a halberd; but since these were not to be had, she inclined toward a long iron shovel that stood in the chimney-corner, reaching nearly to the mantelpiece. This would give a telling blow, and would, moreover, allow of a fine swing of the arms in its wielding.

"Now, here are two coffee-pots full," Betsey said. "This is done, I think, and will do to begin with. You might put water to the other so as to have it ready about twelve o'clock. I believe in having something to eat and drink, no matter what happens. About all that keeps me from joining the Catholic Church is their fasting. I couldn't praise God on an empty stomach; I should be all the time thinking how hungry I was. If it warn't for that, I do believe, the folks here act so like the old boy, I'd turn Catholic just for spite, if nothing else. Give 'em as many of them pumpkin-pies as they want to eat. Give 'em all there is in the closet, if they want it."

Sally listened, superior, and merely bowed in reply.

Betsey set out a private lunch, and poured a cup of coffee. "Now, you take this, Mrs. Patten," she said, "and make yourself as comfortable as you can. It will help you to keep awake."

Boadicea hesitated, then, with a smile of lofty disdain, swallowed the coffee. Why should she attempt the vain task of making that unheroic soul comprehend the emotions which agitated her own spirit? Pumpkin pies and coffee help to keep her awake! Well, she swallowed them, but merely to escape the multiplying of trivial and inconsequent words.

At length the happy moment came when all in the house had gone to bed, and she was left alone.

And now indeed her soul swelled within her, and visions of possible heroic adventure rose before her mind's eye. She put out the lamp, and pushed the logs of the fire so closely together that only a dull-red glow escaped. She set the doors all open, and walked stealthily from room to room, gazing from window after window, stopping now and then to listen, with her head aside and her arms extended. There was a smoldering knot of wood in both the parlor and sitting-room fireplaces, and the faint light from them and from the kitchen threw gigantic fantastic shadows of her on the walls and ceiling as she moved about.

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Clara, feeling restless, came softly down once, and, seeing this strange figure, stole quickly back to bed again, and lay there trembling with fear all night.

But Boadicea kept her watch in glorious unconsciousness of realities. The place had undergone a change to her mind during those lonely hours. It was no longer a common, wooden country house, but a castle, with walls of stone, and battlements, barbican, and drawbridge. Mrs. Yorke was a fair ladie sleeping in her bower (not even in thought would Sally have spelt lady with a y), Mr. Yorke was a battle-worn warrior, Father Rasle the family chaplain and my lady's confessor. Without, the retainers watched, and an insidious foe lurked in the darkness, ready for bold attack or treacherous entry through a chink in the wall. Even now some vile caitiff might have obtained entrance, and be lurking behind yonder arras.

At that thought, Sally seized the kitchen shovel, and crept stealthily toward the parlor window, a grotesque shadow accompanying her, leaping across the ceiling in one breathless bound. She paused, and stared at the heavy drapery that seemed to outline a human form, and the shadow paused. She crept a step or two nearer, and the shadow dropped down and confronted her. She grasped the weapon firmly in her right hand, and, stretching the left, with one vigorous twitch pulled down Mrs. Yorke's damask curtain.

For a moment Sally felt rather foolish. She put the curtain up as best she could, and then went to

give the garrison their midnight lunch.

"And what is it ails the old lady?" asked one of the men of a companion. "Is it dumb that she is?" For this great, gaunt creature had given them their refreshments in utter silence and with many a tragical gesture.

She bent suddenly toward the speaker, raised her hand in warning, and whispered sharply, "Be vigilant!"

"What does she mean at all?" exclaimed the man in alarm, as Sally stalked away, very much bent forward, and looking to right and left at every step, as one sees people do on the stage sometimes. His impression was that something awful had taken place in the house.

In short, it was a glorious night for this poor addled soul—a night which would grow more and more in her imagination, till, after the passage of years, her most sincere description of it would never be recognized by one of the real actors.

Daylight came at length without there having been the slightest disturbance. Betsey came down to relieve guard, and Sally, weary but enthusiastic still, went home to electrify Joe with the recital of her adventures.

Clara, coming down before the rest of the family, was astonished to find the kitchen shovel reclining on one of the parlor chairs, and a crimson curtain put up with the yellow lining inside the room.

Father Rasle appeared in a few minutes, and took an affectionate leave of the men who had spent the night in guarding his rest; and, as soon as breakfast was over, he and Mr. Yorke started for Bragon.

Edith saw him go without any poignant regret for her own part, for she was to remain in Seaton but a few weeks longer. But her heart ached for the poor people who were so soon to be left utterly friendless. The burden of the pain had fallen, where it always falls, on the poor. A group of them stood at the gate when the travellers went through, and others met them in North Street, and all gazed after the carriage, with breaking hearts, as long as it was in sight. When might they hope to see a priest again? When again would the Mass-bell summon them to bow before the uplifted Host, and the communion cloth be spread for their heavenly banquet? They cared little for the mocking smile and word, but covered their faces and wept when their pastor disappeared from their gaze. [22]

Patrick went down to the post-office, and came back bringing a letter for Edith, which had lain in the office since Sunday morning. The letter was from Mrs. Rowan-Williams, and contained but a line: "My son is at home, dangerously sick with a fever."

"The sentiment which attends the sudden revelation that *all is lost*," says De Quincey, "silently is gathered up into the heart; it is too deep for gestures or for words, and no part of it passes to the outside."

Nor is the silence more profound when a slight possibility, over which we have no control, still interposes between the heart and utter loss.

Edith put the letter into her aunt's hand. "I must go immediately to Bragon, to take the cars," she said quietly. "Will you tell Patrick to get a carriage? I will be ready in a little while."

She went up-stairs to put on a travelling-dress, and pack what she wished to take with her. The selection was calmly and carefully made. There was no need of haste. In less than an hour everything was ready, and the carriage at the door.

"I have sent a telegram to your uncle, and he will meet you, and go on to Boston with you to-night," her aunt said.

Melicent offered her a cup of coffee, and she put it to her lips, and tried to drink it; but all the muscles of her mouth and throat seemed to be fixed, and she could not swallow a drop. She gave back the cup, without uttering a word.

"I have put some fruit and a small bottle of sherry into this luncheon-bag for you," Mrs. Yorke said hastily. "You must try to take a little on the way. You do not want to lose your strength, and these will be refreshing."

No one mentioned Dick Rowan's name to Edith, or offered a word of comfort. They even refrained from expressing too much solicitude and affection, and only kissed her silently when she went out. "Do nothing but what is necessary," Mrs. Yorke had said to her daughters. "There is no greater torture, at such a time, than to be fretted about trifles. Think of her feelings, not of expressing your own."

Neither Betsey nor her assistants were allowed to appear, and Patrick had orders to speak only when he was spoken to, and not on any account to mention Mr. Rowan's name.

"If he dies, it will kill Edith," Mrs. Yorke said, letting her tears flow when her niece was out of sight.

Some such thought was in Edith's own mind during that long drive. If Dick Rowan should die, her peace and joy would die with him; not that he was everything to her, but because she could never accept a happiness which was only to be reached over his grave. Edith loved Carl Yorke with all her heart, he attracted her irresistibly, and seemed rather a part of herself than a separate being; yet at that moment the thought of his death would have been to her more tolerable than the thought of Dick Rowan's. [23]

Mrs. Yorke's telegram was at the priest's house awaiting her husband when he arrived, and he went at once to the hotel where his niece was to meet him. Soon they were on the way.

"The Catholics here are in a state of the wildest excitement," he said. "The news arrived before we did, and the Irish want to go down and burn Seaton to the ground. Father Rasle will have difficulty in quieting them. The better class of Protestants, even, cry out against the outrage. They have called an indignation meeting for to-night, and the Protestant gentlemen are contributing to buy the priest a watch. His watch and pocket-book were stolen Saturday night, you know."

Though Edith said but little in reply, it was not because she had more important matter in her mind. The number of seats in the car she counted over with weary persistence, the number of narrow boards in the side of the car she learned by heart. She knew just how the lamp swung, and could have described accurately afterward the face and costume of the boy who sold papers and lemonade and pop-corn. Not till the weary night was over, and her uncle said, "Here we are in Boston!" did she awaken from that nightmare entanglement of littlenesses. Then first she showed some agitation.

"Drive directly to Mrs. Williams's," she said, "and, while I sit in the carriage, go to the door, and ask how he is. If they tell you that he is better, say it out loud, quickly, but if—if the news is not good, don't say one word to me, only take me into the house."

A telegram had been sent to Mrs. Williams, and Edith was expected. As Mr. Yorke went up the step, the door opened, and Dick's mother stood there.

Edith leaned back in the carriage, and covered her face with her hands. She had not dared to look at the house, lest some sign of mourning should meet her glance. "O Mother of Perpetual Succor!" she exclaimed.

"He is no worse, my dear," her uncle said at the carriage-door. "I think you need not fear. Come! Mrs. Williams is waiting for you."

Edith lifted her hands and eyes, and repeated her aspiration, "O Mother of Perpetual Succor!" but with what a difference!—not with anguish and imploring, but with passionate gratitude. Dick would live, she saw that at once. If the blow had not fallen, then it was not to fall now.

## **CHAPTER XXVI. DICK'S VISION.**

When Dick Rowan came home the first time after his mother's marriage, both she and her husband had desired him to select a chamber in their house which should always be his. He chose an unfurnished one nearly at the top of the house, and, after several playful skirmishes with his mother, who would fain have adorned it with velvet and lace, fitted it up to suit himself. It was large, sunny, and quiet; and there was but little in it besides an Indian matting, an iron bed, a writing-table, wicker chairs, and white muslin curtains, that did not even pretend to shut out the light. There was nothing on the walls but a book-case and a crucifix, nothing on the mantelpiece but a clock. The young man's tastes were simple, almost ascetical, and he protested that he could not draw free breath in a room smothered in thick upholstery. Sunshine, fresh air, pure water, and cleanliness—those he must have. Other things might be dispensed with.

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In this chamber Dick lay now, his body a prey to fever, his mind wandering in wild and tumultuous scenes. He was at sea, in a storm, and the ship was going down; he was wrecked, and parched with thirst in a wilderness of waters; he was sailing into a strange port, and suddenly the shore swarmed with enemies, and he saw huge cannon-mouths just breaking into flame, and flights of poisoned arrows just twanging from their bows; he was at Seaton again, a poor, friendless boy, and his father was reeling home drunk, with a rabble shouting at his heels. And always, whatever scene his fancy might conjure up, his ears were deafened by the strong rush of waves, adding confusion to terror and pain.

One day, when he had been crying out against this torment, a pair of cool, small hands were clasped tightly about his forehead, and a voice asked, low and clear, "Doesn't that make the waves seem less, Dick?"

He left off speaking, and lay listening intently.

"There are no waves nor storm," the voice said calmly. "You are not at sea. You are safe at home. But your head aches so that it makes you fancy things. What you hear is blood rushing through the arteries. I am going to put a bandage round your head. That will do you good."

Dick turned his head as Edith took her hands away, and followed her with his eyes while she took a few steps to get what she wanted. She smiled at him as she stood measuring off the strip of linen, and making up little rolls of linen to press on the arteries of the temples; and though her face was thin and white, and her eyes filled, in spite of her, when she smiled, the image was a cheerful one in that darkened room. She wore a dress of green cloth, soft and lustrous, and had a rosebud in her hair. The effect was cool and sweet. As she moved quietly about, the patient gazed at her, and his gaze seemed to be wondering and confused, rather than insane.

She drew the bandage tightly about his head, pressed hard on the throbbing arteries, and sprinkled cold water on the linen and his hair. She had observed that he started whenever ice was put to his head, and therefore kept it cool, and avoided giving a shock.

"You are sick, and I am going to make you well," she said. "You are not to think, but to obey. I

will do the thinking. Will you trust me?"

"Yes, Edith," he answered, after a pause, looking steadfastly at her, seeming in doubt whether it were a real form he saw, a real voice he heard.

"This is your room, you see," she said, laying one hand on his, and pointing with the other. "That is your book-shelf, there is your table and your crucifix. You know it all; but sickness and darkness are so confusing. Now, I'm going to give you one little glimpse of out-doors, only for a minute, though, because it would hurt your head to have too much light."

She went to the window, and drew aside the thick green curtain, and a golden ray from the setting sun flew in like a bird, and alighted on the clock. Those sick eyes shrank a little, but brightened. She returned, and leaned over the pillow, so as to have the same view through the window with him. "That green hill is Longwood," she said; "and there is the flagstaff on the top of Mr. B——'s house, looking like the mast of a ship. Now I shall drop the curtain, and you are to go to sleep."

[25]

So, as his feverish fancies rose like mists, her calm denial or explanation swept them away; or, if the delirium fit was too strong for that, she held his hand, to assure him of companionship, and went with him wherever his tyrannical imagination dragged him, and found help there. When he sank in deeps of ocean, he heard a voice, as if from heaven, saying, "He who made the waves is stronger than they. Hold on to God, and he will not let you go." If foes threatened him, he heard the reassuring text: "*The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the protector of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?*" If he groped in desolation, and cried out that every one had deserted him, she repeated: "*For my father and my mother have left me, but the Lord hath taken me up.*" "*Expect the Lord, do manfully, and let thy heart take courage, and wait thou for the Lord.*"

She followed him thus from terror to terror, imagining all the bitterness of them, trying to take that bitterness to herself, till they began to grow real to her, and she was glad to escape into the wholesome outer world, and see with her own eyes that the universe was not a sick-room.

Hester had come up, and she called and took Edith out for a drive every day; and sometimes she went home to Hester's house, and played with the children a while. She found their childish gayety and carelessness very soothing.

"Carl and I are fitting up the house for the family," Hester said one day. "They are all to come up the last of the month. I shall be so glad! It is delightful to go through the dear old familiar rooms, and look from the windows, just as I used to. We new-furnish the parlors only. Mamma wishes to use all the old things she can."

"I cannot stop to-day," Edith said; "but I would like to see the house soon. You know I saw only the outside of it when I was here before."

"Carl is going to England before they come up," Hester said hesitatingly. "I don't know why he does not wait for them, but he has engaged passage for next week. I believe he means to be gone only a month or two."

Edith leaned back in the carriage, and made no reply. When she spoke, after a while, it was to ask to be taken back to Mrs. Williams'.

From Dick Rowan's wandering talk, she had learned the history of his last few weeks. She perceived that Father John and his household must have known perfectly well what their visitor's trouble was, and that they had watched over and sympathized with him most tenderly. Dick's pride was not of a kind that would lead him to dissemble his feelings or conceal them from those of whose friendship and sympathy he was assured. Why should he conceal what he was not ashamed of? he would have asked. She learned that he had spent hours before the altar, that he had fasted and prayed, that he had gone out in the storm at night, and walked the yard of the priest's house, going in only when Father John had peremptorily commanded him to. These reckless exposures, combined with mental distress, had caused his illness. Dick had never before been ill a day, and could not believe that a physical inconvenience and discomfort, which he despised, would at last overpower him.

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One Sunday afternoon, a week after Edith's arrival, the patient opened his eyes, and looked about with a languid but conscious gaze, all the fever and delirium gone, and, also, all the human dross burned out of him. No person was in sight, and his heavy lids were dropping again, when his glance was arrested by a pictured face so perfect, that, to his misty sense, it seemed alive. It was an exquisite engraving of Rubens' portrait of St. Ignatius, not the weak and sentimental copy we most frequently see, but one full of expression. Large, slow tears, unnoted by him, rolled down his face. The lips, slightly parted, and tremulous with a divine sorrow, were more eloquent than any words could be. His finger pointed to the legend, "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam,*" and one could see plainly that in his fervent soul there was room for no other thought. With such a face might St. John have looked, bearing for ever in his heart the image of the Crucified.

The first glance of Dick Rowan's eyes was startled, as though he saw a vision, then his gaze became so intense that, from very weakness, his lids dropped, and he slept again. In that slumber, long, deep, and strengthening, the slackened thread of vitality in him began to knit itself together again.

"All we have to do now is to prevent his getting up too soon," the doctor said. "It would be like him to insist on going out to-morrow."

The danger over, a breath of spring seemed to blow through the house. The servants told each

other, with smiling faces, that Mr. Rowan was better. Mrs. Williams waked up to the fact that her personal appearance had been notably neglected of late, and, after kissing Edith with joyful effusion, went to put on her hair and a clean collar. Miss Williams opened her piano, put her foot on the soft pedal, and played a composition which made her father look at her wonderingly over his spectacles. Had it not been Sunday, he would have thought that Ellen was playing a polka. In fact, it was a polka, and sounded so very much like what it was that Mr. Williams presently ventured a faint remonstrance.

"Oh! nonsense, papa!" laughed the musician over her shoulder. "It is a hymn of praise, by Strauss."

"Strauss?" repeated her father doubtfully. He thought the name sounded familiar.

"Mendelssohn, I mean," corrected she, with the greatest hardihood, and shook a shower of sparkling notes from her finger-ends.

Miss Ellen was one of the progressive damsels of the time.

Mr. Williams looked toward the door, and smiled pleasantly, seeing Miss Yorke come in, and she returned his greeting with one as friendly. There was a feeling of kindness between the two. This gentleman was not very gallant, but, being in his wife's confidence, and aware therefore that Edith had been looked on by her as a culprit, he had taken pains to make her feel at ease with him. Moreover, in common with a good many other middle-aged, matter-of-fact men, he had a carefully-concealed vein of sentimentality in his composition, and was capable of being deeply interested in a genuine love affair. With a great affectation of contempt, Mr. Williams would yet devour every word of a romantic story at which his daughter would most sincerely turn up her nose. It is indeed on record, in the diary of the first Mrs. Williams, that her husband sat up late one night, on pretence of posting his books, and that, after twelve o'clock, she went down-stairs and found him, as she expressed it, "snivelling over" *The Hungarian Brothers*. "Which astonished me in so sensible a man as John," the lady added. [27]

Edith took a chair by a window and looked out into the street, and Mr. Williams turned over the book on his knee. It was a volume of sermons which he was in the habit of pretending to read every Sunday afternoon. Intellectually, Mr. Williams was sceptical; and had one propounded to him, one by one, the doctrines he heard preached every Sunday, and asked him if he believed them, he would probably have answered, "Well, no, I don't know as I do exactly"; but early education by a mother whose religion was earnest if mistaken, and that necessity for some supernatural element in the life which is the mark of our divine origin, impelled him to an observance of what he did not believe, for the want of something better which he could believe.

When Dick waked again, the first object he saw was his mother's face, full of tearful joy. She smiled, quivered, tried to speak, and could not.

"Poor mother! what a trouble I am to you!" he said, and would have held his hand out to her, but found himself unable to raise it. He looked, and saw it thin and transparent, glanced with an expression of astonished inquiry into his mother's face, and understood it all. "I must have been sick a long time, mother," he said.

She kissed him tenderly. "Yes, my dear boy. But it is all over now, thank God!"

"Poor mother!" he said again. "I must have worn you out. Have you taken all the care of me?"

"No! Edith was here," she answered timidly. "She is a good nurse, Dick."

"Edith?" he echoed with surprise; and, after a moment's thought, added quietly, "Yes, I recollect seeing her. She helped me a great deal, I think, dear child!"

"Would you like to see her?" his mother asked. "She has only just left the room."

"Not now, mother," he answered. "She will come presently. I cannot talk much now."

He closed his eyes again, and lay in that delicious trance of convalescence, when simply to breathe is enough for contentment—the lips slightly parted, the form absolutely at rest, the eyes not so closed but a faint twilight enters through the lashes—a sweet, happy mood. When his mother moved softly about, Dick lifted his lids now and then, but was not disturbed. Sometimes, before closing them again, his half-seeing eyes dwelt a moment on some object in the room. After one of these dreamy glances, there entered through his lashes the vision of a face that seemed to cry aloud to him a piercing summons.

He started up as if electrified, and stretched his arms out. "Stay! stay!" he cried, and saw that it was no vision, but a pictured, saintly face, with tears on the cheeks, and lips from which a message seemed to have just escaped.

"Dick, what is the matter?" his mother exclaimed in terror.

He sank back on the pillows. "I saw it before, and thought it was a dream," he whispered. "I was thinking of it as I lay here."

"The picture?" his mother asked. "Edith hung it there. I will take it away if you don't like it." [28]

"I do like it," he answered faintly. "It is a blessed, blessed vision." He lay looking at it a while, then slipped his hand under the pillow and found a little crucifix that he had always kept there. At the beginning of his illness his mother had taken it away, but Edith had returned and kept it there, seeing that he sometimes sought for it. He drew it forth now, pressed it passionately to his lips, then, holding it in the open palm of his hand, on the pillow, turned his cheek to it with a gesture of childlike fondness. "O my Love!" he whispered.



"Shall I tell Edith to come in?" his mother asked, catching the whisper.

"Not now, not to-night, mother," he answered softly.

But the next morning he asked to see the whole family, with the servants, and, when they came, thanked them affectionately for what they had done for him, taking each one by the hand. When Edith approached, a slight color flickered in his cheeks, and he looked at her earnestly. Her changed face seemed to distress him. "Dear child, I have been killing you!" he said.

At his perfectly unembarrassed and friendly address, Edith's worst fear took flight. If Dick had reproached or been cold to her, she would have defended herself without difficulty; but if he had shrunk from her, she could scarcely have borne it.

The doctor was quite right in saying that their only difficulty would be in keeping their patient quiet, for Dick insisted on sitting up that very day.

"The doctor wishes you to lie still," his mother said.

"And I wish to get up," he retorted, smiling, but wilful.

"The Lord wishes you to lie still, Dick," Edith said.

He became quiet at once. "Do you think so?" he asked.

"Father John will tell you," she answered, as the door opened to give admittance to the priest.

Of course Father John confirmed her assertion. "Everything in its time, young man," he said cheerfully. "This enforced physical illness may be to you a time of richest spiritual benefit. You have now leisure for reading and contemplation which you will not have when you go out into active life again. You must let Miss Edith read to you."

Before leaving his penitent, the priest proposed to give him Holy Communion the next morning; but Dick hesitatingly objected. "Not that I do not long for it, father," he made haste to add; "but I wish to recollect myself. Like St. Paul, *I desire to be dissolved and be with Christ*, but I wish to endure that desire a little longer, till I shall be better prepared to be with him."

Seeing the priest look at him attentively, he blushed, and added: "Of course I do not mean to compare myself with St. Paul, sir," and was for a moment mortified and disconcerted at what he supposed Father John would think his presumption.

"There is no reason why you and I may not have precisely the same feelings that St. Paul had," the priest said quietly.

Edith found letters in her room from Seaton. Her aunt wrote that they were busily making the last arrangements for their moving, and gave her many kind messages from her friends. The house in Seaton had been leased advantageously, and they hoped that the lessee might be able to buy it after a while, as he wished to. They were to bring all their household with them, Betsey, Patrick, and the young Pattens. The prospect of being left behind had so afflicted these faithful creatures that she had not the heart to desert them.

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Clara wrote a long, gossiping letter. "I must tell you what an absurd little stale romance is being acted here," she wrote, "for mamma is sure to tell you nothing about it. Prepare to be astonished by the most surprising, the most bewildering, etc. (see M<sup>me</sup>. de Sévigné). Mr. Griffeth has proposed for Melicent, and Melicent is willing, so she says! Papa and mamma are frantic, and Mel goes about with a persecuted, inscrutable look which distracts me. I sometimes think that she is only pretending in order to have a fuss made over her, but one cannot be sure. You know she always prided herself on her good sense and judgment, and my experience is that when such persons do a foolish thing,

'They are So (ultra) cinian, they shock the Socinians.'

"We highfliers commit follies with a certain grace, and we know when we reach the step between the sublime and the ridiculous; but these clumsy sensible people are like dancing elephants, and have no conception how absurd they are. (Did you ever observe that people who have no *un*common sense always claim to have a monopoly of the common sense?)

"It seems that Mel has had no intercourse with the man lately, except what we have known, but he has been giving her some of those expressive glances which are so effective when one has practised them long enough. 'Oh! those looks which have so little force in law, but so much in equity!' Mamma said that she would rather see a daughter of hers married to Mr. Conway than to Mr. Griffeth, for Mr. Conway had principle if he was not clever, and Mel made a pretty good answer. 'There is always hope,' she said, 'that an irreligious person may be converted, but there is no conversion for the commonplace.' Mel thinks Mr. Griffeth remarkably intellectual, and papa ridiculed the idea. The little man, he said, resembled Cæsar in one respect, for whereas Cæsar wore the laurel wreath to cover his bald pate, the minister took refuge in verbiage to hide his baldness of thought. This having no effect, I gave the 'most unkindest cut of all.' I reminded her that he had tried both you and me first, and we didn't know how many more. Her reply was to hand me a copy of Browning's *Men and Women*, open at "Misconceptions." She had marked the words:

"This is the spray the Bird clung to,  
Making it blossom with pleasure,  
Ere the high tree-top she sprang to,  
Fit for her nest and her treasure."

"But I thought that her smile was something like that of one who is taking medicine heroically, a

sort of quinine-smile.

"There is but one way if we do not wish to have this howling dervish in the family: we must exhibit, as the doctors say, a counter-irritant—that is, find Mel another lover. I am convinced that she will never voluntarily relinquish one romance except in favor of one more."

## CHAPTER XXVII. CARL YORKE'S ORBIT.

As Dick Rowan gained strength in those first days of convalescence, Edith perceived that he had changed toward her. The manifestations of this change were slight, she was not sure that he was himself conscious of them, but they were decided. It was not that he showed any unkindness, or even indifference, but his being seemed to be—scarcely yet revolving round, but—brooding round a new centre. He frequently became absorbed in contemplation, from which he recalled himself with difficulty, though always cheerfully. Not a tinge of pain marred the peaceful silence of his mood. It was like that exquisite pause we sometimes see in the weather, when, after a violent storm, the winds and blackness withdraw, and there comes an hour of tender, misty silence before the sunshine breaks forth. His eyes would turn upon her kindly, and, still looking, forget her, and she saw that something of more importance had usurped her image.

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He was decided and self-reliant, too, in some things, and seemed rather displeased than grateful for too much solicitude on the part of others. He put aside entirely the usual sick-room inquiries. "I am getting well," he said, "and need not count how often I stumble in learning to walk again. My miserable body has received attention enough. Let us forget it, now that we may."

Edith began to read, in obedience to Father John, but the books she chose at first did not quite suit the listener. Even the *St. Theresa* and *The Following of Christ*, which she found on his shelves, did not seem to be what he wanted then. She brought some of her books, but could see that his own meditations were more agreeable to him.

"I do not like to find fault with a pious writer," Dick said uneasily. "They are all good, but I have thought that some of them sometimes—" He broke off abruptly. "Edith, is there such a word as *platitudinize*?"

"I do not think that it is in the dictionary," she replied, smiling.

"It is, then, an omission," said Dick.

"Try the Gospels," Father John said, when Edith told him her difficulty. "Different states of mind require different reading, just as different states of the body require different food and medicine. I frequently advise people, whom I find having a distaste for spiritual reading, to read the Gospels, and refresh their memory of all the events recorded there by the simply-told story. I always find that they return with delight and profit to the meditations of those holy souls whose lives have been spent in the study of these mysteries. These writers assume that the reader has freshly in his mind that of which they treat. You cannot meditate on a subject, nor follow clearly the meditations of another, when the facts are not familiar to your own mind."

Edith read the Gospels, therefore, and was astonished at their effect on Dick. Either his perceptions had been sharpened during his illness, or some obstructions had been cleared away from the passage to his heart. This was not to him an old story, worn and deadened with much telling, and slipping past his hearing without leaving a trace, but a tragedy newly enacted, none of its edge gone, every circumstance as sharp as a thorn, tearing in the telling. While Edith read the story of the Lord as told by the four great witnesses, and added the outpourings of those fiery Epistles, the listener's agitation was so great that she was often compelled to stop. At the chapters which related to the passion, Dick's hands trembled and grew cold, and his head dropped back against the cushions of his chair. The Epistles of St. Paul stirred him especially.

"Now, Dick, if you don't behave I won't read you another word!" Edith exclaimed, one day, when he had started out of his chair, and begun to walk about.

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He came back with a stumbling step, and seated himself, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"I believe I shall have to postpone St. Paul till I am able to go out-doors," he said breathlessly.

Observing his eyes frequently wander to the St. Ignatius, she remarked: "He looks as though he were present when our Lord was crucified, and could not forget the sight."

"We were all present!" he exclaimed. "How can we forget it?"

Long and intimate as their acquaintance had been, Edith thought now that she had not known Dick Rowan well. She had praised, defended, and loved him with sisterly fondness, but always, involuntarily, almost unconsciously, from a higher plane than his. Now she looked up to him as her superior. But, in truth, she had known him well, and done him full justice. The difference now was that the full current of his nature was turned into a higher channel.

One day Hester sent the carriage to take Edith to see the family house, which was as complete as it could be before the arrival of the family. Hester herself was detained at home by company, but she sent a line: "Carl will be there, and the man who is putting up the curtains, and the woman who is cleaning the closet in your room. So you will not be lost, nor want for information."

Edith had just begun her reading when the note was given to her. She handed it to Dick to read.

"That settles the question," he said, holding out his hand for the book. "While you read to me

yesterday, the thought occurred to me that I could do it for myself, and I meant that this should be your last reading. Go and take the air, Edith. You have been too much shut up. This is your last day but one with me as an invalid."

She looked at him with a startled expression.

"Because," he answered smilingly to her look, "to-morrow I drive out, the day after I shall sit down-stairs, and the next day I shall forget that I have ever been sick."

He looked thoroughly contented and cheerful. There was no lurking sadness, nor reluctance to have her go. Dick was too transparent to hide it if there were. As well might the lake show a smooth surface while waves were rolling below. His soul had, indeed, always been more placid than his manner.

Before Edith had left the room, he was turning over the leaves of the book, a new one to him; and when she stepped into the carriage at the curbstone, he was so absorbed in reading as not to know that she was looking up at the window where he sat. The book rested on the wide arm of his chair, his elbow near it, the hand supporting his forehead. His hair had been cut off, and thus his full brow and finely shaped head were clearly displayed. His hands were beginning to look alive, his cheeks to get back their color. So he leaned and read, and she drove away.

She was going to meet Carl, and she was glad of it, though at Seaton she had thought that she must not see him again. The second thought had shown her how unnecessary and Quixotic this resolution had been, made in the first shock and confusion caused by Dick Rowan's distress, and her own discovery of the depth of her own affection for Carl. She had since then put aside her own imagination and that of others, and examined her heart as it was, not as it might become under circumstances which she no longer expected to find herself in. She and Carl were nearly related by marriage, and he had been her teacher, and kind and delicate friend. She had lived in the same house with him seven years, a longer time than she had been associated intimately with Dick Rowan, and her intercourse with him had been such as to call out all that was most amiable in his character, and that at a time when her own mind was maturing, and capable of receiving its most profound impressions. She asked herself what the charm had been in her intercourse with him, and the answer was immediate: a quick and thorough sympathy in everything natural. For the supernatural, so careful had he been not to offend her conscience, and so highly had he appreciated religion in her, she had felt no sense of discordance, but only that he lacked a faith which she hoped and expected he would one day possess. Carl had never intruded his scepticism on her. What, she asked herself then, had she wished regarding him? and the answer was no more doubtful; she had wished to be his most confidential and sympathizing friend, and had shrunk with pain from the thought of any one coming nearer to his heart than herself, or as near. Even of these wishes she had been almost unconscious till others had forced them on her attention. Of Dick Rowan's friendships she could never have been jealous, and she could never have suffered from them. Here she stopped, and set her Christian will and her maiden reserve as a firm barrier against her own imagination or the intrusive imaginations of others taking one step further. She was ready to fling her *Honni soit qui mal y pense* in the face of any evil speaker.

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"Dick Rowan was a good friend to my childhood," she said, "and protected me from all physical danger and insult, and petted me with childlike fondness; and I have been grateful to him beyond the point of duty, and to my own hurt. Carl Yorke helped to form my opening mind, and patiently and carefully strove to endow me with his own knowledge, and my debt to him is a still higher one. I have a right, when he is going away, to bid him a friendly good-by, and I should be ashamed of myself if I were afraid to!"

Carl stood in the door of his old home, and came down the steps, hat in hand, to assist her. She saw in his face that he felt doubtful whether his presence might not displease her.

"I am glad to see you, Carl," she said cordially. "I could not believe that you meant to go away without bidding me farewell."

"I would not have gone away without seeing you," Carl replied quietly; and they went into the house together. His face had lighted at her greeting. Evidently he liked its frank kindness, and the entire setting aside of all embarrassing recollections. He had been in the cruel position of a man who, with a high natural sense of honor, has suffered himself to be betrayed into an act which he cannot justify, and is ashamed to excuse. Silence was best.

Edith was delighted with the home-like look of everything in the house, and the good taste displayed in its arrangement.

"I can easily understand," Carl said, "why you and my mother wished to have as little new furniture as possible. I think we all prefer that which has friendly or beautiful associations."

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He led her to a portrait, conspicuously placed in the sitting-room.

"I hung dear Alice's picture here," he said, "because I thought that her place was in the family-circle." He sighed. "It is astonishing how cruelly selfish men can sometimes be, without knowing it. Poor, dear Alice thought of me, and I thought of myself. Well, she is safe dead, with no more need of me, and I am left with an unflinching regret."

Edith was grieved and touched by his self-reproach, and was about to say some comforting word, when he turned to her with a smile. "And I am committing again the same fault which I confess," he said. "Edith comes out of a sick-room, weary and depressed, and I sadden instead of cheering her. Shall we look about the house?"

They went up-stairs, and he showed her the different chambers. "But we all concluded that you

would prefer the one I used to have for my painting-room," he said. "It is up another flight of stairs, but well repays you for the climbing. You are an early bird, and there you will have the morning sunshine. It is the largest chamber in the house, and has the best view. How do you like it?"

Edith exclaimed with delight. Nothing could have suited her better. Through the windows were visible a wide sweep of sky and a pretty city view. Inside, the room was large, charmingly irregular, with alcoves and niches, and the partial furnishing was fresh and of her own colors. Sea-green and white lace made it a home fit for a mermaid. It was evident that a good deal of care had been used in preparing the place for her.

"You are so kind!" she said rather tremulously.

He affected not to notice her emotion. "All I have done in this house has been a labor of love and delight," he said, and led her to a picture which bore the mark of his own exquisite brush, the only picture on the walls. "This is to remember Carl by," he said. "It is painted partly from nature, partly from a description of the scene. It is a glimpse into what was called the Kentucky Barrens."

An opening in a forest of luxuriant beech, ash, and oak trees showed a level of rich green, profusely flower-sprinkled. The morning sky was of a pure blue, with thin flecks of white cloud, and everything was thickly laden with dew. The fringe of the picture glittered with light, but all the centre was overshadowed by a vast slanting canopy of messenger-pigeons, settling toward the earth. The sunlight on their glossy backs glanced off in brilliant azure reflections, looking as though a cataract of sapphires was flowing down the sky. Here and there, a ray of sunshine broke through the screen of their countless wings, and lit up a flower or bit of green. An oriole was perched on a twig in the foreground, and from the hanging nest close by, his mate pushed a pretty head and throat. Startled by the soft thunder of that winged host, they gazed out at it from the safe covert of their leafy home.

The two went down-stairs into the sitting-room again. "Now, I want to tell you all my plans," Carl said.

They seated themselves, and he began: "I have thought best to make now the tour which I [34] contemplated years ago. It must be now, or never, and I am not willing to relinquish it entirely. But I am not sorry that I was disappointed in going when I first thought of it, for I was not then prepared to derive the benefit from the journey which I now hope for. I should have gone then for pleasure and adventure; now I make a pilgrimage to gather knowledge. I tell you of this, Edith, but I have concluded not to tell my mother. It seems cruel, and there has been a struggle in my mind, but I cannot do otherwise. I well remember how hard it was to win her consent before, and I believe she was truly glad of our loss of wealth, since it kept me at home. If I should tell her now, the struggle would be renewed, and she would be ill. I am afraid, too, that I might be impatient with her, for I have no more time to throw away. So I shall let her suppose that I am going to make a short visit in England, which is true. Once there, she will not be disturbed at my going over to France for a few weeks. After France, Switzerland follows of course, Italy is next door, and the East is not far from Italy. I have always observed that, when a thing is done, my mother makes up her mind to it with fortitude; but, if it is left to her to decide on anything painful, she is unable to decide, and the suspense is terrible to her. My father knows that. When he really means to do a thing, he is prompt, and makes no talk about it. And, Edith, I shall not tell my sisters nor father, because it will seem more unkind if she is the only one who does not know, and it might compel them to practise evasion. I tell you alone, and I want you to promise me that, if my mother should begin to suspect, you will at once tell her all, and do what you can to quiet her."

"I promise you, Carl," Edith answered.

"You can also tell Mr. Rowan, if you have occasion to, if you wish to," he said, looking at her attentively.

She merely bowed.

"I think that you will approve of my plans," he went on with earnestness. "I have found what I believe to be my place and work in this vortex of the nineteenth century, and I wish to fill that place and do that work in the best manner I can. I have been offered a position as *attaché* at one of our embassies, but I am not ready for that yet. I am not fit for anything that I wish to do."

Warming with his subject, Carl stood up, and leaned on a high chair-back opposite Edith while he talked. His face became animated, his manner had a charming cordiality and frankness. When his time should come for speaking or writing, or taking any part in the affairs of his country, he wished to be considered an authority, and to deserve that consideration. To that end, he must have more knowledge, not of courts, or camps, or books, though these were worth knowing, but of people as they live in their own homes, in their own lands, under laws strange to us. He wanted to know the world's poor, and the world's criminals, and the world's saints, wherever he could find them. "You have observed, in drawing faces," he said, "how one little line will alter the whole expression. It is the same with arguments. A great, loose, sophistical generalization may be as completely upset by one sharp little fact, as Goliath was by David. I want to have a sling full of those facts. A plain hard truth may be made attractive by a single beautiful illustration; and I wish to gather illustrations from the whole world. I hate a sour patriotism, and I would not think, nor speak, nor write narrowly on any subject.

"I can perceive, Edith, that we have much to learn in this country, and I wish to be first taught [35] myself, then to do my part in helping to teach others. We need to learn that the order of society,

as well as of the heavenly bodies, depends on a centripetal, no less than a centrifugal force. At present we are all flying off on tangents. We need to learn that there is beauty and dignity in obedience, as well as in independence. We should see that it is better for a people to be nobler than their laws, than for laws to be nobler than the people; and that the living constitution of a living nation is not found on any parchment, but is the national conscience brought to a focus. Why, Edith, those very persons who boast themselves the most on the glorious fathers of our country are, perhaps, the persons of whom those same fathers, could they behold them, would be most unutterably ashamed. I do not mean to be presumptuous, dear; but I see which way my influence should go, and I mean to do my best to make that influence great, first by leading an honest life, and next by polishing my weapons to the utmost. I am talking confusedly. I give you but a rough sketch of my design. Two years, I think, will be the limit of my stay. I am so well prepared by my studies that I shall lose no time, and I have every facility of access to all places I wish to visit. What do you say to it, Edith?"

"I say God-speed, with all my heart, Carl! Your aims are noble. I like to see you in earnest."

"I am in earnest, dear," he said. "I feel as a new planet might, that has been turning on its own centre without progress, and is all at once set spinning off on its orbit."

In the momentary silence that followed, Edith went to a book-shelf filled with pamphlets, and looked them over. "O Carl!" she said brightly, "do you read these?"

They were the numbers of *Brownson's Review*.

"I have read them more attentively than anything else," he answered, "and learned more from them. An American best understands the American mind. Pure reason is, of course, cosmopolitan; but reason is seldom so pure but a colored ray of individual or national character intrudes; and I like to choose my color. I think," he said, smiling, "that I have been quoting that *Review* to you. I leave them for my father to read."

Edith's eyes sparkled. "I thank God that you are on this track, Carl!" she said. "The first I ever read in this *Review* was an article on De Maistre, and it solved for me a great difficulty. The fragments of truth that I had seen in the mythologies of different nations, and the beautiful Christian sentiments I had found among the pagans, had been a stumbling-block to me; but, when I read that, all became plain. You make me very happy, dear Carl!"

"I do not think that I am pious," he said, after a moment. "My mind is clear on the subject, but my heart is unmoved. I do not wonder at that, and I am not sure but I prefer it so; to have light pour over my mind till my heart melts underneath, rather than have a mind imperfectly illuminated, and a heart starting up at intervals in little evanescent flames, which die out again, and leave ashes. The former is light from heaven, the latter suggests the lucifer-match to me. As soon as the time shall come, which I calmly await, when I have a clearer realization of the necessity of baptism, I shall ask to be baptized. Till then, I wish my intellectual convictions to be getting acclimated. My sacrifice must be ready before I invoke upon it fire from heaven."

"Oh! you remind me of St. John of the Cross," Edith said. "He says, 'Reason is but the candlestick to hold the light of faith.'"

"Precisely!" Carl replied. "Behold me, then, illuminated by a candlestick, instead of a candle, but—aware of that lack. A friend of mine, a convert, told me lately that he had always regretted having hurried into the church, and to the sacraments, as he did. He did not realize anything, but received supernatural favors like one in a dream. He said that, though he was sincere, and would have given his life for the faith that was in him, he was, for a long time, tormented by the habit of doubt. When, at length, that habit was broken, he used sometimes to long to receive baptism over again, or wished, at least, that his first communion had been postponed to the time of peace. A strong movement of the heart might, perhaps, have saved this trouble; but neither he nor I have been so favored."

"And yet," Edith said thoughtfully, "I should have supposed that the first conviction of truth would have moved your feelings. When my mind pointed that way, my heart followed quickly, and pretty soon took wings, and flew along by itself, and left my thoughts behind. I am not sure that I have any intellect in religion. I can think of reasons for everything, if I try, but it does not seem to me worth while, unless some one outside of the church wishes to know."

"That is a woman's way," Carl said, pleased with her pretty earnestness. "A woman goes heart first, or her head and heart go hand in hand, and her finest mental power is the intellect of noble passions. A man goes head first, and his highest power is reason."

The silvery bell of a clock warned them how long their interview had been. Edith rose. "I must say good-by to you for two years, then, Carl; but you have taken away the sting of parting. While you are on the road to truth, I am not afraid of any road for you on sea or land."

She gave him her hand. Large, bright tears stood in her eyes.

"Dear Edith, good-by!" he said, and could not utter another word.

They went down the steps together. The carriage-door opened and closed, there was one last glance, and they lost sight of each other.

They parted with pain, yet not unwillingly; for duty and honor yet stood with hands clasped between to separate them. Dick Rowan's pale face, as they had seen it that night sinking backward into the river, could be forgotten by neither.

When we have wronged a person, though it were unconsciously, we can no longer take the same

delight in that pleasure which has given him pain. The pleasure may be no less dear to us, but the thought that it is to be reached only through the sufferings of one who has even a fancied claim on us makes renunciation seem almost preferable to possession.

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# THE DUTIES OF THE RICH IN CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

## NO. III. SOCIAL DUTIES.

Under this head we include duties toward certain classes or individuals who are dependent on the rich for their well-being and happiness. The rich furnish employment to those who live by labor. By their wealth, their knowledge, their power of various kinds, they set agoing and direct those great branches of human enterprise and industry in which the majority of persons in civilized society are the workmen. The welfare and happiness of the majority depend, therefore, in a great measure upon the right discharge of their duties by the minority, in whose hands the direction is placed. In order that these duties may be rightly discharged according to Christian principles, the small number who possess the largest portion of wealth and power must be stimulated and governed by the motive of true philanthropy, the love of their fellow-men, Christian charity. Those who are dependent need, on their part, the spirit of resignation to the will of God, contentment with their lot, respect and affection toward those who are in a superior position. Where this mutual charity, springing from Christian principles, does not exist in great strength, binding all classes together, sooner or later the rich will despise and oppress the poor; and the poor will hate the rich, biding their time to revolt against and destroy them. The rich ought, therefore, to devote all their thoughts and energies to such an administration of the trust committed to them as may produce the greatest possible amount of well-being and happiness among the dependent classes in society, and earn for themselves the respect, love, and gratitude of all.

We will now leave off generalizing, and descend to some particulars. Merchants and others in similar positions ought to take more interest than they do in the welfare and happiness of their clerks. Those who know something of the hardships, privations, and moral danger to which this class of young men are exposed in New York will not dispute the assertion we have made.<sup>[13]</sup> It may be extended to the corresponding class of young women. And we have here the opportunity of citing the example of a work undertaken by one of our merchants, which illustrates our thesis much better than pages of explanation. We refer to the great institution contrived, and now almost completed, by Mr. Stewart, which may be seen, and is worth being seen by every one, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Thirty-third Street. This princely undertaking is a sample of that benevolent and magnanimous effort in behalf of a numerous and interesting class of the employees of the rich which we are aiming to recommend.

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The need of looking after the interests of those who are engaged in the harder and rougher kinds of labor is much more stringent. The tenements and daily surroundings of the laboring class of people in great cities, the many squalid discomforts and miseries which invest their lot in life, have been the frequent theme of those who, either from real or pretended philanthropy, concern themselves with social questions. Here again, we may cite the example of another princely merchant, Mr. Peabody, as an illustration of what might be undertaken and accomplished, if the whole body of wealthy men had the same spirit and would make similar efforts. The condition of the laboring class is too hard. They are too much neglected. It is not safe to leave them in this condition, and, more than this, it is not right to do so. Let us specify some particular instances of the ill-treatment or neglect of certain classes of workingmen. There are not a few who are most unreasonably and cruelly overworked both by day and by night, especially such as fill the most arduous kinds of employments about railroads. The life of the Southern negro slave was paradisaic, compared to that of the miserable drudges who work in the stables of our horse railways. The conductors and drivers of our city cars and omnibuses are worked to death on a pay so meagre that stealing has become a kind of recognized necessity of their situation. How can these men go to church on Sundays, approach the sacraments, or enjoy an innocent holiday? There is a wonderful amount of breath and ink expended in our enlightened city upon our religious rights and liberties. Yet the men who are employed to take care of the Central Park cannot find even a single half-hour on a Sunday morning to go to Mass.

Let any one who wishes to appreciate the blessing of living in this nineteenth century, in this land of light and liberty, and enjoying the fruits of that advanced civilization which communicates the greatest amount of happiness to the greatest number, take a tour of the New England factories. He will there see spectacles to rejoice his heart, if he is both a wealthy and a righteous man, and cause him to exclaim: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men, *especially as these Irishmen*, and that my wife and children are not like theirs!" The writer of these articles has had a long and extensive experience as a missionary among the Catholic population of the factory towns of New England. In almost every instance, the persons who have had charge of the factories have been extremely polite and obliging during the continuance of the missions. Often they have manifested an interest in their success, and have granted facilities to the operatives to attend the exercises. So, undoubtedly, has it been with the masters of slaves on the Southern plantations. These things cannot, however, make slavery to be freedom, or the condition of operatives in factories one that is fit to exist in a society which pretends to be Christian or civilized. There are plenty of kind-hearted, philanthropic men among New England capitalists. We do not suppose that all those who give so largely to foreign missions and Bible societies have either made their fortunes by selling opium and rum to the heathen, or are seeking merely to salve over a remorseful conscience and gain applause from men by their liberality. Yet even those who are conscientious and benevolent are carried along by a system which is bad and cruel. We do not mean that it is bad and cruel by accident merely. Many of its crimes and cruelties are purely accidental, and

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prove only the wickedness of particular persons. If a building is put up in such a slight manner that it falls and crushes hundreds, this is the crime of those particular persons who caused it to be built in such a manner. If the superintendent of a factory abuses his power to corrupt those who are under him, that is his own sin. But if the principles and laws of the system produce moral and physical misery independently of the individuals who carry it on, the system is essentially vicious. It is even the cause of the accidental and exceptional villainies which occur under it, because it tends to produce a cruel and tyrannical spirit.

The essential vice of the system lies in this. Capitalists seek to make exorbitant profits, without regard to anything but their own selfish interests. They care not for their operatives. These are, consequently, overworked, and employed at too tender an age, and to a great extent are underpaid. They are regarded and treated as working machines, and not as moral and religious beings. There is something repulsive, gloomy, and uncivilized about the aspect and surroundings of a factory or a factory town. The life which is led there has the most stern and sombre elements of the monastic institute, without the compensating charms and attractions. It has something also of the state-prison discipline, something of the poor-house, and a great deal of the *Commune*. There is a dismal and frightful regularity, like that of a treadmill, in the existence of the population of our factory towns of New England. Everything is arranged both in the mills and the boarding-houses with such clock-work regularity, and with such scanty allowance for any other functions of life except those which are physical, that the place would suit much better for a variety of apes with sufficient intelligence to work machines than for human beings. Sunday is free, it is true, thanks to the small amount of Christian law which still survives in our country. Catholics can therefore go to Mass and sermon, as they do in thousands, crowding the vast churches which they have built for themselves, in spite of the weariness of their week's labor. But as for confession, it is made almost impossible, and without that they cannot enjoy the greatest of their Sunday privileges, holy communion. We will not enlarge on the obvious fact that the regular amount of work exacted is excessive. But what is to be said of those who take even more than the regular and excessive number of hours in the day from their overworked rational animals? At Manchester, N. H., during a mission in which the writer was engaged, the operatives of one factory were employed until half-past nine in the evening. Some of them, who made a desperate effort to snatch what they could of the advantages of the mission, complained to us that they were half-dead with fatigue, and too jaded to care whether they had souls or not. We asked if the extra hours of work were not voluntary. The answer was, that they were so in appearance and in pretence, but that they did not dare to refuse volunteering for extra work, for fear of being punished by the ill-will of their overseers, and even discharged at the first convenient opportunity. [40]

At another New England town, West Rutland, Vermont, we found that for a considerable time the workmen in the marble quarries had been forced to take *store-pay* for their wages. All the land, the houses, the different branches of business, were in the hands or under the control of a few capitalists, who would not permit any of the Irish laborers to acquire property or gain a permanent and independent footing on the soil.

These are scattered instances, but they tell a great deal, and well-informed readers will know how to fill up the picture for themselves. Many persons engaged in the system of which we are speaking will admit its evils and hardships. They excuse themselves, however, by the plea that they can personally do nothing toward changing it for a better one. Private efforts, they say, would only injure those who made them, by enabling the merciless and unscrupulous to fill up the market and sweep up all the profits. Legislation, they say, is hopeless, because controlled by these very unscrupulous capitalists. Senator Wilson has made this assertion in regard to New York. He says it is controlled by what he calls a feudal moneyed aristocracy. Others would probably extend the observation to a much wider sphere than New York. We do not generally agree in opinion with Senator Wilson. But we agree with him most heartily in condemning and denouncing such a regime as this. Only, we would suggest that a more appropriate name for it would be, instead of *feudal*, FOODLE ARISTOCRACY. It is not only cruel, but despicable. Mammon was the "meanest spirit that fell," and the worship of the golden calf is the most degrading of all idolatries.

The miserably poor, the helpless, the suffering, and even the morally degraded and vicious classes of the community have also their claims on the charity of the rich. We have no wish to deny that these claims are very generally acknowledged in modern society, and a great deal done to acquit them, both by organized and by individual liberality and effort. We occasionally see extraordinary instances of generous philanthropy towards one or another suffering class of men. Very lately, we have seen the Roosevelt Hospital opened, an extensive institution founded by one of the old Knickerbocker gentlemen of New York, who left \$900,000, the bulk of his fortune, for this purpose. The miseries of our social system are nevertheless so vast and fearful that the remedies furnished by either public or private care are wholly inadequate. Perhaps many persons will say that they are remediless. There are those who look on the world and life with cold and merciless eyes. It is a struggle of animals for their selfish enjoyment. Let each one look out for himself, and the unlucky take their chance. When such persons are prosperous and powerful, they scorn and oppress the weaker individuals who are dependent on them. Knowing their own depravity, they believe in that of all other men. They are therefore perfectly pitiless toward their fellow-men. "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Others who are not cruel are sad and disheartened. Although they mourn over the appalling miseries of life, they look on them as the inevitable destiny of the human race, and do not believe it is possible to help them. The philosophy of the first class is diabolical, that of the second is unworthy of Christians. We do not mean that they err in respect to the point of fact that these miseries have always existed and will [41]



exist. But we do say that they err in ascribing them to the essential order of the world, to the constitution of society, to human *destiny*, and not to the wilful sins and negligences of men; they err in not believing that God has provided a remedy which on his part is sufficient and adequate for these miseries; and, therefore, they err practically, if they do not endeavor to apply that remedy as far as they can to those miseries with which they come in contact. Does one of these ask what hope there is of a fundamental reformation in society which will remedy the crying evils all benevolent persons see and deplore? We answer, that, with all its faults, the nineteenth century is really remarkable on account of the general interest which is felt in the improvement of the condition of the working and suffering classes. What is wanted is the knowledge and application of the right principles and means for accomplishing the result. Communism, secularism, and every kind of system which denies or ignores Christianity, is a remedy worse than the disease, which can only produce death. Imperfect or sectarian Christianity, although capable of producing partial and limited improvement, is too weak for the task which its more generous and enterprising professors exact from it, and endeavor to stimulate it to undertake. It is only the Catholic Church which is competent to such great and universal works. She alone has the wellspring of divine charity, and the supernatural agencies for distributing its health-giving, fructifying streams. Therefore, the hope of a thorough application of the divine remedy to the dreadful diseases of humanity is precisely commensurate with the hope of a return of the whole people of nominal Christendom to true Catholic Christianity.

Meanwhile, the duty of each individual is to do what he can for the benefit of those who are within the sphere of his own efforts or influence. Let him pay attention to his own dependents, and to the poor and suffering who are immediately around him. No one who has wealth, power, or influence of any kind will have any reason to complain that he lacks the opportunity of doing good to his fellow-men, if he is really desirous of doing it. Even if his position is altogether that of a private person, he can do his part, and that a good and noble one, in the general work of human redemption. If he has the power and the opportunity to act upon society, as a public man in a greater or lesser sphere, let him remember that he is a Christian, and act accordingly, and he will be doing precisely what those great and good men did in former times who were the creators and improvers of our Christian civilization.

## EASTER EVE.

The midnight chimes had just done ringing, and the old church was very still. All day long there had been comers and goers, and the altar had been wreathed, the stone church carpeted, the clustered pillars entwined with flowers and with evergreens. Round the altar, that stood among the carven stalls like a May-shrine in a dark forest-glade, was an amphitheatre of blossoming verdure; boys' hands had piled up the lilies, the violets, the roses, the fuchsias; and monks' hands had reared up the pyramid of palm, and ivory magnolia, and many-colored rhododendron beyond. The palms were golden, not green it is true, but they were very precious, and could not be spared to-day from the festive decoration, for they had come from Palestine, and only last Sunday had been offered to the church. An Eastern guest had walked in the procession on Palm Sunday, and had dedicated these lovely foreign boughs to the God of East and West alike.

Everything was ready for the early celebration of the Paschal Mass—even the golden chalice lay under its pall of satin upon the altar of sculptured cedar-wood. Perhaps the transverse timbers of the rare wood had not forgotten the time when the sea-breezes blew on them on Lebanon's heights, and when the voice of the young crusader, Hugh of Devereux, had bidden them fall in the service of God and help to build him another sepulchre in a Christian land.

"The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars!"

And now there was no one in the old church but the youngest chorister, Benignus, the nephew of the monk Cuthbert. The child was never happy save by the altar, and had no friend but Cuthbert, because he was of the blood of the lords of Devereux, and his poor betrayed mother was no more.

Midnight chimes are sweet, and the child had a weird passion for their sound, and would sit entranced while they slowly rang out an old well-known church-chant. But when they had done, and he thought there was silence, he heard a sound he knew not growing out of the chimes, but different from them, something graver than his childish companions' prattle, something sweeter than the monks' low tones, something that seemed like his own soul speaking to itself.

It came from the belfry, straight like an arrow of sound, and muffled itself in a faint echo among the flower-forest round the altar.

And presently he could make out the words:

"I have spoken to God, and offered him the last vows of dying Lent, and woven into song the speechless prayers breathed over and yet trembling on thy jewelled brim."

And the child knew it was the angel of the bell who spoke.

And presently there rose a sound from the dim-robed altar, and the voice of the angel of the chalice made answer: "My cup is as a bell uplifted, with its song of joy hushed in the very words of God, and drowned in the flood of ruby light that quivers, living and sensitive, within my golden walls."

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"And my cup," returned the voice of the bell, "is as a chalice inverted, with its saving wealth outpoured in strains that reach the human ken; endowed with a speaking, living tongue that can touch the human heart."

"I speak of men to God, while my fragile stem bears the wondrous purple flower of the precious blood, and while I am reared aloft with the divine burden weighing on me, even as the cross was reared up high over Jerusalem's walls."

"And I speak of God to men while my brazen clangor is heard afar like the trumpets of Israel before the crumbling walls of Jericho."

And here the soft breeze from the open lancet-windows rustled among the sweet-smelling shrubs around the altar's base, and, as the night-wind passed over them, their voices seemed to be blended into its sighs, and to have found an interpreter in its fitful sound.

"We are children of many climes, and some of us are exiles in this land, but under this roof we are at home again, and at this festival none of us are strangers. We too, in all our variety, have scarce one blossom among us that is not a chalice or a bell; that holds not high its crimson cup towards heaven to receive the crystal dew, or hangs not its white or purple bell with golden tongue towards the unheeding earth. On the altar of green turf, on the swaying columns of interwoven boughs, on the storm-tossed belfries of vine-surrounded trees, in southern swamp or northern forest, in tropical wilderness or rosy-tinted orchard, everywhere is stamped the semblance of the church, with chalices upreared, with bells anxiously bent human-ward. O brothers of the altar and the tower, let us sing together the same hymn."

And the child Benignus said softly to himself:

"O God! make *my* heart a chalice, and *my* lips a Christian bell."

The voices of the flower-chorus spoke again, and the lilies of the valley sang a silver peal behind their grass-green curtains:

"Every day we die by thousands, but our seed is borne afar, and drops in some fair nook at last, beside a running brook or beneath a spreading beech, even as the last echo of the unwearied bell that knocks at some heart's door, far away in the mountains of worldly care, and strikes a well-known, long-silent chord, and draws the exile back to the fruitful plains of God's own church."

The voice from the wind-rocked steeple came in swift and loving answer:

"Even so, my blossom-sisters, for to us the word was given to increase and multiply and fill the

earth, and at every step bring forth fresh glory and conquer fresh realms for the God of our creation." Then the living gems stirred again under the breath of the still midnight breeze, and the voice came forth anew as the royal cactus and the purple morning-glories flashed like sun-touched clouds in the dusky foliage:

"Every day our lives are drained and our treasures rifled to adorn with living beauty the banquets of great men, and to strew the halls of marble palaces, and yet every day, as the sun comes forth again, our parent stem is laden once more with exhaustless riches and a more abundant harvest of loveliness, even as the lavished treasures and the scattered wealth of the daily chalice are ever being shed without intermission from the altar into the hearts of thankless men."

And the sweet low voice came back from the shrouded altar: "Yes, dear emblems of God's loving prodigality, for hath he not said: 'Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return to thee'?"

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The scarlet fuchsia shook its clusters of purple bells, planted on a blood-red cross, as if it would say to men that none could proclaim God save they proclaimed him from Calvary. The tall Nile lily, whose cup is as a spotless shroud wrapped round a golden nail, swayed in the night air as if whispering that the way to the resurrection lay across the instruments of the passion: the ivory-tinted roses, the first-born among their kind, whose clustering, half-blown buds made a sculptured reredos of living alabaster behind the altar-cross, wept tears of dew when the midnight breeze shook their curled petals, as if weeping like sinless virgins over the wrongs they knew only by name. A carpet of violets was spread below, the last offering of Lent, the fringes of the sweet pall of penance under whose folds the church spends her yearly vigil of reparation.

The heart of the child Benignus was breaking with joy and love, and he longed to be a flower himself, that he might sing the hymn the living grove had sung.

The voice of the angel of the bell answered his unspoken wish:

"Wish not that thou wert other than that thou art, for Jesus said, 'Unless ye become even as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"

And the flowers sighed, and gave forth a sweeter fragrance, because they longed to be little children, and could not.

Then Benignus wished he might be an angel, if he could not be a flower, and the voice from the altar sounded very softly, so low he thought no one could hear it but himself:

"This wish will I put into my cup, and when to-morrow dawns, and Jesus finds the first-fruits of this new Easter laid at his feet, thou shalt have thy answer."

Then came a soft chorus of welcome and congratulation, breaking forth among the flowery worshippers, but the angel of the bell held his peace.

And in the morning, when the sun flung his golden curtains across the east window and crowned the saints and virgins thereon with richer gems than living monarchs wear, the Paschal procession came winding through All Hallow's church, and no one missed the little chorister Benignus. But when his turn in the anthem came, a voice seemed to float from some unseen corner, and a shower of bell-like crystal tones rang in triumphant cadence to the very roof, and no one could tell if it were Benignus or an angel singing. The organ ceased, and the monk Cuthbert looked anxiously along the lines of white-robed choristers, but the child was not there. Still the voice sang on, and it seemed as if it floated now from the chalice on the altar to the distant belfry-tower, and then back again to the fragrant forest of exotics in the choir. And Cuthbert, looking up among the half-opened buds of the early roses that were piled up directly over the tabernacle, thought he saw one more lovely than the others just break gently from the frail green stem, and fall in showering petals around the pall-covered chalice, at the very minute the wondrous voice ceased in one long reverberating "Alleluia."

Then Cuthbert knew who had been singing and where Benignus was, and he sang the "Gloria in Excelsis" as he had never done before.

But the angel of the bell was sad, because the child would have helped him to bear abroad the message of God's truth to men.

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# THE TWENTY-FIRST CATHOLIC CONGRESS IN MAYENCE.

## FROM DER KATHOLIK.

It is evident that we have reached a turning-point in the history of the world; that a crisis of terrible interest for the church, for Christian Europe, for peoples, and for nations, is at hand. It must, indeed, soon be decided whether Christianity shall continue to be, in the life of the nations, what from its very nature and design it is intended to be; whether it shall remain what it has been acknowledged to be since it overcame the heathenism of old, the light of the world, the supernatural leaven permeating all the relations of life, purifying and ennobling them; or whether it shall be cast out of public life as an illusion, and at most—and who knows how long even that?—be tolerated as a species of superstition. The nations—and especially the recently founded German Empire—must soon decide whether they shall accept as their basis the laws of eternal justice, whose root is in the holy and personal God, and in him alone; whether they will hold to that Christian civilization which reposes on the public recognition of Christianity, of the church as a divine institution not subject to the arbitrament of man; in fine, whether they will respect as sacred those prescriptive rights of mankind which every one must respect who believes in the divine government of the world—rights of which history is the evidence; or whether they will yield to the pressure of the revolution and of false science, throw Christianity and Christian civilization overboard, proclaim the present will of the dominant political powers or party the only and highest law of the state, and, having done this, to use their immense power to infuse this “modern” spirit and these “modern” principles into the life of the people, and force it on them by every means at their disposal, through legislation, government patronage, their system of public instruction, and the whole organization of society; in short, whether they will place naturalism and rationalism instead of Christianity, the vital principle of national and popular life, and thereby—no intelligent person can doubt it, for reason and experience conspire to teach it—hasten for the nations the inevitable catastrophe of which the burning of Paris was only a premonitory symptom.

And precisely at this fatal moment in the history of the world it is that, in Germany, a number of men, among them a few who have deserved well of the church, blinded to a degree which it seems hard to account for, have raised the standard of rebellion against their mother, the church, because the Œcumenical Council did not think fit to decide as they thought best, because it decided as it pleased the pastors of the church and the Holy Ghost. The foundation-stone of the church, laid by Christ himself, to preserve unity and love within it for ever, has become a stumbling-block to them. They have made shipwreck of the faith, and burst the bonds of love that held them in union with their brethren in the faith. Following the example of those who before them rebelled against the church, they call themselves defenders of the faith, while denying the very principle on which all faith reposes. Proclaiming human science the supreme authority in matters of religion, placing it above the highest authority in the church, above the Pope and the council, above the assent of the whole Catholic world, they have ceased to be servants of God and of his church; they have gone over to the rationalism and naturalism which are striving so hard to do away with Christianity entirely, and to constitute themselves in its place a new cosmopolitan religion. [46]

The turpitude of their rebellion against the church is equalled only by that of the means which they have adopted to defend it and to spread its principles. Repeating the worst and most perfidious slanders of the past against the church, and giving them out as the result of science, they proclaim to the world that the Apostolic See has for a thousand years been the seat of well-concocted fraud and deceit, and that in the most sacred of matters; that the Catholic Church is dangerous both to the state and to morals; and that the decree solemnly proclaimed by the Œcumenical Council, that Christ will for ever preserve his visible representative on earth from all error in faith and morals—a belief which has always been the key-stone of Catholic faith, Catholic life, and Catholic practice—is a doctrine inimical to the rights of the state. Under these pretexts, they require the state to deprive the Catholic Church of its rights, and of the liberty which has been guaranteed to it by the state, and not to recognize the church represented by the bishops and the Pope, but themselves, who have renounced all allegiance to it, as the legal Catholic Church, the only one recognized and promised protection by the state. Moreover, they desire that those Catholics who have remained faithful to the church shall be looked upon as recreant to the state, accusing them of want of patriotism. Designating all those peoples embraced in the Catholic Church by the name of the *Romanists*, they, in the name of what they designate Germanism, demand their oppression and extirpation.

And, we are sorry to say, these attempts have not been without some success. Individual governments have been induced to take steps against the church which, a short time ago, it was supposed it would be impossible to take, and which the Catholics living under those governments did nothing to warrant.

During this condition of affairs, the one hundred and twentieth Catholic Congress met in the second week of September in Mayence, to give expression in no weak or ambiguous terms to their faith, and to their views on the condition of things; and they did it with that unanimity and certainty which Catholic faith alone can give—a faith neither anxious nor troubled with doubt, or weakened by the spirit of the age.

This they did by their resolutions on the Roman question, on the Vatican Council, and on the more recent opposition that has been made to its decrees—and rightly; for, in the Roman question, the question of all external Christian law and order reaches its culminating point, as do

theirs the constitution of the church itself, and the whole of Catholic faith, in the decrees of the Vatican Council.

The occupation of Rome is simply robbery—a crime against the church, against every individual Catholic which nothing can justify, which no principle of international law can excuse or cover, which no prescription can make valid. The so-called guarantees made to the church by the Italian government can never be accepted, because they are based upon the false principle that the state alone has the right to declare under what conditions the church and its pastors shall exercise their functions as teachers, priests, and shepherds of the flock—functions which they exercise in virtue of the power conferred upon them by Jesus Christ himself; because these laws do not by any means guarantee to the Pope the free discharge of his supreme authority as chief pastor, and, moreover, because there is not the least security that these guarantees will be respected. The occupation of Rome and of the Quirinal is the culmination of the policy of the Italian revolution, and the success of that policy the disgrace of this age. That the governments of European nations have done nothing to defend the Pope is an injustice to their Catholic subjects, a violation of the law of nations, and paves the way, necessarily, to the violation of all law and the overthrow of all order. And this is why it is that Catholics must for ever discountenance all these acts, and oppose them by all legitimate means. And their opposition cannot be rightfully construed as insubordination to the powers that be, or as a want of patriotism on their part. On the contrary, Catholics may be sure that in so acting they will be doing their government and their country the greatest possible service. Such service has been rendered by the resolutions of the Catholic Congress in Mayence.

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It was well that, at the first general meeting of the society after the occupation of Rome, its members should give expression to their thought on the wicked act by which, for the third time in this century, it was attempted to destroy the work founded by divine Providence since the christianizing of the world, in order to secure to the head of the church his liberty and the efficient discharge of the duties of his high office. Nor could the members of the society express themselves concerning this crime otherwise than in bold words of truth and justice—in words becoming an occasion when the interests of God and man are alike at stake—in words such as nature itself puts into the mouth of those who have been the victims of great injustice or great misfortune. Worldly policy may wait, and consider itself justified in waiting, to take account of circumstances; but for us Catholics there is but one thing to do when the question is simply this—whether Christ or Antichrist shall reign, namely, what the martyrs did under circumstances still more aggravating, what God himself has commanded us to do, what we see his representative on earth doing—to proclaim the truth to those in power before kings and peoples.

It was, if possible, yet more necessary that the Catholic Congress should make a public profession of its faith in the decrees of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, that it should raise its voice against those proceedings of the government which have no object but to hinder the Catholic Church in the declaration of its doctrines, and to lead or force Catholics into heresy. And on these points again the association, in its resolutions, speaks the truth, and expresses the Catholic view on them, in the plainest and most direct manner, without any show of diplomacy or of pedantry. We joyfully profess, say they, our faith in everything which the church requires, particularly in the infallibility of the Pope teaching the universal church, and in the very sense in which the Vatican Council has defined it, do we believe it. And we are convinced that the definition of this truth in our time is no evil, but the work of a kind and good Providence, intended to strengthen the church, to preserve unity, to reclaim the erring. We reject with horror the caricature of the doctrine of Papal infallibility which the opponents of the Vatican Council have drawn, and we repudiate the slander that this doctrine or any other article of our faith is in conflict with our duties as subjects of our government, or with the allegiance which we owe our fatherland. We protest against the course of those governments which have endeavored to hinder the propagation of Catholic doctrine within their territories, and to favor the opposition to the church by their protecting the rebellion against it. In this manner, they have overstepped the bounds of their rightful authority, infringed the rights of conscience of their Catholic subjects, and made themselves responsible before God for a host of evils. The political principles which have led to these things are in conflict with the law of God, in fact with all law and order, and can never be recognized by Catholics as right or just. Yet are we not without the hope that the governments which have been guilty of these things will at no distant future forsake the unholy path upon which they have entered.

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But the members of the Catholic Congress did not confine themselves to professing the Catholic faith, to raising a protesting voice against the encroachments on their liberties and on their rights—rights which should be ever inviolate; they pointed out the fertile source from which have flown as well the most recent evils as the more ancient ones which have done so much injury to the Catholic life of Germany. The source of all these evils, past as well as present, is in a science grounded on false principles, and which appropriates to itself exclusively, but not with any show of reason, the name of German science. These evils can be healed only by the cultivation of real Catholic science in Germany, and the most recent events demand absolutely that the reign of such a science should be inaugurated at once. But so long as the ancient institutions founded for Catholic purposes ignore, for the most part, the object of their being; when they have gone over, to a great extent, to infidelity or to secular management, it is extremely important, both to pastors and people, that new seats of science, of education, of real science and Christian education, should be established.

Such are the principal resolutions of the Catholic Congress held during the present year. What these resolutions contain is only the echo and essence of the thought of the assembly expressed

in the orations and sayings of the members—the deep, unanimous, and undoubted convictions of all. These same thoughts found expression also in their addresses to the Holy Father, to the Bishop of Ermeland, to the Bavarian Episcopate, to the Bishops of Switzerland, as well as to the defenders of the Catholic faith in Italy and Austria. But is it right to assume that the voice of all Catholic Germany has been heard, and is heard, in the voice of this general meeting of Catholics? True it is that they would entirely misunderstand the essence and the spirit of the principles of the members of those meetings who would invest their doings or their sayings as a society with any authority; but they would err no less grossly who would consider these meetings as mere party meetings, or as meaning nothing as merely the coming together of a few private individuals. From the very significance of this year's meeting's resolutions, it may not be amiss to examine the question somewhat more closely—how much importance is to be attached, what significance and authority such Catholic meetings may have.

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These general meetings are nothing more than the coming together of believing Catholics. They do not assume to have any power or authority ecclesiastical or political. They have nothing in their own right that entitles them to be considered as possessed of such power or authority, nor have they a power of attorney of any kind to represent any one else in these meetings.

In the church no one has any power whatever except those to whom Christ has granted it, and only such power as he conferred upon them. But he has granted no power to any one in the church but to Peter and the apostles. On this account the Catholic Church recognizes no representatives, save only the pope and the bishops. There is no such thing among Catholics as lay-participation in the government of the church. Laymen have no power in church government that is theirs of right, and they in no manner take the place of or represent even the inferior clergy. Every tendency in that direction is heretical and schismatical.

The society in question, and all other societies of the same nature, have recognized, acted upon, this principle from the beginning. Being Catholics and wishing to remain Catholics, they have never interfered in the government of the church. On the contrary, they consider it their duty to show to others the example of the most religious submission to the Pope and the bishops in matters relating to faith and ecclesiastical discipline. They, therefore, represent no party in the church. The church wants no parties and recognizes no parties within its bosom. Following the church, the general meeting of Catholics negatives every division in the body of the church. Its only desire is to find itself always one with the church in all things, to be simply Catholic and nothing else.

There is no use in wasting words to show that the Catholic Congress and other Catholic societies claim no power of any kind whatever in the state. They neither represent a political party, nor do they belong to any, nor will they ever constitute themselves a political party in the state.

True, the members of the societies are very far removed, as they ought to be, from an unreasonable, unmanly, unchristian, and un-Catholic indifference in matters pertaining to the nation. They are by no means of opinion that it matters nothing to a Catholic to which party in the country he belongs. They believe firmly that it is the duty of Catholics, as well as their right, to watch over the rights of the church and of its members, and to defend them by the exercise of their political franchises. They do not, however, doubt that it is perfectly legitimate for Catholics, wherever they are, to organize themselves into a party for the exercise of their political rights. But as the political life of every individual Catholic is different from his religious life, and that, although he may be guided in his politics by the principles of Christianity, in like manner these associations of Catholics, inasmuch as they are Catholic, are something higher and broader than mere political associations. Their objects are not the political, but the religious and ecclesiastical rights of Catholics. This has been the universal understanding of the members of these associations from the very beginning of their organizations. These have been the principles which have always guided them, and which they have found it well to be guided by. These associations have never allowed themselves to forget these principles. They have never forgotten them, not even in times of the greatest political excitement. And in the last general meeting, the members of the association did not swerve from these principles by as much as a hair's breadth.

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And precisely because these associations have held to their principles as Catholics, to the very principles we have been mentioning above, are they entitled to attention. They manifest, in a manner that can be relied upon, the mind and conviction, the determination and feeling, of those who are true to the church and to the faith. It thus happens that this general meeting of Catholics has given expression to the thought and feeling of the Catholic clergy and Catholic people. And hence it is that those who would learn what Catholics think and feel on the stirring questions of the present must turn their attention to the resolutions of this Catholic Congress. There is unmistakable evidence that these general meetings express the feeling and ideas common to all Catholics. For twenty-three years they have enjoyed the complete confidence of the bishops of the church. The Holy Father and the bishops of Germany have never hesitated to bless and to approve the efforts of the Catholic association. This were impossible if these meetings did not give expression to the Catholic mind on the questions of the day, if there were any danger in them of a departure from the principles of the faith or of the church. Moreover, we may ask, Who are they that take part in these meetings? They are precisely those persons who with living faith partake of the sacraments, and are in habitual attendance at the services of the church, and in the life of the church generally. During the twenty-three years of their existence, these Catholic associations have in every German diocese and everywhere been one with the clergy on all subjects. Zealous and true Catholics of every social position have been largely represented in them. Hither have come the Catholic nobleman, the Catholic of the middle class, the Catholic peasant, the physician of souls—the priest himself sprung from the people—the Catholic *savant*,

the teacher, author, and publicist. Here, too, have been represented those Catholic societies made up of those who really love the church. In short, in those societies are represented those even who are most despised and seldom represented anywhere else. The members of the Catholic Congress are not representatives of their individual opinions; they seek no worldly interest. It were more than folly for any one to come to those meetings with any such intention. Neither do these meetings represent any party on which they are dependent. They represent no majority or minority to whom they are responsible. Their faith and Catholic feeling it is that bring them to these meetings, and those they have in common with the hundreds and thousands from whose midst they come. There is a yet stronger argument to show that these general assemblies really represent the mind of all true Catholics. It is their unanimity on all questions bearing on religion and on the church—a mark which belongs to Catholics exclusively. [51]

After all this, we feel ourselves warranted to say that these meetings express decidedly the feelings and convictions of those Catholics who are *worthy* of the name.

But these general assemblies not only give expression to the principles and sentiments of Catholics on the questions of the day, they also tend to keep Catholic life awake and active. And just here is the great use of Catholic societies. There never was a more senseless saying than this: "We need no special societies; our society is the Catholic Church." Precisely because the Catholic Church is a divine and all-embracing society, the society of societies, does it from its inexhaustible fertility call forth from its own bosom, in all times, other smaller societies—societies calculated to meet the peculiar wants of the time. The life of Christian societies, of church societies, is, indeed, a standard by which Catholic life at any particular time or place may be measured. And in our own day, when the spirit of evil more than ever seeks the destruction of the church, mimicking it as he does after his own fashion—to leave the power which societies are calculated to wield entirely to the enemies of Christianity, to those governed exclusively by the spirit of the world, would be to be more than blind.

At the general meeting held at Düsseldorf, Dr. Marx agreed to take upon himself the difficult task of collecting the statistics of the Catholic societies of Germany. At the assembly held this year, he presented the results of his labors. His work is imperfect, it is true, but it is a foundation on which others may build. It embraces the statistics of most of the German dioceses, and of a number of those of Austria.

The amount of vitality in anything or anywhere cannot be made to appear in a table of statistics, and the best things often thrive in secret. Hence it is that the Catholic life of Germany is much greater than even these tables or any others would give one reason to believe. On the other hand, much that appears on paper in statistics of this kind is of no importance whatever, or of almost no importance. Yet the statistical tables before us demonstrate that numerous live Catholic associations, and of the most varied character, have arisen during the last twenty-three years, and that each general assembly has made itself felt—now in one place, now in another—furthering the creation of such local associations. Societies purely religious, such as brotherhoods, sodalities, congregations, are not at all or scarcely at all referred to in these tables. It was part of the plan of the work that they should be excluded from its tables. Yet they are of the very first importance to the life of the church. Well-conducted societies and sodalities for young people and of adults like those which, thanks be to God, are springing up on every side, and particularly in the Rhine lands, are the best nurseries of real Catholics. Rightly, therefore, do these general assemblies continue to commend such societies, as the general assembly did this year the "Society of Young Merchants," which was so worthily represented at the meeting. Neither have our Christian social societies and associations been noticed in these tables. And for this reason, again, are we much richer in associations than we should suppose from these tables. On the other hand, these statistics combine with daily experience to show that we are yet only in the beginning of the development of this society-life; that, much as we have to be thankful for, the time has not yet come when we can repose upon our laurels. Rather must we work with all our strength, with inexhaustible patience and devotion at the establishment of Catholic societies. In many parts of Catholic Germany there are no, or scarcely any, Catholic societies, that is, live societies, while in others those which have been begun are now neglected. It is so convenient to allow things to go on in the old way, and so hard—for the most modest association demands some sacrifice on the part of individuals—to establish anything new. Yet a thing which in the great struggle between the church and Antichrist is one of the most powerful means of victory is really worth the highest sacrifice. Is it not time to see that all Christian men should organize themselves into societies, when infidels and free-thinkers so-called are organizing on every side to draw everything to themselves? Our indolence would be all the worse, all the more inexcusable, were we to yield the field to our adversaries, since we, whenever there is a question of real live associations, possess so great an advantage over every other body, not on account of our own merits, but because of the spirit and strength of Catholic Christendom. Let the world surpass us in material means, let it be far above us in its appeal to worldly interests; it is wasting the vital power of faith and Catholic love, which alone are able to establish and to develop associations possessed of real life—associations which can be productive of real good. [52]

How true this is, is shown by the history of the Catholic association founded by the departed but never-to-be-forgotten Kolping. Based only on Catholic faith and relying for support on the very simplest of human means, it has during the past twenty-five years had a steady growth and accomplished untold good. And it will ever be so, so long as it holds to the simple Catholic principles of Kolping. To these associations of young people founded by Kolping others have been joined recently—associations in which the masters of these young people meet. To complete the good work, there is nothing now needed but similar societies for apprentices.

What Kolping did for young mechanics must, with suitable modifications, be now done for those of both sexes occupied in factories and other such establishments. This is the most important step that can be taken by Catholics, to solve certain social questions, and which can be solved only on Catholic principles. Indeed, the greatest social danger of the age is the dechristianization and demoralization of the laboring classes of mechanics and the employees in manufacturing establishments. This dechristianization and demoralization are, to a great extent, the cause of the wretchedness of these classes, and make that wretchedness, even under the most favorable circumstances, incurable. What enormous dimensions has this evil assumed under the, in part at least, so unnatural, social, and economic relations which modern liberal political economy has brought about! But even the evils resulting from this condition of affairs might be healed, if the laboring classes could be restored to Christianity. The Society of Young Mechanics, founded by Kolping, demonstrates that, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, the laboring classes can be redeemed from evil and reclaimed to right, provided they can be made to enter the atmosphere of Christianity in which the members of these societies live. Let us work unanimously and for the same object, and we shall see the number of Christian laborers increase. We shall see them living more and more in one another, associating with one another, and being strengthened by that association. When we have such men, and not before, it will be possible to make those associations really useful in the improvement of the material condition of the laboring classes. So long, indeed, as the laboring classes themselves remain unchristian and immoral, it will be impossible to do anything for their material improvement; for they will never be satisfied. Only by strengthening the spirit of Christianity in all classes of society can legislation itself be made Christian, and it will become Christian just in proportion as the several classes of society become Christian.

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Let us now examine in brief the most important movements which the general assembly of this year has initiated toward the establishing of Catholic societies.

For a number of years, the principal subject that has engaged one section of the Catholic Congress is the Christian solution of the so-called social question. Through the efforts of the assembly, the question has been fairly brought before the clergy and the laity. The session of this year has, under this head, recommended the establishment of Christian social associations, the raising of helping funds, the encouragement of appropriate literature, the circulation of the *Christian Social Journal*, and the erection of dwellings for the laboring classes. They have pointed out how important it is to study on every hand the condition of the laboring classes, in order to discover the principles on which we must proceed, in order to legislate concerning labor and the laboring classes in a just and Christian manner.

The general assembly has, moreover, recommended the Catholic missionary associations in the most emphatic manner. Among these, the first place belongs to the Society of St. Francis Xavier for Foreign Missions, and the Society of St. Boniface.

Considering the terrible blows that have fallen upon France and upon Rome, it has become our duty to redouble our efforts in behalf of the missions to foreign parts, and in behalf of the Society of St. Francis Xavier; for on those efforts must depend, in a great measure, the permanency and spread of Catholic missions the world over. Unfortunately, the Society of St. Francis Xavier has gone backward rather than forward, in Germany, during the last ten years. In many places it has ceded to other societies. And yet it should not be so. The Society of St. Francis Xavier is and must remain the first and most important of all missionary associations. It embraces the missions to all parts of the world, and they all look to it for support. Even Germany has been helped by it more than by any other association; and now, although the Society of St. Boniface has extended so widely, it cannot be dispensed with. Therefore it is that all Catholics, and, above all, the clergy, who are always in all matters pertaining to Christianity the divinely appointed leaders of the people, should take the deepest interest in the Society of St. Francis Xavier. The Society of St. Boniface will suffer nothing from this. On the contrary, the more the Catholic spirit is strengthened, the more will this and every other Catholic society thrive. As truly as the church embraces the whole world, so truly can we not be real Catholics if we feel an interest only in the missions of our own country, but none in the missions to other parts of the world.

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True it is that charity demands us to look first to the wants of those who are our nearest neighbors. And on this account the Society of St. Boniface cannot be too strongly recommended to our benevolence. The general meeting has done its duty in this matter. It has recommended the society in very earnest terms.

Besides these great societies, there are other smaller ones with special objects of charity in view—smaller, but by no means unimportant. The Society of the Holy Sepulchre is, independently of its religious object, the most powerful auxiliary of the missions in the East. The Society of St. Joseph is doing the work of the Society of St. Boniface among the large and exposed Catholic German population in large and foreign cities, and especially such cosmopolitan cities as Paris and London.

A work of the highest importance is to care for the emigrants to America. Here it is possible to do a great deal with little means. The Committee on Emigration, presided over by Prince von Isenburg, has placed its cards of recommendation at the disposal of all parish priests, in order that emigrants presenting those cards to the agents of the Catholic Emigration Society in America may receive proper advice and direction in their new homes, and—who would have imagined it?—those cards of recommendation have been used much less than one might rightfully expect.

How great is sometimes our ignorance or indifference concerning the interests of religion! It



was, certainly, only right that the general assembly of this year should have approved the founding of an association, that of the Archangel Raphael, whose sole object it is, besides the saying of a few prayers for the success of this movement in behalf of the emigrants, to defray the heavy expenses of the same, and thus to relieve the president of the committee of that charge. We hear many exclaim just here, We have too many associations, too many meetings! We know very well that, when societies increase beyond measure, even when those societies are benevolent ones, there may be danger. But that there may be danger is no reason why we should not encourage the organization of such societies when they may be necessary or useful. We do not, however, wish to blame the taking of steps to prevent too great a competition of societies having charitable or other objects in view.

The Catholic Congress this year could not well help—as, indeed, all those which preceded it did—considering the school question. There can be no question that the anti-Christian party in the state is straining every nerve to do away, by means of legislation, with the right of Catholic parents to a Catholic education of their children in Catholic schools—with the right of the church to instruct her people in a Catholic manner, and to found institutions for that purpose. The members of the assembly spoke on these matters in no ambiguous terms, and took, besides, into consideration what they should do in case the state, siding with the liberalism of the day, should banish the Catholic religion, the Catholic Church, from the schools of the nation. Should this happen, there was nothing left but to appeal to the consciences of parents. It then became the duty of bishops to tell their people that it was not allowed them to send their children to unchristian schools. Liberty of education must be defended to the utmost, and every sacrifice made in order to give Catholic children opportunities for a Catholic education from the primary schools to the university. But the impression is not hereby intended to be conveyed that in this Catholics see the salvation of the church, of her children, and of the nation. No; they will always remind princes and states that it is their solemn duty to govern a Christian people in a Christian manner, and, leaving out of consideration the sacredness of the foundations and the right of the church to teach, to give their Catholic subjects Catholic schools—schools standing in proper relations with the church.

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Yet, on account of the more universal questions, and the great contests which the church is waging for her most important possessions, for the independence and for the integrity of its faith, the school question, even at this meeting, was held somewhat in the background.

The general assembly was content with adopting a few resolutions, embodying the simple principles which must guide Catholics, should the state break with the church on the school question, and, violating the natural and prescriptive rights of Catholics, introduce a system of non-Catholic schools—principles not sufficiently recognized by even well-meaning Catholics. These resolutions are worded thus: “The monopoly of the school system by the state is an unwarranted restriction of liberty of conscience, and therefore to be opposed by all Catholics. Very many of the schools have notoriously been founded by Catholics, and it is only just that they should continue to accomplish those ends for which they are established. In these schools, and in all Catholic schools yet to be established, the Catholic Church must possess perfect and unrestricted liberty in its capacity as a teacher.” Thus, while the school question was not the most prominent before the general assembly, the words spoken at that meeting will not, we hope, be without beneficial results in the province of Catholic education.

All rights and liberties avail nothing in the end if Catholic education itself is not what it ought to be. And the great battle that is waging, that education may not be deprived of its Christian character, can be won by us only on condition that teachers and educators themselves, as well as parents and the clergy, understand precisely the full bearing of the question.

It was, therefore, a happy thought to unite teachers, clergy, and parents into one grand society, in order to further the great matter of Christian education—a matter on which our whole future for weal or woe depends. The association of teachers founded in Bavaria, approved by the bishops, embracing among its members many distinguished men, and directed by one evidently called by God to fill that very position, Ludwig Aner, has sought and is seeking to carry this thought into practice. The Catholic Congress held at Düsseldorf had already called attention to the importance of establishing similar societies elsewhere, only modified in their character by the different nature of place or other circumstances. The realization of this thought was a matter for the meeting at Mayence to consider more closely yet. There was here assembled a goodly number of educators and friends of youth from every part of Germany, among them a number of the most widely known teachers in the country; and they took occasion to most earnestly confer on this matter each day of the meeting. They gave a general plan, and threw out some very practical hints for the organization of Catholic educational associations.

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We give them here with the hope that they may prove as fertile in blessings as did those thrown out on a former occasion, and which resulted in the Society of St. Boniface, and in the Catholic Association for Young Men, so often recommended by those meetings since.

The matter is one of at least as much importance, and the general plan of the organization of these societies at least as simple and practical. Here are the broad outlines of the plan: “The task of education, rendered more than ever before difficult on account of the times in which we live, and the school question, now everywhere looming into such immense proportions, render the foundation of Catholic educational institutions imperative.”

The Mayence Association of Teachers—pointing to the association already existing in Bavaria—suggests the following as the ground principles of the new associations:

I. The Catholic educational associations recognize as their foundation, first and last, the faith of

the Catholic Church.

II. Excluding all party issues, their only object is the furtherance of the temporal and eternal welfare of youth.

III. The Catholic educational associations desire that the youth of the age should profit by all that the world has of good, and that in their education all that it has of evil should be avoided.

Therefore, they are ready to accept and to use all that there is of real worth in the educational systems of the age, all that can promote real progress.

IV. These associations consider the proper education of youth in the family, the schools, and later in life, that is, after the youth have left the schools, as their exclusive object.

Therefore is it that they accept as members, parents, teachers, the clergy, and all who, in any manner, are interested in the education of youth.

V. They recommend to these associations, 1. The defence and propagation of Catholic principles in education by word, writing, and action. 2. The defence of the rights of parents to the Christian education and Christian instruction of their children. 3. The improvement of the family education of children, of schools, and the providing of means for the continuance of education after children leave schools. 4. The furtherance of the interests of teachers, to support them in their efforts in the direction of education, and particularly to help to elevate their material and social position; the collecting of funds to aid in the education of teachers, and in the support of their widows. 5. The encouragement of literature bearing on the interests of education. 6. Founding and caring for educational institutions of all kinds—schools for children, boys, girls, apprentices, etc.

VI. The means for attaining the objects of these associations are, besides the means suggested by the very nature of our holy religion, 1. Periodicals; 2. Appropriate publications for teachers and for families; 3. The establishment of libraries and literary associations; 4. Co-operating with other associations—the pecuniary assistance needed in any case to be obtained by regular fees from the members, presents, etc.

VII. The getting up of particular by-laws to be left to the associations from each separate province, but the by-laws to be got up in such a manner that the above principles be not ignored. [57]

The elevation of the tone and the support of the Catholic press must ever be one of the principal objects of all Catholic associations, and of the general meetings.

This year a great number of Catholic publishers and editors came together at this meeting. All the principal organs of the Catholic daily press were represented. The principal object gained was that they became acquainted with one another, which is the first step towards their understanding and appreciating one another.

As far as the press is concerned, we Catholics have nothing to do but to look at things just as they stand. It is certain that the unrestricted freedom of the press, which every one is ready to abuse, and which allows every one to constitute himself a teacher of the public, can be defended neither on principles of reason nor of faith. It is certain, too, that the rank growth of periodicals which has followed with all its attendant evils, and the heterogeneous character of the reading of a great many people, is a deplorable evil. But as, unfortunately, an unchristian press is guaranteed the fullest liberty and the evils that flow from that liberty, are widely spread, it becomes not only our privilege, but our solemn duty to combat the unchristian by a really Christian press—a matter on which the church and the head of the church have spoken in an unmistakable manner. Yes, it is absolutely necessary to call a Catholic journal into existence on every hand, and to spare no sacrifice to do so. The beginnings of the Catholic press have been everywhere small, and those who have interested themselves in it have everywhere had to contend with untold difficulties. This is true particularly of the larger journals, which, to enable them to compete with other journals, need support from other sources besides that derived from subscriptions and advertisements. It is certainly the duty of Catholics, out of pure love for God and for the church, to establish Catholic press associations, in order to provide means for the support of Catholic papers, just as the government and political parties find funds to support their own organs. The financial difficulties which the larger journals have to fear consist sometimes only in the apprehension of too great a competition on the part of smaller or other journals. There may be such a thing as a reprehensible competition, when, for example, as in the same locality attempts are made to found or establish new journals of the same nature as those already existing, when those already existing are sufficient to supply the demand. But, on the whole, we have by no means thus far enough Catholic papers. There was a time, and it is not yet entirely over, when Catholic Germany had very few papers among the daily press of the country. And almost every one of these few papers had an equal prospect, and it naturally enough seemed to be the ambition of the editor or proprietor of each to make his paper the central organ of the whole of Catholic Germany.

Naturally enough, too, those pecuniarily or otherwise interested in these journals looked with a rather jealous eye upon all attempts to found other Catholic journals. Whenever a new paper was established, the old ones lost a number of subscribers, and sometimes fears were entertained for the existence of the older papers themselves. But experience has shown that these fears were unfounded. Wherever and whenever a paper was properly managed and ably edited, it has contrived to live and to do well. Thus competition has, on the whole, worked advantageously rather than otherwise. [58]

If we look at the matter closely, we will see that it is quite an abnormal state of affairs that Catholic Germany should possess so few of the larger political papers. Compared with the time

when Catholics had no press at all, the existence of even one good paper through which they can give expression to their thoughts is a great blessing and a great gain; but that certainly does not enable them to give their voice that weight in the questions of the day to which it is entitled. Besides, it must be remembered that, if Catholics have not this class of papers, they will take periodicals which are not Catholic. Experience teaches, and it might be expected from the very nature of things that a paper can rarely obtain a very large circulation outside of the locality in which it is published. Outside of these bounds it will find only a few isolated subscribers. Hence it follows that every large city ought to have its own Catholic paper, one that will worthily represent it.

These papers outside of the place of their publication will thus find a number of subscribers—a number which will always depend upon the ability with which they are edited, the reliability of the views they advocate, and the interest which on other grounds they may awaken. We cannot, however, be satisfied with a so-called central organ, or with a small number of large papers. No, every large city should have its Catholic paper, and support it, cost what it may. We thank God that such papers have, during the past year, been established in many parts. That such a journal should be established in the capital of the new German Empire, at the seat of government, was an evident necessity; and it is one of the most pleasant events in the history of our time that a paper like the *Germania* should have in a short time taken its position as a first-class and widely circulated Catholic journal.

All our already existing Catholic journals, and all those to be hereafter established, instead of hindering, will help one another, and that from the very fact that they exist; for, the stronger the Catholic press becomes, the more the attention of the nation is called to it, the more secure must become the existence of each individual journal. Therefore, we hope that there will be no jealousy between those interested in different Catholic journals; that, on the contrary, they will help support one another at all times. Still more important is it to take a proper view of the smaller local press. It would be a great absurdity were Catholics to neglect the establishment of smaller Catholic journals lest they should interfere or compete with the larger ones. This competition is not dangerous; but it is dangerous to put no antagonist in the field to meet and to oppose the unchristian press in smaller places. The large journals can neither be paid for nor read by the vast majority of the inhabitants of such places—and does it not seem wrong to leave them, or the Catholics among them, to the evil influence of a press totally antagonistic to the faith? The establishment and support of such papers is not hard, and the financial difficulties which stand in the way of the larger papers for the larger cities are not to be here encountered. Wherever the matter of the establishment of such papers has been rightly taken in hand, it has proved successful. If the clergy only take the matter under advisement, they will find those willing and able to carry the matter through. It is not a very hard matter to purchase a press and find subscribers in such places. A feature which will contribute not a little to aid in the matter is the finding of the proper person to carry the papers around and to canvass for subscribers and advertisements. By being thus practical, Catholic men have established Catholic papers in localities where one might have despaired of ever establishing them; and not only have they been established, but they have succeeded. No matter what the condition of our press, it is far from being in a state to despair of. Oh! if the children of light were only as wise as the children of the world, we should witness wonders. It is true that evil makes its way in this world better than goodness does; but it is also true that goodness does not prosper, because those who represent it take the matter too lightly, or do not go about it as they should. More is often done for the worst cause than men are willing to do or to sacrifice for the best. A great deal has of late years been done for the local press, and we sincerely hope that a great deal more will be done and more universally, and need requires us not only to pray, but to act and make sacrifices.

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Other proposals were made at the general meeting to carry out projects, which of course the general meeting itself could neither undertake nor perfect, as, for instance, the furtherance of this or that literary undertaking; yet these proposals are not without their use. They suggest something or call attention to something already existing. Thus, at the present general meeting the establishment of a journal as the organ for the various associations of young Catholics was recommended. The proposer of the resolution was informed that there already existed a journal of that character, and a very good one; that it was published by the associations of young Catholics in Austria, and edited in a very able manner, under the name of the *Bund* in Vienna; and the general meeting, therefore, recommended it for the purpose named. Many other things relating to the press were touched upon. We feel assured that the general meeting has done much for the Catholic press of the whole country.

We pass over many things bearing on Catholic charity, which ever engages anew the attention of the general meeting. We can only mention that the members of St. Vincent's Association held a special meeting.

May the blessing of God, which has never failed the Catholic Congress, bless their efforts of this year!

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# FLEURANGE.

BY MRS. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, WITH PERMISSION.

## PART FIRST. THE OLD MANSION.

### VII.

Fleurange's education did not allow her to yield to her feelings without bringing herself to an account for them, and it was surprising she had thus unresistingly allowed herself to be swayed so long by a vague and unreasonable preoccupation. And could there be one more so than this about an unknown person—a stranger she had only had a glimpse of, with whom she had not exchanged a single word, and whom she would probably never behold again? This was the third time she had heard him spoken of since the day she saw him in her father's studio, and each time she felt agitated and disturbed. When questioned by Dr. Leblanc, her first emotion was overpowered by surprise, and especially by the sad remembrances awakened. Afterwards, when Julian Steinberg mentioned Count George at the Christmas dinner, his name gave her a thrill, but she attributed this keen sensation to a natural interest in the hitherto unknown individual who purchased the picture which had played so important a *rôle* in her life. But this time the quickened pulsations of her heart and the ardent curiosity with which she listened to every word that was uttered were succeeded by a prolonged reverie which almost merited the name of madness. "Yes, Julian was right! That is really what he looks like!" she exclaimed aloud. And every hero with whom history, poetry, or old legends had peopled her imagination, passed one by one before her, but always under the same form. Then, as there is no hero without heroic feats, and no heroism without combats and perils, a series of terrible events succeeded each other in her waking dream—battles, shipwrecks, desperate enterprises, and dangers of all kinds, in which the same person was the chief actor, and in all these phantasmagoric adventures she saw herself enacting an inexplicable and indistinct part.

A whole hour passed thus, but the declining day recalled a habit contracted in childhood which changed the current of her thoughts and brought her to herself. It was sunset—in Italy, the hour of the Ave Maria. Fleurange never forgot it. Every evening at that hour, a short prayer rose from her heart to her lips.

Every one is aware of the power of association. We have all felt the influence of a tone, a flower, a perfume, and even things more trifling, in recalling a host of remembrances of which no one else could see the connection. What a natural and touching thought, then, to associate a holy memory with the hour that links day with night!—the hour of twilight, when the dazzling sunlight is fading away, work is suspended, and propitious leisure brings on long, sweet, and sometimes dangerous reveries! In such a case, it is not surprising the evening star becomes a safeguard. Has not the effect it had on Fleurange been experienced a thousand times by others?

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A sudden clearness of perception, strength to prevail over all earthly phantoms, an aspiration towards heaven, an instantaneous revival of early impressions, an influx of salutary thoughts dispelling the confused, illusory ideas floating in her mind—such was the effect now produced by the remembrance indissolubly associated with that evening hour. She resolutely got up. Her attitude, that had been languishing, her look lost in space, were now transformed. She awoke to a sense of duty, and the feeling was not a transient one. What was this madness that had overpowered her? Putting this question to herself brought a blush of confusion to her face, and made her resolve to resist and overcome reveries so vain and absurd. And to this end she would cut them short. She reopened her note-book, and began by tearing out the page on which was the name but just written; then, with no further examination of her thoughts, even for the purpose of self-reproach, which would have been another way of prolonging them, she seated herself at her table, and took up a volume of Dante which lay there. She had promised Clement to mark some passages of the canto they read together the evening before, and to add some notes from her own memory. She at once set herself to work, and endeavored to give her whole mind to the occupation. It is often easier, we all know, to abstain from an act than to repress a thought. Perhaps the volition is at fault in the latter case; but Fleurange was so firmly resolved to obtain a victory of this kind that, at the end of half an hour's effort to keep her mind on her work, she thought herself successful. She would have been more sure of herself had she foreseen all that was so soon to come to her aid, and banish from her mind for a long time all vain illusions, vague reveries, and especially all exclusive self-preoccupation.

It was quite dark when she rose from the table. She heard the clock strike, and felt ashamed of remaining so long in her room by herself, at a time she should have been unusually attentive to others. This was the last evening Clara would spend at home previous to her marriage, and it ended a period of unalloyed happiness in the Old Mansion. One place in the family was about to be vacated, a beloved form disappear, a cherished one cease to make part of their daily life. They would probably see each other again, but it would not be as before. The happiness of her who was to leave them would change its nature, but even her mother hoped she would be so happy as never to regret the paternal roof. Clara's smiling face was grave and tearful to-day, as her tender glances wandered from her parents to her brothers and sisters, and lingered lovingly on the old walls she was about to leave. Julian was terrified by her melancholy appearance, but felt reassured when Clara, smiling and weeping at the same time, said to him naïvely:

"Julian, it is you that I love! To-morrow I shall leave them all for you, and I truly feel I never could give you up for them. Is not this enough?" [62]

"No. If I do not see you calm and full of trust, I shall not enjoy my happiness."

"My trust in you is boundless."

"And yet you tremble, and your eyes are turned away."

"Because the unknown happiness of a new life makes me anxious, and terrifies me in spite of myself.—I tremble, I acknowledge, but I do not hesitate. I am afraid, but I wish to be yours, and no fear would induce me to resume the past or repulse the future—for the future is you!"

It may surprise some to learn that this young girl, in speaking to her betrothed of their approaching union, expressed unawares the sentiments death inspires in those souls whose love extends beyond the grave, and who, triumphing over their weakness and limited knowledge, ardently long, in spite of their fears, for the eternal union that awaits them.

One of these beings, holy and gifted, being asked, as her life was ebbing away, what impression the prospect of death made on her, hesitated, and then replied:

"The impression that the thought of marriage produces on a young girl who loves, and yet trembles—who fears union, but desires it."

Fleurange, when she left her chamber, went down to the gallery, where she expected to find her cousins, but it was empty. The preparations for the morrow caused an unusual disorder throughout the house, generally so quiet and well-ordered. Clara was doubtless with her mother, but where was Hilda? The latter, she knew, would have another sad farewell to utter the following day, and she reproached herself for having so long lost sight of this fact. She passed through the gallery and opened the door of the library, where she found her whom she was seeking. Ludwig Dornthal and Hansfelt were talking together, and near them Hilda, mute, pale, and motionless, was listening, without taking any part in the conversation that was going on before her.

Hansfelt was talking to this friend of his departure, and spoke as one who was never to return. He was apparently thinking of nothing but their long friendship, their youth passed together, and the end of their companionship, but his accents were profoundly melancholy, and all the harmony of his soul seemed disturbed.

Ludwig, however, was extremely agitated, and, while replying to his friend, looked attentively and anxiously, from time to time, at his daughter. Fleurange softly approached her; Hilda's cold hand returned her pressure. "I am glad you have come," she said in a low tone, "very glad." Fleurange did not venture to make any reply, and scarcely looked at her, for fear of increasing her emotion by appearing to observe it. Seeing an open jewel-case lying on the table, she exclaimed—glad to find something to say: "What a beautiful bracelet!"

"It is a wedding present Hansfelt has just brought Clara," said the professor.

"Yes, a wedding present, and a parting gift which Ludwig has allowed me to offer one of his daughters," said Hansfelt. "As for the other," continued he in a troubled tone, "the time for her wedding presents will doubtless soon come also, but the time for a parting gift has already arrived. Ludwig, in memory of the pleasant years during which I have seen her grow up, and as a souvenir of this last day, will you allow me to give Hilda this ring?" [63]

The professor made no reply.

Hansfelt continued: "In truth, a departure like mine is so much like death, that it gives me a similar liberty to say anything. Hilda, why should I not acknowledge it to you now in his presence? It will do no harm. Well, you shall know, then, that the old poet, whose forehead is more wrinkled than your father's, would perhaps be foolish enough to forget his age were he to remain near you. It is therefore well for him to go."

He took the young girl's icy hand in his. "If he were younger," he continued, forcing himself to smile, "he might perhaps obtain the right to give you a different ring than this."—He stopped alarmed. Hilda's face had become frightfully pale, and she leaned her head against Fleurange's shoulder. She seemed ready to faint.

"Hilda, good heavens!"

"Zounds, Karl," cried the professor, rising abruptly. "You try my patience at last. Where are your wits?"

"Ludwig!"

"Yes, where, if you cannot see that you are yet young enough to force me to give you my daughter, if I would not behold her die with grief?"

"Ludwig!" repeated Hansfelt, quite beside himself.

"Of course I am displeased with her for her folly, and I am angry with you too, but I suppose I must forgive you both because—because she loves you."

"Beware, beware! Ludwig," said Hansfelt, growing pale. "There are hopes that prove fatal when blasted!"

"Come, now, you must not die yet, nor she either!" Then he tenderly folded his daughter in his arms, and, as she opened her eyes and looked around in confusion, he said in a low tone:

"Hilda, my child, I give my consent. May you be as happy as you desire. You have your father's blessing.—Come, now," said he to Fleurange, "let us go to your aunt, and leave them to make their own disclosures."

### VIII.

Madame Dornthal was affected but not surprised at hearing what had just taken place. She had never been deceived as to her daughter's sentiments, and for a long time had endeavored to open her husband's eyes. But he was incredulous, and persisted in declaring it was impossible for his friend, his contemporary, his "old Karl," even to win the heart of a girl of twenty. "It is a mere fancy, which will pass away as soon as she meets a man of her own age who is worthy of her," he obstinately repeated.

"Perhaps so, but that is the difficulty," replied the sagacious, clear-sighted mother. "Between you and Hansfelt, Hilda has become accustomed to live in a rarer atmosphere than generally surrounds youth. Whether this is fortunate or unfortunate, I know not; but as long as I perceive only pure and noble sentiments in her heart, which I read like an open page, I do not feel I have a right to oppose them. Believe me, we must not think too much of our children's happiness, and, above all, we must not plan for them to be happy according to our notions. The important thing, after all, is not for them to be as happy as possible, but to fully develop their worth. Let their souls, confided to us, bear all the fruit of which they are capable. Is not this the chief thing, Ludwig?"

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The more worthy one is to hear such language, the less easy it is to reply, and this conversation, which took place the evening before, made Ludwig waver at the interview in the library, and drew from him unawares his consent.

"We shall now lose them both," said the professor sadly.

"I should rather see them happy, as we are, than happy for our benefit," courageously replied his wife, with a greater effort than she wished to appear.

All misunderstanding being now cleared away, and the consent of every one obtained, it was at once decided that Hansfelt's departure should be delayed a fortnight, and at the end of that time he should go, but not alone! The last evening the two sisters spent together under the paternal roof became therefore, doubly memorable; but they were all calmer than might have been expected. The professor, in spite of the suggestions of his reason, in spite of the evident wisdom of his opinion and opposition, could not look at his daughter without feeling that the profound and tranquil joy which beamed from her eyes was permanent and satisfying, and the reflection of that joy on Hansfelt's inspired brow and softened look involuntarily showed the secret of her affection for him.

"Well, my venerable Karl, it must be acknowledged you look quite youthful to-night!"

"How could it be otherwise? I was withering away, and now my freshness has returned; my life seemed hopeless, and now it is lit up. This resurrection, this new existence, is like the restoration of youth, and, more than that, it elevates and ennobles. If *noblesse oblige*, so does happiness, and what would I not do now to merit mine?"

The following day, the bright sun cast a brilliancy around the form of the young bride, which was declared a lucky omen, in addition to many others carefully noted by the superstitious affection of those who surrounded her.

The Mansion, as we have said, was very near the church, and the wedding procession was made on foot, to the great satisfaction of those who composed it, as well as of the curious spectators. Clara, crowned with myrtle and clad in white, was as lovely a bride as one could wish to see, but there was no less admiration for the two young girls who, followed by several others, two by two, walked immediately behind. It will be guessed they were Hilda, whose beauty was now radiant, and Fleurange, whose black hair and general appearance distinguished her from the rest. The latter, as she passed along, might have noticed more than one look, and heard more than one word, calculated to satisfy her vanity, but she was wholly occupied in observing all the details of the wedding array which surrounded her for the first time in her life. They found a great crowd in church, and as the *cortége* slowly approached the altar, Fleurange, casting her eyes around, suddenly met a friendly look, accompanied by a respectful salutation. She bowed slightly in return, but without recognizing the person who saluted her, though his face was familiar. Nor did she know the fresh young woman leaning on his arm. A few steps further on, and she recalled her travelling companion, and Wilhelm, her husband, who was her uncle's clerk. It was he, she felt sure, and she eagerly turned to look at him. She even stopped. At that moment she heard Felix Dornthal's name mentioned, followed by these words: "They say that is his intended who has just passed by." Fleurange felt they were speaking of her, and she blushed with displeasure. Then she heard Wilhelm's reply: "Would it might be so! She might, perhaps, yet save him from—" The rest escaped her as she was borne along by the throng. She did not see Wilhelm or his wife again, and for the present thought no more of this incident.

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The ceremony, the return, and the wedding dinner, all passed off with joyful simplicity. At the end of the repast, Clara took off her myrtle wreath, and divided it among her young companions, wishing that they too, in their turn, might find good husbands, and a happiness equal to her own.

It was Hilda who was first honored in this distribution. This signified she would be married before the rest. She took the myrtle from her sister's hand without any embarrassment, as if she were not ashamed to let others see she joyfully accepted the offering, and regarded it as more

than a mere omen.

After Hilda, came Fleurange, and then all the others down to little Frida, who had joined them with several other companions of her age.

"In your turn, Gabrielle!" said Hilda, as Fleurange fastened the sprig of myrtle in her belt. "Your turn will soon come also to wear this crown."

Fleurange shook her head, and replied with a seriousness she herself could not have accounted for: "That day will never come for me—no, never!"

"Why do you say so?" said Hilda, astonished.

"I do not know." And then she laughed.

An hour after, she perceived the myrtle had fallen from her belt. She searched for it, having been charged by her cousin to wear it the remainder of the day, but she could not find it.

At nightfall the newly married couple left the Old Mansion, escorted over the threshold and down the steps by all the family, who, with kind wishes and congratulations, there bade them adieu with more affection than sadness, for they were not to be widely separated, or for any great length of time.

Clara's father and mother accompanied her to her new home. It was a modest, pleasant house in one of the faubourgs of the city, which Julian, with loving interest, had been preparing more than a year for her who was now to take possession of it. Her parents took leave of her at the threshold. Madame Dornthal embraced her daughter, and, while clasping her in her arms, said: "Remember you are now beginning a new life. Continue to give us our share of your affection; but let nothing henceforth prevail over the love which is now your duty."

"I shall merit a severe penalty," said Julian, "if this duty ever becomes a burden—if she ever regrets the day she joined her lot to mine."

The father and mother stood looking at them a moment as they paused at the entrance of the house. They observed the moved and respectful look of the bridegroom. They saw, too, the confiding glance of the bride amid her tears, and they left them without fear under the protection of God!

On their way homeward, the poor father, breaking the long silence, said: "Years hence, when she in her turn is separated from a child, she will understand all we have suffered to-day!" [66]

"Yes, my Ludwig," said Madame Dornthal, wiping away her tears; "and Heaven grant she may then have, like us, a stronger feeling in her heart than that of grief, which will enable her to bear it!"

They pressed each other's hands. Never, even in the brightest days of their youth, had this old couple felt so tenderly, so closely united!

They found the Old Mansion brilliantly lighted up. The gallery and library, illuminated and ornamented with flowers and wreaths, were filled not only by the customary friends and relatives, but the two brothers' whole circle of acquaintance in the city.

It was the custom at that time to end the wedding day with a *soirée*, but a delicate sentiment forbade the newly-married pair taking a part in the festivities, their happiness being considered too profound, too concentrated, to enjoy the noisy gaiety. But here, the unrestrained gaiety was natural, infectious, and wholly exempt from an ingredient too often found in the corrupting influences of society—a sad and fatal ingredient, which inspires ill-toned pleasantries whose effect is to excite smiles and blushes, and a gaiety as different from the other as the laughter of fiends from the smiles of angels! The gaiety here did not profane by a word, a glance, or even a smile, the end of the day which had witnessed a Christian espousal.

Felix Dornthal himself seemed less disposed to jest than usual. He was even grave, absent-minded, and gloomy to such a degree as to excite attention in the morning at church, where he arrived late, and at the wedding dinner, where, appointed to propose the health of the newly married pair, he acquitted himself of the duty with ease, but only to resume afterwards a complete silence. Family festivals were doubtless little to his taste, and perhaps it was *ennui* that produced so gloomy an aspect. Such, at least, was the supposition of his cousins, who, after declaring him disagreeable, left him to himself. He disappeared at the end of the repast, and now in these crowded rooms he alone was wanting. His absence, noticed by several persons, greatly excited his father's impatience, who, to-day more than ever, ardently desired to witness before he died the marriage of his son. Illness had brought on the irritability of old age, and Heinrich Dornthal could no longer bear contradiction.

"Where can he be?" repeated he for the tenth time to his neighbor, who, with his look fastened on the door, seemed to share the uneasy expectation of the banker. At that instant Fleurange passed by. She stopped as she saw Wilhelm Müller again, at her uncle's side. This time she recognized him at once, and, with the natural grace that gave a charm to her every movement, she approached and renewed her acquaintance with him. She learned in a few words that he had been absent, that his wife was restored to health, and had not forgotten her. Fleurange, in return, sent her many affectionate messages. Then she passed on, while her uncle, gazing at her, felt an increased regret, which she was as far from imagining as sympathizing with.

The piano was open. Several pieces had already been played with great success, and now all the younger members of the party were seized with the unanimous desire of dancing, which is so contagious, and in youth often a kind of necessary manifestation of joyousness. The Germans are

all musicians, and Clement excelled. He at once divined the general feeling, and seized his violin. Hilda seated herself at the piano. Hansfelt took his place at her side, and the gaiety she fully participated in did not inspire her, like the rest, to leave her place. She was, therefore, in the best mood possible to acquit herself of the *rôle* which Clement with a glance assigned her in this improvised orchestra. The brother and sister struck up a waltz, and played with that skill, perfect time, and particular animation which, like the waltz itself, is peculiar to the German nation. In an instant there was universal animation.

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Fleurange had occasionally danced with her cousins in the winter evenings, but she had never experienced, as on this occasion, the inspiring effect of so much liveliness and so general an impulse. She involuntarily rose up with a desire to take a part in it, and at that very moment she heard these words addressed her: "Will you favor me with this waltz?"—an invitation so in accordance with the wish of the moment that she replied in the affirmative, and left the place before realizing it was her cousin Felix who was her partner. They danced around twice. Poor Heinrich Dornthal saw them sweep by, and uttered a joyful exclamation—the last that a feeling of hope or of paternal joy would ever draw from him again in this world!

Felix conducted Fleurange back to her seat. She was breathless, pale, and annoyed. While waltzing, he had uttered words she wished had never been said. Scarcely seated, her first impulse was to leave the spot where he stood, and even the room, but she could not. Felix's hand, placed on hers, forced her to sit down again. Then Fleurange rose above her embarrassment. She comprehended that the time had come to be firm, calm, and decided—not a difficult thing when the heart and the will are perfectly in accord. That was the case in this instance, and Fleurange almost coolly awaited what her cousin had to say.

"I only beseech you for one word, Gabrielle," said Felix, with more emotion and respect than usual—"one word, and, if you understood me, an answer."

"I heard you," said Fleurange.

"And understood?"

"Yes; and with regret, Felix."

"Tell me plainly, Gabrielle, do you understand that I love you?"

Fleurange blushed and made no reply.

"That I love you to such a degree, my happiness, my future prospects, and my life are in your hands?" continued he vehemently. "And this is true, literally true."

Fleurange frowned. "Do you wish to frighten me?" she said coldly, turning her large eyes toward him.

"No; I have told you the truth without thinking I could frighten you; but, since you ask the question, here is my sincere reply: Only promise to accept my hand, promise it through fear or love, terror or joy, I will be satisfied, and ask for no more."

"Then," said Fleurange slowly, "it is all the same to you whether I esteem or despise you, love or detest?"

"No woman can for ever detest a man who endeavors to win her love—when that man is her husband, and could be her master, but only wishes to be her slave."

"There is great fatuity in your humility, Felix; but you are frank, and I wish to be so too. I shall never—mark my words—never be your wife!"

Felix turned pale, and his face assumed a frightful expression. "Take more time, Gabrielle," said he—"take more time to think of it. But, first, listen to me. I am going to say something that may touch you more than a threat or a declaration—" He stopped an instant and then continued: "If you saw a man on the edge of a precipice, would you stretch forth a hand to save him?"

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"What do you mean?" said Fleurange, affected in spite of herself, and suddenly recalling the words she heard that morning in the church.

"I ask if you would put out your hand to aid a man in such peril?" He had, in truth, found the means of making her hesitate, but it was only for a moment.

"You are speaking figuratively, I suppose," said she at length; "and it is a question of a soul in peril, is it not?"

"A soul in peril? Yes," replied Felix, with a bitter smile.

"Well, I tell you, in a danger of this kind, I would offer no assistance that would inevitably lead to my own destruction."

Felix rose: "And is this your final decision?"

"Yes, Felix, a decision unhesitatingly made, but not without sorrow, if it afflicts you."

His only reply was a loud laugh which made Fleurange shudder. She turned towards him, but there was no longer in his look the respect, or the sadness, or the emotion he had so recently shown. His face had resumed its habitual expression of irony and proud assurance.

"I thank you for your frankness, cousin. That is a trait I trust you will retain. It somewhat detracts from the charm you are endowed with, but it will preserve you from some of the dangers to which your eloquent glances expose you. Adieu!"

"Felix, give me your hand as a token you bear me no ill-will," said Fleurange softly.



"Ill-will?" replied Felix. "Oh! be assured I am too good a player not to bear bad luck cheerfully. Besides, one is not always, and in everything, unfortunate. Certain defeats, they say, are pledges of victory. Come, Gabrielle, forget it all. Give me your hand, and wish me *good luck*."

Before Fleurange could make any reply, he was gone. This conversation had been so rapid that the waltz was not yet ended. The noise, motion, and music, added to Fleurange's agitation, made her dizzy. She went to an open window near the piano. At that moment the music ceased, and all resumed their places. Fleurange found herself nearly alone. Clement was still near, and, observing her, quickly laid down the violin he held in his hand.

"You are very pale. Are you ill?"

"No, no, let me go out. I only wish to take the air a moment."

Clement cast a rapid glance around the room, and then followed her into the garden:

"You were dancing just now?"

"Yes, and I did wrong."

"Your partner left you before the waltz was over?"

"Yes."

Clement remained thoughtful a few moments, and then said: "Gabrielle, pardon me if I am indiscreet, but I wish I dared ask you one question."

"What a preamble! Did we not agree to speak freely to each other?"

"Well, will you tell me why Felix went away?"

"Yes, Clement, and I think you will be surprised. He asked me to marry him. What do you think of that?" [69]

"And you gave him his answer?"

"Assuredly. I said no, without hesitating."

Clement started so abruptly that Fleurange looked at him with surprise. She saw an expression of joy on his countenance which he could not conceal.

"I see you are no fonder than I of our cousin," she said, "and are delighted with his ill-success."

"Delighted? No. Were he my worst enemy, I should pity him at such a moment; but I am very glad of—glad of—" Clement hesitated, contrary to his usual practice, which was to go straight to the point. "I am very glad of a decision," said he at length, "which will dispense me from ever speaking of him again to you."

"What would you have done if I had accepted him?"

"What I am glad not to be obliged to do."

"Now you are talking enigmatically in your turn."

"No; enigmas are intended to be guessed, and I beg you to forget what I have just said."

It is uncertain what answer Fleurange was about to make Clement, who was less candid than usual, and therefore provoking, but at that instant she noticed a sprig of myrtle in the button-hole of his coat.

"What! you with myrtle?" she said. "I thought it was only worn by young maidens on such a day."

Clement blushed, and snatched the myrtle from his coat: "It is yours, Gabrielle. Pardon me. I saw it fall from your girdle, and picked it up."

"Mine? Indeed!"

"Yes; here, take it, unless," said he, hesitating a little—"unless you will consent to give it back to me."

"Very willingly, Clement; keep it as a gift from me. It is a good omen, they say, predicting a fair bride when your turn comes."

Clement replaced the myrtle in his coat, and gravely said: "That day will never come for me; no, never!"

"Never; no, never! Oh! how strange!" cried Fleurange, in a tone that surprised Clement.

"What is it?"

"Nothing."

What struck her as strange was that Clement, *à propos* of this piece of myrtle, had, without being aware of it, uttered precisely the same words she herself had said some hours before.

On the whole, this *soirée* she found so pleasant at its commencement, ended in a painful manner. She returned to her chamber less cheerful than she left it, but with the satisfaction of feeling she had had no difficulty throughout the day in banishing from her mind the fantastic image she had formed the evening before of Count George.

## IX.

More than a fortnight had elapsed. Hilda was married and gone from the paternal roof. Clara and

her husband were on their way to Italy, where they intended to remain till spring. Those who remained in the Old Mansion were suffering from the reaction that always follows the confusion and agitation of any event however pleasant—a reaction always depressing even when there is no real sadness in the heart. But this was not exactly the case with Fleurange. Her cousins were both married and happy. She loved them too sincerely not to rejoice at this, but it was not the less true that the house seemed to have grown more spacious, the table around which they gathered enlarged, the library immense, and the garden deserted. The least to be pitied was Fritz, who still had his brother, and was not so much affected by the change; but little Frida mourned for her sisters, and clung more than ever to Fleurange, whose talent for amusing and diverting children was again brought into exercise. Fleurange, on her part, greatly appreciated this distraction as a benefit. The child seldom left her cousin's room, and they became almost inseparable. One day, while there as usual, Fleurange singing a long ballad in a low tone, and Frida listening with her head against her cousin's shoulder, a knock at the door made them both start. And yet it was but a slight rap, that gave no cause for the alarm with which she put the child down and hastily ran to the door. She found her kind of presentiment justified.

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It was Wilhelm Müller, Heinrich Dornthal's clerk, who knocked. It was quite evident from the expression of his countenance and his agitated manner, as well as his unexpected appearance at such an hour, that something unusually sad had occurred.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle," he said hurriedly. "I was not looking for you; but M. Clement has gone out, and the professor also, they tell me. Do you know where they are to be found?"

"I do not know where Clement is, but my uncle and aunt are gone to M. Steinberg's. They have charge of the garden during his absence."

"Steinberg's! It would take more than an hour to go there. What is to be done! What is to be done!"

"What has happened, Monsieur Wilhelm? For pity's sake, tell me what misfortune has occurred."

"Misfortune!" he replied, after a moment's hesitation. "Ah! yes, mademoiselle, a great misfortune has befallen us—but I cannot stop an instant. Pray send for M. Ludwig with all possible speed, and tell him his brother—his brother is dying!"

"Dying!" cried Fleurange. "Uncle Heinrich! Oh! take me to see him while they are gone for his brother."

"No, no, mademoiselle, you must not go. I cannot consent to it."

Fleurange insisted, and had already left her room when she met Clement, who had just returned, and heard his uncle's clerk was in search of him.

"Uncle Heinrich is dying!" exclaimed Fleurange, before he could ask a question. "Let us go to him instantly, Clement, while they are gone for your parents." And she drew him toward the stairs. Meanwhile, Wilhelm approached and whispered a few words in Clement's ear. The latter turned pale, but, instantly surmounting his violent emotion, he took Fleurange by the hand.

"Remain here," he said. "You must not go. Believe me, you must not. When it is suitable, I will come for you." And he led her back kindly, but firmly, into her chamber, and then went out, closing the door behind him. In less than two minutes the street door was heard to shut in its turn. Fleurange was left alone, or, at least, with only little Frida, who, frightened, was crying. She tried to soothe her, endeavoring at the same time to be calm herself, and patiently bear the torture of waiting anxiously, without the power of action.

It was about five o'clock when Wilhelm came to her door, and of course still light, as it was summer. But day declined, and night came on, finding Fleurange still waiting. Frida, after crying a long time, had gone to sleep in her arms. Fleurange, in spite of her usual activity, wished to remain where she was, that Clement might find her at once when he returned. She heard him order the carriage as he went out, and knew he had sent for his father and mother. She looked at the clock, and counted the hours. Not a third of the time was required to go to the faubourg, and yet they had not returned. They had evidently gone directly to the dying man's house. And what was now taking place there? Why had Clement dissuaded her from going? She joined her hands in silent prayer: then began to listen again with a feverish and ever-increasing anxiety.

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At last she heard the rumbling of a carriage. She softly placed the sleeping child on the bed, and was about to go down-stairs to meet her uncle and aunt, whom she supposed to have arrived. But before she had time, she heard Clement ascending the stairs in great haste. An instant more and he opened the door. Before she could ask the question on her lips, he said:

"Gabrielle, poor Uncle Heinrich is no more!" Then he added after a moment's silence: "A dreadful shock caused his instantaneous death."

"Ah! my heart told me I should hear sad news."

"Yes, sad indeed," said Clement. And in spite of himself he seemed for a moment suffocated by an emotion too violent to be surmounted.

Fleurange looked at him. There was something besides the shock and grief caused by this sudden death. "Clement, what else has happened? Tell me everything. Tell me at once, I implore you!"

"Yes, Gabrielle," he said, making an effort to command his voice, usually so firm and mild. "Yes, I am going to tell you everything. I came on purpose to spare my poor father and mother this additional pain. Listen, or, rather, read this yourself!"

Fleurange with a trembling hand took the letter he offered her, and read as follows:

"FATHER: I have abused your confidence. Your name, which you allowed me to make use of, has hitherto enabled me to conceal my losses. With the hope of repairing them, I rashly aimed at an immense prize which chance seemed to offer me. Had I obtained it, all would have been saved. I have been unsuccessful. Ruin has fallen not only on us, but on all whose property is in our hands. Farewell, father, you will never see me again. Do not be afraid of my taking my own life. That would only be another base act. But there are lands where they who seek death can find it. I hope to have that good luck. May I speedily expiate what I can never repair!

"FELIX."

Fleurange silently clasped her hands. Pity mingled with the repugnance, now so well justified, with which Felix had always inspired her, and she could not utter a word. Clement continued:

"This letter, imprudently given to my unhappy uncle this morning, immediately brought on one of the attacks to which he was liable, and which (perhaps happily for him) has proved fatal. He had not time to realize the blow that had befallen him."

Fleurange herself hardly comprehended its extent. "But where is Felix, then?" she said at length.

"He has been gone a fortnight."

"A fortnight!" she exclaimed, with a painful remembrance of their last interview.

"He left the day after the *soirée* at the time of Clara's marriage."

"That evening," she said with emotion, "he spoke of an abyss into which my hand would prevent him from falling. O God!" she continued with the greatest agitation, "could I really have saved him by consenting? Would the sacrifice of my life have prevented this terrible disaster?" [72]

"No; the great stake he made that night was his sole resource against ruin. Why did he talk to you in such a manner? Was it through madness or perversity? It must have been madness, the unfortunate fellow loved you without doubt. I pity him, but—" Clement hesitated and then rapidly continued: "Listen to me, Gabrielle. I am going to tell you something it might be better to keep to myself, but I must justify myself and reassure you, and it cannot injure him now. I regarded Felix with contempt because," and for a moment there was a flash in Clement's eye—"because he wished to make me as despicable as himself, and once played the vile *rôle* of a tempter to me who was then but a boy—because he would, if he could, have drawn me after him into the path which to-day has ended so fatally. Therefore, cousin," he continued with still more emotion, "had he succeeded in winning your hand, I should have felt it my duty to have warned you of his unworthiness, of which I was too well aware, for I have never forgotten you called me your brother. But I was reluctant to denounce him, and glad, oh! so glad, that evening, not to be obliged to do so—glad you were saved by your own self! And if I tell you all this now, it is to put an end to the fears you have just expressed."

"And I am grateful to you for banishing them. But, Clement, tell me once more—here, in the presence of God, have I nothing to reproach myself with?"

"Nothing, on my honor, Gabrielle, believe me!"

Clement, as we have remarked, possessed great firmness of character, and a kind of premature wisdom which gave him great ascendancy over others. When this trait is natural, it is manifest at an early age, and a day often suffices for its complete development. That day had arrived for Clement, and henceforth no one would ever dream of calling him a boy.

## X.

Ruin!—a word at once positive and yet extremely vague—very plain in itself, and yet conveying the idea of a multitude of undefined consequences, often more alarming than actual misfortune, and sometimes suggesting chimerical hopes. And it has a deeper signification when it happens to a person unaccustomed to the calculations of material life, given up to thought and study, and moreover delivered from the necessity of exertion through long years of prosperous ease.

Such was the nature, and hitherto such the position, of Professor Ludwig Dornthal. Of all the misfortunes in the world, that which had now befallen him was the last he would have dreamed of, and he was less capable of comprehending it than of supporting it courageously. Besides, the word *ruin* may also be taken in a relative sense which mitigates its severity, and this was the way the professor regarded it. With only a faint idea of the extent of the catastrophe, he remained inactively expectant of something to partially remedy what merely related to his finances, being more preoccupied about his nephew's shameful flight and its fatal consequence—the death of his brother. [73]

Meanwhile, Clement, with the aid of Wilhelm Müller, examined the state of affairs with a promptitude and sagacity that greatly edified the honest and intelligent clerk who initiated him into this new business. Seeing him so quick of comprehension, so firm in decision and prompt in action, he exclaimed with despair in the midst of their frightful discoveries:

"Alas! alas! if your unfortunate cousin had only had your head on his shoulders!"

"My head! It is not equal to his," responded Clement to one of his companions. "No, no, it is not that, but something else, he lacks. Why have not I, on the contrary, his capacity and wit! Then I might be capable of retrieving our fortunes, whereas my only talent is that of knowing how to endure poverty. Oh! if it threatened me alone, how little I should dread it!"

"Poverty!" interrupted Wilhelm. "But do you not understand all I have explained to you?"

"With respect to my uncle's creditors?"

"Yes. Do you not see that the principal creditor, the first of all on the list, is M. Ludwig Dornthal, whose whole fortune nearly can be saved from shipwreck?"

"Yes, on condition of the ruin of the remainder."

"But their claims are not equal to his: he was not his brother's partner. He had only entrusted his property to him, like so many others."

Clement made no reply. After a short silence he observed: "The entire renunciation of my father's property would enable us to repay all the creditors without exception, would it not?"

"Yes, all."

"Would there not be a single debt in this case?"

"No," replied Wilhelm, smiling; "not a debt—not a penny."

Clement again took up one of the papers on the table, and silently read it over once more with the most profound attention.

"Yes, it is really so," said he rising. "Everything is plain now. I must leave you, Wilhelm. It is after four o'clock, and I am expected at home. I shall see you again this evening, and we will decide on some definite course of action."

This conversation took place in a lower room of the banker's house, which had been Wilhelm Müller's office for many years. He pressed the young man's hand, and Clement proceeded rapidly towards home.

It was their dinner hour, and his parents were waiting for him. The habits of the family had resumed their ordinary course. The sad routine of life is seldom interrupted more than a day even by the most overwhelming disaster, and this exterior regularity, however painful a contrast to the grief that has changed everything interiorly, helped restore calmness to the soul, and with calmness the courage and strength to act.

Clement was a quarter of an hour late. He went directly to the dining-room, knowing his father's punctuality. As he supposed, the family were at dinner, and he took his place after some hasty words of apology at his entrance, and then fell into a profound silence.

The fine, spacious room in which they were was one of the pleasantest in the house. Rare old china lined the *étagères*, and the dark panels were relieved by old portraits, all original and of great value, and the most celebrated part of the professor's collection. The open windows commanded a view of the garden. Verdure refreshed the eye, and the perfume of the flowers pervaded the room. The glass and silver reflected the rays of the sun, though there was a large awning before one of the windows. An air of quiet, opulent comfort everywhere reigned.

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Clement look around. All these things, to which he was daily accustomed, now made a new impression on him. He noticed to-day the objects he often forgot to observe, but this examination did not have the effect of weaning him from his sad thoughts. On the contrary, it only increased them, and Clement was deeply plunged in gloomy reverie when he was aroused by his little sister's voice:

"Papa," said Frida, "we shall start for the sea-shore in a week, shall we not?"

"Yes, my child," replied the professor.

"And then we shall go to see Hilda?"

"Yes, she expects us in a month."

"And after that?"

"We shall return home. It will be time, I think, after two months' absence."

In fact, that was the longest time the professor had ever been absent from his cherished home.

These few words produced an expression of suffering on Clement's face which he could not conceal. His mother observed it and questioned him with a look. But Clement turned his eyes away, and did not raise them again till the end of the silent meal, though he keenly felt another look besides his mother's fastened on him.

"Clement, I have something to say to you," said his mother as soon as dinner was over. He rose instantly, and followed her into the garden, but before leaving the room he said:

"Father, will you allow me a few minutes' conversation with you afterwards? I have several things to tell you."

"Yes, my dear son, I will wait for you." And the professor turned towards the library, where he always spent an hour after dinner.

"Come, tell me everything now," said Madame Dornthal, leading the way to a bench where they could not be seen from the house.

"Yes, mother, dear mother, it is to you I will refer a decision which my honor and my conscience tell me is required. You shall decide whether we ought to evade or submit to it."

He began his account, and, while she was attentively listening without interrupting him once, laid before her the details, in all their reality, of the situation in which his uncle's death and his

cousin's flight had left them.

Madame Dornthal, more accustomed to the practical details of life than her husband, had not shared his illusions. She was much better prepared than he for the sad consequences of a reverse of fortune, but had been far from anticipating its extent. They would be much less wealthy than before, have some privations to endure, and for a time be obliged to practise considerable economy; such had been the extent of her fears. But all this did not appear to so excellent a manager a trial beyond her strength. During the past week she had declared, as often as her husband, that the loss of money was the smallest part of the misfortune that had befallen them.

Now she realized that this loss was something real, something almost as appalling as death, for it involved the end of the life she had been accustomed to for twenty years—an end she must face and at once accept. And she was courageous enough not to hesitate. She embraced her son, and said:

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"God be blessed for giving me a son like you! Yes, dear Clement, yes, you are right—a thousand times right."

"Then you agree with me, mother, that the ruin of the Dornthals should not cause the ruin of any one else?"

"Yes, my child."

"Our name must remain without reproach, and nobody in the world have a right to curse it?"

"Certainly, Clement, whatever be the consequence."

"Whatever be the consequence!" repeated Clement firmly. "Thanks, dear mother. I must leave you. It is not my place, but yours, to inform my father."

"Yes, Clement, it is my place." She put back her son's thick hair, and gazed silently at him for a moment with profound attention and emotion. Never had Clement's eyes expressed more clearly than now the firmness, integrity, and energy of his nature.

"No!" thought she, "there is not among those who effect great things in the world, and leave behind them a glorious and illustrious name, a nobler or more courageous heart than yours, my son! God be praised! Your life will be blessed, even though your worth and all the faculties you possess remain hidden and for ever unknown but to him alone!"

Such were Madame Dornthal's thoughts, as she gazed with maternal fondness into her son's eyes, but she did not give them utterance. She pressed her lips once more to his brow, and placed her hand on his head as if in benediction. Clement in return kissed her hand with grave and tender respect. Then he rose and left the garden at once, and, soon after, the house.

He remained absent several hours. It was nearly nine o'clock when he returned. His mother was waiting in the entry for him, and opened the door when he rang. He was very pale, and held a pile of papers in his hand.

"Well," said Madame Dornthal, "is everything arranged?"

"Yes, mother, everything! These papers only lack my father's signature. He is willing to give it, is he not?"

"You cannot doubt it, I think."

"No, but my poor father was so far from supposing—"

"Yes, that was it, I did not fear any hesitation on his part, but only the complete illusion he was under. I only dreaded the effect of surprise and the shock. O Clement! I know not what terror came over me from the frightful remembrance of the other day! My poor Ludwig!"

Madame Dornthal stopped a moment to brush away her tears, then smiled as she continued:

"But be easy, he knows everything now. He comprehends the state of affairs, and feels as we do. It is better, however, that I alone should see him this evening. Give me those papers. And you, my boy, see after your brother and sister. I have not had time to think of them. Ah! and Gabrielle, poor child, perhaps it would be well to look for her also and tell her all. We have nothing to conceal from any one, above all from her."

Without awaiting a reply, Madame Dornthal abruptly left her son to rejoin her husband in the library, where she remained the rest of the evening.

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# THE LAST DAYS OF OISIN, THE BARD.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

## IV. OISIN'S QUESTION.

"O Patrick! taught by him, the Unknown,  
These questions answer ere I die:—  
Why, when the trees at evening moan,  
Why must an old man sigh?

"No kinsmen of my stock are they,  
Though reared was I in sylvan cell:  
Love-whispers once they breathed: this day  
They mutter but 'farewell.'

"What mean the floods? Of old they said,  
'Thus, thus, ye chiefs, ye clans, sweep on!'  
They whiten still their rocky bed:  
Those chiefs and clans are gone.

"What Power is that which daily heaves  
O'er earth's dark verge the rising sun,  
As large, the Druid, Alph, believes,  
As Tork or Maugerton?

"A woman once, in youthful flower,  
An infant laid upon my knee:  
What was it shook my heart that hour?  
I live—Where now is he?

"What thing is youth, which speeds so fast?  
What thing is life, which lags so long?  
Trapped, trapped we are by age at last,  
In a net of fraud and wrong!

"I cheated am by Eld—or cheat—  
Heart-young as leaves in sun that bask:  
Is that fresh heart a counterfeit,  
Or this gray shape a mask?

"Some say 'tis folly to be moved.  
'The dog, he dieth—why not thou?'  
They lie! We loved! The ill reprov'd!—  
Is Oscar nothing now?

"O Patrick of the crosier staff,  
The wondrous Book, the anthems slow!  
If thou the riddle know'st but half,  
Help those who nothing know!

"Who made the worlds? the Soul? Man's race?  
The man that knoweth, he is Man!  
I, once a prince, will serve in place  
Clansman of that man's clan!"

## AFFIRMATIONS.

“Instead of considering the physical condition of a nation determining its moral character, we must always regard the moral as determining, as well as moulding and modifying, the physical.”

“As the divine modifies the moral, so the moral modifies the physical, or external.”

“In education all sight has been lost of the *reality* which is regeneration, and only when this is brought into the soul, will it be fit to receive the spirit.”

“As the body grows older, the mind grows younger, when the will conceives with the divine will in the permanent ground.”

“Christ is desirous to divorce the soul from Satan, and to do this he begins by making the soul uneasy.”

“There are thousands who have been taught to think from learning have yet to be taught to think from the living basis within the will that sustains the thinker.”

“Know thyself is a false maxim. *Be whole—or one—*and one with thy Lord.”

“Only does the Jesus spirit in the soul make the soul exhibit the divine essence.”

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# HOW THE CHURCH UNDERSTANDS AND UPHOLDS THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

## FIRST ARTICLE. AGES OF MARTYRDOM.

Women are receiving just now, at the hands of a certain class of agitators, a degree of attention which may be flattering to some, but which certainly is not only intrusive, but unnecessary with regard to many. They are told that their rights are trampled upon, that they must assert and defend themselves, and take their place in the great battle of life. Now, these exhortations have generally been met by copious references to all the undoubted precepts of old, which made the domestic life woman's own sphere, and consecrated her the minister of all man's comforts. This sphere of home duties is incontestably theirs; and what is more, while they can help man in his avocations, man, on the other hand, can scarcely help them in their own. But in addition to this, their inviolable territory which they intend never to abandon, let them boldly claim a share of man's kingdom, and let them make good their claim. People have listened to many women and to a few men on the subject of the so-called "Women's Rights:" let them listen with indulgence to one woman more, who comes claiming far greater things than they dream of, and yet showing that her claims are but long-established and real *rights*, recognized, defined, limited, and protected by an older code of jurisprudence, and a longer tradition of immemorial custom, than they have as yet been told of by the press or in the lecture-room.

The existence of woman is a fact: it is equally a fact that everything that exists has some work to do in the order of the universe. God himself, in a few simple words, stated what her work was: "Let us make him a help like unto himself" (Gen. ii. 18). The words indeed are so simple that they hardly arrest attention, yet in them lies the whole relation of woman to man. She is to be a *help*; but no restrictive detail is added, so that it is clearly open to her to help man intellectually, religiously, morally, as well as domestically. She is to be *like* unto him; that is, emphatically not masculine, not a creature that is a *mere* copy or reproduction of himself, but *like* unto him, that is, sufficiently like to understand him, sufficiently unlike to love him. Again, no precise relation in which she is to stand to man is defined: she may therefore be a help as a wife, mother, sister, in the domestic circle; she may be a help as a consecrated virgin, as an adviser, as an intercessor, in the religious order; she may be a help as a governor, a regent, a queen, in the political order: lastly, she may be a help as a friend and confidant in the social order.

Now, having seen that God distinctly gave woman a mission, as he has to every animate and inanimate creature, we must suppose that he has also provided her with the means of fulfilling it. We look around us to see how he has done so, and whether, when the means were at hand, woman used them to her own distinction and advantage. In one place and under one set of circumstances alone do we find that it was so, and this not by exception, but by rule. This place is the Catholic Church; these circumstances are her laws and her history. The reason why it remained for our times to form "*women's rights*" associations, is simply that women's wrongs have, under the influence of the Reformation, been so shamefully multiplied. The present movement is a reaction against the Protestant atmosphere of repression which has suffocated woman's highest aspirations for three hundred years. The tribute unconsciously paid to the Catholic Church by the Anglican communities of monks and sisters is a proof of the wisdom of the old church in regard to its treatment of women. Sensitive, enthusiastic, earnest souls found themselves without the outward means of satisfying their craving after a more perfect life; others with superabundance of energy and devotion, with the gift of tending the sick or instructing the young, found themselves confined to the circle of their own unaided efforts and unorganized activity. They hailed "sisterhoods" as the newly opened gates of heaven, not knowing that sisterhoods were no new invention, but had their source in the very beginnings of the days of which the then unwritten Gospels became the after-history.

In a sermon recently delivered by one of the most popular preachers of New York, and reported in the columns of a widely-read journal, occur the following words, which are a singular corroboration of what we have just said: "There is nothing more dangerous than an educated community with nothing to do. There are thousands of educated women who do not work.... I do not wonder the bold, eagle-like natures fret in their limits and detest life, or that the great hearts dash themselves out in waste. There must be outlet for these immense forces, or society will go on getting worse and worse to the end." A few days after these words were spoken, the following appeared in a letter referring to the attempt made by a woman to drop her vote in the ballot-box, at the New York City election of the 7th of November, 1871. She gives a lamentable account of woman's world, as it has grown to be under the shade of Protestantism. "The condition of involuntary servitude is favorable to the cultivation of all the vices of secrecy and deceit. As women, we have been schooled in hypocrisy and duplicity, until our deep souls revolt against the oppression that so compels us to belie our sincere and earnest natures. The most docile wife has that latent fire in her heart which only needs the air of freedom to fan into a flame. Many seemingly contented wives would almost risk the salvation of their souls to make their masters feel for one day the humiliation they have endured uncomplainingly for years. If this is true of the favorites of fortune, what may not be said of the great crowd of women who rush into every folly, or are doomed to severest trial by stringent laws and the oppressive customs growing out of them—laws and customs that disfranchise them, prescribe their pleasures, limit their fields of labor, and curtail their wages, all on the plea of sex? We have, gentlemen, very generally arrived at the knowledge that sex is a crime punishable by law." The writer of this subscribes herself "Mary



Leland," and is, no doubt, a fair representative of the indignant champions of indiscriminate equality between men and women. If the slumbering volcano she describes is really hidden beneath the frivolous life of ordinary women, what a fearful responsibility lies at the door of the system whose effect it is! This spirit of rebellion can only exist as a reaction against the forced inactivity of woman's mind and will, and against the torpor induced by the delicate flattery of those who would make her a sultana, or the brutality of those who would fain turn her into a beast of burden. Both alike are forms of slavery; both alike are anti-Christian; both are contradictions against nature, and will inevitably bear their evil fruit. Since their true rights have been denied them by the spirit of the Reformation; since the education of their children is taken out of their hands by the state; since nothing but a savory meal and a pleasant face are expected from them—what wonder that the displaced pendulum of their mind should sway violently aside, and thus come in rude contact with the more arduous sphere of man?

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But it is not our purpose to give a lecture on the abstract principles concerned in the question of the rights of women; facts speak more loudly and more convincingly than the most eloquent arguments, the most fascinating pleas: we aim only at giving a few of these facts to our sisters of the present day, and showing them how the church has ever regarded, and has long ago settled, the question now agitating them so painfully.

Our only difficulty is in the mass of evidence from which to make selections, the matter that is to serve us as a witness being simply the history of the church, and its abundance so rich that we hesitate which of the countless examples to draw forth for the admiration of *woman-kind*, and which to leave in undeserved oblivion. If we take a cursory glance at the infant church on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, we shall find woman already in a conspicuous and honorable position. It is a remarkable fact that no nation of antiquity, save the Jews, had any respect for the female sex, beyond that which included women in the *possessions* of their husbands and fathers, and consequently could make no difference between an insult to a virgin or a wife and a theft of any other precious chattel. The Jews—that is, the people whom God himself guided and taught, and whose laws were his immediate decrees—hedged in the chastity of women with the most stringent safeguards, and defended it by the severest penalties. They allowed women to inherit from their parents and perpetuate their own name, and to be preferred before the male relations, that is, the brothers or nephews of their father (Numb. xxvii. 8). Not only were the wives and daughters of the Israelites inviolable; their hired servants, whether Jew or Gentile, and their captives, were equally protected from the licentiousness of man. The Old Testament has numberless chapters consecrated to the praises of women, and to the precepts necessary for the education of their sex. In Genesis, chap. xxxiv., we find the sons of Jacob making war upon the Sichemites, to revenge the insult done to their sister Dina by the prince Sichem; in the Book of Judges, chap. xx., we read of a bloody and protracted war waged by the Israelites against one of their own tribes, the Benjaminites, to revenge the Levite's wife, outraged by strange men in the town of Gabaah; in the Second Book of Kings, chap. xiii., we see how promptly and fearfully Absalom resented the wrong done to his sister Tamar by their brother Amnon. In the Book of Judith, we are astounded at seeing the high and solemn eulogium pronounced upon this valiant woman. She speaks to the elders of Bethulia as one having authority, yet, with such humility as befits even the most highly favored servant of God, she comforts them and bids them hope, so that they acknowledge that her words are true, and ask her to pray for them (chap. viii. 29). Her own prayer for guidance and success is full of wisdom, of poetry, of confidence in God and the right: her speech to Holofernes is conspicuous for tact, and the heathen general himself exclaims, "There is not such another woman upon earth ... in sense of words." When the great deed is done and Judith returns to the besieged city, she sings a noble canticle, a true poem, full of grave beauty and deep meaning, and we are then told how highly she was honored by the high-priest Joachim, who came from Jerusalem, with all his elders, to see her and bless her. He calls her the "glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, and the honor of the people" (chap. xv. 10), and bestows upon her precious vessels from the spoils of the Assyrians. He does not forget to extol her chastity as intimately connected with her success; indeed, this praise seems to supersede the blessings with which she is hailed as a deliverer. When she died, the people publicly mourned for her seven days, and to the time of her death it is recorded that "she came forth with great glory on festival days."

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This is not the only instance where we find woman in a responsible and elevated position, surrounded by friends of high degree, vying with each other in bestowing upon her marks of esteem and respect. Later on we find Christian prelates acting the part of Joachim to some new Judith, some woman distinguished for piety and virtue, and whose influence or example is a powerful auxiliary of their own efforts.

Reverting for a few moments to the history of the Jews, we see how in numberless instances women were the instruments of grace and deliverance, how they were gifted, and how they were esteemed. Instead of a marriage that was nothing but a bargain such as was in use among heathen nations, the betrothal of Rebecca was a most grave and solemn ceremony, and the consent of the maiden was formally asked. Jacob had such a high idea of Rachel's worth that he served her for fourteen years. When the walls of Jericho fell and the inhabitants were put to the sword, the woman Rahab was spared, together with all those who chose to take refuge in her house. The child Moses was rescued and educated by a woman, and his sister, Mary, was a great prophetess whose canticle has come down to us almost as a national hymn. Anna, the mother of Samuel, sang praises to God in language which the inspired writers thought worthy of transmitting to the perpetual remembrance of all generations; the Queen of Sheba was so enamored of wisdom and learning that she came a long and tedious journey to pay homage to the superior gifts of Solomon; Anna, the wife of Tobias, after her husband had lost his sight, earned

the wherewithal for their humble home at "weaving-work" (Tob. ii. 19). Sara, the wife of the younger Tobias, prayed God in words that have always been incorporated in the sacred text. Mardochai said pointedly to Queen Esther, "Who knoweth whether thou art therefore come to the kingdom that thou mightest be ready at such a time as this?" and she answered by effectually interceding for her people, though, notwithstanding her regal position, it was only at the risk of her life that she could approach the king unbidden. Her prayer, like all the rest recorded in the Scriptures, is a poem in itself, and points to the true source whence all real courage springs, while it also hallows with religious feeling the deep patriotism peculiar to the Hebrew race. Later on, the mother of the Machabees showed such heroic fortitude under persecution that the Scriptures say of her that she "was to be admired above measure, and was worthy to be remembered by good men."

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Turning to the New Testament, we find woman in equally prominent positions, honored by the special notice of the Man-God himself, and materially aiding in the establishment of his church. Not to speak of the Mother of God, whose influence on the fate of woman has been simply paramount, and leaving aside the fact of his undoubted voluntary subjection to her, as well as that of her intercession, being the immediate occasion of his first public miracle and manifestation at Cana of Galilee—the place of woman in the Gospel history is one that may justly be the pride of her sex. The greater part of our Lord's miracles were worked in favor of women, most often on their own persons, at other times on persons whom they held dearer than life. Of the first, witness the cure of the mother-in-law of Peter, of the woman healed of an issue of blood, of the daughter of the Chanaanitish woman, to whom Jesus said, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it done to thee as thou wilt" (St. Matt. xv. 28); of the woman bowed down with an infirmity that had afflicted her for eighteen years; also the raising of the daughter of Jairus. Of the second, witness the restoring to the widow of Naim of her only son, whom Jesus raised to life "being moved with mercy towards *her*" (St. Luke vii. 13), and whom, when he had raised him, he "gave to his mother." Lazarus, too, dear as he was personally to the Master, was yet raised to a new life chiefly through the prayers and the faith of his sisters, whose sorrow had touched the heart of the divine Saviour. Not only in temporal things, but much more in spiritual, did our Lord seek out women for their cure and salvation. He did not disdain to speak long and patiently with the woman of Samaria, and, instead of heralding his saving presence to her countrymen through his own disciples, he preferred to let her be his messenger. He proposed the modest almsgiving of the poor widow as a model of all true charity. He protected the woman taken in adultery against her pharisaical judges; he commended the woman Magdalen, and prophesied that, wherever the Gospel should be preached, there should her name be also remembered. When he was teaching the multitudes, it was a woman who cried out in touching boldness and pathetic directness of speech: "Blessed is the womb that bore thee, and the breasts that gave thee suck." Again it was to women that he spoke when, on the path to Calvary, he turned, and said, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." Women followed him bravely when men deserted, betrayed, and denied him; women stood beneath his cross while his apostles were hiding in fear, and the solitary friend who never left him was the most woman-like of all his disciples. His last legacy on earth, the last precious thing on which he turned his thoughts, was a woman, and the first person to whom he appeared after his resurrection was also a woman. When the disciples were gathered together awaiting the coming of the Paraclete, a woman was among them: "The mother of Jesus," as the Gospel says, was there.

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Later on, in the Acts of the Apostles, we find women mentioned as most efficacious helpers in the work of the infant church. Tabitha, for instance, a "woman full of good works, and almsdeeds" (Acts ix. 36), and Priscilla, the wife of Aquila, a woman who accompanied St. Paul from Corinth to Ephesus, and there took Apollo, an eloquent and fervent man, and "expounded to him the way of the Lord more diligently" (Acts xviii. 26). Again, Lydia, a seller of purple, "one that worshipped God," offered hospitality to St. Paul, and "constrained" him to dwell in her house (Acts xvi. 14, 15). St. Paul has been quoted and misquoted so often that one almost shrinks from appealing to his arguments and precepts; yet perhaps even here we may find something new to say, something to point out in a new light, something that the controversialists on the subject of Women's Rights, on both sides, have, apparently at least, overlooked. We will not dwell on such portions of his Epistles as are always in the mouth of those who aim at relegating woman to an exclusively domestic sphere, but, on the contrary, we will point out words of his, honoring woman so highly that no law of modern times has been able to rival such deference, and no claim of strong-minded female associations would dare to lift itself to such importance. In his First Epistle to the Romans, chapter xvi., he says: "And I commend to you Phebe, our sister, who is in the *ministry* of the church ... that you receive her in the Lord as becometh saints, and that you assist her in *whatsoever business* she shall have need of you: for she also hath assisted many, and myself also." Ministry, of course, stands for help, and is used here in its strict and original sense, as when the Gospel says of our Lord, "And angels came and ministered unto him," and as when we say the *ministrations* of charity. Some persons, indeed, have affected to see in this text an implied permission for women to act as priests; common sense and the general tone of the Epistles are sufficiently explicit, however, to undeceive all such as do not on this head voluntarily deceive themselves. The same Epistle we have quoted goes on to say: "Salute Prisca [Priscilla] and Aquila [her husband], my *helpers* in Christ Jesus; who have for my life laid down their own necks; to whom not only I give thanks, but also *all the churches* of the Gentiles; and the church which is in their house." Observe how St. Paul speaks of them without distinction of sex as equally helpers, and how he even mentions the woman's name first. Again he continues: "Salute Mary, who hath *labored much* among you ... salute Julia, Nereus, and his *sister*; and Olympias, and all the saints that are with them." We have no space for recalling the well-known precepts St. Paul gives concerning both the state of marriage and that of virginity; we would only indicate by

a passing notice how truly liberal is his teaching, including both states as honorable, *commanding* neither marriage nor continence, and providing with minute foresight for each circumstance that human mutability can create. And in one of these, the case being the desertion by an unbelieving consort of the Christian yoke-fellow, he distinctly says: "If the unbeliever depart, let him depart; for a brother or sister *is not under servitude* in such cases; but God hath called us in peace" (1 Cor. vii. 15). The very custom of calling women "sisters," universal in the early church, is a token of the respect that was paid them, and of the Christian equality which denied them no legitimate share in the spiritual and social life of man. St. Paul has traced out in one word the whole duty of man to woman when he said, "The elder women entreat as mothers, the younger as sisters, in all chastity" (1 Tim. v. 2). In the First Epistle to the Philippians, he says: "Help those women who have *labored* with me in the *Gospel*, ... and whose names are in the *book of life*." St. John dedicated a whole Epistle, or letter, to the "Lady Elect and her children, whom I love in the truth, and not I only, but also *all* they that have known the truth.... And now I beseech thee, lady, *not* as writing a *new* commandment, but that which we have had *from the beginning*, that we love one another.... Having more things to write to you, I would not by paper and ink, for I hope that I shall be with you, and speak face to face, that your joy may be full." St. Peter, in his First Epistle, does not disdain to give counsel as to the outward dress of women, thus dignifying the subject through the symbolism he wishes it to express. And let not any one of our own times call these counsels either frivolous or interfering, for has not every sect that arose as a self-appointed reformer begun by the restraint on female apparel, typical of moral restraint over our passions and inclinations? Even now, in a mistaken and distorted interpretation of the significance of dress, have not the ultra-advocates of Woman's Rights laid their "reforming" hands upon the current fashions?

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When St. Peter came to Rome, the first house that received him was that of Pudens, a Roman senator, whose wife Priscilla, and whose daughters Pudentiana and Praxedes, became his first converts and his most powerful co-laborers. The two virgins, having become the heiresses of their parents and brothers, sold their vast estates, and gave the price to the suffering and persecuted among their brethren; and, though we read of hundreds of such cases among the women of the early church, we seldom find it so with the men, except in such families where the influence of some female relative resulted in this heroic renunciation. The palace of Pudentiana and Praxedes was converted into a church which for centuries has borne their name, and in which is shown as well the temporary receptacle and hiding-place, says time-honored tradition, of the bodies of the martyrs, carefully collected by these brave women. This church is the oldest in Rome, says a reliable authority, the Rev. Joachim Ventura, whom we shall often have reason to quote in these pages, and it is also the first among those giving titular rank to the order of cardinals.

Among the apostolic women whose names stand beside those of the great saints to whom the church owes her wide sway, St. Thecla has ever been foremost; St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Isidore of Pelusium, St. Epiphanius, and St. Methodius, bishops and fathers of the church, have vied with one another in extolling her constancy and her greatness. The last mentioned of these tells us, in his book the *Banquet of Virgins*, that she was well versed in secular philosophy, and in the various branches of polite literature; he also exceedingly commends her eloquence, and the ease, strength, sweetness, and modesty of her discourse (*Butler's Lives of the Saints*). Of the persecution she suffered at the hands of the young pagan to whom she had, before her conversion, been betrothed, we will not speak, neither will we touch upon her miraculous deliverance from the wild beasts to whom she had been thrown, further than to point out, however, that woman has shown more than masculine courage long before modern agitators began to accuse her of degeneracy and tameness. But the secret lay then, as it does now, in the teaching of a church that sees in her children only hierarchies of *souls*, and that looks upon the body as a mere form, determining respective duties, it is true, but certainly not conferring *de jure* on the possessors of such forms any superiority or difference of intellectual or moral capacity. A proof of this lies open to all in the fact that women's names as well as men's are incorporated in the text of the Mass, and are repeated every day with as much honor, before the altar of God. After the "Commemoration of the Dead," and in the prayer beginning, "Nobis quoque peccatoribus," the names of Felicitas, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Cecilia, Anastasia, are coupled with those of the apostles and martyrs *John*, Stephen, Matthias, Barnabas, *Ignatius*, Alexander, Marcellinus, and *Peter*; that is, with some of the greatest saints whom even Protestants consent to admire. The church, too, shows her appreciation of the sex and its capabilities by the express words, often used in her liturgy, "*devoto femineo sexu*," which, whether translated as usual, the "devout female sex," or the "devoted," seems equally honorable to woman and her special characteristics. Virgins and widows are mentioned by name in the prayers used in public on Good Friday, and immediately before them are named the seven orders of the priesthood. The mere fact of so many churches being dedicated to God under the special invocation of some female saint, often one whose history has become obscure and traditional from very remoteness, serves to illustrate the high respect of the Catholic Church for womanhood, and the perfect equality with which she looks upon both her sons and her daughters. The cathedral of Milan, one of the most renowned shrines in the world, is under the patronage of the virgin of whom we have just spoken, the proto-martyr, St. Thecla. The fathers of the church, following the example of St. Paul, call the help of faithful Christian women a ministry, and Ventura tells us that Origen, St. Chrysostom, and Haymon speak of "women having through their good offices deserved to attain to the glorious title of apostles, and having supplemented the work of the evangelists and apostles by their preaching in private houses, especially to persons of their own sex" (Ventura, *La Donna Cattolica*, vol. i. p. 279). It is related in the *Breviarium Romanum*, at the part appointed to be read on the 19th of May, that St. Pudentiana once presented ninety persons to St. Pius, Pope, to be baptized,

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all of them being perfectly instructed in the faith through her teaching alone. St. Martina, who was a deaconess (which answers to *religious* in the later church), converted and instructed many persons, principally women. The *Breviarium* honors her as the *protectress* of Rome. She has also a hymn specially set apart for her office in the *Breviarium*, and the church dedicated to her in Rome is the richest and most magnificent of those under the patronage of the martyrs. The house of Lucina, a noble Roman matron, was converted into a church, afterwards dedicated to the holy Pope Marcellus. Another church, now called *San Lorenzo in Lucina*, stands over the tomb which Lucina prepared for that saint. Priscilla, also a Roman lady of high lineage, the wife of the before-mentioned senator Pudens, gave her fortune and her land for a cemetery, to which her name was justly appended. Natalia, the wife of the martyr Adrian, after publicly exhorting her husband to be steadfast in the faith, boldly put on man's attire to elude the order recently given that no Christian woman should be allowed to visit the prisoners. The *Breviarium* tells us that St. Justina, upon whom a famous magician named Cyprian had tried all manner of unhallowed arts, so far prevailed over him that she brought him to know the true God, and to abandon his idols and sorceries. But examples such as these of the intellectual influence of women upon their friends, and even upon strangers and enemies, would multiply under our hands into a volume, if we could stop to collect them all.

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Martyrdom was, in the early ages, the almost inevitable end of zealous faith and active evangelization. St. Cecilia ranks among the most prominent of those who, strong with a supernatural strength, gladly gave up life, youth, health, and beauty, for the sake of principle. Let us put it in that form, for even now there are many who respect in the abstract a single-minded devotion to principle. This devotion would be essentially called manliness in our day; yet the women of the early church—some mere children in years, some threatened with what would make a woman waver in her determination far more than mere physical torture could, the loss of her honor, some again with natural diseases or weakness upon them—showed a superabundant amount of this very *manliness*. Cecilia has long been the patroness of music, and we read in her *Acts* that she employed both vocal and instrumental music in the service of the Most High, fitly using the most beautiful of arts to glorify Supreme Beauty. Her love for the Holy Scriptures was such that she often wore them on her bosom in the folds of her robe, and that long before the Canon of Scripture had been fixed, and before the Holy Book could have the world-wide reputation which the church has now bestowed upon it. Cecilia's will, made in presence of Pope Urban, consisted in the giving of her palace for a church, and the distributing of her remaining wealth to the poor. Her death was heroic, and, as her life-blood was ebbing slowly from her, she only thought of converting her executioners. Oblivious of bodily pain, she exhorted them to throw off the yoke of idolatry, and succeeded so far as to cause them to exclaim, "It is only a God who could have created such a prodigy as his servant Cecilia!" The body of the martyr was interred in the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, in a chapel hollowed out of the earth, and somewhat larger than the other chambers of the same catacomb: it was the sepulchre of the popes, and the placing of her body in this sepulchre was a mark of the extraordinary respect due to her generous munificence and her heroic courage. Thus has the old church, so truly called the "mother church," always recognized and rewarded merit, whether in man or woman. Susannah, a relation both of Pope Caius and of the Emperor Diocletian, and daughter to Gabinius, a man as learned as he was noble, was another instance of how religion can reconcile profound instruction with deep piety, and unite both to beauty of person and grace of manner. She was learned, say her *Acts*, in philosophy, in literature, and in religion. The emperor sent one of his nobles, Claudius, Susannah's own uncle, to entreat her to marry Maximinus Cæsar, Diocletian's son. The noble and learned virgin not only refused the alliance, but, strengthened by the approbation of her Christian father and her other uncle, Pope Caius, who were present, spoke so eloquently that Claudius was converted to Christianity. The *Acts of the Martyrs* record his words in announcing this conversion to his wife: "It is chiefly my niece Susannah who has conquered me. I owe to the prayers of this young girl the happiness of having received God's grace." His wife, Prepedigna, and Maximus, his brother, were also won over by her influence, and the latter bears tribute equally to her *wisdom*, holiness, and her beauty. There could be but one end to such proceedings, a glorious end for all: her friends all suffered martyrdom before her, and she who had braved an emperor's displeasure without a sign of so-called *womanly* weakness, met her death in secret with equal courage and joy.

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Agnes, the maiden of twelve or thirteen years, is praised by Ambrose, a Christian priest, for her contempt of the jewels with which the son of Symphronius attempted to bribe her: she is also pictured as the very incarnation of youthful bravery, when with holy defiance she scorns the threat of her impure and cruel judge to send her to a place of ill-fame. This threat, often executed, was more than any other the touch-stone of their faith to the Christian virgins of antiquity, while their invariable deliverance from this danger was the reward of their unflinching denial of the power of the false gods, even in the face of this shameful threat. Death would seem a bridal, to judge by the loving alacrity with which these child-virgins ran to meet it. Who can say that the church does not admire and inculcate courage and self-respect in women, since half the martyrs defended their honor as well as their faith with the last drop of their blood?

St. Ambrose, speaking to his sister Marcellina of the martyr Sothera, in whose praises he is enthusiastic, says: "What need for me to seek for examples for thee, who hast been formed to holiness by thy martyred relative? [Sothera was their great-aunt.] ... Brought up thyself in the country, having no companion to set thee examples, no master to teach thee precepts, there were at hand no human means to teach thee what thou has learnt. Thou art no disciple, therefore—for there can be no disciple where there is no master—but the heiress of the virtues of thy ancestress. Let us speak of the example of our holy relative, for we priests have a nobility of our

own, preferable to that which counts it an honor to have prefects and consuls among our forefathers: we have the nobility of faith, which cannot die." These words of grave import are addressed to a woman, and the boast of holy ancestry they contain also refers to a woman. Agatha, the heroine of Catania, and Lucy, the martyr of Syracuse, both noble Sicilian maidens, speak the boldest language to their barbarous judges, and meet death as bravely as any man could face it for his country and his home.

Victoria, a lady of Abyssinia, in Africa, accused of being a Christian, and defended by her pagan brother, who swore she had been deluded into connivance with the Christians, vehemently contradicted him in open court. "I came here of my own accord," she averred, "and neither Dativus nor any one else beguiled me; I can bring witnesses among my fellow-townpeople to the fact that I came simply because I knew there would be a gathering of our brethren here, under our priest Saturninus, and that the holy mysteries would be celebrated." She persists when her brother excuses her again as being insane, and eagerly criminales herself in the eyes of the judge, till she succeeds in winning her crown. Forty-eight other martyrs, men and women, heroically suffer the same penalty, greatly comforted and encouraged by her dauntless attitude. At Thessalonica, a woman named Irene was apprehended, together with her five sisters, and was herself chiefly accused of having kept and concealed the books of Scripture, and other papers relating to the Christian religion. Dulcetius, the judge before whom she was brought, and who was president of Macedonia, could elicit from her nothing that could endanger any one but herself, her sisters having been tried and martyred upon the charge of refusing to eat meats consecrated to idols. Her firmness both in screening others and in avowing her eager care for the holy writings, not only gives us a high idea of her moral courage, but also of her intellectual interest in those scarce and valuable works. She suffered death for her dauntless custody of these treasures, and it is related that she sang psalms of praise while ascending the funeral pile.

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St. Catherine of Alexandria is a most noted example of the erudition often attained and displayed by Christian women. At the age of eighteen, says the *Breviarium Romanum*, she outstripped in knowledge the most learned men of her day: Maximinus, who was both a libertine and a tyrant, was cruelly persecuting the Christians of Alexandria, and dishonoring the noble matrons of that city. Catherine boldly and publicly upbraided him, and forced him to listen to her arguments. Her *Acts* and the Greek *Menology* of the Emperor Basil affirm that she supported her thesis of Christianity against the arguments of forty of the ablest heathen philosophers, and so effectually confuted them that they preceded her in her martyrdom by declaring themselves Christians, and being forthwith condemned to be burned alive. Catherine, during her imprisonment, converted the wife of Maximinus, and the commander of his army, and further made such an impression upon the crowd assembled to witness her death that many became Christians on the spot. The interesting Church of San Clemente, in Rome, contains one chapel, the walls of which are covered with frescoes illustrative of each of these occurrences; this chapel is supposed to date from the fourth or fifth century, and is a mute witness to the honor with which the memory of the illustrious and learned maiden of Alexandria was, even at that early age, surrounded. Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, says of her: "From this martyr's *uncommon erudition*, ... and the use she made of it, she is chosen in the schools the *patroness* and *model* of Christian philosophers." This is by no means the only instance of a woman being honored as patroness in the roads of learning or of art. Later on, we shall have occasion to speak of other saints equally distinguished for their talents and zeal for true philosophy. Butler says in a foot-note to the *Life of St. Catherine*: "The female sex is not less capable of the sublime sciences, nor less remarkable for liveliness of genius. Witness, among numberless instances in polite literature and in theology, the celebrated Venetian lady, Helen Lucretia Cornaro, doctress in theology at Padua in 1678, the *wonder* of her age for her skill in *every* branch of literature, and, still more, for the austerity of her life and her extraordinary piety."

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Most of the martyrs we have hitherto mentioned were virgins: among widows and widowed mothers, we find other heroines whom no bodily torture nor that more bitter anguish of witnessing their children's sufferings could daunt or even cause to waver.

Symphorosa, a noble Roman matron, denounced by the astrologers of Rome to the Emperor Adrian, bravely confessed her faith in the presence of her seven sons, whom she thus encouraged to do the same. She spoke of herself as honored in being the widow and sister of martyrs, and utterly scorned the proposal to forsake the truth for which they had bled. Here is a foreshadowing of the times of mediæval chivalry, which were but the legitimate offshoot from such a moral atmosphere of pure chivalric heroism as enveloped the lives of the early Christians. Invincible strength and a courage that smiled in the face of death was with the children of the primitive church a point of honor, a family tradition, a hereditary legacy. Another widow and mother, Felicitas, suffered more cruelly yet than Symphorosa; for, under the reign of Marcus Aurelius, she beheld her seven children butchered before her eyes, and never ceased exhorting them to constancy, while her mother's heart and more natural feeling were suffering a sevenfold martyrdom. She followed her sons to death with fervent joy. St. Augustine was eloquent in her praise, and on one anniversary of her triumph called her death a "great spectacle offered to the eyes of faith," and herself "more fruitful by reason of her many virtues than of her many children." St. Gregory, the great father, exalted her by likening her example to a new and spiritual birth of the Saviour in each soul that she thus secured to God, according to the interpretation of the words of the Gospel: "He who does the will of my Father in heaven is my brother, and my sister, and my *mother*."

Another St. Felicitas, a Christian slave and widow, with her mistress Perpetua, who had also lately lost her husband, suffered death in the amphitheatre of Tharbacium, near Carthage, in

Africa, rather than give up what they knew to be divine truth. Felicitas was martyred a day or two after the premature birth in prison of her child, and, when brutally jeered by the guards at her inability to suffer the pains of childbirth in silence, answered in words that to this day furnish the key to all woman's superiority as proved by the facts of church history: "It is I that suffer to-day, and nature is weak: to-morrow Jesus himself will suffer in me, and his grace will give my nature the strength it needs" (*Acts of the Martyrs*). Perpetua, her mistress, but also her sister in Christ (for in the church alone resides true equality), resisted the pleadings of her aged father and the mute appeals of her infant's unprotected condition, and bore her sufferings as it is said the Spartan women knew how to bear theirs. But while the enduringness both of men and women was in Sparta only the artificial result of compulsory laws, and soon disappeared before the shameful voluptuousness that was natural to all heathen beliefs, that of Christians of both sexes made its mark through successive generations, and lives yet in our less hardy times, because it is intrinsic to the nature of a faith whose God had no more hospitable birthplace than a cold stable, and no better death-bed than a cross.

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Blandina, the martyr of Lyons, is justly celebrated for her extraordinary constancy, and the Christians of Lyons who wrote a letter preserved to history by Eusebius, and addressed to their brethren of Asia and Phrygia, extol her as the soul of the heroic stand made by many of their number against idolatry. She was a slave, very young and *very weak* in health, says this letter, and yet even her executioners marvelled at her powers of endurance, exclaiming: *One* of the tortures she has suffered ought to have killed her, and she is alive yet after them all! Further on, she is likened to a *bold athlete*. Some of her companions having wavered, her example and exhortations recalled them to their duty, and Ponticus, a young boy, was the last to die under her eyes, *encouraged* and *upheld* by *Blandina*. Potamiana, another slave, who died in defence of her honor as well as her faith, chose a more lingering death than that to which she was condemned, rather than uncover herself in public, the judge consenting to this change not in pity, but in cruelty. Her executioner became her first convert; many other men likewise came to the faith through visions of this young and steadfast virgin.

We have mentioned women in every sphere and state of life, social and domestic, as endowed with confessedly heroic powers, and capable of attaining high and noble ends in the field of religion, of art, and of philosophy. One class of women, however, remains still to be noticed, and it is perhaps the greatest proof of the church's universal and instinctive tenderness toward the sex, that among that unhappy class she alone has been able to make fruitful the call of God. The Catholic Church has set upon her altars and in her calendar the names of many illustrious penitents and anchorites, side by side with stainless virgins and matrons of unblemished fame. The Catholic Church alone can restore to fallen woman her rightful inheritance, and so efface the brand of sin that its shame shall be merged into a glory as pure as that of baptismal innocence. To take among the martyrs but one instance of this rehabilitation, let us see what history relates of Afra, the courtesan of Augsburg, in the Roman province of Rhetia, and the present kingdom of Bavaria. Afra was of noble birth, and had many slaves and possessions. She was converted by St. Narcissus, a Christian bishop who was fleeing from the persecution then raging in Gaul. Her household as well as her mother followed her example. She succeeded in concealing Narcissus and his deacon Felix for some time in her own house, and meanwhile diligently applied herself to making converts of her friends and former associates. Denounced in her turn a little later, and sneered at for the contradiction between her past and present life, she answers the judge boldly, admitting humbly that she is unworthy to be called a Christian, yet affirming that the threatened torments will cleanse and purify her body, while the proposed sacrifice to the gods would only further stain and disfigure her soul. Bound to a stake and burned with slow fire, her intrepidity only redoubles, and, having sinned through the weakness of undisciplined nature, she shows a more than manly courage through the new-born strength of grace.

With her, we close the few practical examples of the greatness of woman during the ages of martyrdom, but the spirit that made the martyrs did not die with the last of the canonized victims of the pagan persecutions. St. Jerome speaks of a "daily martyrdom, which consists not in the shedding of blood as a testimony, but in the devout and undefiled service of the mind" (*De Laud. S. Paulæ*). This we propose to illustrate in a subsequent article, giving historical instances of the actual honor paid in the church to learned, holy, and influential women, rather than entering into abstract controversy on the subject of what is and is not due to her sex. What we have already said in these pages will tend, please God, to remove prejudices, and at least clear the way for evidence still more appreciable by our ambitious non-Catholic sisters, namely, that which goes to show that not only in social and home life, but also in the wide sphere of statecraft and public influence, the church has marked out a noble margin for women's genius.

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## THE PASSION.

Was ever tale of love like this?  
The wooing of the Spouse of blood:  
Who came to wed us to his bliss  
In those eternal years with God?

Those griefless years, those wantless years,  
He left them—counting loss for gain—  
To taste the luxury of tears,  
And revel in the wine of pain!

'Twas sin had mixed the cup of woe  
From Adam passed to every lip:  
And none could shirk its brimming flow—  
For some a draught, for all a sip:

Till Jesus came, athirst to save:  
Nor sucked content a sinless breast;  
But grasped the fatal cup, and gave  
That Mother half, then drained the rest.

Enough the milk without the wine.  
When first the new-born Infant smiled,  
'Twas merit infinite, divine,  
To cleanse a thousand worlds defiled.

But *we* must take of both. And how  
Could love look on, nor rush to share?  
Or hear us moan: "Death's darkness now:  
And *Thou*, at least, wast never there"?

And so he drank our Marah dry:  
Then filled the cup with wine of heaven.  
Who would not live—with him to die?  
Or not have sinned—when so forgiven?

Lent, 1872.

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# JANS VON STEUFLE'S DONKEY.

## I.

Jans von Steufle was a happy man until he got that donkey. Now, you might think the donkey was left him as a legacy by some dear friend or rich relation, or that Jans found him in the highway some cold wintry night and took him home in pity, or the donkey might have strayed into Jans' enclosure and refused to go out, but no such thing; Jans bought and paid for all his trouble in good silver coin.

Jans had some comforts, however to compensate: he had a good wife. Some say, "A good wife is a rare thing," but you never hear that sneer in German-land, for German wives and German children are taught betimes to be good. Jans' wife kept the house clean and the kettles bright; and made *Sauerkraut*,<sup>[14]</sup> and *Wurst*,<sup>[15]</sup> and delicious *Rahmkäse*<sup>[16]</sup>—ah! it would melt in your mouth—and had always such nicely browned *Rinderbraten*,<sup>[17]</sup> and delicate *gedämpftes Fleisch*,<sup>[18]</sup> and put vinegar in everything.

Then such beautiful patchwork *Bettdecke*<sup>[19]</sup> she stitched together, and such snowy *Bettwäsche*,<sup>[20]</sup> you would be floated off to dream of *Arabian Nights* just to sleep under them. And when her fingers had nothing particular to do, that is, when she walked about the house and garden a little just before supper-time, to see that every corner was clean, and everything in good order, and the pot-herbs coming up properly, or when she went down the lane to drive home the truant chickens and little ducks who were out on some juvenile frolic, did her ten fingers rest? Oh! no, then a thread of yarn came creeping out of her pocket, and click, click, went the needles, and such stockings! You might wear them to the North Pole, only they'd be too warm.

But her great genius and tact lay in garden-making. We do wrong to apply these words to her, for she understood neither, and Jans despised both; rather be it said that her industry was made most manifest when she betook herself (under Jans' direction, of course) to digging and planting.

Jans had a pleasant way of imparting knowledge, and at the same time making himself comfortable. Seated on a wooden bench in some shaded gravel-walk near the scene of her rural operations, with a pipe in his mouth, he would sit patiently the long hot summer afternoon, directing the putting down of pea-sticks, the tying up of hop-vines, and apportioning off the territory to be allowed to the marauding pumpkins. Some people profess to discover a striking resemblance between the human family and the great family of animals each to each, and they even run a parallel between them in physiognomy; but in a garden the similitude is perfect. No one who cultivates a garden for very love of it but what unconsciously invests his community there with a sort of intelligent existence. They are well-behaved or troublesome; in good health or pining under little ailments. Here a hardy native pushes his way to upper air, heedless alike of deluge or drought, while that other one from some far-away country, like any discontented foreigner, finds nothing to its taste, but must be sheltered, and watered, and gives a deal of trouble. Some are orderly and upright; others are inclined to crooked ways, and seldom amend until tied to a stake. The roots generally stay underground until they are wanted, while some, like the bold, conceited turnips, climb to the surface when not more than half-grown, and bask in the sunlight as if they were roses. The vine tribe care as little as human climbers whom they crush down in their aspiring efforts; onward they trail and take possession, reckless of those who have a better right. Many a pretty little plant have those green vines tyrannized over! As for flowers, we call them modest, bold, gaudy, retiring, even in common speech; and many a habit and inclination do they exhibit to a humble admirer which has never been entered in scientific books. Yes, a garden is a community of wonderful creations, where each one has its peculiarities, and yet each one conforms in a certain degree to the type of its family.

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With such loving eyes did Jans and his *gute Frau* look on their flower-beds and their edibles; and such like matters did they often discourse about, when the spading and raking for the day were done, and she sat on the bench by his side knitting, knitting.

It is doubtful, however, whether they would have noticed matters quite so particularly, not having been educated to abstractions, comparisons, generalizations, and such like metaphysical flights, had not their attention been directed to them occasionally by a third member of their family, the very learned Herr von Heine.

Now, Jans in his efforts at amassing riches had neglected no honest means of success. Consequently, when their two children had both married well and gone to live in distant cities, and he found himself with a spare room in his house, he looked about for a tenant. Then mein herr (as he was called for brevity's sake) presented himself, and, as his testimonials for respectability and prompt pay were satisfactory, he was soon established in the pretty little chamber with its white curtains, its patchwork bedspread, and a floor so well scrubbed you might have eaten off of it. He somewhat marred the beauty of the spot by an importation of certain odd things which he professed to consider indispensable. There was a regiment of ragged-looking old leather books, and some well-worn coats and dingy dressing-gowns, not to mention an assortment of pipes and tobacco jars and old boots, and a few warlike weapons which stuck out in a protecting way from the top of his book-shelves.

Mein herr was just now direct from the *Collegienhaus*<sup>[21]</sup> of the famous University at Königsberg, where he had been giving short lectures and receiving long pay, and being, therefore, on good terms with himself and the world in general, he resolved to rusticate in some secluded spot for

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the summer, and renovate his faculties for the next winter's campaign.

No place could be more quiet or better suited for his purpose than his present abode. Here he could spin all kinds of cobweb theories hour after hour, with not a sound to ripple the air and demolish them, for neither Jans nor his wife ever intruded into his apartment. It was only in the soft summer evening twilight that he made his descent to the garden, and indulged in a brief social intercourse with his host and hostess. Indeed, he came almost as regularly as the sun set. His tall, straight figure enveloped in a long black sort of ecclesiastical gown, a jaunty cap on his head, with its tassel hanging down behind, a meerschaum in hand which he was bound to finish before he should retire, behold Mein Herr von Heine!—the embodiment of profound and extended erudition out for a little recreation. Mein herr was always welcome. Pleasant enough was the discourse they all held as he slowly walked up and down the gravel-walk, or took a seat beside them, especially when the subject was farm-matters; and mutually profitable was the exchange between theory and practice; many a pleasant laugh they had, too; and as to the *gute Frau*, she listened and smiled, and occasionally put in a modest little word, this being, according to her best belief, the extent of "woman's rights."

They were sitting thus one June evening, when Jans laid aside his pipe, and said, in his usual deliberate way:

"I think I'll buy a horse, or a donkey, or a dog-cart, or something, to take all these cabbages to market."

"Buy a *donkey* by all means," said mein herr, "for a donkey, that is an ass, is classical. They are famous in sacred as well as in profane literature. No animal has always been so much the companion of man as the donkey, no one more valuable. An ox and an ass are what we are warned in the commandments not to covet, showing their universality in the days of Moses, besides being what any man in his senses would be most likely to covet. Asses are repeatedly mentioned in the Old Testament. Every one has heard of Balaam's ass, who was so much wiser than his master. I have often noted the great injustice done to that ass. Balaam bestowed on him three very decided beatings; and although he was fully convinced afterwards that they were entirely undeserved, we have no record that he made the least apology or expressed the least regret. Now, even a donkey deserves justice. Asses have pervaded all ranks in life. There was Debhora the prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth; in the *Canticle*, where she addresses the brave princes of Israel, she adjures them as 'you that ride upon fair asses, and sit in judgment, and walk in the way'; on the other hand, Job predicts woe to him 'who hath driven away the ass of the fatherless.' Certainly, asses were everywhere. When the wealth of Abraham was counted, he-asses and she-asses made a part of it; and when he was about to ascend the mountain to sacrifice his son Isaac, we are told that 'he arose and saddled his ass.' Then there was Abdon, eight years a judge of Israel, who had forty sons and thirty grandsons, 'all mounted on seventy asses,' are the words of history. Then there was the Levite of Mount Ephraim—ah! I forget his name—his wife left him and went to stay four months with her father in Bethlehem Juda, and when he went to bring her back, he took with him 'a servant and two asses,' one doubtless for her use. Then the jaw-bone of the ass made famous by Samson is well known, I mean the jaw-bone he wielded at Ramathlechi, when he put his thousand enemies to flight. Some of these animals possess virtues worthy of our own imitation; they have displayed oftentimes very great intelligence, and affection for those they serve; as in the case of a certain old prophet who went forth from Juda to Bethel to denounce Jeroboam, and, being misled and turned from his duty by a pretended friend, was killed by the way on his return home; his ass was found standing patient and watchful by the side of his dead master."

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Thus discoursed mein herr; his colloquial efforts were apt to be rather prolix and oratorical, but this was to be ascribed to his profession as lecturer; he was so much accustomed, when he had unearthed an idea, to follow it up and make the most of it—a sort of intellectual fox-chase.

Failing to keep pace with him over such extended and erudite ground, Jans had, nevertheless, a dim notion that it was something to own even one donkey, so he said:

"To-morrow I will buy a donkey."

"Ah! yes," said the Frau von Steufle, "and next market-day we will go with a donkey."

"You will be wise to buy a donkey," repeated mein herr, "for now I call to mind that Sancho Panza had one whose labors, as he tells us, half-supported his family. I am reminded, also, that the great Cervantes himself rode an ass, as he relates, on a pleasant journey from Equivias with two of his friends. They heard some one clattering up from behind and calling to them to stop, and when he at length overtook them it proved to be a student, who was mounted on an animal of the same sort; he no sooner learned their names than he flung himself off of his ass, says Cervantes, whilst his cloak-bag tumbled on one side, and his portmanteau on the other, and he hastened to express his admiration of the great author of *Don Quixote*."<sup>[22]</sup>

Just at this point both meerschaum and pipe had given forth their last whiff, and the knitting-work had arrived at the middle of a needle; and as the great matter under discussion, the purchase, was considered as wisely decided in the affirmative, they mutually exchanged a kind "Gute Nacht" with the inevitable "Schlafen Sie wohl!"<sup>[23]</sup>

## II.

The day after the above conversation, Jans left his home for a little business in a distant city, and several more elapsed before he returned with his purchase.

Oh! vain boast when Jans von Steufle declared, "To-morrow I will buy a donkey."

What is a donkey? In one phase of his character, he is the very personification of the stoical philosophy of the ancients; the type of that perfect indifference to all sublunary mutations to which Zeno vainly strives to elevate humankind; patient and enduring under any amount of rain, hail, snow, and sleet that can pour down on him, and any amount of luggage that can be piled upon him; totally, indifferent, in the road he travels, as to its length, direction, hostilities, or hardships, and satisfied, as far as food and sleep are concerned, with the smallest quantity and the poorest quality.

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This was Jans' idea of a donkey, but it was not what he got for his money; he got a little gray beast, with a shaggy hide, a large head, long ears, and a temper.

It was quite dark when Jackey with a boy astride him arrived from the place of his last abode; so he was quietly taken to the comfortable quarters prepared for him not far from brindle-cow, and particular introductions to him were deferred until the next morning.

The next morning ushered in market-day. The edibles had all been gathered in and nicely washed the night before; the flowers also had been culled and tastefully arranged in beautiful bouquets—some small for sweet little love tokens; some larger to decorate the tables and mantel-shelves of those people who are unhappily forced to dwell always among the bricks and mortar of the town, who paid large prices for them, and took them thankfully, as their very minute share of all the glorious and beautiful works of the Creator which are spread around life in the country. Others, again, were tied together in tall pyramid-like forms, the apex a pure white lily or perhaps a white rose, and spreading down from that to the base in blossoms that mingled all the colors of the rainbow. These were destined for the grand altar of the great church; for there were always pious souls in the town ready to expend their good groschen and thalers in adornments for the sanctuary. Very skilful are the fingers of German wives, and great their taste in making up all these tempting little articles of merchandise; and as they lay waiting in the *Wohnzimmer*<sup>[24]</sup> of the Von Steufle dwelling-house, you might have thought the whole garden had moved for a departure.

Breakfast was disposed of early, and immediately after it Jackey was brought out for his first load.

"He has good points," said the learned herr, after taking a leisurely survey.

Jans knew not much about points, but he knew how to put a good load on his back, and this he now proceeded to do.

"Much discretion is necessary in purchasing a donkey," observed the Herr von Heine—"much discrimination; wisdom and foolishness are so much alike on a cursory view. A demure aspect may represent either; and, then, a staid, dignified manner may proceed from lack of ideas, nay, even absolute stupidity, as well as from profound thought. In dealing with an animal which exhibits these traits, great penetration is called for, or you will be deceived. Then, there is a brightness of the eye, nothing vicious. Ah! I think your animal has it, a sort of exuberance of spirit, a repressed strength which can accomplish deeds almost incredible when opportunity offers. You seldom see this in pictures of the donkey race; painters seem to think it necessary to represent them dull and imbecile, which is far from being correct."

Mein herr paused, but his friends were both too busy to reply, so he was only met by a "Freilich, mein Herr"<sup>[25]</sup> from Jans, and a smiling "Ja Wohl"<sup>[26]</sup> from his helpmate. In German-land, social life has no sharp points and corners to prick and scratch. All is polished and polite, and such a little acknowledgment of attention to a speaker could never be neglected. It was sufficient encouragement for the herr, and he proceeded. He was so accustomed to vibrate between his study and his lecture-room, that to be quite silent or to have all the talking to himself had become most natural to him, so, as we have said, he proceeded.

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"Painting recalls to me Polygnotus, mentioned, I think, by Pausanias, yet I'm not quite certain. He was an Athenian painter of great celebrity, and one of his works was an allegorical picture, in which unavailing labor was symbolized by a man twisting a rope which an ass nibbles in pieces as fast as he advanced. These allegorical pictures are pleasant studies, and it is truly surprising to compare all the different interpretations of them by all the different people, who call the same object by totally different names, and of course draw from the entire composition very different conclusions. Things are generally contradictory to themselves as well as to other things, especially when viewed in that dim light which I would call, if I may be allowed an original expression, the *mist of ages*. We may cite for this Silenus. He is the only heathen god depicted on an ass. Now, the morals and manners of Silenus are very well known, and his association with this quadruped is complimentary to it or not, according to the view taken. It may be a panegyric on a patient, sure-footed, philosophical animal, who could put aside personal feeling in choosing his company, and bear his bibulous rider in safety when he was totally unable to walk. Or was Silenus an immortal in disgrace—degraded from horse, tiger, lion, panther, not to mention chariots and wings, all that gods and men delight in, and doomed to the indignity of donkey-back? If the latter, certainly the creature rose superior to his situation in the end; his voice must have been tremendous! In battle between the gods and giants, when Silenus rode in among them, it was his sonorous bray that threw the giant ranks in confusion and actually put them to flight. He was well rewarded for this service, for justice is in the sky if not on earth. He was exalted to the constellations. Search the star-lighted sky for Cancer, and you will find in it the once humble Asellus of Silenus.

"*Midæ aures*, the asinine appendages which the king was forced to accept so unwillingly on

Mount Tmolus (a proper reproof to captious criticism),

'Induiturque aures lente gradientis aselli,'<sup>[27]</sup>

were evidently a compliment to the quadruped; for certainly Apollo meant them for an improvement on his own, which had so signally failed him."

Here mein herr came to a decided stop necessarily, for the donkey was at last loaded, and such a load! Nothing but a donkey could have stood under it, much less walk! It was cabbages this side, potatoes that side, cauliflowers in the middle. Then salad laid on loose; then celery stuck in endwise; then great bunches of sage and savory and thyme, and herbs for the soup, *Petersilie* and *der Rettig*. All these, hung on everywhere, made Jack so fragrant that his coming could be known long before he was in sight. Lastly, was a delicate little basket of eggs, engaged long ago by a dainty customer, swinging easily, so as not to break, under all.

As Jack was pretty nearly buried out of sight under the substantial of trade, the Frau von Steufle [98] took the flowers for her share, and she was equally well laden. She could only be said to resemble an immense walking bouquet, with a pleasant, happy face peering out from its midst. Truly, the two were worth seeing. As for Jans, his great responsibility was load enough for him, and so, with good wishes and great expectations, they departed.

The Herr von Heine was alone all that long summer day. It was rather a pleasant variety at first. Solitude has charms about it. He wandered through the house, and explored every nook in the garden, and went a long way over the grass to look at the pigs; he fed the chickens and even patted the cow. The old cat seemed to think it incumbent on her to show him the premises. At all events, she escorted him hither and thither, now turning somersaults in front of him, now flying up a tree to take a bird's-eye view of him, or perhaps to show him there were some feats not to be learned in books; then down again, in a sentimental sort of humor rubbing her head and ears against him, under his very steps; she quite disturbed his equilibrium.

The large house-dog, or, rather, yard-dog, for there he lived, looked on with a more suspicious air, as if he should like to be informed what this new state of things meant; and after returning the learned Herr von Heine's proffered intimacy with the slightest possible wag of his tail, he walked off to attend to his own business.

Perhaps mein herr added a trifle that holiday to his stock of knowledge. He had evidently descended from his pedestal of dignity, and he enjoyed it vastly; besides, he had often introduced such things in an illustrative or figurative manner to his classes, and it was as well to make himself familiar with their surroundings.

But it was getting late now, the sun had set, twilight deepened into darkness, or rather moonlight. Where could the three be staying? Jans and his good wife were always home from market long before this hour, even when each carried a load with a barrow to wheel by turns!

He walked down to the road-way, and gazed long and anxiously into the distance. No signs of them yet! Where could they be? He returned to the house, and, ascending to his chamber, selected from among his books a volume in Latin by the renowned Cornelius Agrippa. He turned to the last chapter, "Ad Encomium Asini Digressio."<sup>[28]</sup> He felt an intense interest at this moment in asses. It was possible some of their peculiarities had escaped his knowledge; he desired to ascertain. But he failed, under the peculiar circumstances, to fix his attention, so he laid the book aside, and returned to the regions below; to his solitary stroll up and down the gravel-walk, with an occasional pause for a long and anxious survey of the road. Even his meerschaum was forgotten or uncared for.

"But Time is faithful to his trust:  
Only await, thou pining dust."

Time, which does so much, at length brought them home. To his great relief, the trio reappeared, and, creeping slowly along, turned from the road into the gravel-walk and reached the house, all three evidently depressed in spirits.

### III.

Jackey had been turned loose in the paddock on his return, *not* for good behavior; and he alternated there between nibbling the grass as assiduously as if he had engaged to mow the whole before next daylight, and standing still with his head thrust down and fixed, as motionless as if he had been carved out of stone.

"A singular animal truly," said mein herr to himself as he looked down from his chamber window. "He reminds me—"

Here a summons to supper interrupted the reminiscence; and, when they were all revived with the delicious hot coffee and cream which the Frau von Steufle knew so well how to mix, Jans entered on his adventures as follows:

"I thought a donkey was a great traveller, and very careful and mindful, and to be trusted, and good on bad roads, and could eat what a donkey ought to eat, and not steal what was not meant for him."

"Of course," said the Herr von Heine; "you are right, he is a great traveller. I tried one myself on the Alps, that is, I began the Alps on a donkey; most people begin the Alps on a donkey, next a mule, then on foot, if they try Mont Blanc. I well remember the last view I took of the Jungfrau

and its avalanches from the Wengern Alps. At the Hospice of St. Bernard I took a comfortable meal from the good monks, and then on foot and mule-back I mounted by way of Martigny and Tête Noire to Chamouni. In Egypt there is nothing like a donkey for the desert; when I was at Cairo (that was in my student life), many a pleasant morning I started out on a donkey, and spent the day among the ruins about there. Great climbers they are, so obedient and sure-footed. The little white donkeys of Egypt are beauties, long silky hair; the pashas value them highly. Certainly the ass is a traveller; the wild asses of Syria are fleet as the wind. Then, what would Rome be without donkeys? or any part of Italy, for that matter? Along the coasts, the bay of Naples, Mount Vesuvius, now over sand and stones and lava, and volcanic ashes fetlock-deep, now to explore pleasant fields, and woody paths, and old highways, always picking his way so carefully up and down steep places, by some path of his own you fail to see—why, you may ride on one to the very verge of a precipice, and take your view from his back, as safely as if you crept there on hands and knees! Oh! yes, they are great travellers, though sometimes slow.”

“Very slow is Jackey,” responded his owner, “so slow that a good part of the time he stood still.”

“Possible?” queried mein herr. “Perhaps his load was rather—but yet, you can hardly overload a donkey. Why, in Rome they are perfect moving heaps of fagots, hay, fruit, old clothes, mats, brooms, and brushes, and everything, in fact, that is salable and movable, with a dirty, swarthy peasant striding beside him as driver, or, it may be, a boy; but, no, I should say they are *always* driven by a mob of boys. I hold that the most gregarious of all animals is the human biped in its youth; and if I were called upon for a centre-piece, with most power to collect around it these juvenile swarms of the genus *homo*, I should name a Roman donkey. Before him, behind him, a body-guard on each side, all sizes, in all sorts of garments, or, rather, in all degrees of nudity, shouting, yelling, laughing, talking, and each one using all his powers to increase the speed of the poor little beast—there you have a Roman donkey! I have been told of a scene in Rome. A little ass whose panniers were two good-sized baskets of eggs; it was about Easter time, when eggs are valuable. To hasten him, his driver, a tall, ragged peasant, struck him smartly, which offended him. He stood still a moment, then deliberately laid himself down, and rolled over. The peals of laughter which greeted the donkey as he arose, daubed and dripping with the yellow semi-liquid, the bewailings of his owner, all together were worth seeing. In no place in Europe are they as poorly fed and as much abused as by the lower classes in Paris; truly they are miserable-looking wretches there, bony, sulky, dirty. I have often wished to apply to the back of the ragged, screaming boy-driver the stick with which he was cudgelling his poor donkey. Monsieur Chateaubriand says he would gladly be the advocate of certain creatures, works of God, despised by men, and ‘en première ligne,’ says he, ‘figureraient l’âne et le chat.’

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“The heavy-laden ass is a verity in ancient lore; even its name is used to express hardship and endurance; as from the Greek word ὄνος, an ass, is supposed to be derived the Latin *onus*, signifying a *burden*.”

Mein herr made a pause, he was evidently lapsing into the delusion that he was in his *Collegienhaus*, lecturing on donkeys. The gentle frau recalled his wandering wits by observing, in a low, sad voice:

“Oh! he shook so many things off; all lost; he shook half his load off in the creek!”

“Indeed!” exclaimed the herr, “is it possible! that was not to be expected of him. Many classical writers mention *loading* the ass, but I cannot recall a single instance where he *unloaded* himself in a creek!

“Horace, it is true, refers to what might be a little sulkiness under a heavy load, when he represents himself as a sort of discontented donkey under the infliction of some of his troublesome friends:

‘Demitto auriculas ut iniquæ mentis asellus  
Quum gravius dorso, subiit onus.’<sup>[29]</sup>

“Then, the poor creature has been at times imposed on in a manner which might excuse resentment. In ancient Rome, for instance, on sacred days all labor was forbidden, with the exception of some certain kinds considered necessary.

‘Quippe etiam festis quædam exercere diebus  
Fas et jura sinunt.’<sup>[30]</sup>

“The works allowed were setting traps for birds which were hurtful, ordering the trenches which irrigated the fields, and some few others of like kind. To the rustics, permission was granted to carry their farm produce to market on sacred days, and they also might bring a load back. This was allowed them in order that this business might not interrupt them on working-days. Now, a *load* with them necessarily demanded an ass; consequently the ass knew no sacred day, no day of rest from his burdens, and *such* loads, Mynheer von Steufle!

‘Sæpe oleo tardi costas agitator aselli  
Vilibus aut oneras pomis; lapidemque revertans  
Incusum,’ etc.<sup>[31]</sup>

“Oil, cheap fruits, millstones, black pitch! Ah! *mein lieber Freund* what a load! I hardly believe they prefer thistles to grass, as some say, but they will subsist on one-third of what is required by a horse under all this labor.”

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Jans looked at him ruefully and incredulous:

“Some may—some of them may—but I count Jack two horses at the least. He must have been eating all night, for he had enough put before him; and to-day, why, you’d think he hadn’t seen a corn-husk in a month. He ate apples and cauliflowers, and a peck of peas, and—and—”

The Frau von Steufle supplemented the catalogue of enormities.

“All my roses, thorns and all, and Katrina von Dyke’s beautiful tulips that she had just sold, and my tallest bouquet, the one that was engaged for the grand altar. O dear! what will they do? Then he chewed up a nice bonnet, and he overset the things! Dear me, so much mischief! Ah me!”

“Yes, yes,” said Jans, “it is well to say, ah me! Look at the bills that will come in to-morrow!”

“Truly,” said the herr in a tone of commiseration, “it is surprising. It was not to be expected! Yet we must look at the best of it. Horace says:

‘Nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitiscere possit  
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.’”<sup>[32]</sup>

“I know not what that may mean, Mein Herr von Heine,” said Jans, “nor do I know the Herr Horace; but I wish, if he wants a donkey, he would take mine. I wish he had him.”

The herr was silenced.

Morning came, and with it a heavy bill to Jans von Steufle for damages done by a certain donkey, who did kick, bite, tear, trample on, and devour a long list of things belonging to a long list of persons.

Evening came, and with it came a lad, halter in hand, which he quietly knotted round Jackey’s neck, and led him away, looking as solemn and as amiable as when he first arrived.

# THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND THE MISSION OF THE BARBARIANS.

“Our clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour; but no hammer in the horologe of time peals through the universe when there is a change from era to era.”<sup>[33]</sup> So writes Mr. Carlyle in one of his powerful essays; and he is correct. As gradually and as silently as childhood passes into youth, and youth into manhood, and manhood again into old age, so does a nation and the world itself pass from one era into another. But if the signal of such a change is not heard sounding through the world, the moment of the transition is foreknown and has been preordained by God, under whose eye all agents throughout the universe are ever acting out their parts. Men are sometimes taken by surprise, but God never. Men are often mistaken in their calculations of the action of natural forces, but it cannot be so with God. A revolution brews like an angry storm, all in silence; and bursts; and a nation is shivered into fragments. Men are amazed; they have made a false reckoning; but the storm has brewed under the eye of God, and gathered its hidden forces, and burst at the very moment that God allowed it, and the havoc has been done up to the time which he has marked out. This is the expression of a great Catholic principle of history which it is well, especially in this age of godless theories, to keep constantly before our minds. We are about to endeavor to show how powerfully the truth of this great historical principle is brought out in that part of history to which our subject refers, for it is well said by Cesare Cantu in his *Storia Universale*,<sup>[34]</sup> “If ever history was manifested as a visible order of Providence, it was in these times.”

As we pass from the fourth into the fifth century, we come into a new era of the history of the church. The fourth age was one of mental strife; it was an age of great minds. The enemy of the church in the time of the persecutions had been brute force; now it was power of intellect. But God always has his champions ready. In the persecutions, they were the martyrs; in the fourth age, they were the Athanasiuses and the Ambroses. But in the fifth age the men of God’s choice are of another type. They are men out of the darkness, savages of the forest, wild dwellers amid the ice-mountains and the swamps. They have known no civilizing influences; they are nature’s children, and hardy as the rock and granite. They have reason, it is true; but it does not guide them on their strange, savage mission. They are all driven on by an instinct that is irresistible.

The words of Alaric are the expression of the feelings of all those wild warriors. As the Gothic leader is marching towards Rome at the head of his army, a solitary goes out from his grotto to arrest him in his course. “No,” replies Alaric, “a mysterious voice within me says: March on, go and sack Rome.” So we are told by Socrates<sup>[35]</sup> and Sozomen<sup>[36]</sup> in their histories. Thus, then, they go to their stupendous work of destruction. That work is characterized by blood, and smoke, and the crash of falling cities. The age is one of chaos. Never before since the world began were there such wild ruin and devastation; never such terrible levelling to the ground of human grandeur; never such savage smashing up of the monuments of luxury and worldly greatness. It would, indeed, be difficult to describe adequately what is so confused and so chaotic. When the storm-clouds have gathered and overshadowed us with darkness, when the lightning-fires flame through the sky and scathe the forest-trees, and the blinding raindrops drive in fury through the air, can we see any order in it all? Can we draw lines and mark out clearly the different elements of the storm? No. It is only when the storm is spent and the air becomes clear again that the eye can discern what havoc has been done. The giant oak has been cleft by the storm-spirit’s fiery sword; the lofty tower has been hurled down from its stately height; the rocks have been split, and the earth’s surface torn up, as by the bursting of some mighty engine of war. So it would be difficult to describe, with anything like clearness of method, the mighty storm which burst upon the Roman Empire in the fifth century. However long we pore over the pages of Paul Orosius or Salvian, we still rise from our study with bewildered brain. God lets loose his wild messengers of wrath, and they do their savage work in their own savage way. We can see no order in it—to our eye there is none. We hear the wailing cries of despair, and the frenzied howls of the conquering barbarians, and the loud re-echoing crashes of the falling empire. But it is only when the smoke has cleared off and the dust has subsided that we can form any idea of the ruin and devastation which have been accomplished. If our task, then, were mainly to draw an accurate and true picture, we should fail. But it is rather to give a view of a period of history from a Catholic philosophical standpoint: it is to show, as far as we can, the action of God on human affairs. It will be necessary, then, first to point out what the mission of the Roman Empire was—a mission to build up: and then the causes which prepared the way for the mission of the barbarians—a mission of sweeping destruction.

At the time when the Son of God came down upon earth, the Roman Empire was at the height of its splendor and power. Never in the history of the world had there been an empire in every way so wonderful. Never before had there been a power so mighty and all-embracing in its dominion. All that had been great and brilliant in the civilization of the empires of old had come down to Rome, and had undergone a boundless development there. This truth is powerfully put forth in the words of the first professor of the philosophy of history at the Catholic University of Ireland. We will quote his words: “The Empire of Augustus,” he says, “inherited the whole civilization of the ancient world. Whatever political and social knowledge, whatever moral or intellectual truth, whatever useful or elegant arts the enterprising race of Japheth had acquired, preserved, and accumulated in the long course of centuries since the beginning of history, had descended without a break to Rome, with the dominion of all the countries washed by the Mediterranean. For her the wisdom of Egypt and all the East had been stored up; for her Pythagoras and Thales, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, and all the schools besides of Grecian philosophy suggested by

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these names, had thought; for her Zoroaster, as well as Solon and Lycurgus, legislated; for her Alexander conquered, the races which he subdued forming but a portion of her empire. Every city in the ears of whose youth the Poems of Homer were familiar as household words, owned her sway. Her magistrates, from the Northern Sea to the confines of Arabia, issued their decrees in the language of empire—the Latin tongue; while, as men of letters, they spoke and wrote in Greek. For her Carthage had risen, founded colonies, discovered distant coasts, set up a world-wide trade, and then fallen, leaving her the empire of Africa and the West, with the lessons of a long experience. Not only so, but likewise Spain, Gaul, and all the frontier provinces from the Alps to the mouth of the Danube, spent in her service their strength and skill; supplied her armies with their bravest youths; gave to her senate and her knights their choicest minds. The vigor of new, and the culture of long-polished, races were alike employed in the vast fabric of her power. In fact, every science and art, all human thought, experience, and discovery had poured their treasure in one stream into the bosom of that society which, after forty-four years of undisputed rule, Augustus had consolidated into a new system of government, and bequeathed to the charge of Tiberius.”<sup>[37]</sup>

This passage from Mr. Allies is like a brilliant flash of light thrown on Rome’s greatness; but yet it only gives us a glimpse. It would take us long to form to ourselves an adequate idea of this greatest of empires. We should have to make long journeys through her extensive provinces, measure her vast cities, march along her grand roads, and, after we had journeyed over all the civilized world of those days, we should still be within the circuit of the mighty empire. Her sway extended over the three then known continents: “Gaul and Spain, Britain and North Africa, Switzerland and the greater part of Austria, Turkey in Europe, Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt, formed but single limbs of her mighty body.”<sup>[38]</sup>

It is wonderful, again, to think of what Pliny calls the “*immensa Romanæ pacis majestas*.” The inconceivable majesty of Rome in the time of peace was, perhaps, more overpowering than anything else about her. Having a boundlessness of empire such as we have described, containing within her circuit a population, according to Gibbon, of 120,000,000, looking round from her throne of supreme authority, and claiming all as her own that was visible to the eye of civilization, she could stretch forth her sceptre over all this immeasurable area and over these countless peoples, and hold all in submission and peace. We cannot, then, be surprised that Rome ruled over the nations as a goddess; that divine power and majesty were believed to belong to her. Her sway was felt from the Rhine and the Danube to the deserts of Africa, from utmost Spain to the Euphrates, like an ubiquitous presence. Her eye of authority reached from one extremity of the world to the other, and she had her 340,000 men stationed on the frontiers, looking with watchful ken into the vast unknown solitudes beyond, and ever ready to hurl back the savage hordes of external foes, if perchance they stepped forward for a moment from their native darkness. Very few forces were needed to preserve internal order. That same Gaul which in 1860 required 626,000 armed men to preserve internal order and for external security in time of peace, had a garrison of only 1,200 men in the days of old Rome.<sup>[39]</sup> Well then may Pliny and the old Roman authors speak with such admiration of the “*immensa Romanæ pacis majestas*.” Nothing had ever been seen on the earth so imposing and so grand. No empire had ever existed with such a boundless sway, such wonderful internal organization, such a union of strength, such compactness of power, and such an awe-inspiring name. And at the time of Augustus there was no sign of decay or deterioration. Rome was, on the contrary, rising higher and higher in cultivation and refinement. We may here quote the words of Tertullian in his treatise *De Anima*; they give us a vivid and beautiful picture of the Roman Empire of his day. “The world itself,” he says, “is opened up, and becomes from day to day more civilized, and increases the sum of human enjoyment. Every place is reached, is become known, is full of business. Solitudes, famous of old, have changed their aspects under the richest cultivation. The plough has levelled forests, and the beasts that prey on man have given place to those that serve him. Corn waves on the sea-shore, rocks are opened out into roads; marshes are drained, cities are more numerous now than villages in former times. The island has lost its savageness, and the cliff its desolation. Houses spring up everywhere, and men to dwell in them. On all sides are government and life.” And so we might go on indefinitely, describing Rome’s power, and riches, and civilization, and never succeed in giving an idea equal to the great reality. Then, as we think of all this, we are led to ask ourselves, How is this mighty empire ever to fall? Other empires, we know, rose and fell, but at their highest point of greatness they could not be compared to the Empire of Rome. All that they had of might and majesty and durability Rome has, and immeasurably more. Men have not known how to qualify her power, nor how to designate her except by calling her “Eternal Rome.” Where, then, can another power come from that shall be able to cope with her? She looked as durable as the very firmament which God had set on immovable pillars, more lasting than the rock-built earth on which she had grown and developed for nearly a thousand years. Her existence was inconceivable before she began to be; her ceasing to exist was as inconceivable afterwards. It seemed as if to destroy her would be to split the earth itself on which she was based, or to shiver the universe, which she seemed to embrace in her mighty arms. Of her capital itself a great living writer says: “Look at the Palatine Hill, penetrated, traversed, cased with brick-work, till it appears a work of man, not of nature; run your eye along the cliffs from Ostia to Terracina, covered with the *débris* of masonry; gaze around the bay of Baiæ, whose rocks have been made to serve as the foundations and the walls of palaces; and in those mere remains, lasting to this day, you will have a type of the moral and political strength of the establishments of Rome. Think of the aqueducts making for the imperial city for miles across the plain; think of the straight roads stretching off again from that one centre to the ends of the earth; consider that vast territory round about it, strewn to this day with countless ruins; follow in your mind its suburbs,

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extending along its roads for as much, at least in some directions, as forty miles; and number up its continuous mass of population, amounting, as grave authors say, to almost six million; and answer the question, How was Rome ever to be got rid of? Why was it not to progress? Why was it not to progress for ever? Where was that ancient civilization to end?"<sup>[40]</sup> After looking at Rome with a human eye, this is the way we should speak; these are questions we should ask. To the human eye, Rome was based on everlasting foundations, and was to be immortal. There was no power—there could be no power sufficiently mighty to move her from her seat. But looking at her from the standpoint of the great Catholic principles of history, we shall use language very different. We shall say that Rome, however mighty and well based, will last no longer than serves the wise designs of God's providence. He raised her up, as he has raised other empires, for a mission; when that mission is fulfilled, he will say to her, "Perish," and she will wither away and gradually die, or, if so be his pleasure, she will be swept, as by the fury of a storm, from the face of the earth. It was the latter judgment that actually fell upon her, and we have to see in the course of this essay with what terrible reality it was carried out.

Mighty as Rome was, so was she intended for a mighty mission. She had subdued the world, and the world was at her feet. Her great highways cut through her immense empire in every direction. By these broad roads the riches of the provinces were carried to her bosom, and by these roads went forth her legions to guard the distant frontier. She had given her own language to the various races which she had bent under her sway, so that her word of command was understood and obeyed in every part of her wide empire. At this point, then, in the course of her history, God had determined to appear, in visible form, on the scene of human events. When the world was thus at peace, and under the sway of this mightiest of empires, the Prince of Peace came on earth. Circumstances never could have been more favorable for the establishment of his kingdom. It strikes us, then, here at once, that the evident mission of the Roman Empire was to prepare the way for Christianity. In spite of the opposition of pagan gods; in spite of sensual passions and human pride, the Crucified will have Rome, as has been long ago preordained, for the seat of his own wonderful empire. Thence his missionaries will go forth, like Rome's own conquering legions, but unto still more glorious conquests than they. The broad Roman roads will rejoice more under the footsteps of these new conquerors than ever they did in days before under the tramp of warlike battalions returning booty-laden to the great capital. Everything is ready for the prosecution of these new conquests. The provinces are at peace and ready to receive these Heaven-sent messengers. Men seem to be waiting for some voice that shall be heard sounding through the world telling them to lay down their swords for ever, to forget their strifes, and that they are all brothers. Such a voice is now to be heard. The language of Rome has made itself universal in order that it may be the organ of a universal religion. When the first revelation was made, the language of the human race was one; so was it necessary that, when a new revelation was about to be given to men, they should be brought back again to unity of language, in order that revelation might be universally received, and be transmitted to future ages. The great Roman conquerors had no thought, whilst they went forth to conquest with their countless warriors, full of ideas of human glory and lust of booty, that they were the simple instruments of him who was ruling in the heavens, and whom they knew not. But so it was. And we see how God's designs were carried out. We see, in course of time, the aged fisherman, from the Galilean Lake, wending his way toward the great Roman capital. As he walks along the Via Appia with his scrip and staff, he is the symbol of simplicity and human weakness. But mark you well that old way-worn form. There walks the first of the great race of Popes. He represents no contemptible power, that weak-looking wayfarer. He bears with him a secret source of strength which will give him courage against all obstacles. Though he looks so mean in his Jewish garb, yet he is a conqueror such as the world has not yet seen. He has no legends at his back, no surroundings of earthly might to make the world tremble before him. But he bears with him something mightier than Roman armies, and far more irresistible: it is the Cross of Jesus Christ. March on, old man, to the great city that is called the mistress of nations and omnipotent. Fear not; thou shalt subdue her with thy poor wooden cross, and plant in her midst thy everlasting throne. Yea, of a truth, the throne which that old man shall establish there shall be the first immovable throne which the world has ever seen. The throne of Cambyses has passed away; the throne of Alexander has crumbled to dust; and the throne of the Roman Cæsars will soon be buried in the wreck of barbarian invasion. But the throne of the fisherman will stand firm where he planted it, whilst everything around perishes and crumbles away. Nations and kings will mistake it for a human thing, and they will, in their blind rage, rush against it to overturn it; but they will dash themselves to pieces in the collision, and they will be seen lying around in scattered fragments, whilst that throne itself still remains immovable. So, then, the fisherman, conscious of his great mission, enters into the mighty city which God had been preparing for him those long ages. That was a solemn moment for the world, though the world knew it not. Other conquerors enter into the capitals of kingdoms with great pomp and a mighty array of armed men; and perhaps their hold upon the subdued cities is of short duration. The tide of human affairs quickly changes, and perhaps the conquerors themselves are in their turn the conquered and the captive. But this meek old man has no armed force to awe men into submission. He is the centre of no pageant. He walks on his way in silence. He has nothing but his staff and his scrip and his little wooden cross, which in reality is his sceptre. But he enters Rome to take a lasting possession of it. Not all the world in arms will ever again be able to make a permanent conquest of that city. A mystery will henceforth hang about it for ever. It will always look like a city of the past, and yet it will hold within it the life of all peoples and nations to come. By degrees, other kings shall leave it altogether to Peter and his successors, as if scared away by the mysterious presence of Christ's vicar. And if, in the course of ages, men dream like Rienzi of the great days of ancient Rome, and long to see the old pagan prestige of the city brought back, and then come with their mailed

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hands and strike the mysterious power that God has established there, their mailed hands shall wither, and they will fall back stricken by Heaven in their turn, as Oza was in past days for his irreverence.

When, then, Peter had taken possession of his city, the rapid spread of Christianity began. Here was the throne of the head of the church established in the very centre of civilization and of the Western World. We cannot think that Romulus and his wild robber-followers had any profound design in fixing the site of their city on those seven hills. No; but God had. It is remarkable that Rome seems built to be even naturally and physically the centre of the world. "Nothing," says Father Lacordaire, "is isolated in things; the body, the soul, divine grace, everything is united; all is harmonious. The body of man is not that of the irrational animal; the configuration of a country intended for one destiny is not the same as that of a country appointed to another destiny, and the general form of our globe is as full of reason as of mystery."<sup>[41]</sup> The ancients seem to have had a traditional knowledge of this; hence it was that, when they built their cities, they made a deep and religious study of the spot which was chosen as the site. Looking, then, first at Italy, we see that God formed it for a great purpose. It is curious to remark how Asia, Africa, and Europe are united, as it were, together by the basin of the Mediterranean Sea, which also opens toward the West to allow the vessels of all nations to sail to the American continent. Into this central Mediterranean Sea, Italy shoots out its long length. On its northern side it is strongly guarded by ridges of mountains, and seems thus designed to be defended from Europe, whilst it is its heart. Almost in the centre of this Italian peninsula, more to the south than the north, and more westward than eastward, Rome is seated. She is built on seven hills, and by the borders of the Tiber, whose yellow waters roll sluggishly along between banks bare and uninteresting, and destitute of that green verdure which gives such a charm to the rivers of our own country. At a distance of six leagues eastward rises the dark line of the Apennines; looking westward, you may catch a view from some elevated spot of the bright-glancing waters of the Mediterranean; northward rises the isolated Soracte, towering up like a mighty giant, and seeming to stand as guardian of the plain. Directing your gaze southward, your eye falls on the pleasant hamlets of Castel-Gandolfo, Marino, Frascati, and Colonna.<sup>[42]</sup> In this centre of the world, then, made such by God when he formed the globe; in this centre, so wonderfully adapted for easy communication with the rest of the world, God has his central city built, and when the hour comes which he preordained in his wise Providence, he conducts the Fisherman-Pope there, and bids him there abide till the end of time. It is not likely, then, that any other city of the world, either Jerusalem or Constantinople, or any great capital yet to be built, can supplant Rome in the honor of being the city of the Popes, or that any other country will be in as true a sense the chosen country of God as Italy is. Italy was chosen, as we have seen, to be the heart of the world. Then God chose to have this great central capital from which the light of Christianity was to radiate to the four quarters of the globe. It would be easy to show what a glorious and conspicuous part she has acted in all ages through the church's history. It is Italy which has given to the church almost the whole long line of Pontiffs who have filled the chair of St. Peter. From Italy have gone forth almost all the greatest missionaries of the world. St. Innocent says, in his Epistle to Decentius, that all the great founders of Christian churches in Gaul, Sicily, Spain, and Africa came from this favored county. To her also is Germany indebted for her first apostles; and, unless we credit the legend of Joseph of Arimathea, we must own that Christianity was first brought over into Britain by missionaries from Rome. And we are not surprised that Italy is so prolific in apostles and preachers. Nearest to the heart does the life-blood flow most quickly. Under the eye of Christ's Vicar, and under the shadow of his presence, has the Christian life always been best realized. We cannot, then, wonder that the history of Christian Italy should furnish the highest and the most glorious pages of the history of the church. She is glorious in her countless martyrs, in her learned doctors, in her great founders of religious orders. With all this before us, we can understand the soul-stirring words of Luigi Tosti to the Italian clergy. "State sa," he cries out, "Leviti dell' Italiano chericato, abitatori della terra in cui la chiesa impresse sempre la prima orma dei suoi passi, quando procede all' assunzione di una forma novella. Scalza, perseguitata, cruenta di martirio in Pietro: ricca, guistiziera, fulminatrice in Ildebrando; bella, copulatrice di due civiltà nel decimo Leone; e sempre in Italia." We lose much of the fire and vigor of the original by translating these words into our own language, but yet we may, perhaps, venture to render them thus: "Arise, Levites of the Italian clergy, dwellers in that land on which the church always imprints her first foot-mark whenever she is about to take up a new form. Barefooted, persecuted, red with the blood of martyrdom in Peter; rich, rigid, hurling anathemas in Hildebrand; beautiful, uniting the two civilizations in the tenth Leo; and always in Italy."<sup>[43]</sup>

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Returning, then, to what we have already said regarding the Roman Empire, and seeing how wonderfully God has arranged all things for the establishment of his holy religion, we may form to ourselves an idea how rapidly the truths of Christianity would spread throughout the world. Now we see a nobler and higher use for those grand Roman roads than ever entered into the minds of those who designed and constructed them; now we perceive the advantage of that one noble Latin language being the established language of the empire; now we take in more perfectly the great design of God in laying so many nations at the feet of Rome, and inspiring them with such veneration for her very name. Thus favored on all sides, Christianity soon made its way into the cities and towns of the wide-spreading empire. We have been amazed as we have observed God working out in detail this grand scheme for the propagation of his religion. We have seen and wondered at the mighty power of that Word which was confided by Jesus Christ to the apostles and their successors. We have seen it captivating the rich and the poor alike, and baffling and finally humbling at its feet the proud philosophers themselves. We know how in a few years the Christians could be counted by thousands in Rome itself, and how they were found

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wherever the Roman legions had penetrated. From Rome, as from a great central sun, the light of truth shone far out in all directions, and Christian churches seemed to rise as by an invisible power, in all cities and towns near and far distant, and then shoot forth their beautiful brightness into the surrounding darkness. In Africa, as Alzog and Döllinger relate, the Christians soon outnumbered the pagans. And we know well, for there is no one who has not read them, the famous words of Tertullian, in his *Apologetica*: "We are but of yesterday, and already we fill your towns, your villages, your fortresses, your islands, your assemblies and your camps, the senate and the imperial court; we leave you nothing but the temples." In studying the first ages of the church's history, what glorious things do we witness, and how strongly is the conviction forced upon us that God is there ruling events and using men for his own great purposes! We see the Roman legions transforming themselves, as did the Thundering Legion, into so many phalanxes of conquering Christians, who rushed to victory under the impulse of the grand idea that they were thus subduing new countries to the rule of Christ.<sup>[44]</sup> We see those victorious legions carrying with them their laws, their customs, and their schools to the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, and there planting civilization and the faith of Christ. We wonder less at this when we think what noble Christian hearts were burning in the breasts of those brave men, and how oftentimes they laid down their lives as martyrs for Christ's name. We can never forget the noble Theban legions dying at the foot of the Alps, thus giving by their heroic martyrdom the first lessons of Christian teaching to the people of Switzerland. In the camps of Rhaetia, Noricum, and Vindelicia, again, we see Christian soldiers sowing the seeds of their holy religion on every side of them. How beautiful a thing did it appear to the devoted Ozanam to follow the footsteps of these early missionaries, to represent to himself the hymns of redemption rising heavenwards amidst the silence of the pagan forests, and to see in imagination the barbarians receiving the waters of baptism at the same fountains which their fathers adored!<sup>[45]</sup> The more closely, then, we study the manner in which Christianity was propagated in the first ages, the more clearly does the mission of the Roman Empire stand out before our eyes. It becomes more and more evident, the longer we look at facts, that Rome's conquering legions, her great far-reaching roads, her laws, and her one universal language were all made use of by God in a wonderful way, not only to prepare the way for, but also for the establishment of his great spiritual kingdom upon earth.

Thus far we have considered the Roman Empire as working for God, as aiding in a remarkable manner the propagation of Christianity. Thus viewed, the Roman Empire was on God's side. But from another point of view we know how bitterly she opposed God's work. Never was there such dire war made against God as during the three hundred years of the persecutions. We have now to glance at these years of blood and hatred, since they are a part of the explanation why in later times there came, by God's sending, such a whirlwind of wrath on the mighty empire that it was shaken to its very foundations, and fell with a crash which made the whole universe tremble. We do not intend to dwell on the more minute details of these strange, sad years, but only to refer in a general way to the cruelty of the persecutors and the heroic conduct of the children of the cross in the presence of death.

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Towards the end of the first seventy years of the Christian church, we see the imperial garden at Rome the scene of a strange festivity. The Roman people are there assembled on a dark night for an entertainment. The Emperor Nero is seen passing to and fro in his imperial carriage, followed by the senators in their costly equipages amidst the shouts and plaudits of the people. It is the opening of the first persecution. The long, shady avenues are lighted up by living torches—human beings covered over with burning pitch are serving as festal lamps. In the open squares of this garden we see women and children, belonging to some of the noblest families of Rome, clothed with the skins of wild beasts, and cast to hungry dogs, which devour them alive. Meanwhile Nero laughs with savage glee at the success of his new invention, and his myrmidons congratulate him on the ingenuity he has displayed in it. This is only a glimpse—but we need no more.

Later on we see that other monster Domitian, shut up in a dark chamber of his palace, holding with fiendish satisfaction the end of the chain which binds the limbs of those who are brought before him for trial. We see him oftentimes presiding in person and gloating with a wild beast's *gusto* over the tortures inflicted on innocent Christians. In his reign, virtue became a crime, and the followers of Christ were put to death throughout the whole extent of the empire as being the declared enemies of the state. We do not wonder that Domitian acquired for himself the odious name of "the tyrant whom the universe detested," as Suetonius tells us in his *Life* of this emperor. Neither can we wonder that the Roman people endeavored to blot out even his very name from their memory. Lactantius tells us, in his *De Morte Persecutorum*, that his statues were broken to pieces, and his inscriptions effaced from the proud monuments which his hands had raised.

As we pass on to Trajan and Adrian, we find no reason to be partial to their memories. Though no new edicts of persecution were published during their reign, yet Christians were put to death in great numbers throughout the empire. When we think of Trajan's persecution, a grand, saintly figure always rises before our minds—it is St. Ignatius of Antioch, as he himself has sketched in striking outlines, in his famous *Epistle to the Romans*, the sublime ideal of the Christian martyr, and he realized with wonderful exactitude that ideal in his own person.

The student of church history well remembers the bold independence of the holy man as he stood before the emperor at Antioch; and the courageous joy with which he went to the amphitheatre to be the victim of wild beasts and a spectacle to the bloodthirsty Romans, is one of those glorious things which the church points to as characteristic of her great martyr-bishops.

Again, when we think of Adrian, we recall that symbol of his cruelty, the brazen bull, into which,

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when heated to red-heat, the faithful veteran Eustachius with his wife and family was cast. His name, too, brings back to our memory the brave widow Symphorosa and her seven sons. The cruel scene of torment is again enacted before our minds. We think how the poor mother was suspended aloft by the hair, all bruised and mangled as she was by hard lashes, whilst the bodies of her children were opened before her eyes with knives and iron hooks. Such facts as these are certainly not calculated to persuade us that Adrian's character was one of mildness and clemency, as profane historians would have us believe. To this emperor belongs, as Tillemont tells us, the odious distinction of having profaned in the vilest manner those holy places which are so dear to Christian hearts. He defiled the holy Mount of Calvary by erecting thereon the sensual figure of Venus; he desecrated the sacred Cave at Bethlehem by setting up the statue of Adonis; and he placed, as though in jeering triumph, the image of Jupiter over the tomb of our blessed Saviour. Under the influence of Adrian's zeal, paganism experienced a temporary revival; idolatry seemed to regain new life and vigor, and made a great effort to substitute the trophies of the devil for those of Jesus Christ. Adrian went so far as to erect temples in his own honor, which, as Döllinger says, have been falsely supposed by some to have been places of Christian worship. Adrian died at last a wretched prey to his crimes. As he writhed in agony and rotted away under the violence of a loathsome disease, he called a thousand times upon death to come to his deliverance. But death came slowly to the cruel torturer of Symphorosa and her sons.

As we pass rapidly on down these years of blood, our eye is again arrested, in the time of Marcus Aurelius, by the grand figure of glorious Polycarp, who rises then distinct and clear to our view, as he stands up bravely on his funeral pile above the heads of the Roman rabble, overspanned by his triumphal arch of fire. As the venerable martyr went to his trial, a voice from heaven spoke to him these words: "Courage, Polycarp, quit thyself like a brave man." And so he did. No one can read without emotion the beautiful, calm answer which the old man gave to the proconsul who ordered him to "blaspheme against Christ." "It is now eighty-six years," the aged martyr replied, "that I have served him. How then can I blaspheme against my Lord and Saviour?" His noble words and his heroic death inspired courage in thousands of Christians who afterwards gave their lives for Christ. We learn, also, that during this persecution Christians who had been for some time detained in the prisons were massacred *en masse*, and that the Rhone flowed all red and ghastly with the blood which countless martyrs had shed on its banks. But the emperor-philosopher felt his impotence to destroy the ever-dying yet ever-multiplying race of Christians. "Vary their torments," he writes, in his despair, to the governors of the provinces; and then we see the victims of his hatred crucified, burned, or cast to the wild beasts. Modern men of science may rank Marcus Aurelius with philosophers, but we are inclined to believe, with M. Leroy, that it was his infamous cruelty towards the Christians rather than true wisdom which has made them pass over in silence his shameless turpitudes and grant him this proud distinction.

During the raging persecution which Septimius Severus had enkindled against the Christians, we see St. Perpetua going boldly to death, bearing in her arms her new-born child. Her aged pagan father, kneeling in tears at her feet and begging her to sacrifice to the gods, could not deter her from advancing, with firm step and calm look, to meet the wild beasts of the circus. We see Felicitas, Saturninus, Revocatus, and others accompanying her through the savage crowd to the same fate. What a grand procession of heroes—something to look at till our tears flow and our hearts are set on fire! As they advance proudly along, the voice of Satur, one of their number, is heard giving forth those scathing words to the wild crowd that surrounded them: "Look well at us, that you may know us again at the judgment-day."

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Turning our eyes to Alexandria, we find that city a great centre of persecution at this time. There it was that the most intrepid defenders of religion, and the stern, penitential men of the Thebaid, were summoned to crown their noble lives by the heroism of martyrdom. And again is the blood of martyrs flowing like water in the streets of Lyons. St. Irenæus and twenty thousand Christians are immolated in honor of Christ's name. The work of extermination is continued with unrelenting vigor under the gigantic son of the Thracian peasant. Maximin deals out his blows of death with the power and fury of a Cyclops. But the brave Christian hearts, braced up to noble deeds by the secret indwelling presence of their Lord, do not quail before his terrors. And in the midst of the bloody fray, we hear the soul-inspiring voice of great Origen, calling aloud to his brethren in these words: "Behold, generous athletes, your portion—a tribulation above all tribulations, but yet a hope above all hopes; for the Lord knows how to glorify, by his rewards, those who have thought little of this poor earthen vessel, which death so easily breaks to pieces. I should like to see you, when the combat is at hand, bounding with joy as did the apostles in their day, who rejoiced that they were found worthy to suffer outrages for the name of Jesus. Remember ye the words of Isaiah, 'Fear not the reproach which comes from men, and let not yourselves be cast down by their contempt.' Men laugh to-day, and to-morrow they are no more; already the eternal pit swallows them up for ever. When you shall be on the arena of combat, think with Paul that you are a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men. If you triumph, Christians will applaud your courage; the heavenly spirits will rejoice at your victory. But if you yield, the powers of hell will shout for joy, and will come forth in myriads from their fiery abyss to meet you. Fight, then, valiantly, and, in imitation of Eleazar, leave behind you, as a remembrance of your death, a noble example of constancy and virtue."<sup>[46]</sup> These noble words are worthy of the generous soul and the marvellously gifted mind of the great doctor of Alexandria. They sound forth with a soul-stirring, awakening power, like a trumpet-blast from heaven. And, no doubt, many a trembling heart was nerved into courageous daring by them; many a glorious victory was won under their influence which would otherwise have been lost. And it was in the next persecution under Decius that such powerful, encouraging words were needed. Never yet since the empire began to make bloody war against Christ's followers had the Christians more need of

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strength and help; never had they more need than now to picture to themselves the depths of the fiery abyss, and the bright glories of God's kingdom. Decius came to his bloody work with a resolution to succeed at any cost. His orders went abroad over the empire to all governors and public functionaries, that every conceivable torture was to be used in order to force the Christians to renounce their faith. It was not, then, prompt, quick death that was now the order of the day, but slow, cruel torture. We have a picture of the horrors of this persecution in the words of St. Gregory of Nyssa. "The magistrates," he says, "suspended all cases, private or public, to apply themselves to the great, the important affair—the arrest and punishment of the faithful. The heated iron chains, the steel claws, the pyre, the sword, the beasts, all the instruments invented by the cruelty of man, lacerated, by night and by day, the bodies of martyrs; and each tormentor seemed to fear that he might not be as barbarous as his fellows. Neighbors, relatives, friends, heartlessly betrayed each other, and denounced Christians before the magistrates. The provinces were in consternation; families were decimated; cities became deserts; and the deserts were peopled. Soon the prisons were insufficient for the multitudes arrested for their faith, and most of the public edifices were converted into prisons."<sup>[47]</sup> We find, also, St. Denis of Alexandria speaking in moving language of the persecution which he witnessed in his own city. He tells us that the numbers of the martyrs were past counting. No regard was paid to sex, age, or rank; men, women, children, and old men were tormented with equal cruelty. Every species of torture was employed, and every imaginable cruelty used to increase the horrors of death.<sup>[48]</sup> Again, at Smyrna, Antioch, Lampsacus, Toulouse, Nîmes, and Marseilles, martyrs died in thousands. In fact, wherever we turn our gaze, we see throughout the length and breadth of the empire the blood of Christians flowing.

During the reign of Valerian the monotonous work of death goes on, but, perhaps, as we advance, the destruction of Christians becomes more wholesale. At Utica the heads of one hundred and fifty followers of Christ fell at once, and at Cirta in Numidia we see an atrocious butchery taking place which lasts the greater part of a day. The martyrs are led into a valley with ranges of hills rising to a great height on both sides, as if to favor the spectacle. They are ranged in line, their eyes bandaged, along the river-side; and the executioner passes on from one to another, striking off their heads.<sup>[49]</sup> It was, perhaps, a glad sight for the savage idolaters who thronged the high hill-sides to witness the bloody slaughter, but it was a sublime spectacle, too, for the angels of heaven, as they looked down upon those brave soldiers of Christ, and saw them standing in calm, joyful silence by that African river-bank and receiving their bright martyrs' crowns.

The ages of blood came to an end with the Diocletian persecution. It would be difficult to imagine that anything new in the way of torture could be invented at this date. Ingenuity and malice had already done their worst in the matter of inventions; but Diocletian and his associates brought with them a qualification in which they were surpassed by none of their predecessors, and that was an intense hatred for the Christian religion. Never had the rage and fury of persecutors been greater than was displayed by these "three ferocious wild beasts," as Lactantius calls them; and never, consequently, did the blood of Christians flow more copiously. Hell was making its last great effort. Though we are accustomed, in traversing these centuries of terrible bloodshed, to read of cruelties which are almost beyond belief, yet we are startled into new horror when we find in this tenth persecution an entire town with its twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants consumed by fire because it is a town of Christians. Each province has its peculiar species of torture. In Mesopotamia, it is fire; in Pontus, the wheel; in Syria, the gridiron; in Arabia, the hatchet; in Cappadocia, iron bars for breaking limbs; in Africa, hanging; the wooden horse in Gaul, and wild beasts at Rome.<sup>[50]</sup> Where, we ask, as we gaze over the wide-stretching empire, is not the blood of Christians flowing? Its voice rises heavenwards from the cliffs of Tangiers; it saturates the plains of Mauritania; it springs from wounded combatants on the shores of Tyr; but nowhere over the wide earth is it poured out for God's glory without his taking count of it. The blood of martyrs will not cry to heaven in vain; God's day of reckoning with the empire will surely come.

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But we can dwell no longer on these ages of heroic sacrifice. Pascal has truly said that "the history of the rest of the Romans pales beside the history of the martyrs." Whoever wishes to see the full force of this remark, let him read the *Acts of the Martyrs*, in the history of Eusebius, or the charming pages of Ruinart, or in the ponderous tomes of the Bollandists. Nowhere in Christian literature is there anything so simply and touchingly eloquent. The *Acts of the Martyrs* constitute a drama whose character is most sublime, and the interest of which is more than ravishing. In order to express our idea more perfectly, we will borrow the words of Mgr. Freppel. "If there be a drama," he says, "each of whose acts bears a special character, whilst at the same time perfect unity is preserved, it is the *Acts of the Martyrs*. Here we have a bishop who puts to confusion a proconsul by the calm constancy of his faith; there we have a virgin who mingles with her answers that enthusiasm of love with which her heart is on fire. In another place, we have the Christian mother surrounded by her sons, who confess one after another the simple faith of their infancy, and pass from mouth to mouth the testimony of truth. Again, we have the Christian soldier, who reveres in Cæsar the majesty of power, but who places above all imperial honors the worship of the King of kings. In this magnificent epopee of martyrdom, to which each persecution adds a new song, the scene varies according to time and place; it is the fidelity of love and the grandeur of sacrifice which constitute its unity."<sup>[51]</sup> It is there that we have put before us the most beautiful and the most noble characters that have ever done honor to the human race. We find nothing sordid, nothing selfish, nothing haughty in these heroes. They are meek and humble, yet brave and high-souled, and strikingly grand in the face of death. Profane history may ransack its annals, but it will never be able to show us characters so noble and so admirable. Their equals

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are not to be found in the *Lives* of Plutarch, nor in the pages of Eutropius. How true is it that the Catholic Church alone is the Mother of Heroes! The heroism of the martyrs was of that kind for which all ordinary theories fail to account. It gave strength to the tottering frames of venerable old men; it made timid virgins courageous in the presence of hideous racks; it spoke by the lisping tongues of frail infants. Let the profane historian point to any scene that can equal in simple grandeur the trial and death of the gentle, sweet St. Agnes, or in heroic endurance the painful, slow martyrdom of the beautiful Agatha, the glory of Sicilian virgins. Let him tell us of anything, either in profane fact or fable, which can equal in purity and strange boldness the beautiful history of Eulalia, the child-saint of twelve summers, whose name is celebrated in touching harmonies by Prudentius as the glory of Merida, the sweet Lusitanian city which stands on the flowery banks of the rapid Guadiana. Let him tell us of anything, even in the fancied facts of strangest romance, that is half as marvellous as the history of St. Cyr, the child-confessor and martyr of three years old, who, when he was taken up into the governor's embrace to be coaxed into apostasy, lisped out his brave confession, "Christianus sum," and was dashed to pieces on the steps of the tribunal. Will the profane historian speak of wonderful endurance? We invite him to look at the child Barallah, in his seventh year, who was suspended in the air and scourged before his mother's eyes, and who, as his blood sprang out on all sides, and his little bones were stripped of their flesh, could be brave and unflinching whilst the rough executioners themselves shed tears of pity. As the blood flowed from his body, the little martyr cried out in the burning heat of his torments, "I am thirsty; give me a little water." His brave mother reproved him, saying, "Soon, my son, thou wilt be at the source of living waters"; and she carried her child in her arms to the spot where he was to be beheaded, and as his head was severed from his body she received it into her veil. Tell us, profane historian, of great mothers like this. Tell us if your greatest heroes could be so invincible in the midst of suffering as the child-martyrs of the Catholic Church.

The three ages of martyrdom in the church's history are emphatically the ages of great heroes. No brave man that ever went to death for any other cause went so boldly or was so calm and dignified as the Christian martyr in the presence of the executioner. Never before in the annals of the human race were men known to go to death rejoicing; never before were they seen to smile and be glad when brought in sight of the rack and the gibbet. This perfection of courage and sublime self-possession were seen every day among the martyrs of the church. This it was that amazed the frantic rabble which witnessed their sufferings; it was this that oftentimes enraged the Roman governors so far as to drive them to order the death-blow to be inflicted before the torturers had done their appointed work. The joy with which the martyrs gave their blood for Christ's holy name is one of the problems which unchristian philosophers have never been able to solve. These so-called thinkers have never been able to comprehend the long, mysterious blood-shedding of those three hundred years. The Christian philosopher alone, with his great Catholic principles of history, can understand that *blood-shedding* is the mysterious law which characterizes in such a striking manner the great work of the Incarnation. As he gazes into the past, he sees the sacrificial blood flowing in every nation's worship. Far back in the ages of the patriarchs, he can discern the red stream glistening; and as his eye still gazes, he sees it flowing ever onward, with typical significance, through the centuries, until it meets the God-man's sacred blood pouring down from the Cross of Calvary. There the typical was merged in the real. He can see, again, how congruous it seems that, after the great sacrifice of the cross had been typified through the preceding ages by an ever-flowing stream of blood, and after Christ had poured out all his own blood on the hill of Calvary, and it had flowed down so copiously on the sinful world, his first followers and disciples should in their turn shed their blood for him. This abundant blood-shedding, this wondrous heroic self-sacrifice, was a testimony which honest men could not withstand, for, as Pascal says, "men believe witnesses who shed their blood." To die willingly and joyfully for another was something of which the world had not yet heard. Jesus Christ, then, wished to show the mighty power of his doctrine. He would let the world see what wonders his cross could work in the souls of men. He wished to make it manifest to all men's eyes what courage it could give in the presence of the most terrible racks; how it could so influence the weak and timid as to make them joyful when they were taken to die; how it could be a consolation and an ineffable sweetness in the midst of torments the most painful. All this he did manifest to the world in the most striking light. His martyrs were such characters as the world had not seen before; what was terrible to others was not so to them; when others would shriek with agony, they would smile with joy; when others would languish and faint under the lash and the knife, they could calmly remark with St. Eulalia as she looked at her wounds: "They write your name all over my body, sweet Jesus." Truly, the cross planted amidst a very sea of blood, generously shed for the love of the Crucified, is the grand central point of all history, which men may look back at, and gaze upon with admiration and rapture to the end of time.

But, returning to our former point of view, and looking upon these centuries of terrible blood-shedding as the fierce, furious war which the Roman Empire waged against God and his religion, we naturally ask ourselves a question, Where is the great God of the Christians whilst his children are being immolated to pagan savagery throughout the whole earth? Does he from his high heaven take note of what is done? Oh! he who sees the sparrow fall does not lose sight of his children, nor does his eye fail to see the sufferings which they endure for him. The voice of his martyrs rose heavenwards with a mighty cry during those three hundred years. It rose from the saturated floor of the Roman amphitheatre; it spoke with pleading eloquence from the depths of the mines of Numidia; it echoed incessantly in the ear of God from amid the solitudes of Pannonia. God was not at any time deaf to that cry. He was slow in his anger, but, then, on that account he was the more terrible. Whilst Nero was shedding the first Christian blood at Rome, God was silently gathering together his avenging armies in the forests of the north. It took him

more than three hundred years to marshal his overwhelming warrior-hosts; but, O heavens! what a direful shaking of the universe when they did come!

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Every effort to elucidate what is obscure, or to provide a remedy for acknowledged evils, is a just title to that friendly acknowledgment which the writer of this little book bespeaks. It is a step in the direction of progress. But it is of the highest importance in the attempt to impart clear ideas upon any subject, that they should be so distinctly expressed as to leave no doubt concerning the identity of their subject. Thus, in treating of *sound*, it seems to us that the question first presented is this: *What is sound?* Our author says that it “receives its vitality or its life through the air, and without air sound loses it and becomes extinct.”

We object to this statement of the origin of sound, as both unsatisfactory and indistinct. It implies that *sound* is something born and floating in the air, and external to the mind perceiving. We fancy that, without *an ear to hear*, sound would not become extinct, but have no existence; and that the *vitality* of which our writer treats is not *in* or *on* the air, but in the mind itself. This exception to the supposed origin of the *life of sound* may not seem to affect the discussion of acoustics as far as the practical purpose of the architect is concerned; but we insist that neither the drumsticks nor the drum, nor the air within it or without, nor even all these at work, are *sound*, more than the telegraph wire and the electric current are the *message* sent from one operator to another.

That inaccuracy which we discover in our author’s use of terms, we find also in his quotations from others. For example: “The intensity of sound depends on the density of the air in which the sound is generated, and *not on that of the air in which it is heard*. A feeble sound becomes instantly louder as soon as the air becomes more dense. So you will always find, on great elevations in the atmosphere, the sound sensibly diminished in loudness. If two cannon are equally charged, and one fired at [from] the top of a high mountain, and the other in a valley, the one fired below, in the heavy air, may be heard above, while the one fired in the higher air will not be heard below; owing to its origin, the sound generated in the denser air is louder than that generated in the rarer. Peals of thunder are unable to penetrate the air to a distance commensurate with their intensity on account of the non-homogeneous character of the atmosphere which accompanies them; from the same cause, battles have raged and have been lost within a short distance of the reserves of the defeated army, while they were waiting for the sound of artillery to call them to the scene of action.”

It seems to us that the truth here expressed is not unmixed with error. In the very first sentence, we think that accuracy would require the suppression of the word *not*. The intensity of sound depends not only upon the density and elasticity of the air whose pulsation is an antecedent condition, but also upon the density and elasticity of the air *through which* the pulse is transmitted. While it is true that a pulse given to the denser column or stratum of air may be transmitted through a *rarer* medium with greater resultant force than if its origin and direction were reversed, it by no means follows that the intensity of sound is unaffected by the density of the air *in* which it is heard. We apprehend the truth to be that the pulse given to highly rarefied air is very feeble; and its secondary effect upon a denser and more elastic fluid, correspondingly slight; while the pulse from the denser air would be transmitted with greater—but still diminished—force, through the rarer atmosphere *in which* it reaches the ear. An *absolute vacuum* could not transmit the pulse given through a column or stratum of elastic fluid. A *rarefied atmosphere* could but transmit it with a force always varying with its own elasticity. And were it possible to preserve one’s consciousness within the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, we doubt if the most sensitive ear could be made to hear the roar of a cataract without.

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“A feeble sound becomes instantly louder as soon as the air becomes more dense;” but *not as loud* as if the same initial pulse were *immediately* given to the denser air. In the case of two cannon equally charged, one of which is fired on the top of a mountain, and the other in a valley below it, to say that “*owing to its origin*, the sound generated in the denser air is louder than that generated in the rarer,” *sounds* much like saying it is *because* it is. If it be more than this, it is wrong. It is a clear case of *non causa pro causa*. The origin [of the *pulse*] of sound is in either case the same: the explosion of equal charges of gunpowder, in guns supposed to be of like material and equal size. The *effects* are not the same, because the effect of a force depends upon its *transmission* as well as upon its origin.

Does the atmosphere “*accompany*” peals of thunder? Or does this expression convey a distinct idea of the office of the atmosphere in the production of sound? We understand that the atmosphere receives the pulse or blow, and that its transmission to the ear is due to the elastic force of the intermediate air. It is not the *homogeneousness* of air, but its *elasticity* which transmits the pulse. And though, in architecture, the object sought is a uniformly elastic air throughout the *auditorium*, it does not follow, nor is it even desirable, that the *maximum effect at a given point* should be obtained by it.

“Science,” says our author, “teaches us that, whenever a shock or pressure of any sort is suddenly applied to material of any nature, whether metal, wood, gas, water, air, etc., it is immediately affected in all its parts, from the point of contact to the whole extent of the material, in displacing and replacing the particles of a *determinate volume*; and the velocity of the movement of the particles of the mass, created by the concussion of shocks or pressure, depends *solely* (?) upon its elasticity and density. Sound likewise *causes* motions (?) with every particle of the air, and as far as the motion reaches; so that each particle, with regard to that which lies immediately beyond it, is in a progress of rarefaction during return.”

What is meant by affecting a mass of matter “*in all its parts*,” by “displacing and replacing the

particles of a *determinate volume*," we do not precisely understand. That whatever causes motion does it "as far as the motion reaches," is as unquestionable as any other identical proposition. But that the velocity of the movement of the particles, created by the concussion of shocks, pressure, upon an *unconfined elastic fluid*, depends *solely* upon its elasticity and density, we dispute. That *pulses* "are propagated from a *trembling body* all around in a *spherical manner*" may be true, if the air is on all sides equally elastic. Such might be the case with those produced by the vibrations of a *bell*, when the surrounding air is undisturbed by other causes, and is uniformly elastic at equal distances from it. It would not be strictly true if the initial pulse were made only in a certain direction. "Every impression made on a fluid is propagated every way throughout the fluid, whatever be the direction wherein it is made;" but it is not true that the impressions are equal at equal distances from the initial pulse, irrespective of its *direction*. This result would presuppose a fluid *perfectly* elastic; which we never have—and *then* we might, with equal truth, say that the impressions would be equal at all distances.

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Everybody is familiar with the fact that the "transmission of sound," the pulse which strikes upon the ear to produce the sensation, *is affected* by currents of air—the direction, force, and velocity of the wind—between the initial pulse and the hearer. *How?* and *how much?* *directly* or *indirectly?* are questions distinct from the fact itself. The distance through which guns are heard, as well as the loudness of their report, varies with the *direction*, *force*, and *velocity* of the wind; and, in very still air, with the *aim* of the gun itself, the *direction of the initial pulse*. For short distances, these differences may be so minute as to escape notice; just as the false proportions of a miniature picture are unobserved until the magnifier displays them. And for longer ranges, they are so small, in contrast with the magnitudes compared, as to seem rather like *accidental* than *legitimate* differences. But the difference is not the less real because the reality is less. Words spoken in a faint whisper are clearly heard by a listener immediately *before* the speaker, when quite inaudible or indistinct to one at an equal distance *behind* him.

The *actual velocities* of wind and sound differ so widely that the small fraction by which their *relative velocity* is denoted is held as proof that the propagation of sound—the *pulse*—through distances of a few yards or feet, is not affected by currents of air: that there are no *differences in the "velocity of sound."* Yet the ear detects them as one of the small differences between discord and harmony in music; distinctness and confusion of speech. In music these differences may be blended by the prolonged intonation of *vowel sounds*; but in speech, whose distinct significance is due to *consonants*, "which cannot be sounded without the aid of a vowel," these differences are fatally evident. The sharp edges of the vocal pulses, which give shape and meaning to vowel sounds, are destroyed alike by a husky voice and a puff of air. What remains is *vox et præterea nihil*.

It seems to us that some of the many failures in practical acoustics come from considering the air—the material involved—as perfectly elastic. From this it is inferred that sound is not affected by the direction of the initial *pulse*: that the direction and velocity of the *effective* pulse are not varied by currents and blasts of air. In short, that the slight inaccuracy of these assumptions will be the actual measurement of resultant error.

Were the purpose only to ascertain the *acoustic* properties of unadulterated air, varied experiments might eliminate the errors of anomalous results. But when the process is reversed, and we deduce *effects* from *only one* among concurrent and conflicting causes, theory is confounded by discordant facts. Theories of *sound in purely elastic air* might give results approximately realized in practice, if the actual pulses with which we are concerned were given by a flail; but are pregnant of error when the atmosphere is mixed with vicious vapors, and the *pulse* is a breath of air. Then, the assumption that "*pulses of sound*" proceed *equally* in all directions from the initial point, is simply false; and theories based upon it can only complicate the problems to be solved.

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Water, as well as air, is a highly elastic fluid, and, if confined and subjected to pressure, the force applied is exerted on all sides of the confined volume. But the *effect* of a *pulse* or blow upon a surface of large extent varies with the *direction* of the force as well as with its *power* and *velocity*. We have seen fish swimming near the surface killed or paralyzed by a blow upon the water immediately over them. And we have seen the blow fail of its intended effect *solely* because it was *misdirected*. Perhaps the water in the latter case was *not perfectly elastic*! Neither is the air of churches and public halls, when their atmosphere has yielded a portion of its *oxygen*, and, in return, is charged with *carbonic acid* and moist vapors from the breath of crowded assemblies. *Carbonic acid gas* is heavier *by one-half* than atmospheric air. It does not, then, always rise toward the ceiling or roof, but remains in solution with impure exhalations; or else, condensed by contact with the colder walls, descends to poison the lower air and impair its elastic force—its power of transmitting the "*pulse of sound*" to the ear.

We have just come from one of our city churches, where we have had a striking example of this result. The church in question will *accommodate* (?) about two thousand people. Twenty-five hundred may be crowded into it. At the commencement of the sermon, the preacher's voice was distinctly audible at points fifty or sixty feet from the pulpit, in spite of reflections of sound—*air pulses*—from galleries, wooden columns, and the arched ceiling and side-walls, of lath and plaster. Before it was ended, the exhalations of the breathing crowd had so filled the lower half of the "*auditorium*" that only vowel sounds could be distinguished; and the *peroration* seemed to consist of spasmodic utterances—scarcely sounds—of *a, e, i, o, u*. *W* and *y* had lost their affinity to vowels, and the rest of the alphabet were no longer *consonants*, for they were not heard at all.

The acoustic and sanitary problems are here identical—to find a method of preventing an accumulation of foul and inelastic vapors around the breathing and listening congregation, and to



give, instead, wholesome air to their lungs, while enabling their ears to hear. And since these poisonous and inelastic gases are specifically heavier than atmospheric air, and must fall to the floor by their own weight, the problem is reduced to providing a practicable way for their escape, and guarding it against counter-currents which might obstruct the passage.

The introduction of warm air through openings in or near the floor will not readily produce uniformity of temperature within a room. The simplest experiment in proof of this is constantly made by multitudes of people, who, in crowded assemblies, find their heads surrounded by warm and moist vapors, reeking with offensive odors, while their feet are chilled, though near the "hot-air register." [122]

A library, whose walls were 12 feet high, and whose floor—18 by 15—contained 270 square feet, was constantly warmed by a "Latrobe heater," placed in the chimney at one end of the room. The pot holding the coal was raised one foot above the level of the floor, which was covered by a woollen carpet. Immediately under the library was a kitchen, whose temperature was kept at about 72° F. Three thermometers were placed thus: No. 1, standing on the carpet near the centre of the library floor; No. 2, three feet, and No. 3, six feet, above it. At the expiration of half an hour, No. 1 indicated 62°; No. 2, 66°; and No. 3, 72°. Numbers 1 and 3 were then placed side by side with No. 2, three feet above the floor. At the expiration of fifteen minutes, all three indicated the same temperature of 66°. The low temperature of the inferior stratum of air was certainly not due to that of the room beneath it, for that was above 70°. It was only the heavier, colder air of the room itself, and of adjacent apartments warmed in the same way, slightly affected by contact with the stratum of warmer air above it.

Such slight differences of temperature in small apartments could not greatly affect the transmission of "the *pulse of sound*." But in larger and loftier rooms, like churches and public halls, corresponding differences of temperature would, and do, produce air *strata* widely different in density and elasticity, and occasion serious acoustic defects. But the acoustic requirement is not satisfied by uniformly elastic *air* alone; for its *pulses* are reflected, and unity—distinctness—of sound, is lost in echoes or reverberations, from windows, columns, floors, and ceilings.

To know the difficulties to be encountered is always a step towards their alleviation; and these are sufficiently apparent throughout the little volume before us. They are, *First*, *inelastic air*—which cannot transmit its pulses to the ear. *Second*, *strata* and amorphous volumes, of unequal densities, which transmit the *air-pulses* with unequal force; so that they produce *distinct sounds* and *indefinite murmurs* at equal distances from the initial pulse. *Third*, *reflecting surfaces*—the floor, the ceiling, walls, columns, and furniture of the *auditorium*; which variously reflect the waves caused by air-pulses, and produce effects analogous to the eddies and whirlpools made by conflicting currents of running water.

The *first* and *second* of these difficulties are clearly within the province of "heat and ventilation;" and any means by which a constant tidal flow—*not a current*—of wholesome air, *from floor to ceiling*, may be produced, and by which the *unwholesome*, *inelastic*, heavier *gases* generated in crowded assemblies shall be prevented from accumulating but be *forced* to give place to the purer air, will practically solve the problem which they present.

The *third* difficulty is purely architectural. While *surfaces* reflect what are called *pulses of sound*, and so multiply their effects, they also create conflicting waves, which partially neutralize each other, or else strike the ear in irregular succession, to destroy the unity and harmony of sound. We cannot have buildings free from the *inconveniences* of walls, floors, and ceilings; but we can regulate and utilize surfaces to give aid in the transmission of *air-pulses* in *one direction*, and greatly diminish the reflecting power of those that would give back conflicting waves of air. A sounding-board or arch, whose lower surface should be a semi-paraboloid, so placed that a line drawn from its highest points, and parallel to its axis, would pierce the opposite wall four feet above the floor, while the axis itself should attain the same height at a distance of forty feet from the *focus*, would be an example of what we mean by utilizing surfaces to transmit air-pulses *in one direction*. The employment of an inelastic substance, like coarse *felt*, between the *furring* of a wall and the *lathing*, would undoubtedly tend to destroy its ability to reflect the "*pulse of sound*." And hollow cast-iron columns, *filled with clay*, would hardly *vibrate* from a pulse of air. [123]

In one of the Protestant churches of our city, we were shown a sounding-board, whose authors seemed to have halted between the acoustic merits of the paraboloid and the graceful shape of the pilgrim's scallop-shell. We were told that "it helps the voice of the preacher." There seemed to be too much of it for ornament, if its principle be wrong or inefficient, and too little for usefulness if right. Many attempts to improve the acoustic properties of halls designed for public lectures are failures through faulty execution of correct designs.

We once saw the working-plans of a lecture-room, where the line of intersection of the end wall with the floor of the stage or platform was a *parabola*, the arch above and behind the lecturer's desk being a *semi-paraboloid*, springing from the wall at the height of the speaker's voice. Thus, it was supposed that the *pulses* reflected from the walls and arch would proceed in parallel lines or "waves of sound," because the *initial pulse* would always be given at the *focus* of the reflector.

The place of every joist in the cylindrical wall was carefully marked, and the dimensions and place of each rib of the paraboloidal arch accurately given. But in executing the design, the builder discovered a *mistake!*—"the floor of the stage would not be a true circular segment!" So he "*corrected* it"—with stunning effect upon the lecturer, and to the utter confusion of his audience. And the design was pronounced a *failure*.

In looking through the work before us, we almost unconsciously began to say: "This is nothing new; we have seen this, and more than this, before." And in the same sense, we suppose it might as well be said that *nothing* is essentially new.

We have lately seen a notice of an invention for tracing patterns on glass by means of a *jet* of sand. Of course, it is nothing new. The wind has been doing the same trick with the sand of the sea-shore for ages. We have seen it long ago, and often. Doubtless, the same effect has been noticed by many others. A thought of the possible utility of a process whose result was seen may have flitted through many minds, and, like the outline of a passing cloud, have been forgotten as it passed. But honestly, we never thought of tracing lace patterns on glass by any such process. And while new combinations of well-known truths give new and useful results, we hope they may never cease to be made.

Mr. Saeltzer's book is full of good hints. But that is not its chief merit. It recognizes the inseparable connection of sound and ventilation, and insists upon observance of the laws which govern them. As he is so evidently alive to the sanitary and acoustic defects in public buildings, we shall be disappointed if his little volume does not prove to be the preface to more specific, practical directions for their removal. He has put his finger upon the principal cause of failures. The laws of light, and heat, and sound are sufficiently understood to render their phenomena as controllable as time, space, and velocity in mechanics. The more intelligent efforts are therefore directed not to the discovery of new principles involved, but to utilize what knowledge we possess. And when the effort is made at the right point and in the right direction, we can heartily say, Go on and conquer. The world is full of wonderful monuments signaling defeat. Let us see just one crowned with victory.

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As yet, modern ecclesiastical architecture, especially, is but the imperfect reproduction of ancient and mediæval models. It is the heathen temple or the Gothic minster, or, more recently, an attempt to vary the monotony with Byzantine forms of old basilicas, without their grandeur. In decoration, we have crude, unmeaning imitations of Moorish tracery, weak in imagery of form and symbolism, without those glowing contrasts and harmonies of colors which are to architecture as rhythm to poetry of sound. We know the cause and history of this poverty in constructive and decorative art. History tells us how men became so spiritual, in their own conceit, that symbolism was held to be a sin; and how, by losing the sign, the thing signified was forgotten or denied. But it seems almost unaccountable that the world should be teeming with *philosophers*, to whom the laws of nature, even their least tangible phenomena, seem familiar as things of daily use, while great temples are so constructed that they who have ears to hear *cannot* hear.

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# ODD STORIES.

## I. THE LADDER OF LIFE.

There are a great many rounds in the ladder of life, though simple youths have always fancied that a few gallant steps would take them to the summit of riches and power. Now, the top round of this ladder is not the presidency of any railroad or country, nor even the possession of renowned genius; for it oddly happens that when one sits down upon it, then, be he ever so high up in life, he has really begun to descend. Those who put velvet cushions to their particular rounds, and squat at ease with a view of blocking the rise of other good folks, do not know they are going down the other side of the ladder; but such is the fact. Many thrifty men have, in their own mind, gone far up its life-steps when, verily, they were descending them fast; and poor people without number have in all men's eyes been travelling downward, though in truth they have journeyed higher by descent than others could by rising. So many slippery and delusive ways has this magical ladder that we may say it is as various as men's minds. One may slip through its rungs out of the common way of ascent, and find himself going down when he ought to be going up; and vain toilers have ever fancied that they were mounting to the clouds when everybody else must have seen they were still at the same old rounds. Ambitious heroes have made the same mistake, if, indeed, the particular ladder which they have imagined to themselves has not itself been sliding down all the while they have been seeking vain glory by its steps.

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The ladder of life is an infinite ladder. It is full of indirections to suit the abilities, and of attractions to please the tastes, of climbers. You may work at a forge, or sail the sea, or trade in money and merchandise, or hear operas, or write romances, or take part in politics, or wander over mountains, or go to church, while living thereon; but you must go up or go down, and either way will have some sort of climbing and toiling to do. Everywhere on the ladder is trouble, save in careful steps; and since human progress is so illusory, many honest persons rather fear to fall than aspire too eagerly, or felicitate themselves on precarious elevations. Prudence forbids us to say at what real round of the ladder are all our bankers, brokers, showmen, advertisers, and other millionaires; but it is certain that good little children, and simple citizens, and poor geniuses, and suffering men and women have gone higher up than the world knows. Indeed, they have gone quite out of sight, for there is a place on the great ladder which few men know, and where only saints can see the angels ascending and descending. Moreover, the ladder of life reaches from the pit to the stars, so that they who climb up or climb down, as it were, may see a firmament at either end: the good, their lights and joys; the evil, their chimeras and fire of darkness.

## II. OBED'S SONS.

Obed, the young man, came to Father Isaac for his blessing, who thus said to him with few words: "Thou shalt have five sons, and to the first shall be given might, to the second cunning, to the third beauty, to the fourth knowledge, to the fifth patience, and to all in accord wisdom: but God giveth naught for nothing." And as Father Isaac had promised, so was it fulfilled in prayer. The first of the sons of Obed became a mighty hunter; the second excelled in craft's of all kinds; the third was of a comely figure, well to look upon; the fourth was learned in wise traditions; the fifth was patient, as none other of the family of Obed had been before him. Now, the five sons ill-agreed in their husbandry in the field of their fathers, and they went their several ways, some near, some far, to seek their fortunes, leaving the last and youngest to be the staff of their sire. Then poverty fell upon the house of Obed, and infirmity upon the limbs of the patient man; and, dying, his father blessed him, saying: "The Lord bless thy patience that it fail not."

At this time, the fame of him that slew lions with his arms, and men with his right hand, was very great; but a devil entered into him, so that he did no work, and fell to great sloth, and men scorned him, and he lifted up his voice and cried: "Oh! that I had the cunning of my brother, that my hands might know their work; and the beauty of my brother, that maids should not turn from me; and the knowledge and patience of my brethren, that I might with wisdom bide my time."

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From all sides was he sought that had the gift of cunning; but being greedy in his craft, and seeking not knowledge, nor patience, he lost his cunning, and cried with a face in which there was no beauty: "Wisdom was not given me, nor patience, neither comeliness nor might, and so have I been abandoned to devices of misery."

Rejoicing in his fair proportions, the third son of Obed danced before the daughters of his tribe, but, taken in the wiles of flattery and of pleasure, he became as a drunken man whose face is a warning, and whose life is a scandal, and he lamented: "Oh! that I had the cunning or patience or might of my brethren, then should none withstand me, or I be overthrown."

And he to whom it was given to know much in many tongues, and to counsel with scholars, lost the kindly ways of men, seeking vain and dark sciences, till he exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart: "Knowledge is given me without wisdom: henceforth must I seek counsel in patience, and observe the prudence of my brethren." And he set out for the house of his fathers.

Now had the infirm brother tilled the fields of his brethren, and taught the laborers thereof the arts of handiwork, and when the sons of Obed returned to the house of their sire, one after another, the first averred that he was strong, the second that he was cunning, the third that he

was comely, the fourth that he had knowledge. But Father Isaac, the shepherd of his flock, hearing them, said: "Yea, for he hath one virtue which maketh many: the staff of thy brother hath devoured thy rods."

"Wherefore, then, lov'd Isaac," spake the eldest, "are we robbed of our gifts, and wit, and might, and beauty gone from us, leave us in sorrow of heart?"

"Told I not thy sire Obed," said the patriarch, "that the Lord of lords gave naught for naught. Have ye earned your wages—have ye paid back your gifts? He that had might, why was he not taught of knowledge and invention, and, being skilled, why learned he not the patience of toil? He that had beauty, why sought he not counsel of strength and skill, that judgment might be his? He of knowledge, why sought he not help of patience and craft? Each had his virtue to purchase a share in the virtues of the rest, and to win gifts to his gift, that God might be praised. But only goodness bringeth fit wisdom, and wisdom dwelleth not in discord."

Then the sons of Obed, answering, asked: "Why hath one virtue, as thou sayest, devoured ours?"

"For that thou hast thrown thine own to the dogs, my sons, and patience hath picked them up. He that suffereth much with patience winneth much with wisdom."

"Even so, Father Isaac, but have we not, too, suffered?"

"Yea, my children, that so God may teach thee wisdom, and thy gifts abound tenfold. He that hath much, let him save it by bounty: he that hath little, let him increase it with patience: he that hath won, let him divide the victory. Share ye each other's virtues, that each may possess the gifts of all." [127]

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## THE THREE PLEDGES.

Three students sat together  
In a villa on the Rhine,  
And pledged the beauteous river  
In draughts of sparkling wine.

One was bold and haughty,  
Count Otto was his name:  
His dark eyes flashed and smouldered:  
From Nuremberg he came.

And one was too fond-hearted  
For aught but love and song;  
With hair too brightly golden  
To wear its lustre long.

His hands were white and shapely  
As any maid's might be;  
Count Adelbert of Munich,  
A joyous youth was he.

And one was grave and quiet,  
With such a winning smile  
That, meeting all its brightness,  
Sad hearts grew light the while.

And as they sat together,  
Three travellers by the Rhine,  
And pledged the noble river  
In draughts of golden wine,

With lays of olden minstrels  
They whiled the hours away,  
Till twilight gently sealed them  
With the sign of parting day.

Then silence fell upon them,  
And the distant boatman's song  
Returned in softened echoes  
The gleaming waves along;

And through the latticed windows  
The hush of evening stole,  
And the solemn spell of silence  
Fast fettered soul to soul.

Dream on, O happy-hearted!  
The future holds no truth,  
No amaranthine jewel,  
Like the rainbow tints of youth.

Dream on, O happy-hearted!  
The hour will soon be gone,  
And darkness fall too swiftly.  
Dream on, young hearts, dream on!

\* \* \* \* \*

This is the proudest hour  
Of all the golden twelve,  
That seek the mystic caverns  
Where gray gnomes dig and delve.

"The beauty of the morning  
Is but the birth of day,  
And the glory of the noontide  
Doth pass as soon away.

"But twilight holds the fulness,  
The meed of every one,  
And drops the radiant circlet  
Before her god, the sun.

"This is the proudest hour  
Of all the golden twelve—  
Now combs the Nix her tresses,  
Now rests his spade the elfe.

"And I drink to the proudest maiden  
That treads this German-land;  
No other love shall my heart own,  
No other queen my hand.

“And I’ll pledge her three times over,  
This haughty queen of mine,  
In the brightest flowing nectar  
That ever kissed the Rhine.”

Thus spake the bold Count Otto,  
And held his goblet up,  
And three times overflowing  
Each student drained his cup.

“This is the fairest hour,  
For the sunset clouds unfold  
To the purple sea of twilight  
Their red-tipped sails of gold.

“And the hecatombs of sweetness  
That all the day have risen  
In the bosom of the flowers  
Unbar their shining prison.

“This is the fairest hour,  
The hour of eventide,  
And I drink to the fairest maiden  
That dwells the Rhine beside.

“And I pledge her three times over,  
Though her only dower should be  
The heaven-born gift of beauty,  
And a faithful love for me.”

Thus spake Adelbert, smiling,  
And held his goblet up,  
And three times overflowing  
Each student drained his cup.

Then paused the twain in wond’ring,  
What Ludwig’s toast might be;  
For their comrade sat in silence,  
And never word spake he.

“How now? Why thus, brave Ludwig,  
Sitt’st thou in pensive mood?  
Dost choose to dwell unmated,  
In loveless solitude?”

He smiled, and then looked downward  
As he answered, glass in hand,  
“Nay, nay; but, if I pledge her,  
Ye will not understand.”

“Where dwells she, then?” cried Otto,  
“This peerless love of thine?  
Mayhap some fabled Lurline  
That sings beneath the Rhine?”

“Thou’rt smiling—haste, then, pledge her!”  
And the brimming glasses rung  
As Ludwig dropped the music  
That trembled on his tongue.

“This is the holiest hour  
Of all the twenty-four,  
For the rush of day hath passed us,  
And the tide returns no more.

“And the waves of toil and traffic,  
By dark argosies trod,  
Are lost through circling eddies  
In the mightiness of God.

“This is the holiest hour  
When purest thoughts have birth,  
And I drink to the holiest maiden  
That ever dwelt on earth.

“Her vesture falleth around her  
In folds of changeless white,  
And her holiness outshineth  
The jewels of the night.

“She weareth a mantle of sadness,  
Her sorrows are her fame:  
She long hath been my chosen,  
But I will not name her name.

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"Ah! not with wine I pledge thee,  
All spotless as thou art,  
But with my life's devotion,  
With the fulness of my heart.

"Ah! not with wine I pledge thee,  
Nor one libation pour;  
Thou hold'st the bond that seals me,  
Thine own for evermore."

This with white brow uncovered,  
'Neath the floating twilight skies;  
And angels might have marvelled  
At the beauty of his eyes.

Then he turned his goblet downward,  
And waved the flask aside  
His comrades would have proffered  
To pledge such wondrous bride.

"Friend, thou hast spoken strangely,  
But thou wert ever strange;  
Mayhap this matchless maiden  
Hath power thy mood to change."

Thus Adelbert spake, smiling,  
And shook his golden hair:  
"I ask nor saint nor angel,  
But maiden fond and fair.

"Then let us pledge each other,  
Since thy passion is too deep,  
With comrades tried and trusty,  
Its sacredness to keep.

"What maiden like thy vision  
In all our fatherland?"  
"Ah! said I not," cried Ludwig,  
"Ye would not understand?"

"Come, let us pledge each other,"  
Said Otto, glass in hand—  
"A right good draught of friendship  
That all may understand."

Then their glasses clashed together,  
"Firm may our fealty be!"  
And Ludwig's voice of music  
Rang loudest of the three.

Seven times hath autumn gathered  
The vintage of the Rhine,  
Since the students pledged each other  
In draughts of golden wine.

In a grand and lofty castle,  
The Danube's stream beside,  
Count Otto dwells in splendor,  
The lord of acres wide.

He has won the proudest maiden  
In all that German-land,  
And countless hosts of yeomen  
Obey his high command.

But the haughty brow is clouded,  
And his eye is full of care,  
For the trace of many a heart-storm  
Hath left its impress there.

Love had sought Adelbert,  
Young Beauty's flow'ret blown,  
And the tendrils of its blossoms  
About his heart had grown.

And joy had wrapped them softly  
In robes of radiant sheen,  
Till Death bent down, relentless,  
And sapped their living green.

Hush! a mourner sits in silence  
Within a darkened room,  
Where the fairest flower of summer

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Lies withered in her bloom.  
While those who move about him  
With footsteps sad and slow,  
Whisper to each other,  
But leave him to his woe.  
And down in the quiet churchyard,  
Where nodding grasses wave,  
The children gather, silent,  
And the sexton digs a grave.  
Solemnly tolls the church-bell,  
It counteth twenty-five—  
O God! the flowers wither,  
And the old, old branches thrive.  
Solemnly tolls the church-bell,  
Slowly winds the train  
Adown the rocky hillside,  
Along the grassy plain;  
Sadly pass the bearers  
Into the churchyard old,  
Brightly falls the sunlight  
In glittering lines of gold;  
Tearfully pause the mourners  
Above the broken sod,  
And Ludwig waits beside it,  
A humble priest of God.

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These essays are here reprinted from the original editions of each, with only the addition of a few bracketed notes, and with some slight emendation of the wording of a few sentences of the text of a merely literary character. For many years, Dr. Newman has been a public man in the English theological world, so much so that, as he himself expressed it, "he is obliged to think aloud." His writings have passed into the domain of English literature, and are public property. It is not now in his power to withdraw any portion of them, much as he might desire to do so. Under existing circumstances, he has judged it the better course—or, at least, the lesser evil—that they should be republished under his own eye, with such corrections in bracketed notes as will indicate what he would now correct or retract.

These two essays mark very distinctly two stages in the career through which, as he fully explains in his *Apologia*, Dr. Newman has passed.

The first one, written to defend the miracles recorded in the Holy Scriptures against the attacks of Hume, Gibbon, and other infidels, dates from 1825-26, while he was yet young, and a staunch Protestant, somewhat imbued with evangelical feelings, especially in the matter of *Popery*. Hence, while ably conducting the exposition and defence of the Scripture miracles, he omits no opportunity of hitting at the other miracles recorded to have occurred in the Catholic Church since the days of the apostles. In fact, he had, as he tells us elsewhere, read the work of Middleton on *The Miracles of the Early Church*, and had imbibed his spirit. He was guided also by Bishop Douglas, whose *Criterion* he often quotes.

Seventeen years of continuous study and mature thought produced their fruit in his clear and candid mind. In 1842-43, he wrote the second essay as a preface or introduction to a portion of Fleury's *Ecclesiastical History*, then being published in an English translation.

Though still a Protestant, he had entirely changed his views on these ecclesiastical miracles. So much so, that this essay may be read as his own confutation of what he had said against them in his earlier essay. In the present volume, the bracketed foot-notes subjoined to that essay are, for the most part, mere references to the paragraphs of the second essay, in which the immature errors of the first are corrected. With the traditional prejudices of Protestantism then strong in him, he had looked on these ecclesiastical miracles as rivals, and as, in some way, antagonistic to the miracles of Scripture which he was upholding; and he had striven to find points of difference as well in their internal character as in the evidence needed to prove them. All this he fully meets in the second essay. In the second, third, and fourth chapters of it, treating of "The Antecedent Probability of Ecclesiastical Miracles," of their internal character, and of the evidence in support of their credibility, he shows how the admission of Scripture miracles utterly does away with the ground taken by some against the possibility or probability of ecclesiastical miracles, how the two classes agree in their chief and essential characteristics, and how, in fact, they rather merge into one general class of events, under the moral order of divine Providence, established for man's salvation—an order distinct from and superior to the physical order of nature. Nothing can be more lucid than his replies to the objections of Douglas, Warburton, Middleton, and other Protestant writers on this subject. He shows, with the utmost clearness, how all that they urge against these ecclesiastical miracles in the Catholic Church can be turned by unbelievers, with equal plausibility, and in the same sophistical spirit, against the miracles of the apostles themselves.

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Dr. Newman, in both dissertations, frankly admits—what indeed cannot be denied—that not a few of the Scripture miracles are to be believed by us simply because they have been recorded by divinely inspired writers. We have no other knowledge of them, no other evidence of their having occurred, than that we read them on the inspired page. Such miracles are for us matters of faith, not proofs in evidence. They are themselves proved by Scripture. Whatever they were to those who witnessed the occurrence, they are not now for us historical evidence in support of divine revelation. Writing as a Protestant, Dr. Newman did not advert to another important truth lying further back which Protestant writers generally ignore. Our knowledge of the inspiration and divine authority of the Scriptures as we have them—distinguished, that is, from the numerous other gospels, acts, epistles, apocalypses, and other pretended sacred writings, more or less current among and accepted by the sectaries of the early Christian ages—depends entirely on the decision of the Catholic Church, made after the death of the apostles. Hence, the value of the Scripture testimony as to these miracles, and our duty to recognize and accept it as divinely inspired, and therefore unerring, depend, in the last analysis, on the divine authority and character of the Catholic Church—of that same church which has always claimed that God continues to work miracles within her fold. To say that she errs on this latter point leaves room, to say the least, for the imputation or the suspicion that she may have erred in the other decision likewise; and so those Scripture miracles which lack, as most of them do, other corroborative testimony, would stand without sufficient proof. On the contrary, for the ecclesiastical miracles, because they occurred nearer our own times, there might still remain, as in many cases there does remain, ample historical evidence from contemporary witnesses.

After devoting four chapters to a thorough discussion of the subject of ecclesiastical miracles in general, Dr. Newman proceeds, in the fifth and last chapter, to sum up and discuss the evidences we still have, in nine special cases, held to be miraculous interventions, in the early ages of the church. For a clear and orderly presentation of the evidence, the logical application of the principles established in the earlier chapters, and the happy and often overwhelming retorting of their own propositions on Douglas, Leslie, and other anti-Catholic writers, each one of these

cases deserves and will amply repay a special study.

Here, as in his other volumes, Dr. Newman displays that intellectual acumen and that plain common sense which are as characteristic of his writings as is the singular mastery over the English language which has caused him to be recognized as one of the classical writers of our day. [135]

Valuable as this volume is to the careful student for its erudition and acute reasoning, and for the aid it gives in the polemical controversies that rise from time to time with Protestants, it is chiefly valuable, in our eyes, as a well-reasoned and, as it were, practical refutation of that rationalistic or materialistic system of false philosophy which is taught in some of our colleges, and is being spread through the land, and which either leaves God out of sight altogether, or at most acknowledges him only as the Creator and founder of the physical order. Dr. Newman, in discussing what some would term the philosophy of miracles, sets forth strongly and clearly the necessity of recognizing and taking into account the moral order, established by God, equally with the physical order, and superior to it in rank. The world is under both. To leave either out is to take only a partial view. To exclude the moral order from our consideration is to err at the very commencement of our course, and our progress will be but from error to error. The action of both orders may, and often does, coincide—would have always coincided had not sin brought in jarring and confusion. But in point of fact, they are sometimes found in opposition. A wise and good sovereign dies immaturely, leaving his sceptre to a wicked and unscrupulous successor; a good father dies early in life, and his orphans are left to grow up in ignorance and vice; a just and benevolent man dies or is ruined, and debts are left unpaid, and a stream of charity fails at the fount. And if we class the evil actions of men as belonging to this physical order, and the rationalists refuse to class them otherwise, do they not present a continual opposition between the physical and the moral orders? And if the physical order so asserts itself, should we not reasonably look for corresponding, if not greater, manifestations in the moral order?

Divine revelation itself is a fact in the moral order entirely beyond and above the physical order of nature—by its nature, a miracle. It can be proved only by miracles; and miracles are the appropriate accompaniment of its continuance as a dispensation of divine Providence. Hence, in the church—the kingdom of heaven—in which God specially reigns and rules, and in which the moral order is endowed with supernatural force, and interworks with the physical order of nature, we should as readily and as reasonably look for miracles, as, if we may be allowed a trivial comparison, we should expect, when examining a piece of complicated machinery, to find that one set of wheels will control and at times arrest the ordinary action of other wheels, and interpose some result due to their own special action in the general series of results. Not to take account of the moral and supernatural order in God's ruling the world is not to recognize the highest and greatest of his acts. The rationalist is like a deaf man before an exquisite musical clock. His eye may follow the hands as they move round the dial; but he has closed his ears to the sweet melodies that float around him.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS, AT NAPLES. An Historical and Critical Examination of the Miracle. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1872.

This is a republication of several very able and interesting articles which have lately appeared on this subject in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Their appearance in the present form cannot but be welcomed by all well-disposed persons, whether they be desirous to ascertain the truth or anxious to have the means for defending it. Catholics, who are accustomed to hear this miracle, as well as the many others which have occurred in the church from the earliest times, coolly dismissed by their Protestant acquaintances as undoubted impostures or superstitions, will find in this account all that is needed to silence, if not to convince, their opponents, and to enable them to assert their own faith; while the fair and candid non-Catholic will find in it an array of facts and of reasoning which cannot fail to produce a deep impression on his mind, and which may serve as a basis for his conversion to the faith. But we would not advise anyone who is determined in any event to remain a Protestant or an infidel to have anything to do with it. The failure to find any false but plausible theory to account for certain phenomena which do not agree with one's preconceived ideas sometimes leads to a very unpleasant and dangerous frame of mind—that in which it impugns the known truth. The book contains seventy-nine pages, and is illustrated by an engraving representing the celebrated reliquary in which the blood of the saint is contained. It is the only complete and exhaustive treatise on the subject in the English language.

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AMERICANISMS: The English of the New World. By M. Schele De Vere, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1872.

This elegantly printed book has a real and solid value. It shows how the English language has been enriched by additions from various sources in the New World, while, at the same time, it indicates the deterioration and corruption to which it has been exposed by knocking about in a new country. Both these topics are important, and we commend them to the careful attention of all who wish to acquire a true knowledge of the art of speaking and writing English. We object decidedly to the definition of *A Hickory Catholic*, on p. 58, as one who "is free from bigotry and asceticism." This is a vulgar cant phrase, unworthy of a scholar. A hickory Catholic is a person who makes his principles bend to his passions and interests. He believes that he is bound to go to Mass on Sundays and to the Sacraments at Easter, but neglects to do so, because he is lazy, or fond of drinking too much, or licentious, or unwilling to make restitution, or stupidly careless about his soul; hoping to sneak into heaven by an old age or death-bed repentance. We have noticed nothing else worthy of censure in Professor De Vere's book, and we can recommend it without hesitation as most valuable to all who are engaged in teaching the English language or endeavoring to learn it. It is, moreover, extremely amusing and entertaining, as well as instructive. Would that those who have the naming of places would study it attentively, and strictly follow its suggestions! Think of *Ovid, Livy, Greece, Virgil*, for names of villages in a country rich in glorious Indian names! Not content with imposing absurd or unmeaning or vulgar names on places which had none before, those which have already most tasteful and appropriate ones are frequently rebaptized. For instance, in Fairfield Co., Connecticut, Saugatuck has been changed to Southport, and Green's Farms to Westport. What a name is New York for a great state and a great city! What a change from Lake St. Sacramento, or even Horicon to Lake *George*! We wish that some of those who have leisure and inclination to take up this matter in earnest would do so, and try to effect a reformation. We notice also, with satisfaction, the condemnation of that wretched interloper and vagabond of a word, *donate*. Humbly, and with tears in our eyes, we entreat of our venerable presidents of colleges and of all in literary authority to sentence and banish *donate*, or he will some fine day bring into college his still shabbier and more beggarly cousin, *orate*, and a whole troop of poor relations, who will *locate* themselves, for all coming time. English has been and can be enriched from new sources, as Professor De Vere amply proves; but let us watch carefully that it do not become corrupted and be not made vulgar.

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ZEAL IN THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY. By L'Abbé Dubois. London: J. C. Newby. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

It is encouraging to see books of this kind published in the English language. We know not how to make any extracts from this volume, for every page of it is filled with good sense, practical advice, and the true spirit of the priesthood. Could we realize our wishes, we would place in the hands of every priest and candidate preparing for ordination a copy. It would be most wholesome for daily spiritual reading and meditation. The author reveals his object in writing the book in the following passage in the preface, p. viii.:

"To rekindle in the bosom of the priesthood the ardor of that zeal which should be its animating principle; to call to remembrance those noblest virtues without which it languishes, and with which it works miracles; further, to bring that zeal into practice by showing how the priest ought to act in the

various circumstances of daily life, and in his intercourse with the various persons with whom he is perpetually brought into contact; such, in short, is the plan I have adopted. God grant that I may have carried it into execution in such a way as to procure abundantly his glory and the salvation of souls!"

One evidence that he has not been unsuccessful in attaining his object, is that this translation is made from the fifth French edition.

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THE BOOK OF PSALMS. Translated from the Latin Vulgate. Being a Revised Edition of the Douay Version. London: Burns, Oates & Co. 16mo, pp. 193. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren Street.

"This English version of the Book of Psalms," says the Most Rev. Dr. Manning in the preface, "may be regarded as one more of the many gifts bequeathed to us by my learned and lamented predecessor [Cardinal Wiseman]. One-half, at least, of the psalms were revised by his own hand." Critics will regret that there is nothing to enable them to distinguish the precise psalms on which the illustrious cardinal brought his great Biblical learning and his pure English taste to the task of revision.

The term "Douay Version" in the title is used in the loose way which his eminence himself opposed, and the basis is not the Douay, but Dr. Challoner's text.

This edition is made in a cheap popular form, and is intended to diffuse more generally among the faithful the psalms as a manual of prayer. They are the great storehouse from which the church draws her offices, and supply the pious with ejaculations, short and fervent prayers, which are of wonderful value. No greater boon has been added recently, for, though there is no lack of pocket Bibles, they are unhandy, and the type too small for those who wish the psalms alone.

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To meet this want a new translation was issued in 1700, in a neat little volume, the version being by John Caryl, a friend of Pope, and faithful adherent of the Stuarts. His *Psalms* is a very uncommon work, though highly esteemed.

We had thus Gregory Martin's version in the original Douay, Caryl's, Bishop Challoner's, and Archbishop Kenrick's, and we have now a version due in part at least to Cardinal Wiseman. It is a little volume that will reward study among those who wish to compare the versions, and as a convenient, well-printed manual commends itself to the pious.

"In the Book of Psalms," says his grace, Dr. Manning, "the Spirit of Praise himself has inscribed the notes and the words of thanksgiving to be learned here, and to be continued before the eternal throne. For this use and aid I commend the present volume to the piety of the faithful."

Some common errors have, we see, been retained in this edition, which we hope to see corrected, such as the omission of "angry" before enemies in Ps. xvii. 48; "and," in Ps. xliii. 12; "in form," Ps. xliv. 4.

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A JOURNEY AROUND MY ROOM. By Count Xavier de Maistre. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This work, so full of the author's delicate humor and sentimental reverie, is the very thing for a winter evening, when one feels like giving himself up to dream away a few hours.

The author was a younger brother of the perhaps better known Count Joseph de Maistre, French Ambassador at the Russian Court in the early part of this century, and one of the ablest defenders of the Papacy. He was the author of the famous *Du Pape* and the philosopher of the *Soirees de St. Petersbourg*. Count Joseph was likewise an intimate friend of Madame Swetchine's, whose interesting life has been published by "The Catholic Publication Society," and was instrumental in the conversion of that remarkable woman to the Catholic Church.

The De Maistres belonged to the *haute noblesse* de Savoy. Count Xavier, as well as his brothers, became an exile during the first French Revolution. He went to Russia, where he married. After an absence of twenty-five years he returned to his own country.

Lamartine addressed him one of his *Harmonies Poétiques* after his return, saluting him thus:

"Voyageur fatigué qui reviens sur nos pages  
Demander à tes champs leurs antiques ombrages,  
A ton cœur ses premiers amours!"

He also calls Count Xavier the Sterne of Savoy, but without his affectation, and declares him equal to Rousseau, but without his declamatory style. "He is a familiar *genie*, a fireside talker, a cricket chirping on the rural hearth."

The writings of Xavier de Maistre were among the favorite volumes that composed Eugénie de Guérin's library, and we can imagine a certain sympathy in their intellectual natures. The *Lépreux* in particular appealed to her sympathetic nature, and the thought of meeting its author filled her with delight. When this meeting took place at Paris, Count Xavier had just lost his

children, and was so depressed in consequence that it was not equal to her expectations.

But Lamartine speaks of seeing him a few years after, and describes him as "an old man of fourscore years, gracious in manner, and with no signs of decay of body or feebleness of mind. Airiness of sentiment, a mild sensibility, a half-serious, half-indulgent smile at human affairs, a tolerance—the result of his intelligence—of all human opinions: such was the man. [139]

"His sonorous voice had a far-off sound like an echo of the past, and was well adapted to the reminiscences of his previous life, which he loved to tell.

"His *Leper of the City of Aosta* is, in the literature of the heart, equal to Paul and Virginia; the *Journey around my Room* is only a pleasantry. The *Leper* is a tear, but a tear that flows for ever!"

Lamartine, in his *Confidences*, gives a pleasing picture of the De Maistre family, and likens a summer passed among its illustrious members in Savoy to the conversations of Boccaccio at his country-seat near Florence. They used to assemble beneath a clump of pines at the foot of Mont du Chat, overlooking the Arcadian valley of Chambery, so redolent of St. Francis de Sales, another genius not less poetical, and with no less delicacy of sentiment, but loftier than Xavier de Maistre; and sometimes they came together on a terrace over-arched by vine-hung elms before the Château de Servolex, the residence of Madame de Vigny, De Maistre's sister.

Count Joseph de Maistre, like a modern Plato, was the centre of this family group. His stature was lofty, his features fine and manly, his forehead broad and high, and, crowning all, floated his thin, silvery hair. His mouth was indicative of the delicate humor that characterized the family. His brothers regarded him with great respect, and used to gather around him to listen to the experiences of his exile. Even the Canon de Maistre, afterwards Bishop of Aosta, who looked like a Socrates, with features that had been softened and sanctified by the influences of Christianity, would hasten to close the breviary he had been reading in a secluded alley, and join the group.

And now and then came sweet interludes of soft Scythian airs through the open window of the château, which Mademoiselle de Maistre, a pensive, talented girl, was playing on the piano.

The writings of Count Xavier de Maistre, though not at all dogmatic, belong to Catholic literature. They are among the sweet blossoms that have unfolded under the pure light of Catholic influences, and with a delicacy of aroma not to be found in the forced hot-house plants of the world. We love to inhale their odor, and would not be the last to welcome the appearance of *The Journey around my Room*.

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THE HISTORY OF GREECE. By Professor Dr. Ernest Curtius. Translated by Adolphus William Ward, M.A. Vols. I. and II. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1871.

Dr. Ernest Curtius is impartial, and metes out strict justice to all whom he summons to the tribunal of history. Neither Spartan valor nor Athenian grace influences his judgment. He passes from the Eurotas Valley to the Acropolis without leaving in his train a single notion which would weigh in his decision on the men and things in Attica. And this impartiality is a rare gift in the writers of Grecian history, be they ancient or modern. Almost all take sides. Mitford holds the Spartan oligarchy to be the height of perfection in government, and makes it the standard by which the democracy of Athens is to be judged. The result is that in his pages the fair features of Athens are caricatured and distorted, while the stern features of Sparta are so flattered that not even Lycurgus would recognize them. On the other hand, Thirlwall, and many more besides, have not been able to escape the fascination of Athenian wit and elegance, and throughout their histories Athens is unduly favored. Dr. Curtius judges not of governments and institutions in the abstract, but he judges of them with reference to the peoples for whom they were intended, and thus has avoided the error into which so many have fallen. [140]

There are in the volumes before us two points which are particularly well handled. These are the origin of the Greek people, and the development of their religion. Mr. Mommsen, in his *History of Rome*, absurdly tells us that the ancient peoples of Italy were indigenous to the soil. This he does, doubtless, either to show his independence of revelation, or to save himself the trouble of further investigation, perhaps with both ends in view. Dr. Curtius is neither so disregarding of truth nor so saving of labor. By the aid of ethnography, philology, and historical research, he demonstrates that the Greeks and the Latins also belonged to the great Aryan family. He traces them back to their old homes in the Phrygian highlands, where, before their migrations westward, they occupied positions adjoining. The Latin tribes were the first to leave Asia Minor, then followed the Greeks in successive waves of migration through the Hellespont and Propontis.

The learned professor discusses at length the origin and development of the Greek Pantheon, and the conclusion arrived at is most satisfactory. He proves that the Greek tribes in their primitive simplicity worshipped the one only God—"The Zeus, who dwelt in light inaccessible." Gradually the primitive traditions began to wane, and the "Zeus who dwelt in light inaccessible" became the "Zeus who dwelt in sacred light over the oak-tops of the Lycæan mountain," still formless and unapproachable. But this Zeus was too near the earth to remain long formless and unapproachable. His worshippers soon began to approach him under different names, then under different forms, and, finally, they divided him up into the different gods of their Pantheon, so that the first and best known became the "Unknown God."

We have now pointed out some of the excellences of Dr. Curtius' history, but it has its defects, as every human work has, and one of these we deem it our duty to point out. Its chief defect is its

diffuseness; for diffuse it really is in many places. And because it is diffuse it is often monotonous and even prosaic. On the whole, however, the style is good, and abounds in elegant passages, which are well rendered by the translator. This defect is indeed the only one which justifies us in doubting whether the *History* will become popular, and receive the appreciation which it deserves.

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FASHION: THE POWER THAT INFLUENCES THE WORLD. By George P. Fox. New York: The American News Company. 1872.

The author of this work seems to have been “born with a divine idea of cloth.” According to him, fashionable dress is a preservative of morals. Easy and graceful garments are incompatible with deeds of violence. No one who ever honored the author with his patronage was ever convicted of a crime. We are as morally bound to offer a pleasing exterior to our friends as a smiling face. In Carlyle’s language, “Man’s earthly interests (to say the least) are all hooked and buttoned together by clothes. Society is founded on cloth.” The pen was once considered mightier than the sword, but shears are now in the ascendancy. “Dress makes the man, and want of it the fellow.” Dress is a duty we owe ourselves, and inattention to it indicates a want of respect to others. Man’s chief duty is to sacrifice to the graces. Our author is the high-priest of fashion. He makes dress almost a sacrament—as Hazlitt says, “an outward and visible sign of the inward harmony of the soul.” *Non possumus* does not seem to be in his code. There is no physical defect he cannot remedy. Witness the unhappy man in New York, with a long neck, low shoulders, and sallow complexion, at last able to hold up his head in society; the unfortunate British nobleman, whose attenuated and shapeless limbs are made to correspond more fully to our idea of sturdy John Bull; and President Fillmore’s life-long ambition for a pair of well-fitting pantaloons at length realized. Bow legs and knock-knees are all remedied. The old proverb of the Béarnais is verified: “*Habillez un bâton, il aura l’air d’un baron.*” A book that brings hope to all is a public benefaction. No Jonathan need despair of cutting a figure in the world after this, and he *should* not. Dress, its color, style, and fit, are all matters of momentous interest (being so interwoven with our morals), as well as manners and the carriage of the body, which are not overlooked in this volume. As to the latter, everybody knows a stoop in the shoulders sinks a man in public and private estimation.

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The *Saturday Review* calls our author a Transcendental Tailor, a title he evidently merits. The *devise* he assumed when he entered the *lists* was *Faire sans dire*, which Daniel Webster did him the honor of quoting in an address before the New York Historical Society, as well as wearing his transcendent—we almost said transcendental—garments, both living and dead, for the blue coat with a velvet collar and gold-wove cloth buttons that shrouded the immortal statesman are almost a matter of history, and have been sworn to in the most solemn manner before the mayor of New York.

But to go back to our *devise*. The author forgot it when he began to write. He must now make it: *Faire et dire*. However, he handles the pen almost as skilfully as the shears, and throws quite a glamour of poetry over the most common duties of the toilet. He ought to be a capital hand at a *hem-a-stitch*, as Rogers said of Béranger. He gives some excellent advice about dress (gentlemen’s, of course) and etiquette, but some of the chapters seem rather foreign to the subject. We cordially recommend the book to Mr. and Mrs. Veneering as they endeavor to adjust themselves at the glass of fashion, and to whosoever is entirely *wrapped up* in cloth.

We have been particularly interested in the published correspondence at the end of the volume of the various dignitaries in the political and literary world who sought the efficient co-operation of our Prince of Tailors. If dress is really an “emanation” of the soul (as well as from Mr. Fox’s “emporium”), and indicative of character, it is well to know that Mr. Fillmore’s ill-fitting garments might be owing to a judgment awry; the attenuated limbs of the British minister, which nothing had been able to hide, to a paucity of understanding; and the long neck of our New York friend, which had to be muffled, to an overreaching disposition. Who can tell?

Dress is certainly of the utmost importance to those who are conscious of no other recommendation. Diderot saw no difference between a man and his dog but the dress, and it would sometimes be hard to give a person his proper grade in the animal world without reference to his material garments, for it really does not do in our social world to follow Carlyle’s advice to look fixedly on clothes till they became transparent. It would lead to a fearful revolution in society.

Still, there are some, like Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, who “go in neck and crop for fashion,” who can bear such a clairvoyant eye. Mrs. Boffin was “a Highflier for Fashion,” but we entirely overlook that low evening dress of black sable which she does credit to (“her make is such”), in consideration of her large heart, and the affectionate readiness to salute her lord to the great detriment of her great black velvet hat and plumes.

Our author is really a phoenix sprung from the ashes of Beau Brummel.

“Kind Heaven has sent us another professor,  
Who follows the steps of his great predecessor.”

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As we read, we share the sensation he produced at the Presidential *levée* at Washington, clad in a blue coat out of the very web that furnished Mr. Webster’s last suit. The meeting of the President

of the United States of America, serenely conscious of his new clothes, and the President of Fashion, who so successfully cut them, reminds us of another meeting there which Irving compared to "two kings of Brentford smelling at one rose."

We cannot close without expressing our gratitude in particular for the fine suit of black our Prince of Tailors presented Father Mathew of blessed and abstemious memory.

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THE BOOK OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF ST. TERESA OF JESUS, OF THE ORDER OF OUR LADY OF CARMEL. Written by herself. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. London: Burns, Oates & Co. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

This volume contains, besides the work indicated in the title-page, *Annals of the Saint's Life*, by Don Vicente de La Fuente, *The Carmelite Rule* and *Constitutions*, and *The Visitation of Nunneries*, and *Maxims* of St. Teresa herself. The principal work is also more complete than any previous edition in English.

Those who are familiar with the wonderful story of St. Teresa's history will need no assurance that the spirit which animated her life also pervades her works. Indeed, the two are almost inseparable, her writings evidently being a faithful transcript of her whole history. Notwithstanding the signal favors she received from heaven, she seemed always oppressed with the idea of her own unworthiness. The prologue to the *Foundations* furnishes many valuable lessons to religious as well as those whose sphere of duty lies in the world. St. Teresa knew how to exert the utmost zeal and energy in the service of religion, with entire submission to her ecclesiastical superiors. The case of St. Teresa, moreover, is evidence of the way the church honors real reformers—by proposing them to the veneration of the faithful as canonized saints. As an indication of her humility, even the main work in this volume was undertaken, not to gratify any personal feeling, but in obedience to the command of her confessor. It contains a history of the religious houses, male and female, she established. In the face of great difficulties and discouragements, she persevered in her purpose, until the reform was recognized at Rome, and the Carmelite Order was divided into two branches, one under the milder observance, and her own under the stricter or primitive observance.

The lives of the saints present marvels exceeding in interest the dreams of poetry and romance, and we cannot do better than commend to those who jeopardize their innocence in the perusal of sensational figments of the imagination, to betake themselves to the more edifying and truly interesting lives and writings of the saints.

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SERMONS ON ECCLESIASTICAL SUBJECTS. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. Vol. I. American Edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1872.

Each new volume from Archbishop Manning is a precious addition to Catholic literature. The present collection of sermons has all the usual characteristics of the author, both as a preacher and as a writer. Great as many other sermons undoubtedly are, those of Dr. Manning possess a charm all their own. The oldest theme is never stale in his hands. His logic is always of the keenest, while his style is as clear and musical as a brook.

Of the sermons before us, we commend two especially. The first, on "The Church, the Spirit, and the Word"; and the sixth, "The Blessed Sacrament the Centre of Immutable Truth." The thirteenth will also be found of peculiar interest for American readers. It was preached in St. Joseph's College, Nov. 17, 1871. Its subject: "The Negro Mission."

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AN ESSAY ON THE DRUIDS, THE ANCIENT CHURCHES, AND THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND. By the Rev. Richard Smiddy. Dublin: W. B. Kelly. 1871. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

This is a very neat little publication, well-bound and handsomely printed. Those who have not leisure or opportunity to read Petrie's elaborate book on the Round Towers or the works issued by the Archæological Society will find in Mr. Smiddy's essay much valuable information regarding Irish antiquities, though in some of his views and theories he differs materially from preceding writers on the same class of subjects.

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SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY AND THE SOCIAL. By an Epicure. New York: De Witt C. Lent & Co. 8vo, pp. 526. 1872.

The author of this book, if author in the proper sense he may be called, has acted discreetly in withholding his name from the public, for, though a work not specially opposed to morality or truth, it is as little likely to increase the fame of the compiler or secure the approbation of the judicious as any of the many modern publications that teem from our metropolitan press, and depend almost altogether on the beauty of their illustrations and mechanical taste for public

patronage. We have a very high appreciation of the shrewdness and foresight of publishers as a class, but upon a cursory glance at the appearance of the book, and on a comparison of it with its homogeneous contents, we were inclined to think the firm of Lent & Co. was an exception until we noticed in a brief preface that thirty thousand copies of the original, of which the book before us is said to be an enlarged and improved edition, have been sold. This may or may not be a piece of exaggeration on the part of the publishers: if it be not, then we are sorry for the lack of sense and judgment on the part of so many of our fellow-beings. The work is compiled, not written, pretty much as it is said "leading articles" in remote Western journals are produced, by the efficient aid of the scissors and mucilage, and its general contents would be more in place in the columns of those second or third hand journals, under the stereotyped headings of "Facts and Fancies" or "Mirth and Fun," than in the imposing garb of a well-bound book. From cover to cover it is nothing but a compilation of old stories, thread-bare jokes, worn-out puns, stupid epitaphs, and references to historical and literary personages which are neither new nor original, and scarcely *apropos* to the subject they are intended to make interesting. There is some attempt at arrangement in the display of this useless learning, and here and there a pleasant little bit of chat, but the whole composition is so disjointed and puerile that the effect produced on the mind of the reader is anything but pleasurable. There is no discretion apparent in the selection of extracts and quotations, and no dignity in the tone of the entire work that would entitle it to the praise of even comparatively illiterate persons, though the generally good character of the engravings and its attractive exterior may secure some purchasers. Besides, its title gives no idea of its contents, and we hope not to be considered unkind when we offer the suggestion that, if the author should ever inflict another edition on a patient public, he will change it. *Hash* would be much more expressive and germane to the matter, *salad* being much too palatable a dish to be treated with such contumely.

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A REMEMBRANCE OF THE LIVING TO PRAY FOR THE DEAD. By James Mumford, Priest of the Society of Jesus. Reprinted from the Edition of 1661. With Appendix on the Heroic Act. By John Morris, Priest of the same Society. London: Burns, Oates & Co. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1871.

Those who have read Father Mumford's *Catholic Scripturist* or *Question of Questions* will need no assurance from us of the excellence of the present treatise. Those who are yet strangers to this old writer will find a peculiar charm in the work, if, at least, they have any liking for terseness, directness, and unction. Father Mumford is somewhat quaint; but that only adds to his style. Good works on Purgatory are not plentiful. This is one of the very best. It particularly inculcates, too, a duty we seldom appreciate sufficiently.

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LITTLE PRUDY'S FLYAWAY SERIES. Aunt Madge's Story. By Sophie May, author of "Little Prudy's Stories," "Dotty Dimple Stories," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1872.

This is a delightful little story for children, but this is saying nothing new, for Sophie May's stories always are. As Aunt Madge was not one of the "tremendous good" children, her story will, perhaps, have a special interest for the little ones.

P. F. CUNNINGHAM has in press and will soon publish *Marion Howard*, a story of much interest.

#### BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO., New York: A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. By J. P. Lange, D.D. Translated, enlarged, and edited by P. Schaff, D.D. Vol. IV. Containing Joshua, Judges, and Ruth. 8vo, pp. iv., 188, 261, 53.—Lectures on Science and Religion. By Max Müller, M.A. 12mo, pp. iv., 300.—Systematic Theology. By C. Hodge, D.D. Vol. II. 8vo, pp. 732.

From CARLTON & LANAHAN, New York: Three Score Years and Beyond. By Rev. W. H. De Puy, D.D. 8vo, pp. 512.—Jesus Christ. By E. de Pressensé, D.D. 12mo, pp. 312.—Pillars of the Temple. By Rev. W. C. Smith. 12mo, pp. 366.—Light on the Pathway of Holiness. By Rev. L. D. McCabe, D.D. 18mo, pp. 114.—The Land of the Veda. By Rev. W. Butler, D.D.

From D. APPLETON & CO., New York: Ballads of Good Deeds. By H. Abbey. 18mo, pp. 129.

From P. DONAHOE, Boston: The Fourfold Sovereignty of God. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. 18mo, pp. 272.—The Council of the Vatican. By Thomas, Canon Pope. 12mo, pp. xviii., 340.

From KELLY, PIET & CO., Baltimore: The Martyrs of the Coliseum. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. 12mo, pp. viii., 396.

From J. R. OSGOOD & CO., Boston: The Divine Tragedy. By H. W. Longfellow. 18mo, pp. iv., 150.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston: Half Truths and the Truth. By Rev. J. M. Manning, D.D. 12mo, pp. xii., 398.



- From the AUTHOR: Notes on Historical Evidence in Reference to Adverse Theories of the Origin and Nature of the Government of the United States. By J. B. Dillon. 8vo, pp. x., 141.
- From D. & J. SADLER & Co., New York: The Devil. By Father Delaporte. 18mo, pp. viii., 202.
- From KREUZER BROS., Baltimore: Triumph of the Blessed Sacrament. By Rev. M. Müller, C.S.S.R. 18mo, pp. 146.—The Catholic Priest. By Rev. M. Müller, C.S.S.R. 18mo, pp. 163.
- From G. ROUTLEDGE & SONS, New York: The Moral of Accidents. By the late Rev. T. T. Lynch. 12mo, pp. xviii., 415.—Una and Her Paupers.—Memorials of Agnes E. Jones. By her Sister. With an Introduction by Florence Nightingale. First American Edition. With an Introductory Preface by Rev. H. W. Beecher. 12mo, pp. xlvi., 497.
- From P. O'SHEA, New York: Lectures on the Church. By Rev. D. A. Merrick, S.J. 12mo, pp. iv., 263.
- From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia: Wear and Tear. By S. W. Mitchell. 18mo, paper, pp. 59.
- From R. CODDINGTON, New York: The Church and the World. By Rev. T. S. Preston, D.D. Paper, pp. 30.
- From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston: The To-Morrow of Death. By Louis Figuier. 12mo, pp. viii., 395.
- From C. C. CHATFIELD & Co., New Haven: Logical Praxis. By H. N. Day. 12mo, pp. viii., 148.
- Proceedings of the Third Annual Session of the American Philological Association, held at New Haven, Conn., July, 1871. [The Third Annual Meeting of the Association will be held in Providence, R. I., July 24, 1872, at 3 P.M.]
- We are under obligations to the Author for a copy of Evolution and its Consequences. (Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*.) A Reply to Prof. Huxley. By St. Geo. Mivart, F.R.S.

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## THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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# DUTIES OF THE RICH IN CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

## NO. IV. DUTIES TO THE CHURCH.

If we look at one aspect of Christian society, we cannot help being overwhelmed with astonishment at the number and the greatness of the generous deeds and sacrifices which crowd and adorn its history. The noble, the powerful, the highly gifted, the wealthy, have lavished their possessions, their labors, their lives, for their fellow-men, in such a way as really to merit our wonder when we think of the weakness of human nature and the rarity of disinterested philanthropy among those who are not Christians. But, if we look at another aspect of the same, the amount of meanness, selfishness, and baseness which meets our view makes us wonder that Christian faith has, after all, produced so little really rare and rich fruit in the soil of human nature. The little which we do find is so perfect that we are astonished not to see more of the same quality produced by the same causes and influences. When we think of the motive which men have for making sacrifices, and of the example which has been given them—that is, that the Lord of heaven has died on the cross for mankind—the conduct of those Christians who have followed that example by the practice of heroic perfection seems merely the fulfilment of a plain, Christian duty of gratitude. On the other hand, the conduct of those Christians who live a selfish and unworthy life appears not only in a mean and ignoble, but even in an atrocious, light. That we belong absolutely to God, that we have been redeemed by the blood of Christ, that we have only one lawful end to our life on the earth, which is to glorify God and merit to be glorified by him hereafter, are first truths which no Catholic ever thinks of denying or doubting. These truths caused some of the saints to renounce literally everything for Jesus Christ, and others to administer the power and wealth which they retained, exclusively for the glory of God and the good of their fellow-men. The saints are only examples of the highest degrees of those virtues of the same kind which constitute the character of all really good Christians. Every rich man, therefore, who wishes to be a good Christian, must have the same devotion to the faith, to the church, to the cause of God, of Christ, and of the Vicar of Christ on earth, which the saints had. Devotion to the church sums up the whole, because it includes or implies everything. This devotion must precede, direct, and dominate over every intention, motive, object, and undertaking of life. The obligation to it lies in the very nature of baptism. The baptized person is wholly devoted to the service of the Lord who has redeemed him, signed him with his own peculiar mark, and given him a title to the crown of celestial glory. The nature and extent of the service due varies with the position and the talents of the individual. The one who receives one talent is bound to gain one more with it. This may mean, for instance, that this particular man, or that particular woman, is bound to no other service to the church than to bring up well some three or five children, to come to Mass and the sacraments with them, to live an honest life, and to make some small contributions to the treasury of the church. The one who receives five talents is also bound to gain five more. The explication of the sense of this, and its application to particular cases, are easily made. Whatever the talents conferred on any individual may be, all must be devoted primarily to the sacred cause of the Catholic Church. It is the kingdom of Christ; it is the only hope of salvation to the world; it is the ark of safety to the individual himself with whom we are speaking. Into that church he has been baptized at the font, and made its child, its citizen, and its subject. There is no escape from its allegiance except by treason. The character of baptism is ineffaceable, and no one who bears that mark has any rights over himself, his talents, or his possessions, except such as are conceded to him by the law of Christ. "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." "Henceforth, no one liveth to himself, and no one dieth to himself." It is necessary to live and die as a member of the Catholic Church, in order to live honorably and to die happily. As it is only by partaking in the common life of the church that its individual members have any life of their own, it is their first duty to promote that common life. The law of life is the law of duty: the greater and stronger and more important the member is, the greater is the service it is bound to render to the body.

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The duties of Catholics who belong to the higher and more wealthy class in society to the church are very various, numerous, and heavy. One portion of them coincides to a great extent with their obligations to the poor and miserable, of which notice was taken in our last number. The obligation of succoring their fellow-creatures because they are of the same blood through Adam, and made in the rational image of the same God, becomes more sacred towards those who are brethren in Christ through baptismal grace. How is it possible for Christians who expect to be saved through the infinite charity of Jesus Christ to revel in splendor, luxury, and enjoyment, and at the same time to look with heartless indifference on the want and suffering of those who are the dearest friends of Christ? If they are charitable and kind-hearted, as every true Christian must be, the charities of the church are so numerous and extensive as to tax their generosity to the utmost. There is great scope for private and personal charity toward individuals, but the great organized works of general charity must be carried on by the clergy or religious societies. The funds which they are ordinarily able to procure for these works are, in proportion to the necessities clamoring for relief, like the five loaves and two small fishes which the disciples of Christ set before the famishing multitude of five thousand men, besides women and children. These small funds come in great part from the almsgiving of laboring people, or from the various devices of lectures, fairs, concerts, etc., to which the managers of charitable works are obliged to resort. After all has been done, the Catholic priest, the charitable layman who makes his round of visits in the name of the St. Vincent de Paul's Society, the Sister of Charity, are hardly able to do more than help those who are in want of the absolutely necessary clothing, food, and fire with

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which to keep off the gaunt death that grins at them out of every corner of their life. The demands upon charity are constant, multifarious, and pressing. They are made chiefly upon priests, who have already given up everything for God. It is plain, therefore, that it is the duty of the rich to furnish them liberally and abundantly with the means for supplying these demands.

The building of churches, their decoration, the furnishing of sacred vessels and ornaments for the sanctuary, and other works directly connected with the service and worship of the divine Majesty, are objects demanding a truly immense outlay of money. So far as concerns that which is necessary for the ministering of the word and sacraments of Christ, these spiritual wants of the people take precedence of their bodily necessities. So far as the decoration, splendor, and dignity of religion only are concerned, they come next after the more essential works of charity. Add to the buildings which are immediately devoted to divine worship, all those which belong to colleges, schools, orphanages, etc., and the work demanded of the Catholics of the United States appears colossal, and would seem impossible, did we not see before our eyes so much of it already accomplished. Then, there are the most just and imperative claims of the Holy Father, and the pathetic appeals of the foreign missions, never so pressing as at the present moment, when the downfall of the power of France has left them so denuded of the succor which they formerly received from that most generous nation. The naïve response which a most estimable French lady once gave to a priest who asked her for a donation to a good work in this city, very well expresses the true state of the case in hand: "Very much call, very little fund." Nowhere is this more literally true than in New York. The most extreme liberality of all the Catholics of this city who have anything to spare, whether rich or poor, would not yield the means of furnishing a sufficient number of churches, schools, and other means for supplying the spiritual and corporal wants of our swarming and increasing population. Millions might be used at the present moment, if they could be had, in works of the most practical utility and even necessity. When a city or a nation is in straits through the calamities of war, pestilence, or famine, all its citizens are expected to strain every nerve and to make heroic sacrifices for its relief. No city or nation has a thousandth part of the claim to devotion from its citizens which the church possesses. And the church, always militant, is always in straits, at least in some part of her great empire, always suffering from the effects of the perpetual warfare waged against her, from pestilential vices and sins among her children, from a famine of the word and sacraments of Christ among the most neglected and abandoned of her people. God alone can help her efficiently. But men must struggle to help themselves, if they expect God to help them. Our Lord demanded of his disciples to feed the hungry multitude, and ordered them to set before them the whole of their own scanty provisions. "He himself knew what he would do," and he did it by multiplying miraculously the loaves and fishes of his disciples. God alone can rescue the famishing and perishing multitudes of Christendom and heathendom from the abyss of temporal and spiritual ruin and death which yawns under their feet. Society must be reconstructed on a Christian basis, and by mighty, organic movements, in which the church and the state, the hierarchy, both ecclesiastical and civil, and all the powers contained in the bosom of society, in harmonious concert of action, labor together for a common end, it must work out its own regeneration and the Christian civilization of the human race; or the work will remain for ever incomplete. Christendom is full of deadly disorders and wounds, inflicted on it by the fell power of schism, heresy, and infidelity. Only Catholic unity can heal it, and combine its members in the work assigned to it by divine Providence, and only a miracle of grace can restore to that unity the severed and disorganized parts, close up the deadly gashes in the living body, and reanimate it with complete health. The zeal, activity, and wealth of the whole community, collected in the communion of the Catholic Church, would be sufficient for as thorough a regeneration of New York, and of the whole United States, as the most sanguine optimist could ever expect to see brought about in any country in the world. Christendom, united in itself, and governed on Christian principles, would absorb into itself on a century the entire world. But meanwhile, the faithful and loyal children of the church must do what they can, and await the time for God to do what he has determined, and to a great extent made conditional in the efforts of men. The most of our Catholic people in the United States have, on the whole, fulfilled the duty of contributing the funds required for carrying on the works of the church remarkably well. Whether the richer portion of them have done their fair share, is a question not so easy to answer. Instances of princely generosity have not been wanting, and to a considerable extent there has been a creditable liberality manifested by the wealthier classes of Catholics when they have been publicly or privately solicited to aid in religious or other charitable works. That there are some who are niggardly in their disposition, and many who are more sparing and moderate in their charities than they ought to be, can hardly be doubted. The comparatively small number of wealthy men in the Catholic community has necessarily thrown the great burden of supporting the institutions of the church upon the mass of the people who are not rich. There is nothing in this to complain of. If the rich do their fair share, it is no disgrace to them that they enjoy the benefits which have been chiefly purchased by the money of the laboring classes. But if they fall behind their proportion, it is a real disgrace to them, because they receive in that case for nothing, and as an alms from the poor, something which they ought to have paid for.

The church demands something more than a portion of the surplus of the wealth of the rich. She demands the consecration and devotion of the minds, the wills, the time, the efforts of all the *élite* of her laity, of those who are rich in intellectual gifts and acquisitions, as well as of those who are rich in gold and silver. The principal medium of the operation of this devotion at the present time are voluntary associations under the sanction and direction of the hierarchy. These associations have for their scope the organization of charitable works, the diffusion of knowledge, resistance to the enemies of the church, the defence of the Holy See, and general co-operation with the clergy in the extension of the Catholic religion. We will not enlarge on this theme, at

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present, as we have promised to make our articles very brief, and an essay on the subject has already appeared in our pages. What we have said will be sufficient, we trust, to stimulate all those who are imbued with the spirit of Catholic faith to greater zeal and effort in the sacred cause of the church, in which the laity have as great an interest as the clergy.

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# ANNIVERSARY OF BAPTISM.

BY A CONVERT.

On this steep pathway, which, with prayers, I climb,  
I pause a moment—as a traveller might,  
Weary and footsore, and in dusty plight,  
Hearing, far off, the clear, melodious chime  
Of bells that mark the swiftly passing time:  
Then, as he pauses on the beetling height,  
Through filming distance fixes his keen sight  
On one faint speck, his starting point at prime,  
And takes fresh courage for the sharp ascent—  
Thus do I pause to-day; my steadfast eye  
Fixed on that point of time, in which doth lie  
The germ of all which can my soul content;  
On which my waking thoughts, my dreams, are bent:  
Then, turn where life's still summits touch th' eternal sky.

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# THE HOUSE OF YORKE.

## CHAPTER XXVIII. GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-BY.

It is well for us that faith is able to decipher what De Quincey calls "the hieroglyphic meanings of human suffering"; and that, though the interpretation should not at once be made plain to us, we may, at least, be sure that it is merciful. As St. Peter stands supreme, holding in his hand the shining keys of heaven, which none but he can set in the wards, and none but he can turn, so to each Christian on earth is given the golden key to a personal heaven, and none but he can open the door, and none but he can close it. Within that door sits the interpreter, and when the soul is still it hears his voice reading, with praise and amen, both day and night: and some riddles he makes clear, and on some he sets the seal with the Holy Name; and that is God's secret, and one day he will speak to the soul concerning it. He who seeks to tear away that seal finds only darkness and confusion; but he who folds his hands above it will at last be illuminated.

Never once during his trial had Dick Rowan rebelled against God, or questioned him. Nature might writhe in pain, and forget for a time the words of praise, but it submitted; and, according to the tumult and darkness that had prevailed, so were the light and peace that followed. It was thorough work, as all the work in this soul had been from the first, and his convalescence was like a new birth.

On the morning after Edith's parting with Carl Yorke, Dick remained in his room unvisited, keeping all his strength for that first drive. At length the carriage came to the door, and Mr. Williams, who had insisted on remaining at home to superintend what he called the "launching" of his step-son, came down-stairs with Dick. Mrs. Williams, all smiles, followed after, rustling in silks donned in honor of this great occasion. Edith and Ellen Williams stood in the entry, awaiting the little procession. Miss Ellen, blushing and bedizened, was to accompany the two on their drive. Edith had preferred to stay at home and prepare for her evening exodus to Hester's.

"Why, Dick, you look like an Esquimaux!" she exclaimed. "I cannot even see your nose. How are you to get any fresh air?"

He laughed. "I told mother that I could not breathe anything but fur; but she is a tyrant."

"It isn't often I get the chance to play the tyrant over you," Mrs. Williams remarked, and began giving orders to have sundry hot soap-stones, and gay afghans put into the carriage.

"Mother," her son exclaimed, "I am ashamed of having such a fuss made over me! I will run away. I will leave the country. I will go back to bed."

He really blushed, and seemed annoyed.

They went out, and there was the parade of getting settled in their places, Mrs. Williams pleasantly conscious, and her son distressfully so, that several of the neighbors were looking on with interest. The inquiries for Dick had, indeed, been constant from all the neighborhood, even from persons with whom they had no acquaintance. Not a woman, young or old, but had looked kindly on the young sailor, and known when he sailed away, and when he came back; not a child but smiled and nodded to him through the window when he passed. Of course they had all surmised that the lovely young girl whom they had seen there before, and who had now been taking care of him, was one day to be his wife. She divided their attention with him as she stood on the step, and watched him drive away.

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It was the hour of the steamer's departure; and when Edith was alone, she shut herself into her chamber, and, kneeling there, prayed fervently that God would keep the traveller wherever he might wander, and that, though far from her, he might be ever near to heaven.

She did not leave her room when she heard the others come home; and after a while Mrs. Williams came to say that Dick would like to see her.

"We had a delightful drive, and he is not a bit the worse for it," the mother said. "He will be well enough to go to Mrs. Cleaveland's to see you, now; but I think he wants to have a good talk with you before you go away. He told me not to let any one interrupt."

Edith knew well what the summons meant, and with one upward aspiration, "O Spirit of light and truth!" she went immediately.

Dick was sitting in his arm-chair by the window when she entered, and he looked around with a bright smile and greeting, "Well, little sister!" and motioned her to a chair near him.

On hearing that title, she stopped, and clasped her hands on her bosom.

"It was a brother who sent for you," he said. "Come!"

She seated herself, speechless, almost breathless.

"Edith, where is Carl Yorke?" he asked gently.

She gave the answer with a quiet that looked like coldness. "He left in the steamer to-day for England. From there he continues his travels to the East, I do not know where else. No person is to know this but you and me, as his mother cannot be told."

The color and the smile left Dick Rowan's face. Surprise and pain for a moment deprived him of the power of speech.

"I am astonished and distressed!" he said, at length. "I wished to see him, to talk with him. But that he is not a Catholic, I should have wished to see you married soon."

A deep blush of wounded delicacy rushed to Edith's cheeks. "Dick Rowan," she said, "you have yet much to learn about women, or, at least, about me. Whatever feelings of sympathy and affection I may have had for Carl Yorke, my conduct and conversation with him have been irreproachable, and so have my thoughts even. The thought of marriage has not crossed my mind. I do not wish to hear you speak of it."

Her dignified answer disconcerted him for a moment. He had made the mistake nearly always made by men, often made by women, of misinterpreting the nature, or, at least, the degree of development, of an affection as yet angelically pure, if ardent.

"You were quite right in supposing that I would marry no one but a Catholic," she remarked.

"I have done you a great wrong, Edith," he said hastily, "and I wish to repair it as far as I can. [152] But, first, will you tell me why you promised to marry me?"

"Because you told me that your life hung in the balance, and that I was your only hope and aim," she answered. Her voice trembled slightly, and her eyes softened as she remembered how nearly he had spoken the truth. "You had been my first and most faithful friend. I considered my obligations stronger to you than any one else. I could not tolerate the thought of your suffering through me, when I was the only person you cared for."

While she spoke, his eyes were downcast, and a deep color burned in his face. "Did my dependence on you attract your affection?" he asked, still looking down.

"It attracted my pity and anxiety," she replied, without hesitation. "I should respect more a man who would be able to live without me. I do not believe that these violent feelings are either healthy or lasting; and I would not choose to act the Eastern myth of the tortoise supporting a world."

"Oh! how mean I was!" he exclaimed. "How contemptibly selfish! Let me tell you all. I had a strong affection for you, that is true; but I can see now that there were unworthy motives mingled with it. There were pride, ambition, and self-will. I was determined to take you away from Carl Yorke. I knew that he thought of you, and I believed that he would win you, unless I prevented it. Your antecedents of birth, your tastes and social position, your kind of education, all were the same, and made you suited to each other. I said to myself that my being a Catholic gave me the precedence; but in my heart I knew that there was no reason why he, as well as I, should not receive the gift of faith. I knew, indeed, that his friendship for Alice Mills had predisposed him toward it, and that he read Catholic books. But I was determined to have you. I did not dare to ask if you would be quite content. I would not contemplate any other possibility. When I asked you if you were willing, it was only after you had promised. I confess this with shame and contrition!"

"Dick," Edith asked breathlessly, "have you quite got over caring very much about me? Are you not disappointed?"

He raised his face, and all the shame and distress passed away from it. "The only disappointment I am now capable of feeling," he said, with the emphasis of truth, "would be in case any earthly object should come between me and God. In the last few weeks I have learned to shrink with fear and aversion from all earthly affection. There is nothing but harm in those attachments which are so strong that the loss of their object brings destruction. They are mistaken in their aim. Why, Edith, what I worshipped in you was not simply what you are, a good and amiable girl, but a goddess. You were magnified in my eyes, I put you in a niche. That niche is now empty. Or, no!" he added, raising his brightening eyes, "it is not empty, but the right one stands there. You could never have satisfied the enthusiasm of my expectation. The great and wonderful good which I vaguely looked for with you, I should never have won. I mistook my object."

He looked out thoughtfully, and she sat looking at him. At length he said, with a faint smile, "I [153] wrote you last year of a visit I paid to the island and cave of Capri. That scene is like my past life. That cave was an enchanted place, so fair, so blue, so unreal! All ordinary critical sense deserted me as I gazed. I could easily have believed that the walls and ceiling were of jewels, and the watery floor some magical blue wine. As I sat in the boat and looked back, I saw a white star in the distance. Everything but that, and a long white ray from it, was blue. I rowed toward that star, I looked at it as my goal, just as I made you my goal. But when I came near, I found that it was no star. It was only the low entrance to the cave. Or, rather, it was for me the passage to sunshine and the heavens. And that you have been to me, Edith," he said, turning toward her. "Thank God that your influence with me has always been for good, and that, in leaving you, I progress rather than change! You inspired me, and kept me from what was low, when I had no religion to help me. I can see it all now. The very excess and enthusiasm of my affection for you was necessary in order to govern me and keep me from harm. Besides, it is my nature to do with my might what my hands find to do. I was not then capable of resolving to do right for the sake of right; but when I was strong enough, then you drew aside, and left me face to face with God!"

His breath came quickly, and his wide-opened eyes were fixed on the western sky, and caught its golden light.

"Of course there was a struggle," he resumed, "for I was sincere. But that is over. My unreasonable affection for you is as thoroughly eradicated as if it had never been a part of my life. I am ashamed of having so given myself up to it."

Edith hesitated, then put the test. "Dick, I must be satisfied that I am really free. If you were sure

now that no other, deeper sympathy stood between me and you, and that I were ready and willing to fulfil my engagement with you, would you still say that God alone held your heart?"

His expression was one of terror and shrinking. "It is not so, Edith!" he exclaimed. "God forbid that it should be so! I could no more go back to those hopes and wishes of the past than I could be a little boy again!"

After the momentary fear and suspense that had accompanied her question, Edith's first feeling was one of joyful relief and freedom, her second an indignant sense of the wrong that had been done her. She rose from her chair, walked to the other window, and stood there looking out with eyes that saw no object before her. Her mind glanced swiftly back over the last year and a half. She remembered the bright peacefulness of her life, yet half-enshrouded in the mists of childhood, the vision of her womanhood shining large and vague just above the line of her eyelids; for she cared not yet to look at or question that future. She recollected the hopes and aims that had begun to form themselves, of doing good, of making herself such a Catholic as would be a credit to the faith, of helping and instructing her poor, of trying to bring her uncle's family into the church; and she remembered a faint rose-tinge of personal happiness, soft and rare, and too delicate to be seen, but felt by some finer intuition. Then came the sudden call that had put her life in confusion, the future wrenched rudely open, the many clustering interests trampled by one that demanded to be made paramount. And there was no more cause than this!

Indignation swelled to the point of speech. She turned about, and faced Dick Rowan, and her eyes flashed.

"You may well be ashamed," she said, "for you have been unmanly! I do not speak of what I have suffered in my own mind; but you have exposed my reputation, which, next to my character, I hold sacred. You have deprived me of your mother's friendship; for she will never cease to blame me. You have had me proclaimed as your promised wife, every one supposing that the promise was freely given. Yet, when I went down-stairs that day, I was like a victim going to be immolated. Nothing but prayer had strengthened my resolution. I thought that a refusal would be your destruction. You had said as much. You have exposed me to the condemnation of shallow judges, who will be only too glad to find fault. Those people who pronounce without knowing, and think that they can include the motives of another's whole life in three words, will all condemn me. I, who have tried with constant watchfulness to walk to a hair's-breadth in the path of womanly propriety, shall be pointed at as the girl who jilted you and broke your heart. And all this, not from the blindness of real affection, which would have excused you in my eyes, but from will, and pride, and a mere fascination. Don't tell me of eradicating a real affection. It may be conquered, and made subject to duty; but sympathy is not to be eradicated. That feeling which has died in your heart was, indeed, a false blossom." [154]

She turned and stretched her hands out toward the East, where, far away, the steamer that bore Carl Yorke ploughed the twilight wave. "O Carl! you would not have done it," she cried, and burst into tears; the usual womanly peroration to such a discourse.

"O God, accept my humiliation!"

She heard that tremulous prayer through her sobs, and, starting, looked at Dick. His face was bowed forward in his hands, as though he could never again raise it. She recollected herself. It was God who had cured and enlightened him. He was not a man who had turned from one fickle fancy to another. He was in the hands of God.

She wiped her eyes, and, after a little while, went and knelt beside his chair. "Forgive me, Dick, for reproaching you so," she said. "It is over now. We all make mistakes, and those only do well who acknowledge them, and forgive others. My childhood's dear friend, let us forget all that is painful in the past. God will direct. There is much in life besides marrying and giving in marriage, and I do not wish to think of that again, not for a long, long time, if at all. Set the seal on the events of the last two years. They never happened. I am happy now. You know that, though I was born at the North, I have a Southern temper. See! the little cyclone is past, and I am clear from every cloud. We are two sober friends, who wish each other no end of good. Tell me what you mean to do."

He raised his head, and the one absorbing interest of his new life came back and obliterated the passing trouble. "I do not know, Edith, and I lay no plans. I have no reason to trust my own will or wish. I give myself up entirely to direction, and am certain on but one point: God will not let me go, and I will not let him go. When I lay bruised and helpless before him, he took me in his arms and healed me, and I will never know another love. He has kindled a fire in my heart which my life shall guard. I rejected him once, but will never again. That night I spent in the church, before my baptism, a voice from the altar asked me, I thought, to give up all for God; and it would have been easy then for me to promise. As I meditated on heaven, the Mother of Christ drew to herself all that is lovely in woman; all that was strong, and true, and protecting in a guide clustered around the church; all that was adorable, that passed beyond speech, was there before me in the tabernacle. I thought then that to be a brother in any religious order, or a servant in the church, to sleep under the same roof that sheltered the head of Christ, to light the candles, to care for his altar, to serve Mass, all that would be the highest honor and happiness. I think so now, but I ask nothing. I thought then with self-contempt how I had toiled to earn money, when the 'inexhaustible riches of God' had lain untouched at my hand; how I had travelled to see the wonders of the earth, when the wonders of God had appealed to me in vain. But when daylight came, I treated the whole as a dream, a mere exaltation of the fancy, and impracticable. I know now that what I took for a dream is the only reality, and what I thought reality is but a dream. I resisted the inspiration, and have been lacerated on the briars of my own obstinacy." [155]



He paused, looking out toward the west, and in the fine golden light that was left from sunset, with the new moon and the evening star half-drowned there, his face looked beautiful. Calmness, humility, solemnity, and sweetness mingled in its expression.

Edith whispered a low "Well, Dick?" to make him speak again; for he had, apparently, forgotten her.

"Father John has promised me that I may make a retreat as soon as he thinks me well enough," he said, rousing himself at the sound of her voice. "I do not look beyond that. I do not know anything. I wait." And again there was silence.

After a while, Edith said timidly, for he seemed buried in a reverie, "Do you remember last year, Dick, when we went about the city, like two strange sight-seers? You said then that the poor and the suffering looked at you in an asking way different from the look they gave others. Don't you think it might have been the Lord who asked through their eyes?"

"I have not a doubt of it," he answered.

"Nothing else is of worth!" he said after a minute, as if speaking to himself—"nothing else is of worth!" And again, "O miserable waste!"

Presently she spoke again, very softly: "Sometimes, when one has meditated a long while, everything seems unspeakably good and beautiful, as if all were in God. A warmth and sweetness flow around the soul. If your enemy should come to injure you, you would embrace him. If your friend were taken away from you, you would smile, and let him go. For, turning to the Lord, you find all there. Nothing is lost. When you go away, you feel still, and speak lowly. You want to do something for some one; and, wherever you look, you see the Lord, and whatever you do is done for him. He accepts it all, and nothing is small, and nothing is great. If you see any one suffer, you pity, and try to help, and, perhaps, you weep; but the agony of pain you feel at other times at the sight of suffering, you do not feel now. You get a glimpse of the reason why angels can witness so much pain, yet still be happy."

Dick, looking out at the sky, smiled. "Yes!" he said, "yes!"

A carriage drove up to the door, Hester's carriage, come for Edith. Twilight had fallen softly round them, and their faces were dim to each other in that curtained chamber. [156]

"My dear friend," Edith said earnestly, "is there peace between us?"

"All is peace, Edith," he answered.

"Then, before I go," she said, "I want you to put your hand on my head, and say, 'God bless you!'"

He did as she bade him, laid his hand on her head, and said, "God bless you for ever! Good-night!"

Both of them knew that good-night meant good-by, yet they parted with a smile.

## **CHAPTER XXIX. EVERYBODY'S CHAPTER.**

The family had come to Boston, and were settled in their old home. The change had not been effected without emotion, and, to the surprise of all, the one most moved was Mr. Yorke. Whether, with that noble self-control in which men so much excel women, he had carefully concealed the real misery of his life in Seaton, or whether the return to their former home reminded him that it had been lost by his act, we will not attempt to say, for he did not. He was silent and very pale, and, as he entered the house, stood on the threshold a moment, with an expression in his face which touched the hearts of all. One might read in his look the consciousness that a great change had passed over him since last he stood there, and that the return did not bring him the happiness he had anticipated.

Perhaps nothing in life is more sad than to have a boon long sought for at length accorded to us, and to find that we have lost the power to take delight in its possession.

The furniture and baggage had been sent in advance, and Hester and Edith had superintended the arrangement of everything, so that all was ready for them. Their last week in Seaton had been spent with Major Cleaveland, at his house there. He had kept it open for that purpose, and remained to assist and accompany them, while his wife and children had preceded him to the city.

Hester went to meet her family at the depot, and Edith stood in the door when they drove up, and ran joyfully out to embrace them. The house was bright, and dinner was ready. To Mrs. Yorke, there was but one blot on the occasion, and that was her son's absence. But he had written her with such affection and cheerfulness that she did not grieve too much. Besides, she expected him soon to return.

Dinner over, Hester and her husband went to their own home, and the family sat once more together in their old, familiar sitting-room. The situation was one to provoke emotion or thoughtfulness. Clara set herself to cheer the company, and put sentiment into the background.

"The first trouble in changing one's residence," she said, "is to make people remember one's address. Fortunately, our number, 96, is peculiar. It is the only created thing I know, except the planets, which is not changed nor disconcerted by being turned upside down. Turn it as you will, stand on your head and look at it, tear the house down, still the number 96 smiles on you unchanged, and as changeless as a star. It is a very proper number to have on a house." [157]

They all sat and looked at her, smiling slightly, glad to be amused.

"The next thing is," she pursued, "to prevent our friends going to extremes in making their new estimate of us. They must be made to comprehend that, though we have positively renounced the German, we are not Puritans nor ascetics; and that, though we have written, do write, and mean to write in future, and to put ourselves in print whenever we feel so disposed, we do not set up as geniuses. Papa," she said, suddenly interrupting herself, "why is not the plural of genius *genii*? I always want to say *genii*."

"They mean about the same thing," Mr. Yorke remarked; and there was silence again for a while.

The night was calm, the street quiet, but there was that unmistakable feeling that a great press of human life is near. It was not the presence which one feels in the woods, where nature is obedient to its Maker, and the soul is lifted by the constantly ascending homage that surrounds it, but a lateral influence, electrical and exciting, of contending human wills.

Clara was again the one to break silence. "Trees, and toads, and mosses, and no market, are all very charming for a change," she said. "But if one does not live in the city, the city should be near. A man or a woman without society is no better than a vegetable. You remember, papa, how Bolingbroke took root among his trees. And what delights one has in the city! There is music. O the violins!—the soprano witch among instruments! If Pan invented the pipe, the original of the organ, then Æolus invented this instrument of airy octaves. Those old painters were right who put violins into the hands of their musical angels. Give a violin time enough, and the music of it will gradually eat up the whole body, or etherealize it, till some day the musician, touching carefully his precious film of a Cremona, will find it melt in his hands, and disappear in a harmonious sigh. Ladies and gentlemen, I should like to hear this moment a whirlwind of violins, ten thousand, say, blowing through a vast hall with clustered pillars, and dusky nooks and reaches, and arches everywhere, and a sultry, fragrant dimness through it all, and an immense crowd holding their breaths to listen, and, away up in the roof, little birds perched, as they are in Notre Dame, at Paris, and trembling with fear and wonder through all their downy feathers. And when it was over, people would look at each other, and some would smile, and some laugh out with delight; and the birds would venture two or three little silvery peeps, then flutter about as though nothing had happened. Yes, the city is the place to live in."

"And then," said Edith, "one can always go to church."

Clara immediately gave her cousin an enthusiastic embrace. "Oh! you darling little bigoted Papist!" she exclaimed.

Melicent, sitting in the chimney-corner, was engrossed in her own thoughts. She was, perhaps, meditating on that romance of which Clara had written to Edith. A villainously ugly, but tenderly-beloved Scotch terrier lay on the hearth-rug, his eyes fixed on the fire, and seemed to muse. Mrs. Yorke bent toward him, touched him lightly, and quoted Champfleuri, *apropos* of cats: "*A quoi pense l'animal qui pense?*" and added a definition she had heard somewhere: "The brute creation is a syllogism, of which the conclusion is in the mind of God."

This brought them to the point to which their thoughts naturally tended that evening. God, and the meanings of God, claimed their attention. [158]

"We are all tired," Melicent said. "Shall we have prayers now, papa?"

The Bible was brought, Betsey sent for, and they waited in silence for Mr. Yorke to begin the reading. He sat with his hand on the open page, and looked into the fire a moment, then looked at his wife.

"Amy, I would like, for to-night, to have all my family worship together," he said. "After to-night, we can go our different ways. Let Patrick and Mary and Anne be called in, and, since they cannot unite with us, let us unite with them. Are you willing?"

Mrs. Yorke blushed with surprise, but made no objection. Melicent drew herself up, but no one observed her. Mr. Yorke turned smilingly to his niece. "Well, Edith, if you Catholics will listen to a chapter from me, I will listen to your prayers, and join in them as far as I can."

She did not say anything as she rose to call the servants, but, in passing her uncle, she laid a loving hand on his shoulder, and looked her gratitude and delight.

Patrick and the girls had too much confidence in Edith to hesitate, though they wondered much at her summons. Seated in the midst of the circle, they listened while Mr. Yorke read a psalm, then they knelt down. There was a moment's pause. The Yorkes were accustomed to sit while their prayers were read. Then Mr. Yorke knelt, and wife and daughters followed his example, Melicent involuntarily, and making a motion to get up again as soon as she was down, but concluding to stay. Episcopalians kneel, she reflected, and she could mentally kneel with them. Edith led the prayers, and her tremulous voice conciliated the good-will of the listeners.

It was the first time any of this family had ever assisted at a private Catholic devotion, and they were astonished to perceive how every circumstance and need of man was met by this perfect spiritual science. The devotion was not something apart from life, but an aspiration and petition from every thought and act of life. The invocation to the Holy Spirit, the recommendation to place themselves in the presence of God, the pause for the examination of conscience, the act of contrition following it, the preparation for death—a Catholic knows them all, but to a Protestant their effect is startling.

Never again would their own devotions seem to this family other than dry and unsatisfying; never would one of them again be in trouble or danger, but the impulse would be to utter the voice of

Catholic prayer.

In taking up their old life again, the Yorkes were surprised to find that they had grown more earnest and simple during the years they had spent in retirement. Mrs. Yorke had lost much of her love for fashion and luxury, the daughters were astonished at the frivolity of some of their former pleasures, and Mr. Yorke cared less for heathen literature, and felt more interest in the poor and ignorant.

Edith was happy in her religion; but, though she went to Mass every day when she could, had a mind too enlightened and well balanced to find her religion only in going to church. She was not in the least a gushing young lady: hers was a deep and silent enthusiasm which moved to action rather than speech. The persecution of Catholics was going on in Massachusetts also, and Governor Gardner and his motley legislature were making juries the judges of the law as well as of the facts, and disbanding Irish regiments (which were allowed to reorganize for 1862), and making a law which would enable them to send a troop of men to search the dormitories and closets and cellars of convent schools. But all this troubled Edith very little. She could laugh at the *Transcript's* parody:

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"Half a league, half a league out of the city,  
All to the boarding-school rode the committee:"

and could see how the enemies of the church were covering themselves with ridicule and disgrace, and securing their own ultimate defeat.

"They're hanging themselves! They're hanging themselves!" Mr. Yorke would say with glee, at each new extravagance.

When the Yorkes first returned to the city, Melicent's affairs chiefly occupied their minds. There was no engagement, and there had been no private intercourse between her and Mr. Griffeth; but she had not broken with him entirely, and had requested permission to receive friendly letters from him. After Mr. Griffeth had been bound over to commit no act and write no word aggressively sentimental, this permission was unwillingly given. One of these friendly missives had come the week after her arrival; and, though the writer had kept the letter of his promise, he had so broken the spirit of it that Mrs. Yorke, to whom the letter was dutifully shown, frowned on reading it, and had a mind to answer it herself. Melicent, indeed, seemed desirous to alarm her family as much as possible regarding this affair, and carried herself with such a conscious, heroine-of-a-novel air as both amused and annoyed her family.

Among their earliest visitors was the Rev. Doctor Stewart, Mrs. Yorke's former pastor and good friend. The mother confided to him her distress, and besought him to speak to Melicent on the subject.

"She always had a high respect for you and Mrs. Stewart, and would be influenced by what you say," she concluded.

The minister made inquiries concerning this suitor's orthodoxy as a Universalist.

"He is orthodox in nothing, doctor!" Mrs. Yorke exclaimed. "He wears his creed as he wears his clothes, changing, when convenient, the one with as little scruple as the other. He is a moral Sybarite, who adjusts his conscience comfortably to his wishes, and looks about with an air of calm rectitude, and an assumption of pitying superiority over people who are so bigoted as to believe the same yesterday and to-day."

"I know the kind of man," the minister said, with an expression of severity and mortification. "They are one of the pests of the time, and a disgrace to the ministry. I will do all I can to separate Melicent from him."

Doctor Stewart was a stately gentleman, something over fifty years of age, gray-haired, rather heavy, and slightly old-fashioned. He was amiable in disposition, believed that great respect should be paid to the clergy, wore a white neck-cloth, and was fairly educated in everything but theology. Since the Yorkes left Boston, he had lost his wife, an excellent lady several years older than himself. He was left with three children, a son of nineteen, who was a student in Harvard College; another son, ten years older, who was making his fortune in the West; and a daughter, the eldest of the family, married to a foreign missionary, and industriously distributing Bibles to the Chinese. Once a month, in the missionary-meeting, the reverend doctor read a letter from this daughter, in which she described the great work she was doing, and asked for more Bibles and money.

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This was the gentleman to whose management Mrs. Yorke entrusted her eldest daughter's love-affair.

Nothing of their first interview transpired, except that the minister seemed to be hopeful. Melicent became more inscrutable and consequential than ever.

About this time, Miss Clara Yorke began to grow exceedingly merry in her disposition. She would smile in season and out of season, and burst into laughter without apparent cause. At the mention of Doctor Stewart's name, her eyes always began to dance, and at the sight of him approaching their house her gravity deserted her immediately. Mrs. Yorke was both astonished and puzzled by her daughter's levity.

"I esteem Doctor Stewart very highly," the lady said. "He is a dignified and agreeable person. I am glad he feels like running in here often. He must be lonely at home, for Charles is away during the day, and studies all the evening. Poor man! The loss of his wife was a terrible blow to

him, but he bears it beautifully.”

The laughter with which Miss Clara was tremblingly full had to be restrained; for at that moment the door opened to give admittance to a smiling elderly gentleman in a white neckcloth. But, glancing at Melicent’s demure countenance a minute after, the young woman’s mirth became audible.

“Clara, you should, at least, give us the opportunity of sharing your amusement,” her mother said, rather chidingly.

Clara stammered out that there was a very witty article in the last *Atlantic*.

“By the way,” the minister said to her pleasantly, “I must compliment you on a very touching story of yours I have read lately. It is ‘Silent Rooms.’ I confess to you, Miss Clara, that I wept over it.”

How exquisite must be the sensibility of that person who weeps over one’s pathetic stories! Clara looked at the reverend doctor with a new interest. He certainly had a most beautiful nose, she observed, and his expression was benign. Moreover, he was a gentleman of good mind.

“I am delighted by what you tell me, doctor,” she said. “For, while such emotion is the highest compliment I could receive, it does not hurt you. Indeed, I thought that sketch would be affecting. I shed tears myself when I was writing it, and I think that a pretty good cry-tear-ion to judge by. Beg pardon, papa! I didn’t mean to. It punned itself.”

The minister then asked her to write a play and a hymn for the Christmas festival of his Sunday-school.

“I should be delighted to, doctor,” she said, but clouded over a little. “I am not much in the way of that sort of composition, but I will try.”

“Then you will succeed.” A bow and a smile accompanied the assertion.

“Do not be too sure of that,” Clara exclaimed with vivacity. “I can write easily enough what is in my own mind, but not what is in other minds; and I haven’t an idea on this subject. I am not a facile writer when I have nothing to say. When I have no thoughts, I find it hard to express them.”

“Oh! dash off some little thing,” said the doctor, with a sweep of the hand, as though he were sowing plays and poems broadcast. [161]

“Dash off some little thing!” repeated the young lady scornfully, when their visitor had left them. “‘Dash off!’ That is all he knows. I don’t believe he cried over my story!”

“My daughter!” expostulated Mrs. Yorke; but her husband laughed. Melicent cast an indignant glance on her sister, and went out of the room. At that, Clara’s hilarity returned.

Carl wrote to his mother often, giving her an account of his movements. He stayed nowhere long, and every letter concluded with an announcement of his intention to make a flying visit to some other place. The descriptions he gave and the adventures he related were not those of an ordinary sight-seer. “I should think that the boy were gathering material for a history of the nineteenth century,” his mother said, and was evidently very proud of him.

But after a while she recollected he had not said that any one of these flying visits would be his last, and had never answered plainly her questions as to the time of his return. One day she suspected the truth. She had just received a letter from Carl, dated at Nice, in which he hinted at a projected trip to Asia Minor. After reading the letter through, she dropped it into her lap, and sat looking out through the window and off into distance.

No one else but Edith was in the room, and she had been attentively watching her aunt’s face. Seeing that strange look settle on it, she crossed the room, and seated herself close to Mrs. Yorke’s side.

“Edith,” her aunt said, her eyes still gazing far away, “I think Carl means to be gone a long while.”

Edith called up her powers of self-control; for the time of explanation had come.

“He has already been away a long while,” she said. “It is six months since he went. That is six months taken from the whole.”

Mrs. Yorke’s eyes turned on her niece with a quick searching. “You know all about it!” she exclaimed, and began to breathe quickly.

“Yes, I know all about it,” was the calm reply; “and I was to tell you as soon as it should seem best. Carl is making a long journey, but six months of it are over.”

Mrs. Yorke flung Edith’s hand away. “You knew it, and his own mother did not!” she exclaimed. “You need not tell me. If Carl deceived his mother, I wish to hear no more about it.”

She pressed her hands to her heart, which beat with thick, suffocating throbs.

Nothing but firmness would do. It was necessary to recall her to a sense of the injustice she was doing, and shame her into controlling herself, if no better could be done.

“Aunt Amy,” Edith said, “it seems to me that you should question yourself, rather than reproach others. Never was a woman more tenderly loved and cared for by her family than you are. Your husband, your children, your niece, your servants even, are constantly on the watch lest something should startle or agitate you. A door must not be slammed, the horses must not be driven too fast, ill news must be gently broken, you must not be fatigued nor worried. If we shed [162]

tears, we conceal them from you; if one of us is ill, we make light of it to you. We wish to do this, and do it with all our hearts, for your life is most precious to us. But I think that our devotion entails one duty on you, and that is to look on everything as calmly and reasonably as you can, and not agitate yourself without cause."

Mrs. Yorke looked at her niece in astonishment. This tone of firm reproof was new to her, and, from its strangeness, effective.

"Carl did not deceive you," Edith went on. "He has told you nothing but the truth."

"A half-truth is a lie!" Mrs. Yorke interrupted. "I see plainly in this the influence of that pernicious Mr. Griffeth. I well remember one of his sayings: 'As the doctors give poisons to a sick body,' he said, 'so we must sometimes give lies to a sick mind.' I have a sick mind, it seems."

"It is for you to prove whether you have or not," Edith replied quietly.

The reproof was severe, and Mrs. Yorke's heightened color told that she felt it. She leaned back in her chair, and was silent.

"Carl told me," Edith said, "because I am healthy, and cannot be endangered by sorrow; and he knew, too, that I would not require any man to sacrifice his duty and prospect of a high career merely that I might have the pleasure of being always with him. When a man is twenty-nine years old, if he is not going to throw himself away, and be a miserable failure, it is time for him to go out into the world, and live his own life. Carl would gladly have told you all his plans, and it was cruel that he should be obliged to go away without your blessing, and to carry with him, as he must, this constant anxiety about you. He was doubtful and unhappy, but did what he thought was best. He told no one but me. Now, be fair, Aunt Amy, and ask yourself what you would have done if Carl had come to you and said that he was going away on a two-years' journey?"

Mrs. Yorke put her hands over her face, and sat breathing heavily, and without uttering a word. Edith trembled. Would she see the pale hands fall nerveless, and her aunt drop dead in her arms? She sent up a silent prayer to her ever dear Mother of Perpetual Succor, then gently loosened a golden locket from Mrs. Yorke's belt, and opened it.

"Dear Carl!" she said tenderly, kissing the miniature, "how could your mother misunderstand you so, when your true and loving face was so close to her heart? Is it only Edith who never mistakes you?"

The frail hands slipped down to hers, as she leaned on her aunt's lap, and she looked up to meet a faint and tearful smile.

"You are all so tender, my dear, that I am afraid it makes me selfish," Mrs. Yorke said. "Now tell me the whole story. See! I am reasonable."

"You are an angel to let me talk so, and not be angry!" Edith answered joyfully. "Wait till I get you a granule of digitaline; then I will tell you all about Carl. You will be proud of your son, my lady."

A few days after, Doctor Stewart proposed for Melicent, greatly to her mother's astonishment. "Why, doctor, I am proud to consent, if Melicent does," she said. "But I never dreamed of such a thing!"

"Melicent assures me that, with her parents' consent, she is willing to entrust her happiness in my hands," the minister said. "She does not find my age any obstacle. You must be aware, indeed, that your eldest daughter's disposition is grave and dignified. My impression is, that the only attraction Mr. Griffeth had for her was through his clerical office. She has confided to me that she wrote him a decided dismissal the very day after my first conversation with her."

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Of course, if Melicent was satisfied, no one else could object; and Melicent radiated satisfaction.

"I am sure you have chosen wisely, my daughter," her mother said.

"I never really thought I should marry Mr. Griffeth, mamma," the daughter answered, blushing. "And I never said any more to him than that I would consider his offer."

That very evening the engagement was tacitly announced to the public, by Mrs. Yorke and Melicent appearing at a lecture at Music Hall, escorted by Doctor Stewart. Mr. Yorke, Clara, and Edith went early, and took seats in the side balcony, overlooking the platform, where the rest of their party had places reserved.

"It will just suit Mel," Clara said gleefully. "I saw it from the first minute, and have been laughing over it all winter, while you stupid folks never had a suspicion. Mel was cut out for just such a fate. She likes to be lofty and sphynx-like, and to sit on platforms with everybody staring at her, and to come sweeping in at the last minute, and take the highest place. The doctor, too, is just to her mind. He is tall, and large, and slow. His voice is sonorous, he has a nice nose and finger-nails, and his neckcloth compels respect. Oh! there is no fear but Mel will be happy. The only danger is on our side. For I tell you, papa, those two will walk over us in their smooth, grand way, if we are not careful. I must study how to take them down a peg."

There was a smile in the corners of Mr. Yorke's mouth, but he spoke reprovingly. "It doesn't sound well for you to talk in that way of your sister, Clara," he said.

Clara gave a little impatient sigh. "I sometimes wish that I could not see so plainly the difference between solid people and inflated people," she said. "It is a misfortune; but I cannot help it."

Mr. Yorke said nothing. He had already learned that there was one point on which he would have to resist encroachment. More than once he had seen Doctor Stewart turn a severe glance on the

shelf where stood the numbers of *Brownson's Review* left by Carl; and only that day Melicent had proposed that the books should be carried up-stairs.

"Up-stairs!" Mr. Yorke had repeated. "What for?"

"Why, on account of the doctor," Melicent had answered, disconcerted by the sharpness of her father's astonishment. "He does not like them, and their being here might lead to unpleasant controversy."

The reply had been decisive:

"If Doctor Stewart does not like what he finds in my house, he is at liberty to remain out of it. And if he should forget himself so far as to begin any unpleasant controversy, I shall recommend him to increase his stock of theological knowledge by a careful study of the same *Review*."

Mr. Yorke said nothing of this conversation, and Melicent had not mentioned it; but it was a warning to both.

"Papa," Clara said, after looking down on the audience awhile, "did you ever observe how bald heads light up an assembly like this? They reflect the gas, and have a very cheerful effect. Oh! there is Mel. Attention! See, the conquering hero comes. My poor little mother is nearly invisible. Such a small duenna! How frightfully conspicuous! See the doctor smile, and show them to the very front chairs, and see the filial manner in which he behaves to Mrs. Yorke. Suppose he should take to coloring his hair! There! they are seated at last, after that display, and I must own that Mel's stage-manners are very good. If only they would not look so conscious! Edith, why is Doctor Stewart like a verd-antique? It's a conundrum." [164]

That night, after Melicent had gone to her room, the others sat talking over the wedding. Doctor Stewart had desired that it might be soon. Edith proposed to give the trousseau.

"We cannot allow you, my dear," her aunt said. "Your uncle and I have something, and Melicent must take what we can give her. You are too bountiful already!"

Edith drew writing materials toward her, and began to make out a bill.

MISS EDITH YORKE,

To Charles Yorke and family, *Dr.*

To seven years' board and tuition,	\$7,000
" " " clothing,	1,400
" Instruction in her religion,	20,000,000
" Kindness to Father Rasle,	10,000,000
" Never being anything but kind to her,	10,000,000
" Sundries,	10,000,000
" Joining her once in Catholic prayer,	100,000,000,000,000,000
	-----
	\$100,000,000,050,008,400

"I think that is correct," she said, showing the bill to her uncle. "I am mathematical in my tastes, you know. I do not like the dollars, though, the association is so vulgar. We will put it in some classical gold coin. It shall be rose-nobles."

Looking in Mr. Yorke's face as he smiled on her, she exclaimed, "Uncle, you have a look of my father, now!"

"And you have a look of my brother," he returned. "Your eyes are changeful, like his, and your hair has a sunny hue. When you coax, too, your ways are like his. Robert was very winning."

She put her arm in his, and looked reproachfully across the table to her aunt. "And yet," she said, "you are not willing that I should give Melicent a few pocket-handkerchiefs to be married with!"

Mrs. Yorke laughed. "You shall give her as many handkerchiefs as you please," she said.

But what, meantime, of Dick Rowan?

Mrs. Yorke had called at once to see him on her arrival, but he had already gone to make a retreat, and they did not see him afterward.

The first part of that retreat was to him heavenly; but, when it came to making definite plans for the future, then he found himself in cruel doubt.

"Oh! if I could have had a Catholic training in early life!" he said to Father John. "It seems to me now that heaven has been within my reach, and has slipped away, without my knowing it. I do not wish to be presuming. I do not try to think of it; the thought haunts me."

"Tell me freely all that is in your mind," the priest said. "I am here to help you."

Dick Rowan's head drooped, and he spoke rapidly, as if afraid to speak: "It seems to me, father, that if I had been brought up a strict Catholic—any sort of Catholic—I should have been—" He lifted his face, looked at Father John with eyes that could not bear suspense, and added, "I should have been a priest!"

Then, since he found neither astonishment nor displeasure in that face, his distress broke forth.

"And now, O God! it is too late!" he said, and wrung his hands.

"You think that you had a vocation, my son?" the priest asked calmly.

"I believe it!" he answered. "What has my whole life been but a searching and striving after some great and glorious happiness, something different from the common happiness of earth, some one delight which was to be mine here, and still more mine in the world to come? It was always my way to have but one wish, and to expect from its fulfilment what nothing on earth can give. I believe, sir, that when a man has that way of concentrating all his hopes and desires on one object, that object should be God. Otherwise, there is nothing but ruin for him. Such an end was once possible to me, and now it is lost!" [165]

Father John laid his hand on the young man's. "My son," he said, "it is not lost!"

Dick uttered not a word, but gazed steadily into the priest's face.

"I believe that you have a divine vocation."

"You believe that I *had!*" Dick cried out sharply.

"I believe that you *have!*" the priest replied.

Dick drew a deep breath, and his pale face blushed all over with a sudden delight; but said nothing.

"When a man first thinks of choosing God," the priest said, "he may mistake. But when God chooses a man, and tears away from him every other tie, and sets him in a place where he can see nothing surrounding him but a great solitude filled with God, then there is no mistake. I believe that God chooses you."

"God chooses me!" repeated Dick Rowan, blenching a little, like one dazzled by a great light. "God chooses me!" he said again, and stood up, as if his swelling heart had lifted him. "Then I choose him!" He put his hands over his lifted face, and tears of joy dropped down. Father John, deeply affected, spoke to him, but he did not hear. He was repeating the words of the marriage-service: "'For better or for worse, in sickness and in health, till death do us'—*unite!*"

The priest spoke afterward to Edith on the subject. Dick had requested him to tell her and his mother whatever they wished to know.

"Never was there a soul more ardent and single," Father John said. "His only difficulty arose from a tender regard for the honor of God, and a great reverence for the sacred office. He fancied that it would be an insult to both for a man to seek to enter the priesthood of whom people could say that he did so because he was disappointed in love, and that he gave to God the remnant of a heart which a woman had rejected."

"Dick rejected me," Edith interposed hastily.

"I told him," the priest resumed, "that if God had called him, he had no right to think of any coarse and uncharitable remarks which might be made. I reminded him that his life-long devotion to you had been a life without faith, and that, after one year in the church, he had given you up willingly. His idea of the true priest was this: one for whose sacred vocation his pious parents had prayed and hoped from the hour of his birth, who had lived from his childhood cloistered in retirement and sanctity, who had never cherished worldly hopes or desires, but, walking apart, had thus approached the altar that had never ceased to shine before him from the hour of his baptism. I owned to him that such a vocation is beautiful, and is often seen by men and angels; but told him that there are others whom the Almighty leads differently. He hides from such souls that he has sealed them also from the beginning, he allows them to drag in the mire of earth, to feel its temptations, to share in its weaknesses. We cannot penetrate the designs of God, but we may well believe that his motive is to humble that soul, and to teach it through its own failings a greater pity and tenderness for the weak and the erring. I warned him that this fear of his might be a temptation of the devil, who saw that his pride was not broken, and who persuaded him that he was jealous for the honor of God, when in reality he thought but of his own. He was happy at that. 'If it is nothing but my own pride,' he said, 'I have no more trouble.'" [166]

"And he has no more trouble, my child," the priest concluded. "He is the happiest man I ever saw!"

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## SUPER OMNES SPECIOSA.

Is any face that I have seen—  
Some perfect type of girlhood's face:  
Some nun's, soul-radiant, full of grace—  
Like thine, my beautiful, my Queen?  
Of all the eyes have paused on mine—  
And these have met some wondrous eyes;  
So large and deep, so chaste and wise—  
Have any faintly imaged thine?  
The chisel with the brush has vied,  
Till each seems victor in its turn:  
And love is ever quick to learn,  
Nor throws the proffered page aside:  
Yet few the glimpses it has caught,  
For thou transcendest all that art  
Can show thee—even to the heart  
Most skilled to read the poet's thought.  
That thought can pierce its native sky  
Beyond the artist's starry guess:  
But all that it may dare express,  
Is through the worship of a sigh.  
And this thou art, a sigh of love—  
Love that created as it sighed;  
And shaped thee forth a peerless bride  
Dowered for the spousals of the Dove.  
To set the music of thy face  
To earthly measure, were to give  
Th' informing soul, and make it *live*  
As there—God's uttermost of grace.

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M. de Lamartine tells us in his *Confidences* that, as the sages pause for reflection between life and death, so his mother was in the habit of devoting an interval at the close of the day in looking back on its vanished hours, and seizing its impressions before night should have dispersed them for ever.

When all the household had retired to rest, and no sound was to be heard but the breathing of her children in their little beds around her, or the howling of the wind against the casement and the bark of the dog in the court, she would softly open the door of a little closet of books, and seat herself before an inlaid cabinet of rose-wood to record the events of the day, pour out her anxieties and sorrows, her joy and gratitude, or utter a prayer all warm from her heart. Her son says: "She never wrote for the sake of writing, still less to be admired, though she wrote much for her own satisfaction, that she might have, in this register of her conscience and the domestic occurrences of her life, a moral mirror in which she could often look and compare herself with what she had been in other days, and thus constantly amend her life. This custom of recording what was passing in her soul—a habit she retained to the end—produced fifteen or twenty little volumes of intimate communings with herself and God, which I have the happiness to preserve, and where I find her once more, living and full of affection, when I feel the need of taking refuge in her bosom."

Of course, such a journal was not intended for the public eye, and her son is so conscious of this that, even while editing this volume of extracts from his mother's manuscripts, he says it has no interest but for those who are allied to her by blood or sympathy of soul, and prays all others to abstain from reading it. M. de Lamartine's financial difficulties obliging him to make capital, not only out of the private emotions and experiences of his own heart, but even of his family archives, the publication of this volume was announced previous to his death, but was deferred at his earnest request.

The interest in everything connected with so eminent a poet, the charming pictures he has drawn of his mother in his *Confidences*, and the influence she had in moulding his character, made us look forward with interest to this work, that we might have a clearer insight into the soul to which he owed his poetical and imaginative nature. It is always refreshing and useful whenever one ventures to lift the veil of a pure soul and allows us to read its passing emotions. But such a soul should not be exposed to the eye of curiosity, but only to that of sympathy. To scan such a book—the outpourings of a mother's heart, written solely for her own satisfaction and her children's—with the cool eye of a critic, would be as profane as to jeer over the grave of one whose remains have just been exhumed.

But let every tender, religious heart—especially every maternal heart—that loves the sweet odor of flowers that still give out their fragrance when drawn forth from some old drawer in which they have long lain, reverently open this volume, sacred to all the outpourings of a mother's tenderness. In her transparent nature they can read the unusual strength of the domestic affections, but a heart large enough to take in the poor and the sufferer of every grade, a charity that constantly found excuses for the asperities of others, and a piety that breathed all through her sweet life and crowned her death. [168]

This book is a new proof of the tender piety and sincere faith among the old noblesse of France. Madame de Lamartine is worthy of being classed with the family of the Duke d'Ayen, the La Ferronnays, and the De Guérins. The simple grace of her style, the religious element so strongly infused into her daily life, the development of her emotional nature, and the intensity of her love for her family, all remind us of Eugénie de Guérin. And like her, she had one of those sweet, pensive natures that need the retirement of country life or the shade of the cloister for full development. They were similarly demonstrative in their affections and in their piety. And where one loves and follows with anxious prayer a gifted brother, the other, with the devotedness of St. Monica, weeps and prays for her son.

M. de Lamartine, after passing one gloomy All Souls' day in recollection near his mother's grave at St. Point, ended it by taking out the eighteen *livrets* in which all her thoughts and feelings had been buried for so many years, and, while the church-bell was mournfully tolling above her grave as if to reproach the living for their silence and admonish them to pray for their dead, he opened these books one after the other, and read, sadly smiling, but oftener weeping the while. It is with some such a feeling the reader will follow him. The drama of the heart is always touching, the genuine tear, even in the eye veiled in domestic obscurity, always appealing, and in this page of life's drama there is many a one dropped. But the eyes from which they fell are always turned heavenward, and such tears have always a gleam of heaven in them, without which the sorrows of life would be unendurable.

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Madame de Lamartine was the daughter of M. des Roys, intendant-general of finances to the Duke of Orleans. Madame des Roys was the under-governess of the children of that prince, and so great a favorite of the duchess that she was employed as the confidential agent of the latter during her exile, as we learn from this volume. After the execution of Philippe Egalité and the dispersion of his family, the duchess took refuge in Spain. Her daughter, afterwards known as Madame Adelaide, who displayed so much character and exerted so great a political influence during the reign of her brother Louis Philippe, was in a German or Swiss convent. The duchess,

suspicious of Madame de Genlis' influence over her daughter, and perhaps fearful she might be made a tool of the Orleans faction, with whose aims she did not sympathize, commissioned her devoted follower, Madame des Roys, to bring her daughter to Spain. Madame des Roys succeeded in her mission. She embarked at Leghorn about the beginning of January, 1802, and arrived safely at Barcelona with her charge. Madame de Lamartine, who had all this from her mother's lips, says the meeting of the duchess and Mademoiselle d'Orleans was extremely affecting. Madame des Roys subsequently returned to France, and died on her estates in June, 1804, worn out with fatigue, and troubles resulting from the revolution. She gave her daughter a portrait of Mademoiselle d'Orleans—a present from the duchess, and Madame de Lamartine always showed herself loyal to that family. When the poet wrote his *Chant du Sacre* without mentioning the Duke of Orleans among the other members of the royal family, she entreated him with tears to be mindful of what she owed the family. Lamartine yielded, but with so ill a grace that his allusion displeased the duke. Madame de Lamartine, fearful of being thought ungrateful to the family, wrote Mademoiselle d'Orleans a full explanation of the affair.

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But to go back to the time when Madame des Roys was still governess in the Duke of Orleans' family. She and her husband had apartments at that time in the Palais Royal in winter, and at St. Cloud in summer. It appears Madame des Roys and Madame de Genlis had some pitched battles in those days, or, as Madame de Lamartine afterward expresses it, *deux camps opposés*. Madame de Genlis kept up the grudge after the death of her former rival, and, years after, severely attacked M. de Lamartine's poems by way of satisfaction.

Madame de Lamartine was born at the palace of St. Cloud, and passed her childhood there with Louis Philippe, sharing the lessons and sports of the Orleans children. All her earliest recollections were connected with St. Cloud, its fountains, and broad alleys, and velvet lawns, and lovely park. Many years after (in 1813), she tells in her journal that, being at Paris, her son drove her to St. Cloud in a cabriolet, and she thus writes of her visit: "This is the place where I passed so much of my childhood when my mother was bringing up the Duke of Orleans' children. I was very happy there. I left when fifteen years old, and had not seen the place since, though I longed to, for I retained a delightful remembrance of it. I walked all over the park with Alphonse and Eugénie, pointing out tree after tree where I played when a child. I wished to see our apartments once more, but it was impossible, as they are occupied by the Empress Maria Louisa."

When fifteen years of age, Alix des Roys was nominated by the Duke of Orleans to a vacancy in the noble Chapter of Salles, where she was placed under the protection of the Countess Lamartine de Villars, a canoness of that chapter. The Chevalier de Lamartine, visiting his sister, fell in love with the beautiful Alix, who is said to have resembled Madame Récamier, and, instead of embracing that semi-monastic life, she ultimately married him, March 6, 1790.

We can imagine the contrast between her life in the *maisons de plaisance* of one of the wealthiest princes in Europe, and that she afterward led in a plain country residence a hundred miles from Paris, and in limited circumstances. She afterward alludes in her journal to this change: "In my childhood I imagined it impossible to exist unless at court, in a palace like the Palais Royal, or the park at St. Cloud, where I lived with my mother. Now, O my God, I wish to be content in every place where thy will places me!"

But her new home was not without its attractions for a nature like hers. Leaving the banks of the Saône where it winds among the fertile hills of Mâcon, and going toward the old Abbey of Cluny, where Abélard breathed his last, the traveller, turning aside into a winding mountain-path, comes after an hour or two to a sharp spire of gray stone towering above a group of peasants' houses. Beyond these, nestling in a hollow at the foot of a mountain, is Milly, familiar to every reader of Lamartine. Five broad steps lead to the door, which opens into a corridor full of presses of carved walnut containing the household linen. From it doors open into the various apartments, and access is had to the one story above. The mountain almost insensibly begins its ascent directly back of the house. Its slope is luxuriant with vines, on which depended mainly the subsistence of the family. A small garden is in the rear of the house, with its vegetables and flower-beds and clumps of trees, and its secluded "Alley of Meditation" where Madame de Lamartine walked at sunset, saying her rosary and giving herself up to holy recollections.

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She seems to have taken Milly at once to her heart. She affectionately calls it her Jerusalem—her abode of peace. She often said to her son: "It is very small, but large enough if our wishes and habits are in proportion. Happiness is from within. We should not be more so by extending the limits of our meadows and vineyards. Happiness is not measured by the acre, like land, but by the resignation of the heart; for God wishes the poor to have as much as the rich, that neither may dream of seeking it elsewhere than from him!"

And again she says: "If people were convinced that, by submissively receiving all the difficulties of the position in which they are placed, they would be at peace everywhere; they would allow themselves to be sweetly guided without anxiety by circumstances and the persons to whom they owe deference. Since I decided on this, I have been infinitely more happy. There was a time when I wished everything to yield to me, and absolutely subordinate to my will. I was then incessantly tormented about the present and the future. I often saw afterward it would have been a misfortune to have had my own way. Now I abandon myself to the Infinite Sovereign Wisdom, I feel at peace exteriorly and interiorly! God be praised for ever! He alone is wise, and should overrule all!"

Poor woman, she had enough to try her flexible will. Her husband's elder brother, who, according to the ancient *régime*, was regarded as the head and guide of the family, was not disposed to give

up his rights. He was unmarried, and particularly fond of interfering in the domestic regulations of the family whose future prospects somewhat depended on him, particularly those of Alphonse, who was to perpetuate the name. Another brother, the Abbé de Lamartine, lived further off, and was, of course, less tempted to interfere, but seems to have given his voice on extraordinary occasions. And then there were two unmarried aunts whom Madame de Lamartine seems to have been attached to, and whom in her charity she calls saints, but very trying saints they were with their strictures on her dainty ways, her careful dress, and her indulgence to her children. To do them justice, however, they all seem to have been sincerely anxious for the prosperity of the family.

Madame de Lamartine brought up one son and five daughters, concerning whom she gives many interesting details in her journal. The daughters appear to have been lovely in person and character. Their brother has given a delightful description of them in his *Nouvelles Confidences*, which is confirmed by his mother's journal.

But M. de Lamartine makes a very strange mistake in saying his mother derived her notions of educating her children from the works of Rousseau (particularly from *Emile*) and St. Pierre, whom he calls "the favorite philosophers of women because the philosophers of feeling," and "whose works," he says, "she had read and admired." [171]

Some of Madame de Lamartine's earliest recollections were certainly of Gibbon, D'Alembert, Rousseau, and others of the same stamp who frequented the society of Madame des Roys. She even remembered seeing Voltaire when but seven years of age, and "his attitude, his costume, his cane, his gestures, and his words remained imprinted on my memory as the foot of some antediluvian monster on the rocks of our mountains." But she certainly did not esteem these men or imbibe any of their opinions, and so far from having "*conservé une tendre admiration pour ce grand homme*," Jean Jacques Rousseau, as her son declares, she regarded him with a certain horror, and his genius as allied to lunacy.

In the first place, Madame de Lamartine seems to have been very scrupulous about reading dangerous books. In her journal of the year 1801, she makes a resolution to deny herself all useless reading for her children's sake, and declares frivolous books "one of the most dangerous pleasures in the world."

Some years after, she visits her son's chamber, during his absence, to examine his books. Among others she finds Rousseau's *Emile*. She regrets it is "empoisoned with so many inconsistencies and extravagances calculated to mislead the good sense and faith of young men. I shall burn this book," she adds, "and particularly the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, still more dangerous because it inflames the passions as much as it warps the mind. What a misfortune that so much talent should be allied to madness! I have no fears for myself, for my faith is beyond temptation and not to be shaken; but my son —"

And when toward the close of her life she saw by her son's poem *Childe Harold* that he had imbibed the pernicious ideas of French philosophy, she says: "I knew these famous philosophers in my youth. Grant, O my God! he may not resemble them. I firmly represent to him the danger of such ideas, but, in the language of Scripture, the wind bloweth where it listeth. When a mother has brought a son into the world, and instilled her own faith into him, what can she do? Only put her feeble hand continually between the light of this faith and the breath of the world that would extinguish it! Ah! I am sometimes proud of my son, but I am well punished afterward by my apprehensions as to his independence of mind!

"As for me, to submit and believe seems the only true wisdom in life. They say it is less poetic, but I find as much poetry in submission as in rebellion. Are the faithful angels less poetical than those who rose up against God? I would rather my son had none of these vain talents of the world than to turn them against the dogmas that are my strength, my light, and my consolation!"

Madame de Lamartine records a fact concerning Rousseau which is by no means a proof of her esteem for him. Madame des Roys, from whom she had it, was very intimate with the Maréchale de Luxembourg. Previous to the birth of one of Rousseau's children, the maréchale, a great friend of his, fearing he would send the child to a foundling asylum as he had done three others, begged, through a third person, to have it as soon as it was born, promising to take care of it. Rousseau gave his consent. The mother was beside herself with joy, and as soon as the child was born sent word to the person who was to take it away. He came, found it was a fine, vigorous boy, and appointed an hour to come for it. But at midnight Rousseau appeared in the sick-room wrapped in a dark cloak, and, in spite of the mother's screams, carried off his son to drop it at the asylum without a mark by which it could be recognized. "This is the man whose sensibility so many extol," said Madame des Roys, and Madame de Lamartine adds: "And I, I say, here is the unfeeling man whose head has corrupted his heart! Alas! genius is often only a prelude to insanity when not founded on good sense. Let us welcome genius for our children if God bestows it, but pray they may have sound sense!" [172]

Alphonse was sent at an early age to a secular school at Lyons, the religious orders not being restored. His mother thus writes:

"November 9, 1801.—To-day I am at Lyons to bring Alphonse back to school. My heart bleeds. I went to Mass this morning. I was continually looking for his beautiful fair hair in the midst of all those little heads. My God! how frightful to thus root up this young plant from the heart where it germinated, and cast it into these mercenary institutions. I was sick at heart as I came away."

In October, 1803, she says: "I have with difficulty obtained permission from my husband and his brothers to take Alphonse away from the school at Lyons, and place him at the Jesuits' College at

Belley, on the borders of Savoy. I came with him myself. I was too much distressed to write yesterday after confiding him to these ecclesiastics. I passed half the night weeping.

"October 27.—I went this morning to look through the *guichet* of the court of the Jesuits' College at my poor child. I afterward saw him at Mass in the midst of the students. He says he is satisfied with his reception from the professors and his comrades. I went to-day to see the Abbé de Montuzet, the former prior of my Chapter of Canonesses at Salles. In the evening I left for Mâcon. In passing before the college I could see the boys from the carriage playing in the yard, and heard their joyous shouts. Happily, Alphonse did not approach the *guichet* and see my carriage. He would have felt too badly, and I also. It is better not to soften these poor children destined to become men. Leaning back in the carriage, I wept all alone under my veil a part of the day."

She loved to read the *Confessions of St. Augustine*, and, like St. Monica, she followed her son with her prayers and tears all through the vagaries of his early life, trembling for his rich gifts and susceptible nature. And with how much reason is evident from his own account. How much more she continually desired his spiritual welfare than his success in the world is evident throughout this work. In the first flush of his fame as a poet, she writes:

"January 6, 1820.—Nothing new at Paris, except I am told Alphonse is received with distinction in the best society, where his appearance and talents have excited, according to my sister, Madame de Vaux, a kind of enthusiasm. She mentions the names of many whose mothers I knew in my youth who overwhelm him with cordiality—the Princess de Talmont, the Princess de la Trémouille, Madame de Raigecourt (the friend of Madame Elizabeth), Madame de St. Aulaire, the Duchess de Broglie (Madame de Staël's daughter), Madame de Montcalm (the Duke de Richelieu's sister), Madame de Dolomieu, whom I knew so well at the Duchess of Orleans'; then there are many eminent men who eagerly proffer their friendship to him who was so obscure but yesterday—the young Duke de Rohan, the virtuous Mathieu de Montmorency, M. Molé, M. Lainé, said to be such a great orator, M. Villemain, the pupil of M. de Fontanes, whom he sees at M. Decazes', the king's favorite, and a thousand others. Thou knowest, O my God! how proud I am of this unexpected cordiality toward my son, but thou knowest also that I ask not for him what the world calls glory and honor, but to be an upright man, and one of thy servants like his father: the rest is vanity, and often worse than vanity!"

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And when, still later, she goes to Paris, and meets the distinguished circle in which he moved, is received by Madame Récamier with her incomparable grace, and hears Châteaubriand, one of her favorite authors, read, and sees the prestige which her son had acquired, she confesses to a feeling of gratification at his fame, but adds: "I pray God for something higher than all this for him."

But to return to her life at Milly. The tenderness of her nature was not confined to her own family, but was always responsive to every appeal.

To quote from her journal: "I was told after dinner that a friendless old man, whom I saw after, that lived in a hut on the mountain, with only a goat for a companion, had just been found dead. The news greatly distressed me, for I had reproached myself for not having gone to see him lately—it was so far. It is true I thought he had recovered, but I should not have trusted to that at his age. I ought to have been more attentive to him. My heart is full of remorse. In the good I do, and in everything, I am not persevering enough. I grow weary too soon and too frequently. I am too easy led away by distractions or weariness, which are not sins, but weaknesses, and hinder from a holy use of time. Was not time given us that every day and hour something might be done for God, both in ourselves and for others? I went to walk this evening with my husband and two eldest daughters. We went through the vineyard, now in bloom. The air was perfumed with their pleasant odor. Our vines are our only source of income for ourselves, our domestics, and the poor. If there are as many bunches of grapes as of blossoms, we shall be quite well off this year. May Providence preserve them from hail!

"We approached the hut above the vineyard where the poor old man died in the morning. I wished to enter it once more in order to pray beside him. My husband was not willing, fearing the sight of him would make too great an impression on me and the children. I wished to ask pardon of his soul for not having been there to utter some words of consolation and hope during his agony, and to receive his last sigh. The door was open: his goat kept going out and in, bleating as if to call assistance in its distress. The poor creature made us weep. My husband consented for me to send for it to-morrow after the burial, and give it a place with our cow and the children's two sheep."

Another day she writes: "I went to see an old demoiselle of eighty years, who lives on an annuity in one of the upper chambers of the château. Her only companion is a hen, who is as attached to her as a tame bird. She is called Mademoiselle Félicité. In spite of her wrinkles and hair as white as the wool on her distaff, it is evident she must have been very handsome once. My husband has consented to my wish not to disturb her in spite of the inconvenience it causes us. Old plants must not be transplanted. The places where we live become truly a part of ourselves. She is taken care of by Jeanette, the sexton's wife, once a servant at the château, and who knows all its past history: we love to hear about those who lived before us in the same dwelling. All this excites to reflection. Some day I shall be spoken of as having been, and perhaps the day is not far off! My God, where shall I then be? Grant it may be in thy paternal arms!"

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The means of the family seem to have been quite limited during the first years of her married life. This made them anxious as to the vintage on which their income chiefly depended. She thus writes: "The day has been unfortunate. There have been several showers, and the hail has

crushed our vines. This is more distressing, for they were loaded with grapes. My heart is very heavy to-night on our own account and that of our poor vinedressers. This shows how much I still involuntarily cling to the things of earth. It is as if I thought happiness due me, for the least affliction immediately casts me down. My God! make me realize at last the nothingness of the things of this world, that I may set my heart only on those that are eternal!"

And later: "The will of God be done! These were the last words I wrote in my journal at the last date. They are the first on to-day's page. The great storm yesterday was a terrible misfortune to us. The hail completely destroyed our harvest. We should have had a fine crop, and now there remains scarcely enough for our poor laborers to exist on. I am ill with sorrow and anxiety. This misfortune will oblige us to make retrenchments and privations. All our plans to go to Mâcon for the education of our children are frustrated. We shall probably have to sell our horse and *char-à-bancs*. But it is the will of God: this ought to be sufficient to console me for everything. The fewer pleasures I have in the world, the less I shall cling to it, and the more I shall look forward to that world which alone is important and imperishable—our eternal home. Nothing hardens the heart and so fills it with illusions as prosperity, and what seems hard to human nature is perhaps a very great grace from God, who wishes us to cling to the only real treasures by depriving us of what is only dust. I can say this with more sincerity to-day: yesterday the blow seemed too hard. My husband showed great courage—more than I—though he was greatly distressed for the moment. He said: 'Provided neither your nor our children are taken away from me, I can resign myself to anything. My riches are in your hearts.' Then he prayed with me. Meanwhile we could hear the noise of the hail which was breaking the branches and the glass, and the peasants in the court sobbing in despair."

As in all the old patriarchal Catholic families, Madame de Lamartine was not unmindful of the spiritual interests of her servants: "After dinner, which is at one, I read, then sewed awhile, after which I read a meditation on the Gospel to my domestics. I am going presently to end the day at the church, whose dim light inspires devotion and recollection. It is there I fill the void during my husband's absence."

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"September 5, 1802.—We have just established family prayers. It is a very impressive and salutary practice, if, as the Scripture says, we wish like brethren to dwell together in unity. Nothing elevates the hearts of servants so much as this daily communion with their masters in prayer and humiliation before God, who knows neither great nor small. It is also good for masters, who are thus reminded of their Christian equality with their inferiors according to the world.

"My poor aunt, who took care of me in my infancy, is dead. I am extremely uneasy about the fate of poor old Jacqueline, her *femme-de-chambre*, who was a second mother to me, and is now left alone, and perhaps poor. I wish at whatever cost to receive her here. The family are opposed. My husband fears, and with reason, to contradict his brothers and sisters, on whom we rely a good deal for our children. He proposes to pay secretly Jacqueline's board in a house at Lyons, where she will no longer lack food and care, but I would like to fulfil my obligations of gratitude toward this poor woman to their utmost extent. If I were in her place, and she in mine, nothing would prevent her from receiving me, even in her bed."

The domestics of the old families in France seemed to have been regarded as a part of the family. Service was almost hereditary, and a bond on both sides. In the French Revolution, nine out of ten of those proscribed by law who escaped were saved by the devotedness of their domestics. Madame de Lamartine shows how fully she regarded the tie that bound her to every member of her household as a sort of spiritual relationship.

"Palm-Sunday, 1805.—There is a great commotion in town and country. The emperor arrives to-day with all his court. We are *très gênés*, because we are to lodge Mgr. de Pradt, Bishop of Poitiers (the emperor's chaplain; since Archbishop of Malines, so celebrated for playing the courtier at that time, and *for his subsequent ingratitude towards Napoleon after his fall*). I prefer this guest to any other of the retinue."

Of course the parenthetical clause is by M. de Lamartine. It seems Mgr. de Pradt was not wholly ungrateful to the emperor, for the declaration issued by the allied sovereigns at the Congress of Laybach in 1821, so insulting to the memory of Napoleon, called forth from the Archbishop of Malines the following noble protestation:

"It is too late to insult Napoleon now: he is defenceless, after having so many years crouched at his feet while he had the power to punish. Those who are armed should respect a disarmed enemy. The glory of a conqueror depends, in a great measure, on the just consideration shown toward the captive, particularly when he yields to superior force, not to superior genius. It is too late to call Napoleon a revolutionist after having, for such a length of time, pronounced him to be the restorer of order in France, and consequently in Europe. It is odious to see the shaft of insult aimed at him by those who once stretched forth their hands to him as a friend, pledged their faith to him as an ally, sought to prop a tottering throne by mingling their blood with his.

"This representative of a revolution which is condemned as a *principle of anarchy*, like another Justinian, drew up, amid the din of war and the snares of foreign policy, those codes which are the least defective portion of human legislation, and constructed the most vigorous machine of government in the whole world. This representative of a revolution, vulgarly accused of *having subverted all institutions*, restored universities and public schools, filled his empire with the masterpieces of art, and accomplished those stupendous and amazing works which reflect honor on human genius. And yet, in the face of the Alps which bowed down at his command; of the ocean subdued at Cherbourg, at Flushing, at the Helder, and at Antwerp; of rivers smoothly

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flowing beneath the bridges of Jena, Serres, Bordeaux, and Turin; of canals uniting seas together in a course beyond the control of Neptune; finally, in the face of Paris, metamorphosed, as it was, by Napoleon, he is pronounced to be the agent of general annihilation! He, who restored all, is said to be the representative of that which destroyed all! To what undiscerning men is this language supposed to be addressed?"

Napoleon himself at St. Helena, though he censured Mgr. de Pradt's course as ambassador at Warsaw, regarded the tribute he subsequently paid him as an *amende honorable*.

Las Cases, alluding to his notes from the emperor's statements and those about him, says: "I, however, strike them out in consideration of the satisfaction I am told the emperor subsequently experienced in perusing M. de Pradt's concordats. For my own part, I am perfectly satisfied with numerous other testimonies of the same nature, and derived from the same source."<sup>[55]</sup>

It was during this visit of Napoleon at Mâcon he held some conversation with M. de Lamartine [the poet's uncle] in Mgr. de Pradt's presence. "What do you wish to be?" said the emperor at the close. "Nothing, sire," was the reply. The emperor turned away with a look of anger.

"Lyons, April 26, 1805.—I came here with my sister to see the Pope. I saw him pass from the terrace of a garden near the archevêché where he stops. Yesterday I went to the Pope's Mass at St. Jean's Church. I had a good view of all the ceremonies, but found it difficult to reach the throne in order to kiss his slipper. However, I had this happiness. This aged man has the aspect of a saint, as well as some of the Roman prelates who were with him, especially his confessor."

"May 12, 1805.—Our fortunes are improving. My husband has just bought M. d'Osenay's hôtel at Mâcon. The garden is small, but the house is immense. We are furnishing it, and shall take possession of it this summer. My husband allows me six hundred francs a month, and all the provisions from our two estates, for the household expenses, and to pay for Alphonse's board [at school]. This is more than sufficient. I cannot cease to admire the providence of God toward us, and am ever ready to give up all he bestows on me when he wishes and as he wishes."

There is an interesting description of this new home in the *Nouvelles Confidences*, and of the circle of friends whom they drew around them. Madame de Lamartine desired this change for the benefit of her daughters, but her own tastes inclined her to the retirement of the country.

She thus writes September 7: "I am again at St. Point, which I prefer to any other residence in spite of the dilapidation of the château. I long for a still more profound retreat—a moral one. We must from time to time enter into the solitude and silence of our own hearts."—"It seems to me if I were free I would consecrate myself entirely to God, apart from the world. But we are always wishing for something different from the will of God. Is it not better to desire only his will?"

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She describes the life she leads with her daughters as almost conventual. They all go to Mass every morning. After breakfast they read the Bible or some religious book, and then resume their studies—history, grammar, etc. After dinner and an hour's recreation, they sew and study. At nightfall they say the Rosary together, and in the evening she plays chess with her husband, and sometimes reads one of Molière's comedies. "I see no harm in it," she says with her characteristic delicacy of conscience. "I skip every dangerous word." They finally have family prayers, at which she improvises a short meditation aloud. Her great object, she says, is to cultivate a genuine spirit of piety in her children, and to keep them constantly occupied.

"September, 1807.—I am enjoying the seclusion at Milly alone with my children. Madame de Sévigné is my society. I took a long walk to-night on Mount Craz, above the vineyard back of the house. I was all alone. I take pleasure in such long strolls at this hour in the evening. I love the autumn time, and these walks with no other company but my own thoughts. They are as boundless as the horizon and full of God. Nature elevates my heart, and fills it with a thousand thoughts and a certain melancholy which I enjoy. I know not what it is, unless a secret consonance of the infinite soul with the infinity of the divine creation. When I turn back and see from the heights of the mountain the little lights burning in my children's chamber, I bless Divine Providence for having given me this peaceful, hidden nest in which to shelter them!

"I finish always with a prayer without many words, which is like an interior hymn, which no one hears but thee, O Lord! who hearest the humming of the insects in the tangle of furze which I tread under my feet."

"Milly, April 11, 1810.—I passed the night here with Cécile and Eugénie. The weather is fine, and I longed to enjoy a pleasant spring morning which I find delicious. As soon as I rose I went into the garden, where I passed three hours reading, praying, meditating, thanking God for his benefits, and endeavoring to profit by them. The weather is lovely, the trees are full of buds and blossoms which perfume the air. The leaves are beginning to put forth, the birds to sing, the little insects to hum. Everything in nature is reviving and being born again. I am inexpressibly happy when I can be at peace in the country at this sweet time of early spring. Unfortunately I am obliged to return to town for I know not how long, but I wish only the good pleasure of God, and my only desire is to fulfil my duty wherever he calls me.

"Ah! how much I have to reproach myself for. I go to extremes in everything. In the world I am too worldly, in retirement too austere. Present surroundings have too sensible an effect. I am not well. I offer my sufferings to God. I pray a little. I read a good deal. I am extremely impressed by the shortness of life, and the necessity of preparing for eternity. I often endeavor to be fully penetrated with what I remember to have once written—that this life must be regarded as a purgatory, and whatever sufferings the good God sends I should look upon as sweet in comparison with what I merit.

“What makes me tremble is the establishment of my six children, and all the difficulties I foresee in this respect. But this anticipated trouble is wrong; for, after the assistance of God in so many circumstances, I ought to expect it still more in this the great object of my life.” [178]

In fact, she succeeds wonderfully in disposing of her daughters *à la Française*, and, to our American eyes, they are wonderfully docile, but perhaps edifyingly so. Her lovely daughters all marry gentlemen who are so fortunate as to have the particle *de* to their names—a thing of vast moment with the French gentry.

One of them, Césarine, a dazzling beauty of the Italian style and said to have a lively resemblance to Raphael’s Fornarina, has her little romance, which her mother favors, but the fates frown adversely in the person of *la famille*, to wit, the formidable uncles and aunts. How poor Madame de Lamartine ever got such a jury to agree on the sentence of any suitor is no small proof of her talent for diplomacy. In this case the objection was for pecuniary reasons only, for the *de* was not wanting—“*de misérables raisons de société*,” says the mother, who adds: “They would not be very rich, but I could keep them at home. I am obliged to conceal from my husband’s family my inclination for this marriage; but, if I did not oppose them sometimes, I should never get my children married.”

In this instance she was at last forced to yield, and tell the aspirant, but not without tears, that Césarine could not marry him. “The family is obstinate in its refusal. I am in despair. The young man still hopes against all hope.” Luckily—at least luckily for the family peace—Césarine, though sad, is touchingly submissive—the lovers are separated for ever. The chivalric Alphonse tells his sister not to do violence to her feelings—that he will take her part against the whole set; but the gentle maiden declares—we persist in believing, in our fondness for a bit of sentiment, that she made a virtue of necessity in view of those Gorgons and chimeras dire—declares her attachment rather a feeling of gratitude for the love that had been given her, and that she is ready to marry without repugnance the estimable man destined to replace the one she has lost!

Nothing more could be said. She marries unexceptionably—M. de Vignet, the nephew of the celebrated Count de Maistre, author of *Du Pape*, and goes to Chambéry to become a member of a very distinguished family. She died a few years after.

Some years later, Madame de Lamartine records a visit from the discarded suitor of six years before. “We did not speak of Césarine, but his very presence and tender manner said enough. I cried heartily.”

In 1824, she records the affecting and edifying death of her daughter Suzanne, whose loss, as well as that of Césarine, her affectionate nature never recovers from. Her heart seems now to turn more fully toward heaven. The latest records in her journal evince a constantly increasing devotional frame of mind. The surviving daughters are all married, and her son’s prospects extremely flattering. She says: “I should be a happy mother had I not lost two flowers from my crown. Ah! what a void their loss makes when I walk here in the garden in the evening, and yearn to see them and hear their voices. I must detach myself more and more from the world in spite of myself.

“I have this year formed the habit of going to Mass before light. It is better to snatch the first moments of the day from the bustle and pleasures of the world, and first render to God the things that are God’s, and then to the world what belongs to the world. I sometimes find it hard to go out in all kinds of weather from my warm room to attend what is called the servants’ Mass, to which the poor go; but are we not all poor in divine grace, and all servants to our parents, our husbands, and our children? I am abundantly repaid by the recollection I feel in the dim church, the fervor of my prayers, and the calmness and strength I derive from the Divine Presence which accompanies me throughout the day after thus fulfilling a paramount obligation.” [179]

Only a short time before the dreadful accident that caused her death, Madame de Lamartine thus reviews her past life, as if conscious of her approaching end:

“Milly, October 21, 1829.—To-day the birth-day of my first-born. I am here alone, and have consecrated the day to meditation to strengthen my soul and prepare it for death. How many times in my life I have paced up and down this alley of meditation, where no one can see me from the house, with my rosary in my clasped hands, meditating or praying! Alas! what would have become of me in all my interior and exterior trials had God not visited me in my meditations, and suggested holier and more consoling thoughts than my own! It is a great grace to have this facility for recollection in God, which has inclined me almost every day of my life to consecrate some hours, or at least some minutes, in thinking exclusively of him. He loves these heart-to-heart appeals to his divine compassion. He inclines his ear to listen to the pulsations of the pious heart that turns toward him! I felt this more than ever to-day, and came away all bathed in tears, without perceiving it while walking in the alley. It seemed as if my whole life passed before me, and before him who is my Creator and Judge!

“Oh! may his judgment, which is approaching, be merciful.

“I saw myself, as if but yesterday, a child playing in the broad alleys of St. Cloud; then, still young, a canoness, praying and chanting in the Chapel at Salles, undecided whether to make my vows like my companions, and consecrate my whole life to praising God in a place of retreat between the world and eternity; I saw my husband, young and handsome, come in his rich uniform to visit his sister, Madame de Villars, the canoness, under whose care I had been placed because she was older and more reasonable than I. I saw his attention was particularly directed to me above all the rest, and that he profited by every opportunity of visiting his sister at the chapter. As for me, I was struck with his noble features, his somewhat military air, his frankness

of expression, and a haughtiness that seemed only to unbend toward me; I remember the emotion of joy shut up in my heart when he at length asked through his sister if I would consent to his demanding me in marriage; then, our first interview in his sister's presence, our walks in the environs of the chapter with the elder canonesses, his openly expressed wish to marry me, and the continued opposition, and the many tears shed in the presence of God during three years of uncertainty to obtain the miracle of his family's consent, which appeared impossible; finally, our years of happiness in this poor solitude of Milly, then much more humble than at present; my despair when, scarcely married, he desperately sacrificed all, even me, to fulfil his duty at Paris, [180] defending as a simple volunteer the palace of the king on the 10th of August: the divine protection which enabled him to escape covered with blood from the garden of the Tuileries, his flight, his return here, his imprisonment, my apprehensions as to his life, my visits to the wicket of the prison, where I took my son to kiss him through the bars; my walking with my child in my arms, through the streets of Lyons and Dijon, to appeal to the rude representatives of the people, a word from whom was life or death to me; the fall of Robespierre; the return to Milly, the successive births of my seven children, their education, their marriages, the vanishing of those two angels from earth, for whose loss the remainder cannot console me!

"And now the repose after so much weariness! Repose, yes, but old age also, for I am growing old, whatever they say. These trees that I planted; the ivy I set out on the north side of the house that my son might not tell an untruth in his *Harmonies* where he describes Milly, and which now covers the whole wall from the cellar to the roof; these walls themselves covered with moss; these cedars which were no higher than my daughter Sophie when she was four years of age, but under which I can now walk—all this tells me I am growing old! The graves of the old peasants whom I knew when young, which I pass as I go to church, tell me plainly this world is not my abiding-place. My final resting-place will soon be prepared. I cannot refrain from tears when I think of leaving all, especially my poor husband, the faithful companion of my early years, who is not feeble, but suffers and needs me now to suffer, as he once needed me to be happy! My children, my dear children! Alphonse, his wife, by her affection and virtue, a sixth daughter; Cécile and her charming children, a third generation of hearts that love and must be loved! And then those who are wanting, but who follow me like my shadow in the Alley of Meditation! Alas! my Césarine, my pride on account of her marvellous beauty, buried far away behind that Alpine horizon which continually recalls her remembrance! Alas! my Suzanne, the saint who wore too soon the aureola on her brow, and whom God took from me that her memory might be for me an image of one of his angels of purity! Dead or absent ones, I am here alone, having borne my fruit—some fallen to the ground like that of yonder trees, and others removed far from me by the Husbandman of the Gospel! Ah! what thoughts attract me, pursue me in this garden, and then force me to leave it when they cause my heart and my eyes to overflow! Ah! this is truly my Garden of Olives!

"O my Saviour! has not every soul such a garden? Alas, yes! this was my garden of delights—and now it is laid waste and desolate. It is my Garden of Olives where I come to watch before my death! And yet it is dear to me, in spite of the vacancies time and death have made around me, even while seeking beneath yonder linden-trees for the white dresses of my children, and listening for their gay voices exclaiming over an insect or a flower in their border!

"What had I done that God should bestow on me this corner of the earth, and this small house, of whose size and barrenness I was sometimes ashamed, but which proved so sweet a nest for my numerous brood? Ah! his name be blessed! his name be blessed! and after me may it still shelter [181] those who will always be a part of me.

"But I hear the bell at Bussières ringing the Angelus.

"Let us leave all this—it is better to pray than to write. I will dry my tears, and all alone in my alley I will say the rosary, to which my little daughters used to respond as they followed me, but which only the sparrows in their nests and the falling leaves now hear. No; no, no, it is not good to give way too much to tears. I must keep my strength for duties to be accomplished—for we have duties even on the death-bed.

"It is the will of God! Let us abandon ourselves to him entirely! The only true wisdom consists in this—to resign ourselves to his adorable will. I have been busying myself here in putting in order my old journals, which has led me to look them over with interest. This always fills me with fresh gratitude for all the grace I have received from God, and with regret for my little progress in piety, after all the good resolutions and reflections I have so often made, but with so little profit. But there is time, always time, while God gives us life, to profit by it to prepare for heaven. This is what I beg him with my whole heart as I finish this book, praying him to shed on me, and on all who belong to me, abundant spiritual blessings. As to temporal blessings, I only ask for them as far as they may be necessary for gaining heaven, but I abandon myself with all my heart to his paternal decrees. May he bless me in my children, in my friends, in all who have loved me, and whom I have so much loved on earth!"

These are the last words Madame de Lamartine wrote in her journal. Some days after, in entering a bath, she found the water too cool, and turned the faucet. The boiling water dashed up on her chest. She fainted. Her cry was heard, but it was too late. She was removed to her chamber. Consciousness returned, and she lived two days. During her last hours she constantly exclaimed: "How happy I am! How happy I am!" Being asked why, she replied: "For dying resigned and purified."

Her son was at Paris, and did not arrive till after the funeral. Remembering her wish to be buried at St. Point, he had her removed. The grave was opened at midnight, one cold night in December,



when the ground was covered with snow.

The peasants, whom she loved and who loved her, took turns in carrying the bier eight leagues, her son on foot behind. Not a word, not a whisper, was to be heard on the way. When they approached Milly, between two and three o'clock in the morning, all the peasants stood in their door-ways, with pale faces and tearful eyes, holding lamps in their trembling hands. They all came out to follow the procession to Milly, where her coffin was placed for a while at the entrance, on the very benches where every morning sat the needy to whom she used to distribute food or medicine.

All the sobbing crowd came up to sprinkle her body with holy water and utter a prayer.

M. de Lamartine afterward built a chapel over the grave of his mother at St. Point, which bears on its cornice the inscription:

“SPERAVIT ANIMA MEA.”

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# A QUARTER OF AN HOUR IN THE OLD ROMAN FORUM DURING A SPEECH OF CICERO'S.

A PASSAGE FROM CICERO'S SPEECH IN SUPPORT OF L. LICINIUS MURENA'S CANDIDACY FOR THE CONSULATE, AGAINST THAT OF SERVIUS SULPICIUS—TWENTY YEARS BEFORE CICERO'S ASSASSINATION—CICERO AND C. ANTONY BEING CONSULS—SIXTY-TWO YEARS BEFORE CHRIST.

Introductory Note: Servius Sulpicius was perhaps the most eminent practitioner of his day in that branch of the law which belongs to the "special pleader" and the "conveyancer"; but so little of a speaker that he would not venture alone to recommend his own cause or to urge his claims before the Roman people. He employed Cneius Postumius, then very young, and Marcus Cato, a most weighty orator, whose character, however (and a reputation for unswerving principle and the austere virtues), had a larger share than the mental power of his words in securing to them influence and authority. It was less important what Cato said than that it had been said by Cato. How very different was the case with Hortensius! A stranger, whose face, whose name, not one of the audience knew, fitly delivering any of Hortensius' harangues, would have commanded attention from the first, retained it to the last, raised many an interrupting tempest of applause during its progress, and left, when he had finished, a powerful, a formidable impression.

Hortensius was that Bolingbroke of the Roman Forum to whom the huge and intelligent assemblies he addressed were what the organ is to a Smart or the violin to a Sivori. He had hewn a lane through many a group of brilliant opponents and rivals, with an Excalibur forged by genius and by study *together* (and few at last cared to face the weapon), to the very throne of contemporary eloquence. And there, for years, he sat at ease, *a king*. A suitor despaired of his cause beforehand upon learning that Hortensius had been retained on the other side. Of course, his wealth had become enormous, and his indirect influence (for, although he had had his year of the Consulate, he cared not very much about politics) was an element, a "quantity," which had to be taken into account by statesmen and generals, by the senate, and by the consuls.

In the case of "Sulpicius against Murena" (Murena had defeated Sulpicius in the canvass for the ensuing year's Consulate, and this was a prosecution of revenge to unseat the future and "designated" chief magistrate), Murena had retained Hortensius, M. Crassus, afterwards the Triumvir, and *Marcus Tullius Cicero*. Now, during about ten years past, Hortensius—although speaking with the same charm and the same glamour as ever—had ceased to sit upon the throne or to wear the crown of eloquence. A far mightier spirit, a far finer genius, a far deeper student—a master upon whom *his* competent and appreciative glance rested with an admiration at once boundless and *hopeless*—had, after a gallant struggle on his part, so utterly eclipsed him that there was now a greater distance between Tully and Hortensius than there ever had been between Hortensius himself and those accomplished but defeated competitors to whom Hortensius had long been a wonder and a despair.

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Cicero, however, had passed a sleepless night before the day of this trial: his voice almost failed him; he looked haggard; his nerves had, for the moment, given way, and with them his presence of mind. In charm of manner, in vigor of delivery, in clearness and percussiveness of utterance, in external grace, and dignity, and ease, his ancient rival for once surpassed him; nay, till the respective speeches were reported, and could be compared on perusal, Hortensius created the illusion that he had at last, in *all* respects, overtaken his victor, and would yet again contend for the palm of pre-eminence.

This never was to be. The broken heart of the only orator known to human records, who might *perhaps* have performed such a task, had then been mouldering for three centuries in a small island of the Ægean Sea. We have bored the reader enough about the advocates, and have mentioned also *what* Servius Sulpicius, the prosecutor, was. The defendant, L. Licinius Murena, was, on the other hand, a distinguished soldier. He had served as a sort of adjutant-general to the famous Lucullus in that series of campaigns by which he had greatly reduced, without overthrowing (a task reserved for Pompey), the power of Mithridates. Except Hannibal, and perhaps Antiochus (we do not reckon Pyrrhus, for Rome was in the gristle then), no enemy had ever waged so formidable a warfare against the Romans as Mithridates. He was a winged beast. How his fame remains! What parties and excursions you Crimean gentlemen made to the spot where his ashes are supposed to have been inurned and intempered! Lord of every seaboard of Pontus and the Euxine, and lord of the "Evil Sea" itself; of ten thousand rich cities; of five hundred strong fortresses; of five hundred thousand armed men; of horses enough to mount the hordes of a Genghis Khan; of half-a-dozen numerous, adventurous, and well-found fleets; of treasures uncounted and uncountable; adroit, bold, proud, insatiably enterprising; no mean captain; an object of worship to his followers; magnificent and munificent; an implacable hater of the Roman name; the long-alight, far-flaming meteor of the East—he threatened to shake hands in Spain, across all Europe, with Sertorius; to make the shores of Italy quake at the white clouds of his sails, and to teach the waters of the Atlantic as well as those of the Levant to know either the sceptre or the sword of Mithridates. It was no child's play to bring this potentate to the dust.

Against such a potentate, in the post next to that of the commander-in-chief (who happened, besides, to be a great general), Murena had served for years with the most brilliant efficiency and distinction.

Sulpicius, among other things (alleged bribery, etc.), had sneered at the presumption of Murena, a man "who had been principally with the army" and out of Rome, in entering into competition

with, or daring to come forward as the rival of, a person of his, Sulpicius', dignity, learning, and professional station, standing, rank.

We have said enough—perhaps too much—to frame the little picture which we want to present to our readers; to set it near the right window as you pass. That little picture is the argument in which Cicero (*who was on terms of personal intimacy with the prosecutor, as well as with his gallant client*) firmly questions—yet questions with the most exquisite urbanity—the rather exorbitant pretensions of Sulpicius, the “learned conveyancer and special pleader,” to a higher consideration than “ought to be, or could be,” allowed to the instruction, the knowledge of many sorts (geographical, historical, administrative, tactical, and technical—ay, strategical even—and of characters; of general statistics; of actual local supplies; of incidental resources, material and moral), and to the professional industry, to the labors, the wounds, the dangers, to say nothing of the valor and the genius of a patriotic and public-spirited soldier, who had led armies to victory, had stormed great strongholds, and had not only defended the frontier of the empire, but enlarged it, with every circumstance of legitimate splendor and honorable success. [184]

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TRANSLATION—EX “PRO MURENA”—SECOND PART OF THE “CONTENTION.” [56]

“I recognize in you, Servius Sulpicius, all the respectability and distinction that family, character, intellectual toil, and such other accomplishments can confer, as may entitle any one to aspire to the Consulate.

“In all these respects I know Murena to be your equal; and so nicely your equal, that we can neither admit any inferiority on *his* part, nor concede the slightest precedency on *yours*.

“You have taunted Murena with his genealogy, and extolled your own. If you mean, in all this, that no one can be deemed of honorable parentage who is not a patrician, you will bring the masses [*plebs*, not *populus*] to withdraw [*secede*] once more to Mount Aventine. But if there are considerable and distinguished plebeian families—why, both the great-grandfather and the grandfather of Murena were actually prætors; and his father, when laying down the prætorian office, having received, in the amplest and most honorable form, the solemnity of a capitolian triumph, left thereby the more accessible to my client the avenue to the Consulate, inasmuch as it was for a dignity already earned by the father, and due to him, that the son became a candidate.

“*Your* nobility, Servius Sulpicius, although of the highest class, is best known to men of letters and to antiquaries; to the people and the electors, not so obvious: your father, you see, was of knightly rank; your grandfather—famous for nothing very remarkable—so that no loud modern voices, but rather the remote whispers of antiquity, attest the glories of your race. For which reason, I have ever claimed you as one of us; a man who, although but the son of a knight, yet have achieved for yourself a fair pretension to the honors of the chief magistracy in the republic.” [He means that he was not presumptuous in offering himself to the electors for the Consulate: “*summâ amplitudine dignus*” are the words.]

“Nor, for my part, have I ever looked upon Quintus Pompey, a new man, and bravery itself, as having less worth and dignity than Marcus Æmilius (*Scaurus*), one of the leaders of our aristocracy; for there is the same merit in the mind and the genius which hand down to posterity the glory of a name not inherited (and this Pompey has achieved), as to revive, like Scaurus, by personal services, the half-dead honor of an ancient line. However, I was under the impression, judges, that my own exertions had succeeded in rendering the objection of lowly birth obsolete in the case of persons of merit—persons who, if we recall not merely the Curii, the Catos, the Pompeys, of a former age, architects of their own station, and men of the loftiest spirit, but the Mariuses, the Didii, the Cœliuses of almost yesterday, had been left lying in the shade. But when, after so long an interval, I myself had stormed those fastnesses of nobility, and had struck wide-open for the admission of merit not less than of nobility, in the time to come (as they used to be among our ancestors), the approaches to the Consulate, I certainly did not expect, while a ‘designated’ consul, sprung from an ancient and illustrious family, was defended by an actual consul, the son of a Roman knight” [Cicero was himself at that moment vested with the Consulate], “that the accusers would venture to taunt him with the newness of his origin! For, indeed, it was my own lot to be candidate for the chief magistracy in competition with two eminent patricians, one of them as conspicuous for the abandoned audacity of his wickedness, as the other for his modesty and virtue—and to *vanquish both*: Catiline, by the respect in which my character was held; and Galba, in the love and confidence of the people. And, surely, had it amounted to any reproach to be a new man, I lacked neither enemies nor enviers. Let us drop, then, this discussion about family, a point in which the present competitors are both alike distinguished; let us see what the other allegations are. ‘*Murena sought the Quæstorship with me: and I was made Quæstor first.*’ An answer is not expected to be given to every little nothing; nor does it escape any of you, when a number of persons obtain simultaneously the same grade of the magistracy, while only one of them can stand first on the list of announcements, that to be *first declared* in point of time is not the same thing as to be *declared first* in point of rank; for the obvious reason, that there must be earlier and later entries in every catalogue, although each name on it bears, for the most part, the very same honor. But the quæstorships of both pretty nearly coincide as to the ‘partition’” [of region]: “my client, under the Titian law, had a silent and quiet province; you, that Ostian province at the mention of which the people, when quæstors are drawing lots, usually utter shouts—not so much a favorite or distinguished, as a busy and [185]

troublesome department. The names of each of you continued dormant in quæstorships; for fortune gave to neither a field wherein your valor might respectively have been exercised and displayed. The ulterior periods of time which are brought into rivalry were by each of you very differently spent. Servius pursued here, along with us, this civic warfare of replications, pleas, caveats; replete with care and vexations; learnt the civic law; kept late watches; toiled hard; was the servant of every one; endured the stupidities, bore with the arrogance, was surfeited with the perplexities of hundreds; lived at the will of others, not according to his own. It is highly honorable, and wins men's favor, that one man should labor in a pursuit which is useful to so many others. And all this while, how was Murena engaged? He was serving as adjutant-general to the bravest and wisest of men, a consummate captain, Lucius Lucullus, in which service he led the army, engaged the enemy, was repeatedly [often] at close quarters with him; routed large forces; took cities now by storm, now by siege; so traversed that opulent Asia, that Asia famed for its seductions, as to leave behind him not one trace either of care for its wealth or pursuit after its gaieties; in short, during a war of the first magnitude, played such a part, that, while he shared, and shared with distinction, in every achievement of the commander-in-chief, the commander-in-chief had no part in numerous and notable services of his. Although I speak in Lucullus' own presence, yet, lest it should be supposed that he allows me, on account of Murena's actual danger in this prosecution, to exaggerate his merits, let me remind you that everything I state rests upon official and public evidence—evidence in which Lucullus awards to his second in command an amount of credit which never could have proceeded except from the most candid and the least jealous of chiefs. Each of the present competitors possesses every title both to personal respect and to social position; and I would pronounce them equal, if only Servius allowed me. But he will not allow me. He persists in his quarrel with soldiering; he inveighs against the whole of Murena's adjutant-generalship. He will have it that the supreme magistracy is the natural reward of this, his desk and chambers [*assiduitatis*, etymologically *sitting-ness*] work; these daily labors of his. 'What!' quoth he, 'you will have been with the army all these years; you will never have been seen in the Forum; and then, after such a disappearance, you pretend to compete for the highest dignities with men who have spent their lives in the Forum?' In the first place, Servius, you are not aware how irksome, how wearisome to people, this *assiduity* of ours is. To me, indeed, the '*in sight, in mind*' brought with it its conveniences; but I surmounted the danger of tiring people by my immense laboriousness: you may have done the same; but a little less of our everlasting presence would have hurt neither of us.

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"However, passing over this, let us come to the comparison of your several studies and acquirements. How can there be any doubt, but that warlike glory carries with it far more likelihood than that of the law to win the Consulate? *You* keep night-watches, that you may give an opinion to your consulting clients; *he*, that he may reach his destination in good time with his army. *You* awake in the morning to the crowing of the cocks; *he* is called by the battle-breathing trumpets. *You* array pleadings; *he*, armies. You are careful not to let your clients be captured; he, to keep from capture cities and camps. He studies how the enemies' forces, and you how neighbors' drains and roof-rains, may be held at bay. He knows how to extend our boundaries; and you, how to litigate about our 'boundings and buttings'"—*Cætera desunt, hic*.

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# A SALON IN PARIS BEFORE THE WAR.

## PART I. VANITY OF VANITIES.

Mesdames Folibel occupied a double set of rooms *au premier* on the Boulevard des Italiens. On a door to the right a large brass plate announced that Madame Augustine Folibel presided over "*lingerie et dentelles*," and invited the public to "*tourner le bouton*." To the left a large steel plate proclaimed Madame Alexandrine Folibel "*modiste*," and invited the public to ring the bell. But after a certain hour every day both these invitations were negated by a page in buttons, who, stationed at either door, kept the way open for the ceaseless flow of visitors passing in and out of the two establishments. My friend Berthe de Bonton was just turning in to the *lingerie* department when I came up the stairs.

"How lucky!" she cried, running across the landing to me, then *sotto voce*: "Madame Clifford [pronounced Cliefore] is here, and wants me to choose a bonnet for her. Now, if there's a thing I hate, it is choosing a bonnet for an Englishwoman. To begin with, they don't possess the first rudiments of culture in dress, then they can never make up their minds, and they find everything too dear; but the crowning absurdity is that they bring their husbands with them, and *consult them! Figurez-vous, ma chère!*" And Berthe, with a Frenchwoman's keen sense of the comic, laughed merrily at the ludicrous conceit. I laughed with her, though not quite from the same point of view.

"I made an excuse to get away for a few minutes, and left the *ménage* discussing a pink tulle with marabout and beetle-wings trimming—*un petit poème, chérie*—but," she caught me by the arm, "fancy Madame Clifford's complexion under it!"

"Ah, *bonjour, mesdames!* I am at the order of *ces dames*. Will they take the pains to seat themselves just for one second?" continued Madame Augustine, who greeted us in the first *salon*, where she was carrying on a warm debate on the relative merits of Alençon *versus* Valenciennes as a trimming for a bridal *peignoir*.

"I merely wanted to say a word with reference to my order of yesterday. Where is Mademoiselle Florine?" inquired Berthe, looking round the room, where there were several groups ordering pretty things.

"Florine! Florine!" called out Madame Augustine.

"*Voici, madame!*"

Mademoiselle Florine was a plump little *boulette* of a woman, who wore her nose *retroussé* and always looked at you as if she had reason to complain of you. Without being uncivil, she looked it; her nose had a supercilious expression that made you feel it was considering you *de haut en bas*. The fact is, Mademoiselle Florine was not happy. She was disappointed, not in love, but with life in general, and with *lingerie* in particular. She had adopted *lingerie* as a vocation, and now it was going down in the world; it was degenerating into *pacotille*; *grandes dames* began to grow cold about it, and to wear collars and cuffs that a *petite bourgeoise* would have turned up her nose at ten years ago. More grievous still was the change that had come over petticoats. The deterioration in this line she took terribly to heart, and the surest way to enlist her good graces and secure her interest in your order, be it ever so small, was to preface it with a sigh or a sneer at red Balmorals or other gaudy and economical inventions which had dethroned the snowy *jupon blanc* of her youth, with its tucks and frills and dainty edgings of lace or embroidery. Berthe, it so happened, very strongly shared this dislike to colored petticoats, and was guilty of considerable extravagance in the choice of white ones; Mademoiselle Florine's sympathies consequently went out to her, and, no matter how busily she was engaged or with whom, she would fly to Berthe as to a kindred soul the moment she appeared.

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"I have been thinking over those *jupons à traine* that I ordered yesterday," said Berthe to the pugnacious-looking little *lingère*, "and I have an idea that the *entre-deux anglais* will be a failure. We ought to have decided on Valenciennes."

"Ah! I thought Madame la Comtesse would come round to it!" observed Mademoiselle Florine with a smile of supreme satisfaction. "I told Madame la Comtesse it was a mistake."

"Yes, I felt you didn't approve; but really twelve hundred francs for six petticoats did seem a great deal," observed Berthe deprecatingly. "Now, suppose we put alternately one row of deep *entre-deux* and a *tuyauté de batiste* edged with a narrow Valenciennes instead of all Valenciennes?"

"*Voyons—réfléchissons!*" said Mademoiselle Florine, putting her finger to her lips, and knitting her brow.

"It occurred to me in my bed last night," continued Berthe, "and I fell asleep and actually dreamed of it, and you can't think how pretty it looked, so light and at the same time *très garni*."

"So much the better! Talk to me of a customer like that!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Florine, clasping her hands and turning to me with a look of admiration which was almost affecting from its earnestness. "There is some compensation in working for madame, at least. If those ladies knew what I have to endure from three-quarters of the world!" And she threw up her hands and shook her head in the direction of the *premier salon*. "But let me get out the models, and see how this dream of Madame la Comtesse's looks in reality." Boxes of lace and embroidery were

ordered out by the excited *lingère*, and under her deft and nimble fingers the dream was illustrated in the course of a few minutes. Berthe was undecided. She sat down and surveyed the combination in silent perplexity.

"Really this question of *jupons* makes life too complicated!" she said presently; "and now I begin to ask myself if these will go with any of my new dresses? The crinoline *éventail* is going out, Monsieur Grandhomme told me, and they will never go with the *queue de moineau* that he is bringing in!"

Here was a predicament!

"Attendez," said Florine, dropping a dozen *rouleaux* of lace on the floor as if such costly rags, the mere mortar and clay of her airy architecture, were not worth a thought. "Let us leave the question of *jupons* unsettled for a while; I will go myself this evening and discuss the toilettes of Madame la Comtesse with her *femme de chambre*; we will see the style and fall of the new skirts, and adapt the *jupons* to them."

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"How good you are!" exclaimed Berthe, looking and feeling grateful for this unlooked-for solution of her difficulty.

"It is a consolation to me, Madame la Comtesse," replied Mademoiselle Florine with a sigh, "and I need a little now and then!"

We wished her good-morning. "Let us go back now to Alexandrine," said Berthe; "I hope Mrs. Clifford has made up her mind by this time." But the hope was vain. Mrs. Clifford was standing with her back to the long mirror, looking at herself as reflected in a hand-glass that she turned so as to view her head in every possible aspect, while Mr. Clifford looked on. "Do you think it does?" she inquired as we came up to her.

"I think a darker shade would suit you better," I said; "that pale pink has no mercy on one's complexion."

"I've tried on nearly every bonnet on the table," she said, looking very miserable, "and they don't any of them seem to do."

"Madame will not understand that the first condition of a bonnet's suiting, after the complexion of course, is that the hair should be dressed with regard to it," interposed Madame Alexandrine, who I could see by her flushed face and nervous manner was, as she would say herself, *à bout de patience*; "these bonnets are all made for the *coiffure à la mode*, whereas madame wears *un peigne à galerie*."

"Dieu! but it is six months since the *peigne à galerie* has been heard of!"

I suggested, in aid of this undeniable argument, that the comb should be suppressed.

"Oh! dear, no, I wouldn't give it up for the world!" said Mrs. Clifford, with the emphatic manner she might have used if I had proposed her giving up her spectacles.

"Then you must have one made to order."

"Yes," said Madame Alexandrine, "I will make one for madame after a *modèle à part*."

"But then it will be dowdy and old-fashioned," demurred the Englishwoman.

"Then let madame sacrifice *le peigne à galerie*! What sacrifice is it, after all? Nobody wears them now; they belong to a past age," argued Madame Alexandrine, appealing to me.

"This one was a present from my husband," replied Mrs. Clifford, in a tone that seemed to say: "You understand, there is nothing more to be said."

I did not dare look at Berthe. Luckily she was beside me, so I could not see her face, but I saw the muff go up in a very expressive way, and she suddenly disappeared into a little *salon* to the left, set apart for caps and *coiffures de bal*. I heard a smothered "burst," and a treacherous *armoire à glace* revealed her thrown back in an arm-chair, stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth, and convulsed with laughter.

Madame Folibel, whose risible faculties long and hard training had brought under perfect control, received the communication, however, with unruffled equanimity.

"That explains why madame holds to it," she answered very seriously; "it is natural and affecting. Still, one must be reasonable; one must not sacrifice too much to a sentiment. Monsieur would not wish it," turning to the gentleman, who stood with his back to the fireplace listening in solemn silence to the controversy. "Monsieur understands that the chief point in madame's toilette is her bonnet. I grieve to say English ladies themselves do not sufficiently realize the supremacy of the bonnet; yet a moment's reflection ought to show them how all-important it is, how necessary that every other feature in the dress should succumb to it. The complexion, the hair, the shape of the head, are all at the mercy of the *chapeau*. Of what avail is a handsome dress, and fashionable shawl or mantle, costly fur, lace—an irreproachable *tout-ensemble*, in fine—if the bonnet be unbecoming? All these are but the *rez-de-chaussée* and the *entresol*, so to speak, while the *chapeau* is the crown of the edifice. Le chapeau enfin c'est la femme! [The bonnet, in fact, is the woman!]" At this climax Madame Folibel paused. Mr. Clifford, who had listened as solemn as a judge, his hands in his pockets, and not a muscle of his face moving, while the *modiste*, looking straight at him, delivered herself of her *credo*, now turned to me.

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"Unquestionably," he said in a serious and impressive tone, "there must be a place in heaven for these people. They are thoroughly in earnest." Mrs. Clifford took advantage of the aside between her husband and me to follow up Madame Folibel's oration by a few private remarks.

Clearly she was staggered in her fidelity to the "sentiment" which interfered so alarmingly with the success of the "crown of the edifice," but she had not the honesty to confess it outright. She was ashamed of giving in. Without being often one whit less devoted to the vanities of life, an Englishwoman is held back by this kind of *mauvaise honte* from proclaiming her allegiance to them. She is ashamed of being in earnest about folly. Now, this British idiosyncrasy is quite foreign to a Frenchwoman; even when she is personally, either from character or circumstances, indifferent to the great fact of dress, she is always alive to its importance in the abstract, and will discuss it without any assumption of contemning wisdom, but soberly and intelligently, as befits a grave subject of recognized importance to her sisterhood in the carrying on of life.

"What do you advise me to do, dear?" said Mrs. Clifford, appealing to her husband, the wife and the woman warring vexedly in her spirit.

"Give in," said Mr. Clifford. "What in the name of mercy could you do else! A dozen men in your place would have capitulated after that broadside ending in the woman and the bonnet."

"What does monsieur say?" inquired Madame Folibel.

Monsieur had answered his wife with his eyes fixed on the Frenchwoman, as if she were a wild variety of the species that he had never come upon before, and might not have an opportunity of studying again.

"I suppose I must sacrifice the comb," observed Mrs. Clifford, affecting a sort of bored indifference and looking about for her old bonnet, "so we will leave the choice of the model open till I have had a conversation with Macravock, my maid, and see what she can do with my hair; she is very clever at hair-dressing."

"Oh! de grâce, madame!" exclaimed La Folibel, terrified at the rough Scotch name that boded ill for the *couronnement*. "Your maid, instead of mending matters, will complicate them still more. You must put yourself in the hands of a *coiffeur* who understands physiognomy, and who will study yours before he decides upon the necessary change. If madame does not know such a man, I can recommend her mine, a *coiffeur* in whom I have unlimited trust. I send him numbers of my customers, he never fails to please them, and I can trust him not to compromise me. Madame understands the success of my bonnets depends in no small degree on the way in which the head is adjusted for them. *Il y a des têtes impossibles* that I could not commit my reputation to. I am sometimes obliged to make a bonnet for them, but I never sign it. I have my name removed from the lining, and so edit the thing anonymously. It would compromise me irremediably if my signature were seen on some of your country-women's heads!" [191]

Mrs. Clifford, awakened to the responsibility she was about to incur, promised to consult the artist instead of her Scotch maid; whereupon Madame Folibel handed her a large card which bore the name Monsieur de Bysterveld and his address. Under both was a note setting forth his capillary capabilities, and informing the public that—

"Monsieur de Bysterveld undertakes to prove that it is possible to become a hair-dresser and yet remain a gentleman."

The *modiste* then assisted Mrs. Clifford to tie on her bonnet, observing, while she smoothed out the ribbon carefully as if trying to make the best of a bad case:

"I am glad for her own sake that madame has consented to give up that *peigne à galerie*. It really is an injustice to her head, and it is simply out of the question her having a *chapeau convenable* while that impediment exists. Madame will be quite another person," she continued, addressing Mr. Clifford. "Monsieur will not recognize her with a new chignon and in a bonnet of mine."

"Oh! then I protest," said Mr. Clifford dryly; he understood French, but did not speak it—"I protest against both the chignon and the bonnet, madame."

"*Plaît-il, monsieur?*" said Madame Folibel, looking from one to the other of us.

"Dear Walter! she means I shall be so much improved," explained the wife, laughing.

"Improved!" repeated Mr. Clifford, not lifting his eye-brows, but writing *incredulity* on every line of his face.

His wife blushed, and her eyes rested on his for a moment. Then, turning quickly to Madame Folibel, she made some final arrangement about a meeting for the following day.

Just at this juncture Berthe came back. I was glad she was not there in time to catch the absurd little passage between the two. A husband paying a compliment to his wife, and she blushing under it after a ten years' *ménage*, would have been a delicious morsel of the *ridicule anglais* that Berthe could not have withstood; it would have diverted her *salon* for a week.

"Well?" she said, five notes of interrogation plainly adding: "Are you ever going to have done?"

"*C'est décidé,*" answered Madame Folibel, coming forward with an air of triumph. "Madame sacrifices the comb!"

"Excellent!" exclaimed Berthe. "I congratulate you, *chère madame*. Even mentally, you will be the better of it. For my part, I know no little misery more demoralizing than an unbecoming bonnet."

We all went down-stairs together, but at the street-door we parted from the Cliffords.

"Where are you going now?" asked Berthe.

"To the *réunion* at the Rue de Monceau," I said. "I got the *faire-part* last night, and I want [192]

particularly to be there to try and get a child into the Succursale school. There is only one vacancy, and we are six trying for it, so I fear my little *protégée* has small chance of success. Come and give me your vote, Berthe."

"*Chérie*, I would with pleasure, but I am so dreadfully busy this afternoon: I promised La Princesse M— to look in during the rehearsal at her house; and then I've not been to Madame de B—'s for an age, and I almost swore I'd go to-day."

"Well, what's to prevent your going afterwards?" I cried. "It's not yet four, and the *réunion* does not last more than an hour. Monsieur le Curé arrives at a quarter-past four, and leaves at five."

"But one is bored to death waiting for him," argued Berthe, "and the room is so hot *chez les bonnes sœurs*, and there won't be a cat there to-day, I'm sure; everybody is at the skating."

"Oh! the parish and the skating don't interfere with each other," I cried, laughing; "but I see you can't come, so good-by. I must be off. Mademoiselle de Galliac will be waiting for me."

"*Comment!* Is *la petite* to be there? I particularly want to see her. I want to know how her snow-storm costume went off at the Marine, for in the crowd I never caught sight of her. *Chère amie*, I'll go with you to Monceau. After all," she continued, drawing a long sigh as we stepped into her carriage, "this life won't last for ever; one must think now and then of one's poor soul."

We were a little behind our time for the canvassing. Four of my rivals were before me in the field, and had robbed me of a few votes that I might have received by being there a quarter of an hour sooner.

"Now, Berthe," I cried, "it's your fault, so you must bestir yourself to help me. Attack those young girls in the window, and persuade them to vote for my child."

"Who are they?"

"I don't know—go and ask them."

Berthe charged valiantly at the group in the window, introducing herself by embracing the young girls all round, and declaring her perfect confidence in their support. They gathered round her, fascinated at once by her beauty and her frank, attractive manner. I saw at a glance that the votes were safe, and that I had no need to bring up reinforcements in that quarter, so I set to work elsewhere.

Perhaps it would interest my readers to hear something of the good work itself. Its object is to take charge of orphans of the poorest class, clothe, feed, and educate them till the age of twenty-one. The members are exclusively ladies, married or single. To be a member, it is necessary to be a parishioner, to pay a small sum yearly for the maintenance of the confraternity, and to assist at the monthly meetings, where the wants, plans, and progress of the work are discussed in presence of the curé, who is always president, and another parish clergyman elected *directeur*, the rest of the board—treasurer, secretary, and vice-president—being chosen from amongst the members. When an orphan is proposed for admission, a written statement giving her birth, parentage, and circumstances, and setting forth the special claims of her case, is placed on the green table of the assembly-room, at which the dignitaries preside during the meeting. This preliminary fulfilled, the next step is to secure the votes of the confraternity. The demand being always much greater than the supply, when a vacancy occurs it is sure to be sharply contested. A zealous patroness takes care to canvass beforehand; but, from one circumstance or another, there are always a good many votes still to be disposed of on the day of the election, and the half-hour that elapses from the opening of the assembly to the arrival of the curé is spent in fighting for them, and presents a scene of interesting excitement. The patroness is looked upon as the mother of the little petitioner, who, once admitted into the orphanage, is called her "child." Those who are long members and very zealous succeed in getting in many orphans, and thus become mothers of a numerous family. The most devoted of these mothers are generally the young girls. The way in which some of their hearts go out to their adopted children is touching and beautiful beyond description. They seem to anticipate their joys and cares, and to invest themselves with something of motherhood in their relations with the little outcasts, who look to them for help in a world where, but for them, they would apparently have no right to be—where no one cares for them, no one loves them, except the great Father who suffers the little ones to come to him, and will not have them sent away.

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Every month the *sœurs* send in a special bulletin of the conduct and health of each child, addressed to the adopted mother, and read by Monsieur le Curé at the meeting. According to the contents of the bulletin, the mothers are congratulated or the reverse. Little presents are sent to the good children, and letters of reproof written to the naughty ones. In this way, the maternal character is kept up till the children leave the shelter of their convent home. Then the mothers assist in placing them as servants or apprentices, or, better still, in getting them respectably married.

While Berthe was getting up votes for me on her side, I was busy on my own, and when the bell rang, announcing, as we thought, Monsieur le Curé, I had a pretty good poll.

The buzz of talk subsided suddenly; the high functionaries broke away from the humbler participants, and took their places at the green table, near the *fauteuils*, waiting for the curé and the vicaire. Some of the very young mothers looked eager and flurried. One in particular, who was a rival candidate with me, seemed terribly nervous. She was about seventeen. Two young mothers on either side of her were speaking words of encouragement and trying to keep up her hopes. "You must pray hard for my success," I heard her say to one of them; "the poor old grandfather will break his heart if Jeannette is refused. He can't take her into Les Vieillards, even



if it were not against the rules, because he hasn't a crust of bread to give her. He has nothing but what the *sœurs* give him for himself. Oh! do pray hard that I may succeed!"

"Let us say another Pater and Ave before Monsieur le Curé comes in," suggested her companions; and the three friends lowered their voices, and sent up their pure young hearts together in a last appeal to the Father of the fatherless in behalf of the little orphan.

The door opened. It was not Monsieur le Curé.

"*Ah, bonjour, cher ange!*" exclaimed Madame de Bérac, embracing Berthe with effusion, and talking as low as if she were "receiving" in her own *salon*. "What a charming surprise to meet you! I came to vote for Marguerite's *protégée*, and see how my *dévouement* is crowned!"

I expressed my satisfaction at virtue's proving in this case its own reward.

"But why have I not seen you before?" inquired Berthe. "I did not even know you were in town." [194]

"I hardly know it yet myself," replied Madame de Bérac. "I only arrived last night. Marguerite wrote to me imploring me to be here if I could in time to vote for her. *Chère aimée*," she continued, turning to me, "till you reminded me of it, I actually forgot I was a member at all!"

"Well, now that you are in town, you mean to stay?" said Berthe.

"*Hélas*, I only remain a week."

"But you said you meant to spend the carnival here?"

"When I said so, I believed it."

"And what has changed your plans?" I inquired.

Madame shrugged her shoulders. "My husband has been so impolite as to tell me that he has no money! One cannot stay in Paris without money."

"*Quel homme!*" exclaimed Berthe, with a look of pity and disgust.

The door opened again. This time it was the curé. After the usual blessing and prayer, he declared the *séance* opened, and read the reports of the board and the bulletins. These matters disposed of, the business of the election began at once. A brisk cross-examination soon put four candidates *hors de concours*. Two had fathers who could support them, but wouldn't. The confraternity found the children not qualified for its charge. Two others were not parishioners of St. Philippe du Roule. Of the six who had started, two therefore only remained in the field. One was mine, the other was the *protégée* of the young girl whose conversation I had just overheard. We were to divide the votes between us. Our respective orphans had the necessary qualifications. It only remained to see which of the two, as the more destitute, could establish the primary claim on the protection of the confraternity. Mine was ten years of age. She had two tiny brothers and a sister some five years older than herself who, since the death of their mother, six months ago, had supported the whole family by working as a *blanchisseuse de fin* by day, and as a *lingère* half the night. But the bread-winner gave way under the load of work, and now lay sick at the hospital, while the brothers and the sister, clinging to each other in a fireless garret, cried out for bread to the rich brothers who could not hear them. The Curé de Ste. Clothilde had promised to find shelter for the boys; but what was to be done with the girl? I had stated these plain facts in the petition, and now verbally recommended the case to the compassion of the members, and once again asked for their votes.

My rival's child was twelve years of age. She had no brothers or sisters. She was utterly destitute, but in good health, and nearly of an age to support herself.

Monsieur le Curé listened to the two cases, and, when he had heard both, his judgment seemed strongly impressed in favor of mine.

In spite of the interest I felt in my poor little *protégée*, I could not help regretting the impending failure of my young competitor opposite. She had answered the curé's questions in short, nervous monosyllables, and now sat drinking in every word he said, two fever-spots burning on her cheeks, while her eyes swam with tears that all her efforts failed to suppress. A face of seventeen is always interesting; but in this one there was something more than the mere attractiveness of early youth and innocence. There was an eager, awakened expression in the clear blue eyes, and a sensitive play about the grave, full lips that one seldom sees in so young a face. She was simply, almost quaintly dressed as contrasted with the costly elegance of most of the dresses around her. The black bonnet with the wreath of violets resting on the fair hair, and the neat but perfectly plain black reps costume, bespoke not poverty, but the very strictest economy. [195]

"To the vote, *mesdames*," said the curé. "I fear, Mademoiselle Hélène, you have a bad chance."

"O Monsieur le Curé!" burst from Hélène, "her poor old grandfather will die of disappointment."

"My poor child, I hope not," said the curé, evidently touched by her distress, but unable to repress a smile at this extreme view. "Your *protégée's* having a grandfather is indeed an advantage on the wrong side."

"He's blind, Monsieur le Curé! and paralyzed! and eighty-six years old!" urged Hélène, gaining courage from desperation, "and his one prayer is to see the *petite* safe somewhere before he dies. O Monsieur le Curé!—" She stopped, the big tears rolling down her cheeks.

"*Voyons!*" said the good old pastor, rubbing his nose, and fidgeting at his spectacles. "Let us take the vote, and then we shall see. You have a child already, have you not, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé; I have two, but one is in the country, at the Succursale."

The votes were taken, and, by a very small majority, I carried it. My voters congratulated me, while Hélène's friends crowded round her, condoling. But the poor child would not be comforted; overcome by the previous emotion and the final disappointment, she sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Oh! really, it's too cruel to let that dear child be disappointed," said Berthe. "Can't we do something, Monsieur le Curé? Can't we by any possibility squeeze in another child?"

"Nothing easier, madame; you have only to create a new *bourse*, or get subscribers to the amount of three hundred francs a year for the term of the child's education," replied Monsieur le Curé.

"Then I subscribe for two years down," said Berthe impulsively. "Who follows suit?"

"I do," said another speaker; "I will subscribe for one year!"

"And I will give forty francs," said a third.

"And I a hundred," said the curé, who was always to the fore when a good work was to be helped on.

In a few minutes, the green table glistened with gold pieces and notes. It was all done so quickly that Hélène had not had time to ask what it was all about, when Berthe ran up to her with the good news that her child was taken in, and, embracing her tenderly, bade her dry her tears.

"How good you are, madame!" said the young girl, returning her caress with fervor; "but I knew you were good; you have the face of an angel!"

"It is better to have the heart of one," said Berthe, laughing, and hastily rubbing a dew-drop from her own fair face.

"Now, I must make haste away, or I shall be late for my lesson," said Hélène, after thanking the members who gathered about her, this time embracing and congratulating.

"What lesson are you going to take, *ma petite*?" inquired Berthe affectionately.

"I am going to give one, madame," replied Hélène. "I live by giving music lessons."

"Then you must come and give me some," said Berthe. "Here is my address. Come to me to-morrow as early as you can." [196]

"You are not sorry I made you come, are you, Berthe?" I asked, as we went out together.

"Sorry! I would not have missed it for the world."

## PART II. LE PARTI.

"*Au revoir, à demain soir!*" said Berthe, kissing a fair-haired young girl, and conducting her to the door.

"What a sweet face! Whose is it?" inquired Madame de Beaucœur.

"Hélène de Karodel's. Her character is sweeter still than her face. I have fallen quite in love with her," said Berthe. And she related the story of their meeting at the *réunion de Monceau*, and the acquaintance that had followed.

"It is a fine old Breton name, and used to be a very wealthy one. How comes she to be earning her bread, poor child?"

"The old story," said Berthe. "General de Karodel mismanaged his property, took to speculation by way of mending matters, and of course lost everything. He died, leaving a widow and three children to do the best they could with his pension, about a thousand francs a year. Hélène is the eldest, and what she earns pays for the education of the second sister."

"But the rest of the family are well off. Why don't they do something for them?" demanded Madame de Beaucœur.

"Rich relations are not given much to helping poor ones," replied Berthe; "besides, these Karodels are as proud as Lucifer, and benefits are pills that a proud spirit finds it difficult to swallow; it takes a good deal of love to gild them."

"Very true!" And dismissing Hélène de Karodel with a sigh, "*Chère amie*" said Madame de Beaucœur, "I am come to ask you to do me a service."

Her presence indeed at so early an hour (it was not much past one) on Berthe's "day" suggested something more important than an ordinary visit. A "day" is a thing that deserves to be noticed amongst the institutions of modern Paris life. Everybody has a day. Women in society have one from necessity, for the convenience of their visitors whose name is Legion. Women not in society have one because they like to be included amongst those with whom it is a necessity. The former speak of their day as "*mon jour*" and as a rule hate it, because it ties them down to stay one day in the week at home. The latter speak of it as "*mon jour de réception*," and glory in it. For the former it is a mere episode, an occasion amongst many for toilette and gossip, mostly of the Grandhomme and Folibel kind, but often of a more serious character, sometimes even of conversation on such grave topics as politics, science, and theology. For the latter, it is a grand opportunity for dress, and dulness, and weary expectation. Madame, attired in state, sits on her sofa like patience on a monument, smiling, not on grief, but on hope—hope of visitors, who come

like angels, few and far between. Woe be unto the false or foolish friend who, under any pretence of business, or kind inquiries, or lack of time, should pass by this day of days, and call on some insignificant day, when neither madame, nor the *salon*, nor the *valet-de-chambre* is in toilette to receive him!

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But it is not into one of these dreary Saharas that we have strayed. Berthe's day is as busy as a fair. So great is the concourse of visitors that, although the reception begins officially at three, the rooms begin to fill soon after two, those who really want to speak to her alleging, as an excuse for forcing the *consigne*, that, when *la cour et la ville* are there, it is a sheer impossibility to get a word with her.

"A service!" repeated Berthe. "I hope it is not too good to be true."

"*Toujours charmante!*" Madame de Beaucœur took her hand and pressed it. "But the favor I am going to ask does not directly concern myself. You know Madame de Chassedot?"

"Slightly; I meet her here and there; we bow, but we don't speak."

"She has deputed me to speak for her to-day. Do you know her son at all?"

"A fair youth, tall and good-looking?"

"Precisely."

"I think I danced with him at the Marine, the other night," said Berthe reflectively.

"Then you know him at his best; he dances divinely; but I believe that is the only thing he excels in," observed Madame de Beaucœur.

"He is very stupid?" said Berthe interrogatively.

"Not very. Simply stupid. But he is, as you know, good-looking, and, what is more to the purpose, of good family and very well off. He is heir to his uncle, and so will one day have two of the finest châteaux in France, each representing two millions of money. The paternal millions have grown thin since the old gentleman's death, but the uncle's will replenish them soon; he cannot last long, he is in bad health and seventy-six years of age. So the marquis is safe to be at the head of a very handsome fortune by the time he has settled down."

"Meanwhile?" said Berthe, pretending not to see the drift of these preliminaries.

"Meanwhile, his mother is very anxious to marry him. She spoke confidentially to me about it, and begged me to look out for a wife for her. I promised I would do my best. Like all mothers-in-law, she wants perfection. Sixteen quarterings *en règle*, that is understood; equal fortune of course; but, although Edgar's present and future fortune is nominally four millions, as he has compromised one million, she would count it as not existing, and only exact three millions with his wife. This is carrying on matters on a grand scale?" And Madame de Beaucœur waited for Berthe's approval.

"How did he compromise the odd million?" inquired Berthe evasively.

"*Mais, mon Dieu!* One must not examine too closely!" replied Madame de Beaucœur, smiling at the *naïveté* of the question.

"And besides these?" said Berthe.

"The girl must be pretty, and well brought up. I must tell you, my dear," continued the lady, with a sort of diffidence as if conscious that she was about to state some ludicrous or damaging fact, "that the mother-in-law is very pious, and she holds very much to having a daughter-in-law who is so also. Otherwise she is the best woman in the world, very intelligent, and will do all in her power to make her son's wife happy."

"And the son himself? You have not said much about him. How far does he pledge himself to the same end?"

"Ah! there is the difficulty!" said Madame de Beaucœur. "Unfortunately he won't hear of being married at all. The moment his mother speaks of it, he either turns it off in a joke, or, if she insists, he gets into a tantrum, flies out of the house, and she doesn't see him for a week. You can fancy how this complicates the matter for her, poor woman!"

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"It certainly is a complication," observed Berthe.

"And it makes it all the more incumbent on us to try and help her," resumed the envoy. "So I have come to enlist your offices in her behalf. I promised her she might count on you, *chère amie*. Did I promise too much?"

"If you promised her that I would marry her son for her, *nolens volens*, you decidedly did," answered Berthe, laughing ironically.

"Oh! I did not go that length," protested Madame de Beaucœur, nettled, but laughing heartily to hide her pique. "I only said that you were more likely than any other woman in Paris to know the girl who united all these conditions, and that, if you knew her, you would give Madame de Chassedot an opportunity of meeting her."

"And how about Madame Chassedot meeting her?" demanded Berthe perversely. "After all, the contracting powers must look each other in the face at least once before they are brought to swear eternal love and duty before Monsieur le Maire, and if this inconvenient young man flies out the room at the bare mention of such a catastrophe—dear madame, I have the highest opinion of your diplomatic powers, but, believe me, this enterprise is beyond their compass."

"Leave that to his mother," said Madame de Beaucoeur. "She is equal to it. If you find the missing element, and give her a chance of managing it, the issue is certain."

Berthe was going to reply when the door opened, and the Princess de M—— was announced. When the usual greeting had subsided, the three ladies entered on the foremost questions of the day, viz., the *salon*, the cholera, and the new comedy called *La Beauté du Diable* that was setting all Paris by the ears.

The trio were not long alone. The rooms were filling rapidly, but the new-comers, instead of checking the conversation, enlivened it, every fresh arrival falling in with the current and propelling it.

"The Empress does not believe it to be contagious, and holds it of primary importance that the popular belief to the contrary should be practically repudiated," said an old senator, who joined the circle while the cholera was on the *tapis*, "This was the chief motive of her visit to Amiens. I have just been to the Tuileries, and heard the account of it."

"Racontez, monsieur, racontez!" exclaimed Berthe, recognizing his white hairs by making room for him on the sofa beside her.

"You honor me too highly, madame!" said the old courtier, bending to his knees before he assumed the place of distinction. "I should have at least run the gantlet with the plague to deserve to be so favored. You are aware," he continued in a more serious tone, "that it was [199] raging furiously at Amiens. The townspeople became so panic-stricken that the victims were deserted the moment they were seized. Every house was closed. No one walked abroad for fear of rubbing against some infected thing or person. Except the sisters of charity going in and out of the condemned houses and hospitals, there was hardly a soul to be seen in the streets. In fact, it threatened to be a second edition of the plague in Milan. The Empress, hearing all this, suddenly announced her intention of visiting the city. The Emperor strongly opposed the project, and her ladies seconded him, being very loth to run the risk of accompanying her majesty. The Empress, however, held her own against them all, like a Spaniard and a woman, said she would have no one run any risk on her account, and declared herself determined to go alone. Two of her ladies, to save their credit, thereupon volunteered to go with her. They started by the first train next day, and returned the same evening, not at all the worse for the journey."

"I dare say," remarked a young *crévé*, a furious Legitimist, who always spoke of the Emperor as *ce gaillard là*, and who would have as soon dined with his *concierge* as at the Tuileries. "They made a tour in a close carriage round the town, and took precious care to keep clear of the dangerous quarters."

"I have the word of her majesty to the contrary, monsieur. She visited the wards, inquired minutely into their organization, and spoke to several of the sufferers. The equerry who accompanied her told me that she held the hand of one poor fellow who was dying, and stooped down, putting her ear close to his lips to hear something he had to say about his little children: there were three of them, their mother had died that morning, and now they were going to be quite destitute. The Empress sent for them, embraced them in the presence of the father, and promised to take care of them. He expired soon after blessing her, as you may imagine."

"She has a noble heart!" murmured Berthe, while a tear stood in her eye.

"Comédie, haute comédie!" sneered the *crévé de faubourg*.

"A stroke of policy, rather," observed a Deputy du Centre, stroking his beard.

"A comedian's policy!" said a Deputy de la Gauche; "but it is time and trouble lost, the people are no longer duped by that sort of charlatanism."

"Say, rather, the people are tired of peace and prosperity, and want a change at any cost," said the Princess de M——. "You are the most unmanageable people under the sun. The wonder is, how any one can be found willing to govern you."

"That is quite true," assented Berthe, whose politics, of no absolute color, leaned towards Imperialism, partly because it was the established order of things, and partly because the court was pleasant and its hospitalities magnificent. "We are an unruly nation; but whatever one thinks of the Empire, it is ungrateful and unjust not to give the Empress credit at least for good intentions in this visit to Amiens. It was an act of heroic charity and courage, and that there was as much wisdom as charity in it is proved by the fact that the pestilence has decreased sensibly from the very day of her visit."

"O madame, madame!" protested the *crévé* and the two deputies in chorus.

"The bulletins of the last week are there to prove it," affirmed Berthe.

"Where were they fabricated?" demanded the Deputy de la Gauche. "Perhaps Monsieur de Taitout could tell us?" Monsieur de Taitout was Chef de Cabinet at the Ministry of the Interior.

"They were issued at Amiens by the medical men of the hospitals and by the Commission of Public Health, I presume," replied the ministerial functionary with repellent *hauteur*.

"They had at least a roll of red ribbon apiece in return for their satisfactory bulletins!" pursued [200] the Deputy de la Gauche, with supercilious irony.

"You are evidently well informed, monsieur," replied the Chef de l'Intérieur, provoked by the persiflage; and darting a glance of peculiar meaning at the deputy, "We may infer that you are in the confidence of the Minister of Police?"

The deputy bit his lip and reddened, while a suppressed titter ran through the company. This suspicion of complicity with the police, which the established system of compression and its inevitable consequence, espionage, engendered too readily, was apt to fall sometimes on the most unlikely subjects; in the present instance, however, it was all the more mortifying because public rumor had paved the way for credulity by ascribing the violent antagonism of the Deputy de la Gauche to the fact of his having been disappointed in obtaining a prefecture under the existing government. But Berthe, though she disliked and mistrusted him, was annoyed that he should be made uncomfortable in her *salon*. She disapproved of the turn the conversation was taking, and by way of diverting it, without breaking off too precipitately from the subject under discussion, she said, addressing an academician who had just joined the circle:

"Is it not quite possible, admitting panic to be the first condition of contagion, that the presence of the Empress in the midst of the sick and the dying may have had such an effect on the *morale* of the people as could sufficiently explain the immediate decrease in the number of deaths? Instruct us, Monsieur le Philosophe!"

"Madame, I come here to learn rather than to teach," replied the man of science with the gallantry of his threescore years and ten; "but, since you do me the honor to ask my opinion, I confess that it has the good grace to agree with your own. The people were imbued with the belief that to breathe the infected atmosphere was to die. The Empress, of her own free impulse, came boldly into the midst of it, stood among the dying and the dead, breathed long draughts of contagion, and did not die. Therefore contagion is a fallacy, and panic, instead of killing, is forthwith killed."

"Your therefore, monsieur, is admirable," said the Princess de M—, tapping her parasol on the arm of her chair. "Now, let us have a truce of the plague, and talk of something else."

"Yes," said Berthe, "or else talking may raise a panic, and we shall all catch it. Have you been lately to the theatre, monsieur?"

"I went last night to see *La Beauté du Diable*," replied the philosopher.

"Ah! And what did you think of it?"

"I think, madame—*que la France est bien malade*," said the old man gravely.

"One need not be *un des quarante* to find that out," remarked the Deputy de la Gauche with a sneer.

"Is it so very bad?" inquired Berthe, turning a deaf ear to the uncivil commentary.

"It is so bad," replied the academician, "that, if I had not seen it with my own eyes and heard it with my own ears, I could not have believed that the French drama and the French public could have fallen so low. I asked myself whether I was in Paris or in Sodom. From first to last the piece is a tissue of license and blasphemy, for which I could find no parallel, even approximately, in the most ribald productions of ancient or modern literature." [201]

"Dear me!" exclaimed Berthe, "you quite horrify me. Why, we had just arranged a *partie fine* to go and see it!"

"Take an old man's advice, madame—don't go," said the academician impressively.

"It all depends," said the Princess de M—, twirling her parasol, and lolling back in the luxurious *fauteuil*, "if one is prepared to risk it. I am for my part!"

The philosopher bowed to the lady, but offered no comment.

"Why does the Censure permit such bad comedies to be played?" asked Madame de Beaucoeur. "I thought the reason for its existence was the protection of the public morals?"

"Political morals rather, madame," corrected the Deputy de la Gauche, with an air of mock solemnity, "and it is most conscientious in the discharge of that duty. An irreverent insinuation against the government suffices to bring down anathemas on a comedy or a drama from which no amount of talent can redeem it. My friend Henri — has just had a *chef-d'œuvre*, the result of a whole year's labor, rejected on the plea that some odd passages, which cannot be removed without changing the whole plan, might be construed by sensitive Imperialists into a hit at the dynasty."

"The judges would serve the dynasty better by exercising a little wholesome restraint over what may prove more fatal to it in the long run than even servile flattery," observed the philosopher. "What think you, M. le Sénateur?"

"Que voulez-vous?" The senator shrugged his shoulders. "One must reckon with human nature; you cannot lock it in on every side. If you don't leave a safety-valve to let off the superfluous steam, the ship will blow up."

"Take care the valve does not turn out to be a leak, or the ship may sink!" replied the academician. "Our press and our literature are eating into the very marrow of the nation's heart, and rotting it. The people are taught to scoff at everything—to make a jest of everything, human and divine. Nothing is sacred to the venal scribes who pander to the base passions of humanity, and prey upon its vices and its follies. When public morality has come to such a pass that one of the first writers of the day publicly vindicates the devil's claim to our respect and pity as 'an unsuccessful revolutionist,' and when one of the last writes and prints such a sentence as, 'I grant you the good God, but leave me the devil!' and that the cynical blasphemy calls out no stronger comment than a laugh or a shrug—when, I say, we have come to this pitch of progress and civilization, it is time the ship's hold were looked to."

"I grant you they are dangerous symptoms," assented the senator, shaking his head, and preparing a pinch from his enamelled snuff-box.

"A much more ominous symptom, to my mind, is that the nation is dreadfully *ennuyée*," observed the Deputy du Centre, with a weighty emphasis on the adverb. "When France *ennuies* herself, it is time to cry, Take care."

"Who is to take care?" said the Princess de M—.

"The government, madame. We have had this one eighteen years now; three years beyond the lease usually granted to governments in France, and the people are thoroughly tired of it. Paris especially is *ennuyée* of late."

"Paris is always *ennuyée* unless she has a war, or an exhibition, or some kind of a carnival, to keep her in good humor," said Berthe; "but Paris is not France."

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"Pardon, madame, Paris *c'est le monde*!" replied M. du Centre, in melodramatic accent.

"Le monde, non," retorted Madame de M—; "le demi-monde peut-être."

There was a general laugh at this sortie of the princess, and before it subsided a group of new arrivals, amongst whom were the Snow-Storm and her mother, were ushered in, and broke up the controversy. Several of the company, some who had not spoken a word to Berthe, but had merely made *acte de présence* in the crowd, withdrew. Madame de Beaucœur and the Princess de M— remained on.

"*Quelle charmante jeune fille!*" said the former *sotto voce* to the princess, as Madame de Galliac and her daughter sat down near them. "Who is she?"

"Mademoiselle de Galliac. She is the *partie* of the season. *On dit* gives her four millions."

"Indeed!" And Madame de Beaucœur, on marriageable maids intent, pricked up her ears. "How odd I should not have met her before!"

"She has only lately arrived from Brittany. Our hostess patronizes her very zealously. I suppose she is looking out for a husband for her."

Madame de Beaucœur made no reply, but committed the remark to her mental note-book. Why had Berthe not suggested this girl to her for Madame de Chassedot? It was the very thing she was looking for. Old name, four millions—one too many, but the inequality was on the right side—beauty, and of course good principles. Madame de Galliac was known to be an excellent woman. How could Berthe have been so disobliging or so thoughtless? Big with a mighty purpose, and unable to resist the need of communicating her ideas, Madame de Beaucœur turned to the Princess de M—, and in the strictest confidence opened her heart to her.

But Madame de M— was a foreigner, and did not fall in sympathetically with French views on the subject of marriage, and was, moreover, given to call things bluntly by their names.

"A girl with her beauty and money will find plenty of willing purchasers," she argued, "and I see no conceivable reason for expecting that she will let herself be forced on an unwilling one. There are husbands to be had at every price; she can bid for the best, and the best are already bidding for her."

"Ah!" said Madame de Beaucœur, alarm mingling with curiosity in the interjection.

"Why, you don't suppose a prize like that is likely to be twenty-four hours in the Paris market without having scores of the highest bidders fighting for it?"

"How mercenary men are! They are greatly changed since my young day!" Madame de Beaucœur was somewhere between five-and-thirty and forty; but she had been married from school at eighteen, and had heard nothing of sundry interviews between *notaires* and mothers-in-law, etc., that had preceded the presentation of her *fiancé* ten days before her marriage.

"Very likely, but in this particular case it strikes me the woman is the mercenary party. You say the young man won't let himself be married, big dower or little one?" said Madame de M—, laughing, and speaking rather louder than was desirable in the presence of the marketable *dower*.

"Introduce me to Madame de Galliac," said her companion, striking a *coup d'état* on the spot.

The request was complied with, and the two ladies were soon absorbed in each other.

"What shall we do to amuse ourselves this week, *chère madame*? For Wednesday we have *La Beauté du Diable* with a *diner fin au cabaret*, and a *petit souper* at Tortoni's; but what shall we do to kill the other three days?" demanded the princess, who had risen to go, and now pounced upon Berthe, who stood taking leave of some guests at the door.

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"I haven't an idea just at present; we will talk it over to-morrow night at Madame de Beaucœur's. But you must not count on me for Wednesday," said Berthe, "I have changed my mind about going."

"What! You are going to play us false!" exclaimed the princess, her ugly but expressive features lighting up with irresistible humor, while her eyes shot out a cold, sardonic glance into Berthe's. "That old *perruque* has put you out of conceit with it? But, no! It's too absurd, *ma chère!*"

"Absurd or not, I don't intend to go," said Berthe resolutely. "I'm not so brave as you are. I do not want to risk myself."

"But all Paris will laugh at you. They will say you have turned *dévoté*. For mercy's sake, my child,

do not make such a fool of yourself!"

"Paris may say what it likes," answered Berthe, bristling up, while a blush of defiant pride suffused her cheek. "I despise its gossip, and, in short, I don't mean to go."

"Seriously?"

"Quite seriously."

The princess lifted her shoulders slowly, and as slowly let them fall.

"Then there is no use in my proposing a little distraction that we were planning, in the shape of an escapade to the *Bal de l'Opéra* on Saturday night? In dominos and masks, of course?"

"Thank you, I do not want to run the risk," said Berthe, smiling.

"Adieu!" And Madame de M—— heaved a long sigh. "You will make a charming saint, but I fear I sha'n't worship the saint as much as I loved——"

"The sinner," added Berthe, laughing good-humoredly. "Oh! well, I've not donned the sackcloth and ashes, so you mustn't denounce me yet. But don't suppose," she continued, seeing Madame de M——'s eyes fixed on her with a puzzled expression, "that I mean to reproach you for amusing yourself. Our positions are widely different. You have your husband to stand between you and evil tongues, and, again, you are not amongst your own people here. Honestly, would you go on at Berlin as you do in Paris?"

"Oh!" The princess threw up her parasol, caught it again, and, laughing out, said, "But Paris is a *cabaret*, where one does as one likes!" And with this exhaustive apology, she opened the door, and passed out.

Berthe went into the second *salon*, where some of the earlier visitors had gathered to leave room for new arrivals in the first, but she was hardly seated when the door was again opened, and François announced:

"Le Marquis de Chassedot!"

If he had announced Le Marquis de Carrabas, his mistress could not have been more astonished. Was it a trap that Madame de Beaucœur had laid for him? But, no, Mademoiselle de Galliac's presence was quite fortuitous, and, moreover, Madame de Beaucœur did not know her, so she could not have had any scheme into which the heiress' visit adjusted itself to-day.

"You were kind enough to permit me to pay my respects to you, madame," said the young man, walking up to Berthe, with his hat in both hands, and blushing violently while he doubled himself in two before her. "I hope I am not indiscreet in availing myself so precipitately of the permission?" [204]

Berthe smiled her gracious clemency on the indiscretion, and the gentleman, backing a few steps, carried his hat toward a group of politicians who were shaking hands in the window, and making appointments before separating.

"How extraordinary!" muttered Berthe, laughing to herself at the cool audacity of Monsieur de Chassedot. "I was kind enough to permit him! Perhaps he is under delusion, and mistakes somebody else's permission for mine. Or perhaps it is a ruse of his mother's to put him unawares in the way of the three millions?"

But Berthe was wrong. M. de Chassedot really had said something to her between the links of the "ladies' chain" about placing himself at her feet, and, as she looked very smiling and gracious, he took the smiles for a permission. He had no view in asking it beyond that of being received in the *salon* of the fashionable beauty, and he was encouraged in presenting himself there by the knowledge that he was sure not to meet his mother. It would be a free territory where he might flit about without being in perpetual dread of falling into some net which the maternal solicitude was constantly setting for him in the *salons* of her devoted allies.

Madame de Beaucœur did not count amongst those redoubtable beligerents. When she called during the day at his mother's house, he was never there, and, as the *habitués* of the marquise's Tuesday evenings were recruited chiefly amongst the old fogies and devotees of the faubourg, a class of her fellow-creatures whom Madame de Beaucœur carefully avoided, there was no chance of his meeting her there in the evening. It was this precisely that made her mediation so precious to Madame de Chassedot. Edgar was disarmed before her; he did not mistrust her, and when, reconnoitring the company in the adjoining room through the broad glass-panel that divided the *salon*, he spied her sitting near a very pretty girl, the discovery gave him no shock, and, when Madame de Beaucœur, catching his eye, nodded familiarly to him, he at once made his way toward her, and took up a position behind her chair.

"I should like to go very much," Madame de Beaucœur said, continuing the conversation with Madame de Galliac, "but I have not been this year since the garden opened. One cannot go without a gentleman, and M. de Beaucœur is always so busy in the evening that he can never accompany me."

"There are hundreds who would cross swords for the honor of replacing him, madame," declared M. de Chassedot, stooping over her chair, and throwing all the *empressement* into his voice and manner that her position as a married woman rendered legitimate.

"Then you shall have the honor without crossing swords for it," replied the lady. "Come and fetch me to-morrow evening at eight o'clock; unless you are equal to undergoing a *dîner de ménage* with myself and M. de Beaucœur, and in that case come at half-past six."

"Madame! Such kindness overwhelms me!"

Madame de Beaucœur said *au revoir* to the heiress and her mother, kissed hand to Berthe in the inner *salon*, and, granting M. de Chassedot's request to be allowed to see her to her carriage, they left the room together.

"Who is that young lady who was sitting beside you, madame?" he asked with some curiosity, when they were out of ear-shot on the staircase. [205]

"Mademoiselle de Galliac. Did you never see her before?"

"Yes; but I did not know her name."

"I ought to have presented you. How stupid of me! She is a nice girl to talk to."

"*A l'honneur, madame!* to-morrow evening!"

And the carriage rolled off, leaving M. de Chassedot bowing on the sidewalk.

Punctual to the minute, he presented himself in Madame de Beaucœur's drawing-room as the clock was chiming the half-hour. Monsieur de Beaucœur had, of course, an appointment at the club, which to his infinite regret prevented his accompanying his wife to the Concert Musard, so he remained sipping his *café noir*, and they set out alone.

The gardens, though only beginning to fill, presented a brilliant, animated appearance. The central pavilion, its roof and pillars girded with light, glowed like the starry temple of an Arabian tale, while from within the orchestra sent forth its melodic stream, now tender and plaintive as the zephyr wooing the rose at midnight, now loud and valiant in the rhythmic dance; balls of light came glistening through the foliage, making the trees stand out in radiant illumination.

But, artistically mindful of the worth of contrast in scenic effect, the light distributed itself so as to leave certain parts of the garden in comparative shade. There, those who shrank from the dazzling glare of the centre could walk and enjoy the scene and the music without inconvenience.

"Why, there is Madame de Galliac, I declare! Let us go and meet her!" said Madame de Beaucœur in delighted surprise, and they walked on quickly. "What an unexpected pleasure, madame! I thought you were going to the opera to-night?"

"So we intended; but there was some mistake about the box; we only found it out at the last moment, and Henriette was so disappointed that, to comfort her, I proposed coming here for an hour," exclaimed Madame de Galliac.

"Poor child! But I assure you the music here is no despicable compensation. Let us go round by the left; the breeze is blowing from that point," said Madame Beaucœur, and, without taking the slightest notice of Monsieur de Chassedot, she turned to walk on with Madame de Galliac.

"Madame!" whispered the young man, touching her lightly on the arm, and by a sign intimating that she had left him standing out in the cold.

"Oh! how stupid I am! Allow me to introduce you: le Marquis de Chassedot—la Baronne de Galliac."

"My daughter, monsieur," said the latter, pointing to Henriette.

Everybody having bowed to everybody, the party moved on, the young people walking in front of the married women.

Monsieur de Chassedot, serenely unconscious of the cruel snare into which he had fallen, and finding Henriette a lively, unaffected girl, talked away pleasantly, confining himself of course to authorized insipidities, such as the music, the decoration of the gardens, the weather, etc., and making himself, as he could do when he liked, very agreeable.

"Is not that Madame de P——'s voice?" said Henriette, stopping abruptly, and bending her ear in the direction of the sound.

"I think it is. Let us walk on and see," answered her mother, and they quickened their steps.

Now, though Madame de Beaucœur liked Berthe, and as a rule was delighted to meet her anywhere, on this particular occasion she was the last person in Paris she cared to meet. She could not avoid her, however, without awakening suspicions in the mind of Edgar de Chassedot which might prove fatal to her own benevolent designs on him. When Berthe saw the party, her surprise was great, and, though she said nothing, her face expressed it so naively that Henriette, being intelligent, noticed it, and bethought herself that there must be some stronger reason for it than the ostensible one of her mother's meeting and walking round the garden with Madame de Beaucœur. [206]

Berthe had four gentlemen in attendance on her: a tall, *distingué*-looking Austrian, who spoke to no one, but shot vinegar out of his eyes at a handsome young Breton on whose arm Berthe leant; a dark Englishman, who made up in vivacity what he lacked in height; and another Englishman, whose notablest idiosyncrasy was an eye-glass that seemed to be a fixture, so faithfully did it stick in the right eye of the wearer, morning, noon, and night. Over and above this guard of honor the beautiful widow was accompanied by Hélène de Karodel. She introduced the two girls, who walked on together, while the gentlemen and the three married women followed.

Hélène and Mademoiselle de Galliac had not proceeded far when Monsieur de Chassedot broke away from the elders, and joined them.

"Mademoiselle," he said, addressing Hélène, "I have just made a discovery so agreeable that,



before I venture to believe it, I must have your corroboration."

"Indeed!" said Hélène, puzzled at the singular apostrophe. "*Couvrez-vous, monsieur.*" Edgar remained bare-headed awaiting her answer—"and let us know what this wonderful discovery is."

"You are the daughter, I am told, of that brave soldier and true gentleman, Christian de Karodel?"

"You have been told the truth," replied Hélène, her eye moistening with grateful emotion at hearing her father so designated.

"He was my mother's first cousin, consequently I claim close friendship with you," resumed the young man.

"And your name is—?"

"Edgar de Chassedot."

"Ah! we are indeed cousins; but as your family seemed quite to have forgotten the fact, we had almost forgotten it ourselves," replied Hélène coldly.

"It is not too late for us to remember it, I hope?" said Edgar, imperceptibly emphasizing the us, and throwing a persuasive deference into his tone that subdued Hélène.

"It is strange that you should care; but, since it is so, let us be cousins!" And she held out her hand to him.

Six weeks after this promenade in the Jardin Musard there was a *dîner de contrat* at Madame de Galliac's. The *fiancé* wore the full-dress uniform of a *chasseur d'Afrique*. His bronzed features attested long residence under Algerian skies, and the stars and medals on his breast bore witness that his days had not been wasted there in idle dalliance.

The plot against Monsieur de Chassedot's liberty had collapsed, to the inexpressible vexation of his mother, who, together with the family lawyer and Madame de Galliac, had arranged all the essentials for his marriage with Henriette's four millions; but, strange as it may seem, the consent of the young people themselves, when demanded as a final condition, was actually found wanting. It had come to the young lady's ear that Monsieur de Chassedot was no party to the business, and that, if he let himself be persuaded into marrying her, it would be quite against his will. Mademoiselle de Galliac there and then declared that she would be forced upon no man, were he *Roi de France et de Navarre*. And so this most eligible union, for want of a bride and a bridegroom, fell through. [207]

Madame de Beaucœur then called to mind a nephew of her husband's who was serving in Africa. He was two millions short of the requisite figure, but he had '*de grandes espérances*' and was moreover willing to be married, having positively written to his family stating this fact, and requesting them to look out for a wife for him. Photographs were exchanged, character and principles inquired into, and vouched for satisfactorily—Henriette made this a *sine quâ non*—and within one month from the day that his aunt opened negotiations with Madame de Galliac, Alexandre de Beaucœur arrived in Paris the affianced husband of Henriette de Galliac. They were presented to each other at a morning reception, and met next day at the *dîner de contrat*. He took her in to dinner, Madame de Galliac whispering to him with an arch smile, as Henriette accepted his arm, "Now pay your addresses!"

The position was an embarrassing one. Monsieur de Beaucœur wished to avail himself of the opportunity to win his bride's affections, but he was ill at ease, and, the more he strove to find something agreeable to say, the less he succeeded. When dessert was served, however, he took courage, and, bending over Henriette's wineglass, he murmured timidly in a low tone:

"Mademoiselle, what color will you have your carriage?"

"Blue, monsieur," the young lady replied in the same low tone.

He bowed, and they relapsed into silence.

This was all that passed between them till they swore before God and man to love each other until death did part them.

It may interest my readers, and it will no doubt surprise them, to hear that this prosaic marriage turned out a singularly happy one. The young man was a gentleman with a conscience and a heart. The girl was sensible, high-principled, and affectionate. They were both sound at heart, and they did their duty by each other. After all, the most romantic union can hardly embark with surer or fairer elements of happiness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.](#)

# THE LEGENDS OF OISIN, BARD OF ERIN.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

## V. OISIN'S VISION.

As dim through snowy flakes the dawn  
Peered o'er the moorlands frore,  
The old, snow-headed Bard, Oisin,<sup>[57]</sup>  
Sat by the convent door.

His chin he propp'd on that clenched hand  
Of old in battles feared:  
And like a silver flood, far-kenned,  
To earth down streamed his beard.

That sun his eyes could see no more  
Their thin lids loved to feel:  
It rose; and on his cheek a tear  
Began to uncongeal.

Then slowly thus he spake: "Three times  
This thought has come to me,  
Patrick, that I am older thrice  
Than I am famed to be:

"For on the ruins of that house,  
Once stately to behold,  
Where feasted Fionn the King, there sighs  
A wood of alders old.

"And on my Oscar's grave three elms  
Have risen; and mouldered three:  
And on my Father's grave, the oak  
Is now a hollow tree.

"Patrick, of me they noised a tale,  
That down beneath a lake  
A hundred years I lived, unchanged,  
For a Faery Lady's sake:

"They said that, home when I returned,  
The men I loved were dead;  
And that the whiteness fell that hour  
Like snow-storm on my head.

"A song of mine—a dream in youth,  
That tale, misdeemed for true:  
Far other dream was mine in age:  
A dream that no man knew.

"For though I sang of things loved well,  
I hid the things loved best:  
Patrick, to thee that later dream  
At last shall be confessed.

"On Gahbra's field my Oscar fell:  
Last died my Father, Fionn:  
The wind went o'er their grassy mounds:  
I heard it, and lived on.

"I loved no more the lark by Lee  
Nor yet the battle-cry;  
And therefore in a dell, one day,  
I laid me down to die.

"The cold went on into my heart:  
Methought that I was dead:  
Yet I was 'ware that angels waved  
Their wings above my head.

"They said, 'This man, for Erin's sake,  
Shall tarry here an age,  
Till Christ to Erin comes—shall sleep  
In this still hermitage:

"That so, ere yet that great old time  
Is wholly gone and past,  
Her manlier with her saintlier day  
May blend in bridal fast.

"And since of deadlv deeds he sang

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And since of every voice he sang  
Above him we will sing  
The Death that saved: and we from him  
Will keep the gadfly's wing.

“For him an age, for us an hour,  
Here, like a cradled child,  
Shall sleep the man whose hand was red,  
Whose heart was undefiled.’

“Patrick! That vision, was it truth?  
Or fancy's mocking gleam?  
That I should tarry till He came—  
'Twas not, 'twas not a dream!

“And wondrous is mine age, I know;  
For whiter than the thorn  
Was this once-honored head before  
The men now white were born:

“And on my Oscar's grave three elms  
Have risen: and mouldered three:  
And on my father's grave, the oak  
Is now a hollow tree.”

Then said the monks, “His brain is hurt”:  
But Patrick said, “They lie!  
Thou God that lov'st thy gray-haired child,  
Would I for him might die!”

And Patrick cried, “Oisin! the thirst  
Of God is in thy breast!  
He who has dealt thy heart the wound  
Ere long will give it rest!”

## A JEWISH CONVERT: A REMINISCENCE OF VIENNA.

Among the pleasant capitals of Europe through which a long tour carried the writer of this sketch, one of the most brilliant is Vienna. It has many associations of genius to consecrate it; Mozart and Beethoven, not to mention many lesser princes of music, found there both home and appreciation; it has been the resort of elegance, the *rendezvous* of talent, the paradise of diplomacy, even while graver ecclesiastical and historical events have centred in it. It has its old cathedral, which, though disfigured by some unfortunate internal bungling of the style of the Renaissance, nevertheless has not lost its impression of religious solemnity, heightened by the deep, narrow, and sombre choir with the wonderful windows of old stained glass. Inimitable and unapproachable even in its fragmentary state, this old glass is perhaps the most interesting thing in the old church of St. Stephen, if we except the stone pulpit, cunningly carved and placed in a recess of the exterior wall of the building, the pulpit from which, so runs Viennese tradition, the second Crusade was publicly preached. There is among the records of the foundations at St. Stephen's one that sets forth the desire and prayer of the people, during a pestilence in the middle ages, that a Mass should be daily offered in that church for the cessation of the epidemic. Tradition says that a great wind arose, and the pestilence was stopped. The Mass, however, continues to be said daily, and it certainly is a remarkable fact that there is not one day in the year, summer or winter, wet or dry, when the wind does not blow in Vienna. The Austrian capital, however, has yet more interesting associations for us than are called up by the cathedral, and the many other monuments and chapels by which it is historically distinguished. In the Advent season of 1865, a young Jewish convert preached in the *Schotten-Kirche* a short course of the most eloquent sermons it has ever been our privilege to hear in any language or any land whatever.

His name is Marie-Bernard Bauer, and his family, of Hungarian descent, is among the most influential and wealthy of those settled in Vienna. The Jews of that city have indisputably as large a share of the talent as of the riches of the country. The oldest brother of young Bauer is one of the greatest bankers in Austria. At an early age, the young Jew, fiery and enthusiastic, and already gifted with singular eloquence, threw himself into the ranks of the Revolution, and became one of its most ardent emissaries. At eighteen, he was entrusted with important missions and considered a rising Freemason. But during his travels he became acquainted with a young Frenchman, a zealous Catholic, whose influence and friendship laid the foundations of his conversion. He visited his friend's mother, also, who by her example more even than her exhortations contributed to the work of grace begun in his soul by her son's solicitations. Bauer wore, at the request of these two, a medal of the Immaculate Conception; and we need scarcely remind our Catholic friends of the part this blessed badge fulfilled in the conversion of another illustrious Jew, the Père Marie Ratisbonne, the founder of the *Dames de Sion*, who has since devoted his life to the instruction and conversion of Jewish girls at Jerusalem. After being fully instructed in the faith, Bauer required nothing but grace to believe. Being at Lyons with several worldly acquaintances, he happened to be standing on a prominent balcony, on the feast of Corpus Christi. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament was to pass below, and they, with cigars in their mouths and mockery in their hearts, were waiting for the pageant. No change came to the young Jew until the canopy under which the priest carried the Divine Host was close beneath the balcony. The change at that moment was lightning-like. Faith entered his heart, or rather—as he himself reluctantly admitted when pressed by his superiors at a later time to lay aside false humility and declare the works of God in his soul—a conviction so absolute that it distanced faith made itself felt throughout his whole being. The same *knowledge*, so to speak, returned to him many times since while consecrating at Mass, and he said that he could not *believe* merely, in a matter of which he was so blissfully and unerrably *certain*. As Jesus passed, Bauer threw himself on his knees and professed himself a Christian. A very short time elapsed before he entered the novitiate of the Carmelite Friars. His mother, who was living in Paris, endeavored to see him, but was refused access to him by his superiors. Later on, when he had passed through the novitiate, he might have seen her, had it not been for the machinations of his family. For five years every friend and relation he had among his own race cruelly ignored him, and he was kept away even from his mother's death-bed by their relentless sternness. His mother alone never ceased to love him, and had a picture painted of him in his monastic cowl. This portrait hung opposite her bed, and she died with her eyes fixed on it and her hands lovingly stretched out towards it. When after her death he was allowed by his family to visit her chamber, he saw a curtained picture at the foot of the bed, and, drawing the curtain aside, stood face to face with this touching proof of a mother's undying love. After some time, his fame as a preacher spreading fast, his family received him once more into their circle, and, with strange inconsistency, now made almost an idol of him. During his novitiate, and according to a rule of his order, he used to preach in turn with his fellow-novices in the refectory during meals, at which time the generality of the young men in training for a religious Demosthenes would receive but scant attention from their companions. When Bauer's turn came, the contrary, however, was observed: the food was untouched, and the young audience sat transfixed, hanging upon the words of their eloquent and gifted companion. From the first his health was delicate; the effort of preaching rendered it weaker day by day, till at length the zealous and impassioned speaker, whom his friends prophesied to be the future Lacordaire, was one day carried fainting from the pulpit, having broken a blood-vessel. A year in Spain and complete rest of mind and body did nothing more than just save his life, and the Holy Father, who was very much interested in the young convert, advised him to leave the Carmelite Order, for the austerity of whose rule his shattered health now rendered him unfit. This paternal advice—or, let us say, command—proved a great trial to the enthusiastic religious; but, bowing to the will of God, he accepted his altered life, and prepared to make it as fruitful in good works as his short monastic career had proved. Although

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his health precluded him from the exhausting work of preaching long Lenten stations or continued missions, yet, as often as suitable opportunities offered, he was to be found indefatigably working in the pulpit; and we leave it to those who have had the good fortune to hear him, to judge of the loss the Catholic world has sustained in one whose eloquence and fervid enthusiasm rivalled that of Lacordaire, and whose steadfast faith and unerring logic far distanced that of the unhappy Hyacinthe.

In 1865, having already preached before the Emperor of the French in Paris, and been greatly commended by the most distinguished people there, both French and foreigners, he was called to Vienna, where his family resides, and where all his former associates and co-religionists awaited him with the greatest curiosity and interest. The six lectures or discourses he gave in the *Schotten-Kirche*, opposite his brother's residence, at which he was an honored and *fêted* guest, were attended by crowds of his own Jewish friends, besides all the *élite* of Viennese and foreign society. The impassioned tone of his voice, his closely knit arguments, the air of apostleship about his slight figure and pale, inspired face, the presence of his nearest and dearest relations, and, above all, his own position toward them, in the very centre of his youthful Revolutionary triumphs—all concurred in making this short station of Advent one of thrilling interest. At the end of each sermon, or *conférence*, as the French say (they were delivered in French, which is like a second mother-tongue to Marie-Bernard Bauer), he addressed a prayer to God, and, while the language of each succeeding discourse increased in sublimity, that of the concluding prayers seemed to take such flights of unparalleled grandeur that the audience could only kneel in motionless attention and unbroken silence for some minutes after the preacher had ceased to speak—the highest tribute, perhaps which an impressed people can offer to an orator. Marie-Bernard Bauer has since received the Roman title of Monsignore, and been appointed chaplain to the Emperor of the French. He accompanied the Empress Eugénie to the opening of the Suez Canal, and preached a magnificent sermon on the occasion, in presence of the assembled potentates. But whatever else he has done, whatever else he may be destined to do in the future, he will scarcely be able to surpass his admirable achievements of the Advent station of 1865, when he became, as it were, the champion and apologist of Christianity before one of those representative Jewish assemblies which contained within itself so much enlightenment, so much talent, and so much successful individuality.

At the time when he preached these sermons, of which we will now endeavor to give some idea, as far as a translation will allow, he was only thirty-six years of age, and his frail, delicate body made him seem even younger. The following is the third in order of the *Conférences*, and was preached on the 17th of December, 1865. The text is given entire, and the subject, as expressed in the published edition of these sermons, was:

#### CHRISTIANITY AS A HISTORICAL FACT.

I would fain hope, my brethren, that the two last *conférences* have contributed, in some degree, to revivify in believing hearts both the energy of faith and the enthusiasm of virtue; that they have cast doubts in doubting hearts, upon the very uncertainty which creates doubt; that they have shed around hearts petrified, so to speak, in the darkness of fleshly bondage, some rays of the twilight which is the forerunner of the full light of God's grace, and which manifests itself in such hearts through this question, solemnly and shrinkingly put: After all, might I not be in error? Might there not be, despite all, another life, a real responsibility, a moral law, supernatural duties, a judgment, a judge, a God, and this God the God of Christianity? [214]

No matter to what level the Sun of Truth may have attained on the horizon of your inner life, you will allow me, nevertheless, to retrace, in a few short words, the doctrinal substance of the two previous discourses [*conférences*].

Man, such as we see him, is a fallen being; he is born with the taint of original sin, and if to this, which is the form of evil, he adds—and it is practically inevitable that he should—his own individual sins, which are evil's natural outgrowth, he does but widen, at each moment of his existence, the abyss that parted him from God since the very hour of his birth, and which, thus ceaselessly widened, becomes such, at last, that nothing short of a miracle will suffice to bridge it over. Death then, suddenly intervening, cuts short all things here below, and hurls the man whose whole life has been spent without God into the chasm of the unknown. From a phase of being where all is transient, he is hurried to another where all is abiding, and from that instant the separation from God in which he has lived, and which before was transient in its turn, becomes abiding, and from temporal changes to eternal. Such are the conclusions of reason, which, leaning upon faith, point out to us in this eternal separation the fitting seal of an eternal woe.

It would not enter into my design toward the hearers which Providence, having gathered together before me, seems to have specially predestined to hear the words of eternal life from my unworthy lips—it would not, I say, enter into my design to show them these dark spiritual perspectives, without pointing out at the same time some vista of supernatural light, some promise and way of salvation, some hopes of life, nay, even life itself. No! God forbid that I should become as the treacherous guide who draws the lost wayfarer to the very edge of the precipice, and there leaves him to himself and to the terrors of the ravenous depths below. Yet, mark it well!—the mystery of life leads towards death, through paths that skirt a giddy abyss where no man's self-possession is proof against danger; but there is, nevertheless, an infallible road that leads to life through and in spite of the manacles of death. It is called by a name with which my lips cannot become familiar, as with a common word indifferently bandied about in careless conversation—a name which I confess myself unable even to pronounce without feeling my whole being tremble with love and bow down in worship; a name which, when spoken from this pulpit

for the first time, only a few days ago, produced an impression, or rather a mysterious shock, that neither you nor I have yet forgotten—the name of *Jesus Christ*.

It is of him I come to speak to you to-day. My Father! my Friend! my Master! abide with me, and, in order that I may be worthy to speak of thee, speak thou thyself through these my lips!

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Among all questions put by man to his own intellect, whether they be historical, scientific, philosophical, social, or religious, there is none of more gigantic importance than this: Who and what is Jesus Christ? He and his works have been for two thousand years the most notable reality of the universe; they have been inextricably mingled with the course of history, with the family and state relations of man to man, with literature, with poetry, with politics; they have been the unseen link that binds together all social problems; they have been the mainspring of those mysteries that are convulsing the present century, and which are fraught to some minds with terror and threatenings, while to others they suggest hope and salvation. They have been, without the slightest exaggeration, all things to all men, and it follows, therefore, that according to the bent of man's judgment on Jesus Christ and his works, so will man's whole nature lean, his intellect with his thoughts, his heart with its feelings, his life with its acts and its shortcomings, his soul with its eternal aspirations.

This is indeed, and beyond all contradiction, the main question of life—that question which, solve it which way you will, cannot fail to produce two radically different types of men, and to open up before us two paths, as far apart from each other through the coming eternity as they are widely separated in the realms of time.

But why do I insist upon the awful importance of this problem? Do you not understand it yourselves? Nay, do you not even bear witness to it by your presence here at this moment? Why are you gathered here—men of the most varied, perhaps the most contradictory, beliefs? Why are you crowded around this pulpit in anxious silence, breathless and motionless, perhaps vaguely troubled in mind? Why but because there is not one amongst you to whom the sacred name of Jesus is wholly indifferent or wholly meaningless! If to some this holy name is the constant object of their highest adoration and of their tenderest, I would fain say the most impassioned, love, to others it is the object of their most agonizing doubts, the spiritual sphinx whose riddle baffles and tortures all ages. And further yet, while this name is to some the synonym of a smothered curse or of a hatred as open as it is relentless, it contains for all men a question of vital importance, I might even say a question of life and death. My brethren, it is of *him*, who is both so marvellously loved and so marvellously hated, of him whose figure meets us at every turn of the past or the present, of him whom the future cannot uncrown, that I purpose speaking to you to-day.

Every cause which has produced an effect may be considered either in this effect or in itself. Hence, there exist two methods of demonstration: the one beginning from the consideration of the effect, and tracing it up to the cause; the other starting from the study of the cause, and deducing its legitimate effect. We are now about to apply to the great cause and the great effect before us this twofold species of demonstration—this extrinsic and intrinsic touchstone used by our intellect in acquiring its noble treasure of proved facts and tried certainties in the domain of philosophy, metaphysics, history, natural sciences, and, in fact, of every branch of human knowledge. This cause is Christ, this effect Christianity, of which he is the founder; and, since it is natural to the human mind to consider first that which falls more immediately under its own observation, I shall begin by investigating the effect, namely, Christianity. This done, I shall appeal simply to your reason to connect the effect with its cause, and to discern through the beautiful proportions of the Christian system the inimitable stamp of its divine founder.

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## I.

Every doctrine which has become a fact, every fact which has won for itself a place in history, may be looked at in three ways: first, with regard to its extent in material space; secondly, as to its duration in time; thirdly, as to the depth to which it has reached in human nature. This division is no invention of mine; it is the same pointed out by the Apostle St. Paul when he wrote to the Ephesians, and endeavored to explain to them the length and breadth, the depth and divinity, of the Christian faith: *Ut possitis comprehendere cum omnibus sanctis quæ sit latitudo et longitudo, et sublimitas et profundum* (Eph. iii. 18).

Now, as to its extent in material space, or, in other words, its territorial sway:

Open the map of the world, and scan the globe with attentive eye: a strange phenomenon will strike you. You will hardly discover one corner of earth where Christianity—and I use the word in this instance in its widest acceptation, excluding neither heresy nor schism, which, though unhappily rebellious, are nevertheless, in a certain sense, real members of the Christian household—where Christianity, therefore, has not penetrated, either in undisputed and irrevocable sway, as in Europe and America, or as a peaceful conqueror, sealing its hardly-won victories not in the blood of its enemies, but in its own. Following closely in the wake of new discoveries, it is for ever landing on new shores, making a home for itself among new populations, and winning new worshippers to bend beneath the ancient sway of the never-aging cross.

You might rise in contradiction to my statement, and remind me that the hour has not yet struck that will allow us, the soldiers of Jesus Christ, to intone the triumphant hosanna of final victory, since to this day there are many lands, many island-studded archipelagoes, many vast and populous continents, beyond the pale of our peaceful conquest, and since, after all, the standard of the cross is not yet securely reared in every clime.

I admit it; but what does this prove? That our task is not yet done? But who denies that? It is not done because time—which is our only limit—is likewise unended, nay, is perhaps only just beginning! For time is the array of all ages, and God alone, who created them, has reckoned their mysterious number. Yes, we confess it, our work is not done, and therefore we are ceaselessly and everywhere laboring; and therefore I myself, a humble but zealous worker, am laboring here at this moment. Those alone who will see the end of time will see the task completed. That which we have done during the twenty centuries that lie behind us is only an earnest of what we will do in future ages, God's holy grace concurring.

What, my brethren! When we had no ships but frail canoes, and no compass but our untutored eyes; when we had no roads but eternal snows, virgin forests, and trackless deserts, vying with the wild beasts of the wilderness in barring our further progress; when we had no support but barefooted poverty and a pilgrim's staff; no provision save precarious charity, and no guide save faith, hope undying, and—God; even then we succeeded in crossing rivers and seas, deserts and forests, mountain gorges and Alpine snows, that we might carry to the very confines of the world our living faith and the Word of our God. This ineffable Word has reached further than Alexander, who stopped at the Indus; further than Crassus, whom the Euphrates arrested; further even than Varus, who was stayed by the mighty Rhine—further than all conquerors, and further than all conquests. And can we believe that we have now set our foot on the fated threshold where the angel of evil would be permitted to say to the angel of virtue, as erst the latter was commanded to say it to his fallen brother, to Attila and the barbarian hordes, at the very gates of the Eternal City: "Usque huc venies, sed non ultra"—"Thus far shalt thou come, and no further"? Do not believe it, my brethren; for, on the contrary, it is but now that God's reign is beginning, and as I believe, so I prophesy to you, with an irresistible and invincible conviction.

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Forward, then, O human enterprise! Cleave the mountains, cut through the isthmuses, drain the morasses, and fill up the lakes; cast bridges over the waters, carry roads over the trackless country, build you mighty vessels, throw electric wires in the air, and gird the world with an iron girdle! Let your treaties of commerce and navigation be signed, and embassies sent to nations and kings whose names till yesterday were unknown in the civilized tongues of Europe! Know you what you are doing in thus knitting humanity together, and in connecting, with an energy unexampled in the whole history of the past, the orient and the occident, the pole and the equator? In one mighty embrace their hands are clasped, and they offer to each other, if we may so word it, that gigantic kiss of peace which, day by day, re-echoes more loudly in both hemispheres.

In all this, you are doing under the hand of God that which the war-steed does under the hand that guides him and the spur that urges him on. For, like unto the steed, who hardly knows whence he came, far less where his rapid steps are leading him and what is the burden that he bears—like unto him, thou Christ-blaspheming or God-forgetting age, thou boundest forward with maddening strength, carrying on thy broad shoulders with proud recklessness the rider whom thou scarcely knowest to the goal thou wottest not of. Every invention, every development of thy industry, far from cursing it, I bless it from the depths of my heart! Go forward and prosper! In a hundred years, thanks to thee, Truth will be sovereign of the world!

Christianity is the greatest geographical and territorial fact under the sun. It is so beyond all controversy, and if this fact, which I simply call a miracle, seems to you natural and easy of accomplishment, I only ask you this: try to spread and propagate over the universe, not a whole complicated system of metaphysics, but one single doctrine, whose mortal opponents, in the first instance, shall number every human passion which repulses it as treason against nature, and every heathen government which denounces it as treason against authority. But I will not ask even so much. Endeavor to persuade, not even one single nation, one city, one family, but *one man*, of the truth of a doctrine at once repulsive to his passions and hostile to his interests. I speak to you as a man whose life is devoted to this sublime and laborious mission of persuasion. And knowing as I do its wonderful consolations as well as the superhuman and apparently fruitless labor it often imposes, I tell you, my brethren, what you yourselves will tell me when the school of reality shall have taught it to you, that Christianity as it exists, spread over the whole earth by the godlike contagion of faith, is simply a fact so overwhelming that the language of men holds but one word fit to express its being—that one word, *miracle*.

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There is, however, one thing more marvellous yet than mere propagation: it is duration, and a duration ever true to itself.

Condense the mystery of life into one short formula, capable at once of holding and adequately expressing it, and you will find none more comprehensive than this—*motion and change*. From the mass of inanimate being which, in the bowels of the earth and in the bosom of eternal night, is causing, by its agglomerations, its cohesions, and its fusions, a species of constant internal agitation, of blind and feverish restlessness as old as creation itself, up to the most dazzling pinnacles of life, where man figures under every name and in every relation conceivable among mortals, there exists the same law, there reigns the same spirit. In its name, by its authority, we see in private life one day swallowed up by the next, dethroned by its breathless and equally ephemeral successor, doomed beforehand to annihilation, while on the stage of public life events crowd each other out of time and of the memory of man, empires fall, dynasties grow up under the double shield of God's grace and man's enthusiasm, frontiers are widened and narrowed, whole nations migrate and spread, and even language itself, though but an outward sign of immaterial substances and metaphysical proportions in no way themselves subject to change, puts on divers forms, as if carried away by an irresistible impulse in the whirl of this universal frenzy. Yes, my brethren, motion is everywhere, and, in order that even death should not be

permitted to fling its defiance permanently to life, this law penetrates even to the night and silence of the tomb, pierces the coffin, and installs between its four wooden walls the same unceasing restlessness which torments the great world. Worms, created to prey on man, riot with breathless agitation over the human corpse, and proclaim, by their ghastly activity in the abode of final destruction and in the very bosom of the crowning dread of earth, that life triumphs yet over death, and that the universal law of motion reigns in undisputed sway over that kingdom of darkness that owns no other created sovereignty.

And what is the result of this ceaseless motion? Nothing less than ceaseless change. Motion is a change of relations with the world and with one's self. There is no motion but causes change, no change but presupposes motion. These terms are convertible, and so it is that I justify what I told you a few moments ago—that the concise formula of life is *motion and change*. It follows from this demonstration that nothing is so difficult of attainment as duration, and duration true to itself, which is to the sovereign law of *motion and change* a permanent defiance and a marvellous contradiction.

Let us seek in the vast sepulchre of Time, where during so many ages countless men and things, countless doctrines and institutions, have lost themselves, and in which even the shattered wrecks of once noble ruins, spectres of the past and often unconscious prophets of the future, have been swallowed up—let us seek one man or one created thing that has not succumbed to this pitiless law. Let us seek diligently in the manuscripts of old, in the caverns of forgotten magic, in the tombs of buried sages! Or stay, my brethren, and seek not! For, like unto the alchemist of mediæval ages, we should seek and not find, for that which we seek is not.

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But if you would see this tremendous miracle of a duration as invulnerable as it is abiding, lifting up its solitary existence in the midst of universal change and motion, do not gaze afar, but turn your eyes to that tabernacle crowned with the cross, the standard and badge of *Catholic* Christianity. This, and this alone, abides where all else has been swept away by the ruthless and untiring breath which devours all that is, and ravenously awaits all that, as yet, is not. Christianity, and it alone, has lived true to itself, while all else around it was changing. Like unto God, the impassible and unchangeable, Christianity stands unmoved amidst the countless ruins with which you—men—strew the world. Christianity, with its old principles and its youthful aspect, leans on the rock of its own eternity, and gives the lie to the universal law with unassailable and ineffable calm. Yes, it defies you! It sees you pass, as the shore looks on the lapsing river, as the cliff looks on the ocean, as heaven looks upon earth, and as *God* looks on *man*.

It is strange, is it not? It takes our breath away. But this is not all: it is scarcely the beginning. Listen! To bespread over the whole earth is much; to live where all decays is more; to abide ever true to one's self when all things change is more still. My opponents, however—I will not say my enemies, for, thank God, I know of none—are perhaps saying to themselves at this moment: "But are there not other forms of religion bearing much the same marks, at least in a certain degree? Islamism holds a considerable territorial sway. The Buddhism of India has surely been in a certain sense true to itself from time immemorial." I do not deny it, for truth needs no dissimulation. And it is precisely on this account, and because error has been permitted to bear in some respects a certain likeness to truth, that it was imperative, for the sake of those men of good-will whom this likeness might have deceived, that truth should possess, besides those notes which she shares with error, other marks so utterly inimitable that on their appearance there could not be but instant recognition of that truth whose counterfeits are as legion, but whose equal does not exist.

The touchstone by which to gauge the worth of any doctrine is neither this doctrine's extent in space nor its duration in time, nor even its impassibility amid universal transmutations; that is much, but it is not all. What is of more importance than the limits of its influence or the length of its spiritual reign, is *the work it has done*. There is its secret proof, there its most personal revelation. It can give but what it has, and it can have but what it *is*; it can produce outwardly but what it inwardly possesses; if it be falsehood, then falsehood; if it be error, then error; if it be evil, then evil; if it be a half-truth, then half-truth; if it be human and natural virtue, then human and natural virtue; but if it be God, then *God himself*.

Christianity, considered from this point of view, to which we can give but a passing glance, will vindicate itself in our eyes as standing unrivalled on earth, even as God is unrivalled in heaven.

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To make my meaning clear, let me present to your minds one preliminary observation.

Man often lives amid the wonders of creation without feeling the slightest curiosity in their regard, and this because a sublime spectacle, from being too constantly before his sight, becomes only a familiar part of the daily monotony of his life. We might almost say of him that, to the abiding miracle of the material universe, he opposes the miracle of abiding indifference. Now, the visible creation contains another, both visible and invisible, and which, though far more wonderful than the material one, yet draws from you, on account of its abidingness, only the careless notice of indifference. Inhabitants of a Christian land, members perhaps of a Christian family, citizens of a Christian community, children, in a word, of Christian civilization, you are living in the midst of a world of miracles which has lost the power to interest you because it fails to surprise you. It is my mission to-day to rouse you from this indifference, to dispel this mist, to show you things as they are.

Look at any Christian country, any Christian or civilized nation of to-day; the country which harbors us at present, if you will. Who were here eighteen, fifteen, fourteen centuries ago? Not even barbarians; savages! Who was it that came and saved you from yourselves? Who was it that



drew you from the materialism in which you were plunged in the person of your forefathers, and in which numberless tribes are grovelling still to this day—nations whom Christ has not yet gathered in, and who horrify the sight of the boldest explorers? Who was it that drew you from your forests, built your cities, founded your families, traced your boundaries, inspired your laws, reared your churches, anointed your kings, and created those two centres of light around which for eighteen hundred years your history has grouped itself, and your private sympathies, your public enthusiasm, has revolved—the altar and the throne, fatherland and God? Who has reclaimed your fields, and made fruitful by the labor of the plough the glorious conquests of the sword? Who has preserved in the silence and solitude of the cloisters the scattered remnants of classical learning, and through the Scriptures and traditions has kept alive the plenitude of sacred lore? Who was it that created that incomparable marvel, of which I would fain speak with tears, rather than with words—the Christian *Family*?—the father, the patriarch, priest, and pontiff of home; the mother, the apostle of God; the Christian virgin, that holy wonder which earth proudly points out to heaven, as if defying even heaven’s angels to surpass it? Who is it that has created virtues without number within sacrifices without name, putting by the side of every woe the voluntary service which will minister to it, giving to every misfortune some heart that will beat for it, and to the most neglected grave a mourner to weep over it? Who is it that has freed the slaves of man to create the slaves of God—those slaves who can say with the humble exultation of a supernatural sacrifice, in the words of the Jew of Tarsus, now become the great Apostle St. Paul: “Ego vincit pro Christo”—“I, the slave of Christ.” Who is it that has created the ideal of duty and honor which inspired the troubadour and the knight—the ideal of fidelity to the pledged word, of horror at injustice, of the sacred hatred of evil? Who is it that has given you all the goods man prizes, and which you enjoy in ungrateful forgetfulness, while cursing those who accumulated them for you during centuries of untold and weary toil, and even him who won them for your sake on the cross, in a sea of tears and of blood? Who gave you the great gift which this age counts as the kingliest boon of all—the gift whose magical name we fear, not because our lips were the first to pronounce and to honor it here below: *freedom*—the deliverer from sin and death, from the passions of hell, and from the hell of human passions? Who made you what you are, or what you ought to be—beings regenerated, civilized, free, glorious, sacred—in a word, *Christians*?

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Who, my brethren? Jesus Christ, he who is there present in his tabernacle, he who listens to me, who sees you, and who will judge one day between my word and your souls, between me and you.

And henceforward, when a blasphemy against his Godhead seeks passage on your lips, be it in mockery or in malediction, remember the Caribbean savage and the Red Indian, think of what he is and of what you are, and do not forget that, were it not for Christ, you would be even as that poor savage. If your soul is not yet open to the fulness of faith, at least let it hold its peace if it respects itself.

Christianity in its breadth, its length, and its depth is the principal fact of the world. No sincere and deep intellect, when glancing at this comprehensive whole, can contemplate it without developing in itself a spontaneous doubt, without saying to itself, if it be unhappily far from belief, “Might this not be really the work of God?” But if the simple consideration of the effect, that is, of Christianity, can create this inevitable doubt, what shall we say of the cause which has produced it, and of the relations of the one to the other? What, indeed, save this, that, face to face with this cause, doubt is turned into certainty, and man is irresistibly impelled to cry out, in the full conviction of his soul, that *Jesus Christ is God indeed*.

## II.

What, then, is the cause which has effected this mighty reality, as great as earth, as old as time, as marvellous as heaven, and whose name among us is Christianity? Nineteen hundred years ago, a little Child was borne in an obscure village of a poor country. His parents were poor and of no account; he himself lived a poor man, unknown and unnoticed, save in one or two instances plying during thirty years a lowly trade in a forgotten corner of the world. Of a sudden, however, he breaks silence: he preaches, all untaught as he seemed, a doctrine which earth had never before heard, and confirming it by signs earth had never before seen. Public attention is arrested: he becomes the hero of the hour, and parties spring up for and against him. Two years and a half go by in uneasy peace, but a day comes when his enemies get the upper hand, and denounce him to the civil tribunals of the country, whose cowardly justice, while declaring him to be innocent, yet allows popular prejudice and the threat of imperial displeasure to wrest from it an unwilling condemnation. The innovator is nailed to a gibbet, and his brief history, hardly three years old, seems for ever ended, and ended in what manner? By a sentence of capital punishment, and a memory left stained with ignominy by the hand of the public executioner.

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Here, then, is the cause we seek: A Jew! a poor, unknown, untaught Jew! a Jew condemned to a shameful death by the justice of his country, and executed on the public road among other malefactors; a Jew, and, if we dare to say the word, a *felon*!

Listen and weigh well that which you shall hear. You have seen the cause, you have seen the effect. Between the two rises the great question. How could such a cause produce such an effect? This we purpose to examine in a few words:

There are three explanations from which your choice may be made, and which pretend to connect a cause so radically powerless with an effect so immeasurably disproportionate. They are these: Either mankind has believed for two thousand years and actually believes in Christianity without sufficient reason, without adequate proof. In that case, humanity is mad, and for twenty centuries

has been so, and I myself, who am speaking to you, am out of my senses.

Or else mankind believes with fully adequate proof, perfectly calculated to convince it, and yet what it believes is false. In that case, God has deceived us during twenty, forty, sixty centuries, since the beginning of the world. In that case, Providence is a mockery, and its sway over the universe has been from the very first hour of creation but one long mystification, one scornful derision of our human reason. Or again, if you cannot believe either that mankind has mistaken God, or that God has deceived mankind, there is but one hypothesis left, namely, that Jesus Christ is God!

In order that you may choose more deliberately between these three possibilities, it will be necessary to afford them fuller development. The first of these compels you to infer that mankind for the last two thousand years has been bereft of reason, and that at the present moment a considerable portion of it, myself included, is in a hopeless state of insanity.

This may seem to you an exaggerated proposition, got up simply to prop the weakness of an untenable argument, but it is nothing if not an absolute truth, most easy of demonstration. Let us suppose that to-morrow, the 18th of December of the year of grace 1865, there shall enter into this great capital, through one of its numerous gates and towards the dusk of evening, a poor and ragged beggar, the dust of his journey still upon him, and his ignorance of the language of the country painfully conspicuous. Let us suppose this man presenting himself before the populace, the magistracy, the priesthood, the army, and before the Emperor himself, and speaking to him thus: "Sire, a few years ago, your majesty was pleased to order the public execution, in a remote province of the Empire, of a Jew. This Jew was the Messiah, the Saviour, God himself! Therefore, O Cæsar! come down from your throne, bend your knee, be baptized, and confess your sins; for, mark it well, this crucified Jew is none other than your God." What would you say, my brethren, to the man who should speak thus to-day? You would fitly account him a madman, and madder yet the people and the priesthood, the army and the monarch, who should believe in his wild words.

Well, then, this strange tale is a true one, it is a historical fact. One day, many ages ago, an old Jew, baptized by the name of Peter, entered, a beggar, ragged, and dust-begrimed, through one of the gates of the greatest capital of the mightiest empire of the world—ancient Rome.

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In Rome, he actually preached the unheard-of sermon I have just quoted, and which, repeated in that form to-day, would cause only a burst of derision. Why did Rome not mock him? Why did the priesthood not hoot him? Why did Cæsar not scorn him? Why, on the contrary, did this beggar, with his rough staff and scrip, with his barbarous Latin sounding harshly on the ears of those who could yet remember the voice of Cicero on the rostrum—why did he shake the foundations of the mightiest empire of the world, and why, instead of provoking laughter, did the people pale and tremble before him in the Forum, the magistrates quail beneath their robes of office, the priesthood shrink affrighted to their doomed temples, and Nero, the emperor, forget to trust in his blood-stained purple? Why does the deserted Palatine look to-day upon the opposite hill of the Vatican, and behold there a dome whose summit may well be said to seek to scale the heavens—a dome that crowns a tomb, that of the beggar Peter, a tomb which, though but the fane of the dead, is nevertheless the centre of Europe and the world? For this tomb bears a throne at once the most ancient and the most sacred in Europe, the only one which represents an empire whose boundaries are the boundaries of the universe. And why all this? Only because Peter proved by signs and wonders, by *miracles* wrought both in life and in death, that he spoke indeed in the name of him whom heaven and earth obeyed, because he was their Maker. Because he wrought these signs, his word was believed. And I am free to confess that, had the men of his time believed in him without such an irrefragable proof of his mission, they would have been madmen indeed, and we, who are now the heirs of their faith, would have been only the successors to their folly. For two thousand years, I repeat it, the history of mankind would have been a long dream of insanity, an act of stupendous folly, and, as a climax to this incalculable confusion, there would have sprung from this folly the most incomprehensible of contradictions—wisdom and glory, light and virtue, civilization and progress—in a word, that great wonder which holds all lesser marvels within itself, namely, Christianity.

If I mistake not, your common sense has already set aside this hypothesis as untenable. We admit it, you may say to me; to make mankind believe in the—humanly speaking—unbelievable, there must have been proofs capable of proving and making certain, so to speak, the very impossible itself. We must admit it, unless we accuse the whole world of madness. But if Peter and the apostles, and all the preachers of the Gospel, confirmed their teaching by signs that were accounted miracles, might this not be explained by a chain of fortuitous coincidences, happy accidents, seeming miracles, which are every day elucidated by the progress of investigation until they utterly disappear in the full light of science? A discussion of the nature and essence of the Gospel miracles would be utterly out of place at this moment. I will therefore confine myself to this: if the miracles which, among outward causes, are the principal explanation of the world's conversion to Christianity, are false, then it is no longer mankind unconsciously duped and led away, but Heaven itself, the deceiver and seducer, whom we must indignantly accuse.

There is no alternative, my brethren: either madness on the part of earth, or crime on the part of heaven. Either man is bereft of reason, or God is no longer just. Either man unknowingly deceives himself, or God wilfully deceives him. Choose ye, therefore!

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But in choosing, remember that he who accuses God of having deceived the world, or even of having permitted what is called chance to have so deceived it, blasphemes as much against mankind as against God, and commits such treason against humanity as can never be forgiven by

it. To accuse God of having allowed evil to triumph in the plausible likeness of good, and to become, behind this mask, the goal, the light, the glory, the life, the very God of mankind, involves nothing less than the negation of Providence, and the abandonment of the world to the blind god of chance, the savage god of fate, the shadowy god of nothingness. Such an accusation confuses all creation, darkens the sun of understanding, casts history back into chaos, the human intellect into doubt, the human heart into despair. If Providence has betrayed mankind from its cradle, why should it not have betrayed me, individually, from my birth? At the slightest hint of such a doubt, what a fearful horizon looms up before me!

I have believed in him who has numbered every hair of my head; and I have been deceived.

I have believed in the prayer of the poor who ask for daily bread, and in the answer of him who gives it, and in whose sight even the sparrow is not forgotten; and I have been deceived! I have believed in the eloquence of tears shed at the feet and the heart of God; in the blessings of mothers registered in heaven; in the fruitfulness of suffering; in the merit of unknown virtue, and of virtue unknown to itself; in defeats that are glorious and success that is shameful; I have believed in all that showed forth God in man, and man in God! But—grief unspeakable!—I have been deceived, since there is no Providence, since for ages and ages an odious and inexplicable chance has ruled humanity, and forced it, humbled, mystified, levelled with the brute, miserably plunged in a stupid and inconceivable idolatry, to bend the knee to the very dust—before what? before whom? Before a man, a Jew—before a scourged and crucified Jew, whom it hearkens to as an oracle, invokes as a master, and worships as a god.

I have reached a limit beyond which I cannot go, and I stop a moment to ask you: Have we not seen enough of these impossibilities jostling one another, enough of absurdities crowding on our bewildered sight, and, as Scripture words it, of deep calling unto deep?

And yet, if you tear from the brow of Jesus Christ the crowning glory of the Godhead, you will be compelled to admit a thousand times more than this, and not only to admit it, but even to believe it fitting and most rational. You are therefore forced to choose between the human madness that believed in and deified an impostor, the guilty and merciless fraud practised by a God whose seal was thus solemnly set to the most appalling scandal ever witnessed by mankind, or the crowning dogma of the divinity of Jesus Christ, a dogma which alone reconciles and explains all mysteries. When you recross the threshold of this church, you must go forth believers, either in a miracle of folly, a miracle of treachery, or a miracle of mercy and love. Mankind must appear before you either as a regenerated, a deceived, or an idolatrous creation.

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What will be your choice? Would to God that at the solemn moment of your decision I might come to each one of you, and on my knees beseech you, through the merits of that Precious Blood which, if you will not let it be your salvation, will most assuredly be your eternal condemnation, and the sign that will doom you to doubt in life, to agony in death, to despair in eternity—beseech you, I repeat it ere you have raised your voice in final decision, to free your soul from the interests that bind it, the human respect that fetters it, the sophisms that lead it astray—in a word, from all the passions of flesh and blood whose watchword is eternal hatred to the truth of God.

Then, and only then, in that freedom from all bondage, in the silence of your inmost hearts, make the choice that will lead you to life or to death.

But what words are these, my brethren? There will be no need of choosing then: the choice will be already made; for, as the sun swiftly reaches the last recess of the deepest cavern the moment the obstacle is removed which has hitherto resisted its light, so does Jesus Christ, the sun of the mind, the incarnate truth, flood with his radiance every soul whose own obstinate efforts do not close it against this blessed transfiguration. Open wide your hearts, my brethren, to this God of love and truth, who has vouchsafed to show himself to you in the brightness of such light and the majesty of such conviction.

And thou, Lord Jesus, who art the truth "*that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world*" (St. John i.), let it not come to pass that one soul out of this great assemblage should return this day from the foot of this pulpit to the common turmoil of the world without bearing within itself the ineffable wound of a dawning conviction. And if, O Lord! thou requirest unto this end the sacrifice of a human life, let this day be my last on earth, and this hour the last hour of my mortal pilgrimage.

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## AFFIRMATIONS.

“It is the child’s spirit that is to be loved and sympathized with, not his body; the body must be pampered as little as possible.”

“Principle must unite with purpose before it becomes practical.”

“Human nature must do as nature does—cling to the sustainer, and then it will be always producing new fruits.”

“We are none the better for reflecting upon our own ideas of heat, but if we would cease reflecting and let the heat warm us, the heat would itself realize what our reflected reflections never can.”

“There is a communion with God, with saints, and also with angels, and then with each other, but this is not in space and time, or with the space and time man.”

“That which Love requires for the everlasting food, the man of this world expends in heaping up rubbish.” [226]

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# FLEURANGE.

BY MRS. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, WITH PERMISSION.

## PART FIRST. THE OLD MANSION.

### XII.

Clement remained a moment thoughtful and undecided. Before obeying his mother's injunction, he felt the need of collecting his thoughts and regaining his self-control. Whatever strength of mind he might manifest, he was very young to experience such painful emotions as he had endured the past day. He crossed the passage of the stairs that led to Fleurange's room, then passed on and went directly into the garden. Hitherto he had only thought of his parents. At least, he felt all that morning that, as soon as his father and mother knew everything, a great weight would be removed from his mind which would enable him to breathe quite freely. But the terrible revelation was made, and yet he was not relieved. He was still agitated, painfully agitated. Having passed the whole evening shut up in Wilhelm's office, reckoning up the sad accounts, he felt the need of fresh air. It was the end of June. The weather was cloudy, and somewhat showery. He walked swiftly to the end of the garden, then returned slowly towards the house, and was about to go in search of the children and his cousin when he heard his name called close behind him:

"Clement!"

"Is it you, Gabrielle, here all alone?"

Fleurange was sitting on an obscure bench against the side of the house.

"Yes, I have been here an hour. You are going to tell me everything that has occurred, are you not, Clement? Remain here awhile and tell me. Do not conceal things from me any longer."

"I do not intend to, Gabrielle, but do not detain me now. Come in, dear cousin. When the children are asleep, I will return and tell you."

"The children are asleep, Clement, and have been for a long time. It is nearly ten o'clock. Poor little things, do you think they could keep awake till this time? After dinner I took them to the further end of the garden, that their lively prattle might not disturb the house. By eight o'clock they were tired out. I made them go up-stairs, and as soon as they fell asleep I came down to wait for you."

Had her account been still longer, Clement would not have thought of interrupting her. He made no reply for a while, but at length said:

"Thank you, Gabrielle. You are—" He stopped. He felt an iron grasp at his throat, and feared he should sob like a child if he attempted to speak. With all his manly energy and precocious gravity, Clement's young heart was passionately tender. And yet he had not been wanting in firmness throughout the day. Why, then, did it seem to abandon him so suddenly now? How happened it that, after considering, without shrinking, all the consequences of the resolution he was the first to make and propose—after manifesting no hesitation at the sight of his parents, and his brother and sister, he now felt terrified and almost overwhelmed at the thought of the sacrifice that had been made, and the great change about to occur in their lives? He hardly knew why himself, for he had not examined very minutely what was passing in his dreams. Clement was naturally inclined to reverie. He cared but little for the amusements of his age. His mind sought relaxation in secretly brooding over the inspirations of poetry. His friends knew he had a good memory and was familiar with a great number of poems, but they did not suspect he had a deep vein of poetry in his nature which ranked next to the influences of religion. This interior life was so completely veiled that the very eye of his mother scarcely penetrated it. Clement's aptitude for history and the sciences, his turn for practical studies and a practical life, his skill in a thousand things of a material nature, served to conceal still more the other qualities of his mind. They depended on him to train a horse, settle an account, give a lesson in mathematics or history, plan an excursion, or make arrangements for a journey; but the idea of his wandering in imaginary or poetic regions, absorbed and lost in such waking dreams as are expressed in German by the word *Schwärmen*, and silently passing a part of his life in an interior world to which he never alluded, was little imagined, even by those who knew him best. And perhaps he himself, as we have said, had never thoroughly analyzed his own nature, for until to-day the actual and the imaginary had never come in conflict. But now all at once he felt there was in his ideal world a sanctuary, a palace, a throne, he must resign himself to see crumble away like the rest, and the courage he manifested at the material loss of wealth to its fullest extent seemed to forsake him now in view of the imaginary ruin of this enchanted domain!

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Fleurange, seeing her cousin made no reply, waited quietly awhile, but at length she said, somewhat impatiently:

"Come, Clement, I pray you, keep me no longer in suspense. What are you afraid of? Am I a child? Am I not older than you? And did I not learn long ago the sad meaning of sorrow, suffering, and trial? Speak to me freely, then, and without fear. Nothing frightens me."

Fleurange's earnestness roused her cousin, and restored his calmness and self-control. Without

any further hesitation, he seated himself beside her, and related the greater part of what he had told his mother some hours before. She thus learned in her turn the extent of the disaster which had befallen them—that all due reparation would be made, that the honor of her uncle's house and name might remain intact, though his brother, Ludwig Dornthal, would be ruined—for ever ruined.

"And your good father and mother have consented to this renunciation of their rights?"

"Yes, and without any hesitation."

"O dear and noble soul!" cried Fleurange, clasping her hands in her transport. "And it was you who proposed it?"

"Yes."

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"O Clement, my dear Clement! truly, I love you as I never loved you before!"

"Gabrielle," said Clement in a low and trembling voice, "do not say that."

"Why not?" said Fleurange. "I think so, and it is the truth."

"Because—because, if they are often to be blamed who are wanting in honor and duty, there is nothing particularly praiseworthy in those who are faithful."

"Nevertheless, my dear cousin, if I love you better than before, you must not be displeased, but I will not say so again if it offends you."

There was a moment's silence. Fleurange was lost in profound reverie. She soon resumed, in a grave tone: "Now I understand the state of affairs, I see our life is to assume an entirely new aspect."

"Yes, entirely," said Clement, with a dull anguish.

"This dear Old Mansion," continued Fleurange, "must it be left?"

"Yes," said Clement; "it will have to be sold, with all it contains, for the produce of this sale is all my father will have to begin life anew with."

"Sell the house!" replied Fleurange thoughtfully. "Yes, I see it must be so; and afterwards we shall be separated."

"And why must that be so?" cried Clement with sudden impetuosity. But he presently resumed in a different tone: "However, it would be very selfish in us to wish to retain you, now we have no longer anything to share with you but our poverty."

"Clement," said Fleurange hastily, "that is truly a rude and unjust speech, which I hardly merit—" She stopped an instant, then went on in a tone of emotion: "What! when poverty, misery, and hunger—yes, Clement, hunger!—were staring me in the face, your father bethought himself of me, he invited me here, received me into his house, conferred on me—not a happiness I had already experienced, but one hitherto unknown: he became my father, when mine was no more, and gave me a mother, brothers, and sisters whom I had never possessed. Life, youth, and joy had been meaningless words to me. I only comprehended them after I came under his roof, and now—now," said she in broken accents, no longer able to restrain her tears, "it is his son—Ludwig Dornthal's son—who tells me it is to escape the misfortunes of his family that I wish to leave them!"

"Gabrielle! Gabrielle!" said Clement in an agitated manner, "forgive me—have some pity on me. Stop, I beseech you; you will drive me mad, if you utter such reproaches at this time."

Fleurange by degrees grew calm, and, forcing a smile, while great tears stood in her eyes, she soon resumed: "Poor Clement! I am, then, neither allowed to praise you nor blame you, this evening. Well, let us lay aside what relates merely to ourselves, or at least speak of it in a different manner. What I meant just now was that we could no longer remain idle. We must aid our dear parents all we can," she continued in a softened tone, "and labor for them—"

"Labor!" said Clement. "I must unquestionably; that is a matter of course; but you, Gabrielle—you! There is no reason in what you say."

"And I also," said Fleurange calmly. "And that is a point to be considered. I must not only cease to be a burden to your parents, but I must aid them. How happy that will make me! I thank Heaven for the very thought that I may now be able to do something for them to whom I owe everything. This hope relieves my very sadness."

She rose and held out her hand. "Good-night, cousin. To-morrow I will tell you what inspiration I have received from my good angel during the night." [229]

He silently pressed her hand, and allowed her to leave him without a word.

The night was cloudy. If Clement caught any glimpses of his cousin's features during their conversation, it was because, seated beside her, and even favored by the obscurity, he ventured to look at her more closely than he would have done elsewhere. Now, the stars rose only to disappear beneath the sombre clouds. He was no longer afraid of being seen. He remained where Fleurange left him, and, burying his face in his hands, gave vent at last to the tears that for two hours had been suffocating him—tears of sorrow, regret, and affection, which he must shed to keep his young heart from breaking.

But he soon surmounted this violent emotion, and rose up ashamed of his weakness. At that moment he heard a window open above his head. It was Fleurange, who soon appeared on the

balcony. He could see her white dress and the regular outline of face against the light from her chamber. He saw her soft glance lost in the darkness. Then she folded her hands and bent down her head. She was praying, but not alone to-night. Clement, kneeling unperceived in the shade, prayed with her. He was in the very place where he heard her say to Felix: "Clement is my brother, and you are not." He recalled the words now, and renewed in his heart the solemn promise to be for ever faithful to all the obligations they imposed.

### XIII.

If the happy inmates of the Old Mansion had been told a month previous they only had a few weeks more to pass within its walls, they would have been greatly dismayed by the prediction, and asked how such a trial could be borne. But there is in life—even in the happiest life when it is ordered aright, that is, when its duties are daily considered and faithfully accomplished—there is, I say, in such a life a latent preparation for the most violent shocks of adversity, and, when they suddenly come, it is surprising to find that they who seemed to enjoy more than others the good things they possessed are the best able to resign themselves to their loss with firmness and serenity. And yet they are not insensible to the calamity. It falls on them with its full weight, but it comes alone, unaccompanied by the two scourges which generally follow in the train of a misfortune resulting from misconduct—trouble and confusion of mind.

Neither of these followed ruin into Ludwig Dornthal's house. Externally the disaster was complete, but peace and order were maintained within. All their decisions—even the most painful—were made deliberately, and executed calmly and without delay. They did not dissemble the greatness of their sacrifice; they made no pretence to an insensibility they did not feel; but they quietly made their preparations—tears often blinding their eyes the while—like a brave and worthy crew wrecked by a tempest and forced to abandon their vessel.

It was thus they made all the arrangements for leaving their dear home and disposing of their library, paintings, and objects of *virtu*, which the professor had selected with so much care and pride, and were his only source of pleasure apart from the society of his family and friends. And from the latter also he was to be separated. When Ludwig Dornthal announced his intention of resuming the career he abandoned twenty years before, positions were offered him on all sides, especially in the city where he resided. But on account of the strict economy he must henceforth practise, as well as a secret repugnance to a different social position in a place where he had been so prosperous, he decided, after some hesitation, to leave Frankfort, and accept a modest situation offered him at the University of Heidelberg. He succeeded in purchasing a small house in that place at a low price—somewhat rustic, it is true, but situated without the city walls, on the banks of the Neckar, and surrounded by a garden. He could easily walk to the university every morning, and the perspective of the rural repose that awaited him at the end of the day would enable him to endure its labors more cheerfully. He therefore decided to take possession of it as speedily as possible, and all the necessary arrangements had to be made during the few weeks they were to remain in the Old Mansion before leaving it for ever.

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Clement took charge of all the preliminaries of the somewhat extensive sale that was to take place. He wished to relieve his father from so sad a task, and perform the painful and fatiguing business without any assistance, but it was made much easier for him than he anticipated. Fleurange insisted on his accepting her aid. She set herself to work, silently going to and fro with her sleeves turned back, carrying the rare china carefully from one place to another with her small but efficient hands, and dusting, arranging, and numbering the books according to her cousin's directions. Of course she greatly lightened his labors. In the evening they seated themselves in the library, now nearly stripped of its treasures, and wrote lists or inserted notes in the large registers concerning the precious manuscripts and books that were to be disposed of. It was, in short, a work that required the vigor and activity of youth, as well as much thought and assiduous labor. To say that, while performing this double task, they never found it tiresome, that no shade ever came over their brows, and that their eyes were never tearful while handling so many objects they were never to see again, would be false; it would be equally so to say that Clement, in spite of the fatigue, was greatly to be pitied during these days.

There came a time, long after, when, looking back on the past, it seemed to him that these hours passed in the light of Fleurange's beautiful eyes, sometimes cast down as she bent over the large registers, and anon raised to ask a question or give him a friendly glance—it seemed to him, I say, that these vanished hours were among the most delightful of his life.

At length came the day their task would be completed, and, while they were working together for the last time, Fleurange raised her eyes. "Clement," she said, "we are nearly done. I have been waiting for this moment to tell you something."

Clement dropped his work at once, and looked up interrogatively.

"No, no; finish what you are doing, and I will tell you afterward."

Clement soon finished. Fleurange closed the great book before her, and resumed: "Do you remember our conversation in the garden a fortnight ago?"

"I do, most assuredly."

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"Well, after leaving you that evening, I passed the night in reflection, and ended by writing to the best, and, indeed, the only gentleman-friend I have in the world out of this house."

"Dr. Leblanc?" said Clement, aware, of course, of all the circumstances that preceded his cousin's arrival.

"Yes, Dr. Leblanc. I wrote him all I had just learned. I made known the situation my uncle and his family would soon be in, and my desire, my ardent desire, not only to cease to be a burden, but to fulfil a daughter's duty with regard to them. His own daughters have other duties, now they are married, but I have only this, and it is one so precious—so precious," repeated Fleurange in the soft tone that sometimes made her simplest words penetrate to the depths of the listener's heart, "that I shall consider my life happy and well-spent if I can consecrate it entirely to this duty!"

Clement bent down his head, and took up his pen as if to correct a mistake on the paper before him. She must not see the effect of her words on his countenance—no! she must not.

"Well," said he presently, without looking up, "what did Dr. Leblanc say?"

"Here, Clement, read the letter I received from him two days ago."

Clement took the letter, but, while reading it, he was all at once filled with a similar anguish to that he experienced after the conversation that night in the garden which Fleurange had just alluded to. He was obliged to make a violent effort to restrain his feelings, and not tear the letter in his hands into a thousand pieces. Fortunately he succeeded, for it would have been the most foolish act he ever committed. And there was really nothing in Dr. Leblanc's letter to justify such a mad desire. It read as follows:

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: I cannot tell you how much I am at once distressed and edified by the sad account you have given me. I have long known what kind of a man your uncle is. I now see there are but few to be compared with him, even among the best, and I never had a keener desire than to make his acquaintance. You know I have always hoped for this gratification. It will probably be afforded me sooner than I anticipated. And this leads me to the second part of your letter.

"I understand your wish, and would like to second it. Besides, I have not forgotten my promise to aid you in gaining a livelihood, should it ever be necessary. Poor child! I hoped never to be called upon to fulfil it, but, as things have come to that pass, I must tell you of a letter I received yesterday which, coinciding with yours, seems to be a providential indication. This letter is from the Princess Catharine Lamianoff, a Russian lady, who is one of my patients. She is now at Munich, and has sent for me to go there. I have already prescribed for her with success, and, from what she tells me of her state, I think my visit may be beneficial. I have therefore decided on the journey, and shall be absent a fortnight. I shall go by the way of Frankfort on purpose to see you. But, first, I must tell you what there is in the letter to interest you. The princess earnestly requests me to find a young lady, carefully educated and with good manners, to be her *demoiselle de compagnie*. She is an invalid and requires to be entertained, so the office would be a charitable as well as a lucrative one. We will talk all this over before another week. Meanwhile, rely always, as you have the right to do, on my sincere and affectionate devotedness. I say nothing about my sister, as she is writing you in a similar tone by the same mail.

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"P.S.—The princess has been married twice, but is again a widow. She is very wealthy, and offers the young lady she commissions me to find one hundred and fifty louis a year."

Clement remained silent for some time. "And you think of accepting such a proposal?" said he, at length, in a tone of irritation quite at variance with his usual manner. "What folly!"

"No, it is not folly," replied Fleurange mildly. "If, after talking with Dr. Leblanc, I discover no reason for declining the situation, I cannot possibly see the folly of accepting it."

"Gabrielle," said Clement, without changing his tone, "you know the course you wish to take is insupportable to me! This *rôle* belongs to me—me alone. It is my place to labor for my parents, my brother and sister, and for you. If you had the least regard for me, you would feel this is a favor you have no right to refuse me."

"Come, Clement," said Fleurange calmly, "let us talk it over in a reasonable manner. When everything is sold, and your parents are settled in their new home at Heidelberg, you are perfectly aware that your father's small salary, even with what you can add to it, will barely enable them and Frida to live comfortably. You will remain at Frankfort, where, notwithstanding your youth, you have the choice of several situations. But Fritz—have you forgotten our calculations yesterday? Will you have sufficient means to send him to the excellent gymnasium you were so desirous he should enter, that he might be enabled to become independent in his turn? No, Clement, you know well you could not do it. Whereas," she continued with animation, "if this good lady likes me, I can send all my salary, with the exception of a small part, to my dear brothers. This will ensure Fritz's education, and my dear aunt will be freed from all anxiety about him as well as me. And do you not see, Clement, that I shall be a thousand times happier far away from you all, even though treated like a slave by this princess, than among you, useless, inactive, and adding by my presence to your difficulties, instead of aiding to diminish them?"

Clement, with his elbows resting on the table, and his face buried in his hands, did not answer a word.

"Come, come, dear Clement, put off that frown," said Fleurange in a caressing tone, taking him softly by the hand. "We shall see each other, like school-children, during our vacations. From



time to time we shall meet on the banks of the Neckar! That will always be our home, where we shall all gather around the hearth, as here, on great festivals."

What reply could poor Clement make? What objection could he offer? Must he not for ever conceal all he had hoped in his vanished dreams to confess some day? Was he not now reduced to constant labor for subsistence? Had not his life henceforth a single aim that nothing must turn him from? And were it otherwise, did she not look upon him as a mere boy? Was he not destitute of every quality that could please her? And had he not always foreseen that his enchanting dreams would vanish at the very first breath of reality?

He took his cousin's small hand in his, and, with his usual frank and cordial look, said: "You are right, Gabrielle, forgive me. I appear ungrateful, but I am not. May God reward you! You are an angel!" [233]

And he added in a tone too low for her to hear: "An angel from whom I am more widely separated than from the angels in heaven!"

#### XIV.

From that day forth Clement displayed no more interest in his cousin's project: at least, he never alluded to it, and the plan was discussed before him without his taking any part in the conversation.

Madame Dornthal, capable herself of the most generous devotedness, knew also how to accept it from others—a rarer gift, but perhaps not less noble. She thoroughly understood Fleurange's disposition, and was unwilling at such a time to deprive a heart like hers of the most exquisite joy it can taste.

"Yes, dear child," she said, folding her in her arms, "I accept the aid you offer me, and with gratitude. Thanks to you, I shall be relieved from all anxiety respecting two of my children, and, if Dr. Leblanc reassures me as to my Gabrielle, I shall let her follow the generous impulse of her heart."

But Madame Dornthal kept to herself, or only communicated to her husband, another motive for her consent. Fleurange would thus be preserved from some of the privations of their new life. "She would continue to enjoy comforts we could no longer give her. She would be happier and more cheerful away from us, the poor child! than with us at such a time."

"Yes," replied the professor, "it would indeed be a pity to bury her youth in a cottage. I could not bear it. I have so often blessed God within a month for having assured the destiny of our dear daughters! And yet," added poor Ludwig, sighing, "their young faces were so cheering around us!"

"We shall soon see them again, Ludwig. Hilda and Karl are awaiting our visit, and Clara will pass the winter near us, Julian having received a great number of orders from the vicinity of Heidelberg. O my dear Ludwig! as long as God leaves us these blessings, let us resign, not only without a murmur, but without regret, all he has taken from us!"

Those who are absorbed in the acquisition of wealth, and make it the special object of their lives, are no less liable to misfortune than others. Indeed, it may be said, they are more frequently overtaken by adversity. Would it not be well, then, for them to reflect a little beforehand on the means of singularly modifying the features of this stern visitant, and giving it the aspect it now wore in the Old Mansion? It is true, to do this they must begin by thinking of something higher than the mere acquisition of riches.

Dr. Leblanc arrived, as he promised, about ten days after his letter. His visit at the Old Mansion coincided with the last days its inmates were to pass within its walls, and this circumstance would have made him hesitate to come, had not the professor cordially encouraged him. They had long wished to know each other, for in their different spheres they were equally renowned, and Fleurange, under so many obligations to both, was a tie between them. The doctor was therefore received by M. Dornthal quite otherwise than as a stranger. The tendency of their minds, the nature of their studies, and even the prominent features of their character, were very dissimilar, but there was the same foundation to their nature, and they aimed at the same end by different means. They therefore soon discovered that, though their lives were drawing to a close without even having met before, they were born intimate friends. [234]

How many unknown friends thus pass their whole lives without ever meeting, or even suspecting the sympathy that unites them! Who can tell how many ties of this kind will be discovered in heaven? And who knows but this discovery may be one of the sweetest surprises of another life, and, like all the joys we have a foretaste of here below, and perhaps more abundantly accorded to those who on earth were the most destitute?

The hospitable doors of the Old Mansion were closed, the library shelves bare, the panels stripped of the rich paintings that adorned them, and all was now humiliation and sacrifice where once reigned satisfaction and enjoyment, and yet Dr. Leblanc probably would not have felt so lively a sensation of respect and emotion had he visited the Dornthals for the first time during the days of their prosperity.

As to them, this new friend seemed to have always occupied the place he now took in their midst, and, in spite of the sadness of the present as well as of the future, Fleurange enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing them brought together for a few brief hours, and, though on the eve of leaving her friends, did not find the last days she spent among them the least happy.

Madame Dornthal gathered nothing from her conversations with Dr. Leblanc that was unfavorable to Fleurange's project; but she learned that the Princess Catharine was only making a temporary visit at Munich on her way from a watering-place where she passed her summers and would soon leave for Florence, where she owned a palace which was her residence in winter.

After some correspondence, it was decided Fleurange should accept the princess' offer, and go to Munich under the doctor's care. She would thus have the double advantage of her old friend's protection during the journey, and his presence during the first days of her new career among strangers.

While all this was being decided, the time passed sadly and rapidly away, and the last day they were to spend in the Old Mansion came—the last day their eyes would linger on the venerable walls which had witnessed all the happiness of the past, the garden with its velvet sward, the borders of flowers, and the wide alleys through the overshadowing trees, full of remembrances they would not another spring be able to retrace, or indeed any spring of their future lives.

Clement, silent as he often was, but more agitated than usual, hastily collected the small number of books which were to form part of his luggage the following day. His cousin's generous sacrifice enabled him to fulfil his wishes at once with regard to Fritz. This only left him the more completely alone—the care of the child would have added to the young man's difficulties and become later a serious burden; but Clement loved his little brother, and had looked upon the necessity of keeping him with him as a consoling feature of his future life. This necessity no longer existed. Clement, left free, decided to make choice of the most laborious career offered him—the one least conformed to his tastes, but the best adapted to second his desire of aiding his parents.

Wilhelm Müller proposed he should enter a large commercial house where M. Heinrich Dornthal's worthy and intelligent clerk himself had found a situation similar to that he recently occupied at the banker's. Clement accepted it. He was at first to receive only a small salary, but it would be increased from year to year. "And later," explained Wilhelm, "you may have your share in the profits of the house. You are young. Who knows, whatever you may say, that you will not some day become rich again, and as happy and prosperous as you were destined to be?" [235]

Nothing in Clement's heart responded to this encouraging prophecy, but he did not the less follow Müller's advice. Moreover, he accepted the kind clerk's offer of renting him a small chamber in the house he himself occupied.

"Poor Monsieur Clement," he said, "what I offer you is only a garret, but it is under our roof, and you will feel you have friends around you. My wife is a good housekeeper, and will always be ready to render you a service. The little ones are good children also, though somewhat noisy, and will sometimes divert your sad thoughts."

"It is all well enough," said Clement. "Your offer suits me every way, and I thank you, Wilhelm, with all my heart."

Thus matters were arranged between them.

Fleurange made her appearance in the library while Clement was diligently packing his books. She remained awhile, and learned by questioning him all that has just been related, not omitting the kind clerk's offer to become his host as well as his colleague.

"Oh! so much the better," cried Fleurange. "The Müllers are excellent people. I know Bertha, who is an amiable little woman. You can talk with her about me."

Bertha's name recalled Fleurange's journey, which they discussed. This naturally led to her arrival on Christmas Eve, the Midnight Mass, the festival of the following day, and all the other happy days that succeeded.

All these reminiscences were too touching, too poignant, at such a time. Fleurange at last became unable to utter a word. She turned her face away, and started as if to leave the room. But she stopped at the threshold, and remained leaning against the garden window, which at that season was surrounded by honeysuckle. Clement followed, and both stood gazing at the thousand objects gilded by the brilliant rays of the setting sun. There was nothing wanting in the melancholy beauty of that evening hour, either in the sweetness of the air, the clearness of the sky, the perfume of the flowers, or anything that could in their eyes add an unusual charm to all they were about to leave for ever.

And she! how did she appear in the sight of him who feared he might never, after this hour, behold her again as she now stood beside him? What did he think of the effect of the golden lights upon her fair brow and on her black and silky hair?—on the pale azure of her eyes, now so smiling and soft, and again so grave and thoughtful, but in which tenderness was overruled by a will that would ever remain dominant?

We will not state what were his unuttered thoughts. The mingling of sweetness and energy which heightened the attraction Fleurange inspired he was equally gifted with, and what he ought to conceal within his own bosom he knew how to prevent his mouth from uttering or his eyes from ever betraying. He therefore remained near her, calm in appearance, while his heart was a prey to such grief as in youth changes the entire aspect of nature, and makes it almost unendurable to live. [236]

"To-morrow!—to-morrow I shall no longer behold her," he repeated to himself, with a sensation that one might have in sharpening the instrument of his execution, and the thought deprived him of enjoying the few hours that remained to him.

Fleurange, on her side, dwelt on the fatality that always separated her from those she loved. She recalled the day when the bare thought of ever leaving this spot caused such a painful contraction of the heart. And now, that prophetic anguish was justified!—the frightful dream had become a reality! Sad thoughts crowded on her mind. Another moment, and she would be unable to restrain them, all her firmness was about to give way in a flood of tears, when an effort of her will made her triumph over the emotion, or, at least, prevented her from manifesting it. Putting a stop to her long reverie, she raised her head, and turned toward her cousin:

“Here, Clement,” she said softly, drawing a small book from her pocket, “here is my Dante we have so often read in: keep it, dear friend, in memory of our favorite study, and do not forget our habit of daily reading a canto in it.”

“No, I shall never forget it. Thank you, Gabrielle: the gift is very precious. I shall always prize this little book.” He opened it: “But write my name on this blank leaf. Here is my pencil.”

She took the pencil and wrote: “*To Clement.*”

“One word more,” said Clement in a supplicating tone. “Pray write also a word, a line, a stanza if you will, from our favorite poet.”

“What shall I write?” said she, turning over the leaves.

“There, that in the second canto,” said he, pointing it out. She wrote it immediately, and then read it over:

“To Clement.

“L’amico mio e non della Ventura.”<sup>[58]</sup>

“That is right,” said Clement. “Thank you.”

“That is a sad line: I should have chosen a different one.”

“It is appropriate to the present occasion. Now add your name.”

She was about to write it when he stopped her.

“Your real name,” said he. “Write your other name, to-night—the name that suits you so well—Fleurange!”

Fleurange smiled, and shook her head. “Oh! no,” she said. “I gave it up with regret, but I should not have thought of such a thing had I previously known you all. But I have been so happy since I have borne the name of Gabrielle—and you were the first to call me so, Clement—so happy that I no longer love the name associated with the sadness of the past, and, were I to hear any one call me Fleurange now, I should imagine it an ill omen.”

Clement made no reply, but, when she returned the book, he retained her hand a moment: “Gabrielle, one word more—perhaps my last before your departure. Listen to me. Wherever you may be, if you ever need a friend—a friend, do you understand?—that would value no sacrifice for your sake, do not forget that your brother is ready to aid you, not only willingly, but with a pleasure you have no idea of.”

Clement’s voice was grave and solemn, but at the same time agitated and tremulous, as he uttered these words. They were so in conformity with what Fleurange had reason to expect from him that they touched her, but excited no surprise. [237]

“Yes, Clement,” she replied frankly, casting an affectionate glance toward him; “I promise to have recourse to you. I feel I have no better friend in the world than you, and doubt if I ever shall have.”

Were these words sweet or bitter? He hardly knew. The sadness that overwhelmed him it seemed impossible to increase, and equally impossible to alleviate. And yet!—she was still there—beside him—with an air of serenity and hope. There was not a single sentiment of her heart he did not share. She called him her friend, and there was no other she preferred to him. The moment, so full of anguish, was yet a happy one, and he regretted at a later day not having known how to profit more by it.

This was their last conversation in the Old Mansion. Clement preserved the little volume in which she had written the name of Gabrielle as a memento of this interview, and also a sprig of the honeysuckle that touched her forehead.

The remainder of the evening passed swiftly away. Soon after light the next morning came the farewell hour. The Dornthals left their beloved home without the hope of ever entering it again, and Fleurange once more left those she loved, to enter upon a new life that looked a thousand times gloomier and more uncertain than that which was before her when she left Paris. And Clement bade them all farewell, to endure as he could isolation, a laborious and uncongenial life, the privation of the affection and pleasures of his boyhood, and especially all the pain and love a young heart can endure.

## PART SECOND. THE TRIAL.

“Era già l’ora che volge il disio  
Ai naviganti e intenerisce il core,  
Lo di’ c’han detto a’ dolci amici addio!”—DANTE.

It was a beautiful night—brilliant, serene, and starry—a night the uprising moon would soon render as light as day. A fresh breeze from the land swelled the sails of a vessel just leaving Genoa, which, far from impeding its course, only gave it a bolder and more rapid flight over the waves. There were various groups of passengers on deck, some conversing in subdued tones quite in harmony with the mysterious hour of twilight, and others aloud as if it were mid-day. One was playing on a guitar, as an accompaniment to a somewhat remarkable voice, one of those airs everybody knows, sings, or hums as long as they are in the fashion. The music, in itself indifferent, did not seem so on the water and at such an hour. It harmonized with the feelings of those who were sailing over that azure sea, beneath that starry sky, and in sight of those charming shores which the boat scarcely lost sight of during its short sail from Genoa to Leghorn.

Apart from all these groups, and belonging to none of them, we again find Fleurange, who was sitting entirely alone. She had been here some minutes, attracting general attention from the first by the gracefulness of her form, which the cloak in which she was wrapped could not wholly conceal. The hood, half-covering her head, only added a picturesqueness to the striking beauty of her regular features. More than one of her fellow-travellers would gladly have drawn near the place where she was sitting, but, though she was alone and did not appear to be under any one's protection, there was, in the simple dignity of her attitude, in her evident indifference to the sensation she produced, in her very want of timidity, which was not boldness, but resolution, and in her whole appearance, a something undefinable which intimidated the most lively admiration, and would have disconcerted insolence itself—a remark *en passant* to those who regard familiarity as only a proof of the attraction they inspire. Therefore, in spite of some whispering, notwithstanding more than one look toward the charming face distinctly visible in the full light of the moon, now risen, Fleurange remained quietly in her corner, abandoned to her own meditations, undisturbed by any one, and without troubling herself in the least about those who surrounded her. Her thoughts were various and complex. A strange fate seemed to pursue her and constantly break the thread of her life, and every time it was broken she found the severance more painful. It was but recently she wept so bitterly at leaving Paris, and Dr. Leblanc, and the dear Mademoiselle Josephine. But the tears were much more bitter she shed at leaving the Old Mansion, and the loved circle where she had first known and tasted in all their fulness the sweet joys of family life.

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After leaving Frankfort, Fleurange's firmness, which had never faltered before, suddenly gave way to such a degree as to make Dr. Leblanc resolve to take her back to her friends if, after his short stay at Munich, he did not find her more resigned to her lot. But Fleurange was not a person to be easily subdued. Her natural strength of character soon asserted itself, and enabled her to persevere in the path she had chosen. Her resolution was strengthened by the very circumstances which would have discouraged many others. At their arrival at Munich, they found the Princess Catharine confined to her bed by a violent attack of her malady, and it was as nurse that Fleurange entered upon her duties. Her complaint, all the physicians declared, was not dangerous, but it was not the less painful, nor the easier to be relieved. That Dr. Leblanc was again successful in his treatment was partly owing to the sudden and lively fancy of his patient for the young companion he had brought her. To tell the truth, the doctor, knowing the princess, had foreseen this attraction, but he knew Fleurange was fully able to justify and sustain this first impression, and he sincerely hoped by bringing them together he had done something no less useful and beneficial for his wealthy patient than for his young *protégée*.

However this might be, nothing could have been better adapted to dispel the burden of grief that weighed on Fleurange's heart than the immediate necessity of forgetting herself in active and assiduous care for another. It was rather a sad beginning to pass a succession of days and nights at the bedside of a sick stranger, but in the actual state of her mind it was the best thing she could have done. She possessed all the qualities that constitute an efficient nurse, and, to a degree that excited Dr. Leblanc's surprise, firmness and promptitude, ease and gentleness in all her movements, vigor and skill, and seasonable attentions—nothing was wanting, and the result was—the never-failing effect of her beauty and grace, added to the sentiments of lively gratitude sick people generally feel for those who know how to relieve them. The princess did not cease thanking the doctor, and the latter, quite pleased with the result of his inspiration, left Fleurange not only without anxiety, but with the most favorable hopes as to her position.

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Though scarcely able to travel, the Princess Catharine insisted on leaving Munich, and by easy stages she succeeded in reaching Genoa. Now she was on her way to Leghorn, and thence would go to Florence without delay, as she was eager to arrive at the palace which was her real home, having long been obliged by her health to absent herself from Russia, or at least to live there only during the brief portion of the year known as the pleasant season.

For the first time, almost, since she left her friends, Fleurange was now absolutely alone, and at liberty to indulge freely in her own reflections. She began by recalling the cherished memory of her distant friends, from whom she was every moment drifting away with frightful rapidity. It was the hour sung by the poet:

"The hour that wakens fond desire  
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart,  
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell";

and Fleurange's thoughts for a long time dwelt upon the recent events of her life, so rapid in their current as now to be numbered among the things for ever vanished—upon the happy family now scattered; the days—so few—in which she was permitted to be a member of it and finally, her present isolation, for, notwithstanding the kindness of the princess, she felt extremely

isolated. By a singular exchange of rôles, it was she—the unprotected orphan, who now seemed to have become the support of her protectress; and the lady of rank—the rich princess, the poor woman spoiled by fortune—who seemed to seek aid and consolation from her. Fleurange's kind heart found unexpected relief in these cares, the very success of which was ample reward. She felt her affection increase for the object of these attentions in proportion as she lavished them, but it was rather a feeling one has for a child or an inferior, than one it would have seemed natural to have for a person on whom she was dependent, and to whom she actually owed respect and obedience. She therefore felt solitary, and this loneliness was depressing. And yet in spite of herself—in spite of her melancholy (though this may seem contradictory)—an irresistible sensation of joy quickened the pulsations of her heart.

Who has not experienced this joy that has once seen the beautiful sky of Italy, and left it, and then beheld it again? Who has not greeted with transport the charming and sublime features of its glorious scenery as it appears anew on the horizon, as if beholding once more the face of a beloved friend? And who, after being long deprived of hearing the sweet accents of its musical language, has not heard them again with emotion? All these impressions must have been more deeply experienced in Fleurange's case than in many others. And as the wind went down, and the moon ascended the clear sky, reflecting a train of light that grew brighter and brighter on the sea, like a pathway of diamonds leading to an enchanted abode, Fleurange, with her eyes fixed on the dazzling waters, felt for a moment transported with joy! All the sadness of the past as well as of the present vanished: she only realized the infinite pleasure of living, of being young, of being here under this sky, on this sea, near that coast whose odors were perceptible; and when she remembered that that coast was Italy, that she would be there in a few hours, a throng of poetic dreams and confused presentiments of happiness added their vague hopes to the secret joy with which she felt, as it were, intoxicated.

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Dreams—half-understood dreams of youth—which are seldom realized, and which at a later day, according as the soul triumphs over or yields to the dangers of life, are transformed into divine and powerful aspirations, or into deceptive and fatal realities!

At this same hour, what was Clement dreaming of, seated at his garret window, and likewise gazing at the starry sky? Ah! if he could have followed her whose image filled his soul, he would now have been beside Fleurange as she was thus wafted away from him, lulled by her confused dreams. His reverie, too, was sad, but there was nothing vague or indefinite about it, and the manly tenderness of his look expressed firmness and resolution rather than softness. The future was clearly defined in his mind. Yes, though he was only twenty years old, he felt capable of cherishing a fond memory in his heart without ever being unfaithful to it. Yes, she should remain there, as in a sanctuary, and, after God, he would offer her the labors, the studies, the poetry, and the purity of his life! Every talent he had received should be cultivated, and bring forth all that was required on the part of the Giver. This motive should quicken his mental faculties, and refresh him after the exertions of the day; stimulate him to arduous labor—sacred in his eyes—which he would pursue with energy and constancy, for it was the source of his parents' comfort and support, and the reliance of their old age. And if at length!—Perhaps some day!—But when the sudden revival of a forbidden hope gave him all at once a thrill, he repressed it. His judgment, his reason, a painful and invincible presentiment, had for a long time assured him this hope was vain. "*Garder l'amour en brisant l'espoir*" was his aim and *devise*—a task painful, difficult, and perhaps even impossible. But at this time such was his fancy and such his dream!

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## TENNYSON: ARTIST AND MORALIST. [59]

No English voice in the world of letters wakes the pulses of our age to the thrill of joy which greeted *Childe Harold* and *Rob Roy*. Those monarchs of the popular heart left no successors; or if their mantle hung for a moment on the shoulders of another, it is now buried in the grave of Dickens. We have yet several novelists. We have many poets. But none has obtained universal appreciation; to none has been awarded with general consent the palm of paramount renown. Yet it will not be questioned that few living writers command a larger following, are remembered with more affection, and heard with greater eagerness than the author of "In Memoriam."

There are few studies more delightful than the growth of a poet's mind. In the case of Tennyson we witness the whole process of development. We have seen him in his timid beginnings and in his brilliant prime. More than forty years have passed since a slender volume of poems introduced a young graduate of Cambridge to the English-reading world. The modest offering fell upon a time which had garnered larger and riper fruit. There were giants in those days. Byron indeed was dead, but his fame, although it had passed its zenith, still shone the brightest in the firmament. Shelley had preceded him, but the reputation of that sweet singer and genuine artist was growing, and has not ceased to grow. The lovers of Campbell had not surrendered their faith that the *Pleasures of Hope* and the story of *Gertrude of Wyoming* were but a prelude to loftier strains. From the grave of *Adonais* men's eyes had turned with regret and wonder to the bold outline of *Hyperion* and the rich shadows of *St. Agnes' Eve*. Coleridge was a wreck, but the finger of his *Ancient Mariner* pointed many a thoughtful gaze toward the untravelled country which fringes the visible world. The master-hand that had swept the chords of Scottish minstrelsy had not yet lost all its original vigor. And Wordsworth's voice gave loud and clear the signal of poetic reform, and all who were ready to desert the out-worn moulds of classic thought and classic imagery had begun to close around his banner.

Into that circle of splendid names no youthful aspirant could win admittance without a challenge. More fortunate, however, than Keats, Tennyson secured through university friendships some indulgence from the reviews. A few were eager to crown him. It is now acknowledged that their unwinnowed praise discovered less of the judge than of the partisan. The conservative temper of Wilson was provoked by the cordial welcome accorded the new-comer in certain quarters to assume an attitude of repression that was, to say the least, ungenerous. A measured severity might have been amply justified. This first venture was indeed superior to those *Hours of Idleness* which had drawn the sneer of the *Edinburgh Review*. But he would have been a bold prophet who in 1830 from "Claribel" and the "Mermaid" would have foretold the "Idylls of the King." [242]

Tennyson ripened slowly. His next volume was published two years later. It was enriched with the "Lady of Shalott," the "Lotus-Eaters," and the "Palace of Art," but many of the poems were disfigured by his earlier mannerisms, and some discovered an affected mysticism and a hankering after novel expression that was not indicative of health or strength. The poet, too, had betrayed a sensitiveness to criticism that augured ill for the discipline of his powers. It was still an open question whether the great gifts which he unquestionably possessed would be burnished by patient labor, or after some idle brandishings rust in satisfied repose. Nor would he have been the first for whom victory too early and lightly won has twined the poppy with her laurel. A silence of ten years followed, and it seemed probable that another name must be added to those of Campbell and Coleridge on the roll of splendid disappointments.

But during this long interval he had not been idle. He had thought and he had suffered. He had learned much and discarded much. On a sudden, his treasury was opened, and the fruits of energy and discipline fell in glistening showers at the feet of a public which had almost forgotten him. The "Morte d'Arthur," "Dora," "Love and Duty," "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," appealed in divers tones to a charmed and astonished audience. By one sweep, and with no feeble hand, he had planted his standard in many and widely different fields. The bright forecast of his college friends was justified. He had sprung at a bound into the front rank of living poets.

We pass over the "Princess," which added little to his reputation, and reach 1850, a cardinal point in his career. In that year it is just to say that "Lycidas" and "Adonais" were eclipsed by "In Memoriam." This remarkable work, at once the noblest monody and most impressive of heart histories, interpreted the author's life and consolidated his fame. "Maud" came next, and, morbid, incoherent, structureless as it is, would have severely tried a credit less firmly rooted. "Maud" indeed seems to owe its origin rather to the blind impulse of crude intemperate youth, or the promptings of some delirious fever, than the deliberate, healthful movement of the poet's higher faculties. It marks the single break in the progress of his mind.

Not a few of Tennyson's admirers had always affirmed the "Morte d'Arthur" to be the strongest of his works. That fragment was published in 1842, but it was not until 1859 that four kindred poems were drawn from that Arthurian romance which had early haunted his fancy and has chiefly employed the energies of his riper years. The "Idylls of the King" have had several successors, and the "Last Tournament" completes the cycle.

An effort has lately been made in certain quarters to depreciate Tennyson. We do not object to comparisons if they are fruitful in suggestion, and are instituted in a candid spirit. But perhaps analysis affords the surer test. We ourselves hold Tennyson to be the first of living English poets, and incline to rank him above Byron and beside Wordsworth. In the course of an attempt to indicate his place in literature, we shall quote wherever quotations may sustain or illustrate our ideas. We shall draw mainly from those works which exhibit a writer at his best. The height of [243]

mountain ranges is gauged by their loftiest peaks, and the merit of a public benefactor by his virtues, not his shortcomings. A poet is a public benefactor. Not his failures, but his masterpiece, should supply the materials of an honest judgment.

## I.

*Vision*, in the old Roman conception, was the distinguishing faculty of the poet. And indeed *vates*, not *poeta*, marks the fundamental condition of his art. The *seer* precedes the *maker*. It is not indispensable that he should see more than other men, but he will see more clearly. His perceptions are acute and nimble; his sensations are intense. The retina and ear-drum deliver with peculiar speed and precision their messages to his brain. His glance tracks the eagle in his circles, and numbers the hues of the western sky. He catches the whisper of fainting winds, and spells the cadence of the rippling stream. To him all outlines are sharp and crisp, every tint is vivid, every tone is clear. Senses exquisitely organized are the first essential of the poet.

Sensations are fraught with countless degrees of pleasure, with infinite shades of pain. Those objects whose ideas awaken a feeling of delight we call beautiful. To register the beautiful is an instinct of the poet. With a nice reference to the pleasure imparted, he discriminates forms, divides the chromatic scale, graduates the gamut of sound. In a word, his æsthetic judgment is wakeful and unerring. But the keenest joys of the mind are not begotten by beauty pure and simple. There is a fuller and sweeter satisfaction than that derived from kaleidoscope combinations of color, arabesques without significance, and *fantasias* without text or theme. Wherever *design* emerges, the notion of *fitness* is born. The Greek found it in the human body. We can trace it in the flower and the star. When we contemplate those things of which design may be predicated, there is blended with the feeling of pleasure a perception of inward adaptation. The idea of perfection is married to the idea of beauty. The ideal is their offspring. Upon it the æsthetic judgment unaided dares not pronounce. The complex faculty, whose province is the ideal, is *taste*. It is the second requisite of the poet.

Most persons of culture and refinement have taste in some degree. They are no strangers to the pure delight evoked by a smiling landscape. In the human form they enjoy the beauty of outline and proportion, and recognize the nice adjustment of structure to a central aim. But their joys are transient. The flower fades; sunset yields to moonlight; autumn touches with her pencil the canvas of the spring; one graceful attitude melts into another; emotions course across the countenance like winds over standing wheat. The poet comes. His mission is to chain the fleeting, to fix the evanescent, to reproduce the past. He brings you a rose with the bloom on it; calls up the buried friend; stays the sinking sun on the edge of his western bed. His life is a long revolt against the law of change. Nor is he confined to imitation. His sphere transcends realities. He may play with nature, if he will not violate her. His memory is not a store-house only, but a crucible as well, where the phenomena of sense lie fused in a glowing golden mass. Through his brain float airy shapes surpassing and yet suggesting the grace of earthly forms; ideals strange and fantastic, yet bound by subtle ties of relationship to types of the actual world. His fancy is ever in labor. Incessant gestation, incessant parturition, engage her energies. Reproduction, creation, is a law of the poet's being. It is this which vindicates his right to the noble name of *maker*.

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Keen senses, a just taste, creative force, compose the common dowry of artists. But art is threefold—plastic, pictorial, poetic. To each species belongs a peculiar medium in which memories are embalmed and fancies embodied. The media are solids, colors, words. In language lie certain powers and certain limitations. The poet divines them. He produces a speaking picture, but he remembers that much of a picture cannot be spoken. He demonstrates that much also may be told that cannot be painted. On his canvas vivacity and intensity do duty for light and shade. Elaboration, suggestion, silence, are the elements of his perspective. He borrows from sculpture the significance of *isolation*, and the incisive lesson of the *group*. Images, metaphors, similes, are the poet's graving-tools. He learns their latent capacities and their inherent flaws. He secures subtle effects by climax, antithesis, evolution. He plays the chemist with ideas, and presents them in every stage of development, now vaporous, now congealed. He weighs words, detects their finer applications, and fathoms the deeper meanings which are coiled about their roots. And, finally, he masters the mechanism of speech, the organic structure of sentences, the joints and vertebræ of his native tongue. One step remains, to seize the principles of metre, the secrets of rhythm and cæsura, the march and music of verse. His panoply is finished. He is a poet.

Let us apply some of these tests to Tennyson. And, first, his power of simple imitation. At first sight this seems no lofty triumph of the poet's art. And yet how much it implies! To translate substance into the unsubstantial. To portray the visible and tangible in that which has neither color nor dimension. Above all, to transfuse through the spirit of man the spirit of nature. It behooves him who would compass this to purge the heart of emotion, abjure self-consciousness, and forget, like the Pythian priestess, his own identity. He is not to steep his landscape in sentiment of his own, nor ascribe to it a fictitious sympathy with human moods and passions. The outward beauty he contemplates must traverse his mental atmosphere, untinged, unrefracted, like white light. We must catch in his work the soul of the scene, a spirit rising from it like an exhalation, not drenching it with alien dews. We find a happy instance of right treatment in this cool upland valley from "Ænone":

"There lies a vale in Ida lovelier  
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills;  
 The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,  
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,  
 And loiters slowly drawn. On either hand  
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down  
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars  
 The long brook falling thro' the cloven ravine  
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.  
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus  
 Stands up and takes the morning; but in front  
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal  
 Troas and Ilion's columned citadel."

Beside this place the rank luxuriance of a tropic island where "Enoch Arden," shipwrecked, waited for a sail:

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns,  
 And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,  
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,  
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird,  
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses,  
 That coiled around the stately stems and ran  
 Even to the limits of the land, the glows  
 And glories of the broad belt of the world—  
 All these he saw."

Of pure imitative art Scott and Wordsworth are the great modern masters. Yet we shall all acknowledge that the passages quoted exhibit a rare excellence. It would be hard to match in Theocritus the breezy freshness of the "Brook." As we listen, we lose ourselves, and seem to penetrate the joyous heart of nature. We too are in Arcadia. It is the morning of the world, and the infant god of some slender streamlet hums his naïve song to Pan, who lies along the sward: [245]

"I wind about, and in, and out,  
 With many a blossom sailing;  
 And here and there a lusty trout,  
 And here and there a grayling.

\* \* \* \* \*

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance  
 Among my skimming swallows,  
 I make the netted sunbeams dance  
 Against my sandy shallows."

We have dwelt at length on the sincerity with which Tennyson interprets nature. It is the stamp of the true poet. The dilettante, however cunning, cannot counterfeit it. He cannot keep himself out of the picture, but invests it with his own sentiment, and tricks it out in the whims and caprices of the hour. It is otherwise with Wordsworth. That high-priest of nature enters her presence reverently, with humble and candid heart. He puts off the vanities and weaknesses of man on the verge of her holy ground. From his lips her lessons fall with a simple earnestness, like oracles from the mouth of a child. Her truths he incarnates, but does not presume to clothe.

While it is false art to attribute to nature a conscious sympathy with man, it is true that she at times discovers an unconscious harmony with his moods. Our emotions are deepened by the accord. The happy are the happier for sunshine. The sad are saddest in the night and the rain. To aim at this mystic unison, to strike one note from feeling and from circumstance, is legitimate and delightful. Let us contrast an example of such treatment with the less truthful method to which we have referred. We ought always to study a theory in some felicitous expression of it, and therefore we take these graceful lines from Dr. Holmes. The stars and flowers touched by the woes of fallen man have conspired to watch and warn him. The flowers cannot bear the sight of human misery.

"Alas! each hour of daylight tells  
 A tale of shame so crushing,  
 That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,  
 And some are always blushing.

"But when the patient stars look down  
 On all their light discovers,  
 The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,  
 The lips of lying lovers,

"They try to shut their saddening eyes,  
 And in the vain endeavor  
 We see them twinkling in the skies,  
 And so they wink for ever."

At the first glance this moves, and pleases; because the emotion of the moment veils the



extravagant hyperbole. The writer is an artist, and makes us see, as it were, through tears. But the lines do not grow upon us like the truly beautiful. As we read them a second time, there comes over us a feeling of annoyance, almost of pain, that the flowers should be misinterpreted, the stars misconstrued. We tremble before nature's shocks and storms, and cannot afford to darken her brightest bloom or trouble her sweet serenity. Look now at this figure of "Mariana," weeping, forsaken, "in the moated grange!" There is no pathetic prelude, no preliminary appeal to human sympathies. A neglected garden and a lonely house. A reach of level waste, colorless, silent, cold. The desolation is contagious, and just as the heart is sinking into a state of depression and despair, the moan of the stricken girl falls quivering on the ear.

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"With blackest moss the flower-plots  
Were thickly crusted, one and all;  
The rusted nails fell from the knots  
That held the peach to the garden wall.  
The broken sheds looked sad and strange:  
Unlifted was the clinking latch:  
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
Upon the lonely moated grange.  
She only said, 'My life is dreary!  
He cometh not!' she said;  
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!'"

We are very far from saying that Tennyson is everywhere free from the pathetic fallacy. But his sins of the kind occur chiefly in some vein of sportive apologue, like the "Talking Oak," or in the mouth of Maud's morbid lover, half distraught by temper and wholly crazed by crime. And, indeed, if any could be pardoned for beholding in all things one image, it would be, no doubt, the lover. In the old myth, love guided the hand of art; but Pygmalion was a sculptor, not a landscape painter.

The portrayal of the human form is one of the painter's triumphs, as it is the sole province of plastic art. Poetry, for the most part, evades a description of personal beauty, and is content with a suggestion. Yet there are two or three etchings in the "Palace of Art" which seem to us not unworthy of a place in that gallery of Philostratus which a poet's hand re-peopled:

"Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasped,  
From off her shoulder backward borne;  
From one hand drooped a crocus, one hand grasped  
The mild bull's golden horn.  
"Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh  
Half buried in the eagle's down,  
Sole as a flying star shot through the sky  
Above the pillared town."

These are mere outlines. But Tennyson has drawn one figure with almost pictorial finish and force. It is Aphrodite revealing herself to Paris on Mount Ida:

"Idalian Aphrodite, beautiful,  
Fresh as the foam, new bath'd in Paphian wells,  
With rosy, slender fingers, backward drew  
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair  
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat  
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot  
Shone rosy white, and o'er her rounded form,  
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches,  
Floated the glowing sunlight as she moved."

This is genuine *painting*. There is form and color in it, and, withal, the *spirit* of beauty bathing the whole, untainted by the faintest suggestion of wanton love.

In the temple of outward nature poetry is only the acolyte of painting. But one shrine is more exclusively her own. She is mistress of the heart. Over that ocean no other wing sustains continuous flight. There are waves of impulse which canvas cannot reflect, and currents of emotion untraced by the limner's skill. There are dainty joys and fears that mock his grasp, and gust of passion that confound his cunning. Pictorial art must read the soul in the face, and the face is at best a clouded mirror. From the poet we hide nothing. The growth of character, the drift of habit, the pressure of inherited tendencies, springs of motive, stings of appetite—he discerns and deciphers all. But he must not speak in riddles: he is bound to make his meaning clear. He owes a duty to the humblest. They look to him to lend thought a form, shadow a substance; to explain the strange by the familiar, and flood the whole with the mellow flight of fancy. The poet is, in a certain sense, what Sidney would make him, the right popular philosopher. On the success of Tennyson in this field there is some difference of opinion. The fervor of his sympathies within a certain range and the delicacy of his intuitions are unquestioned. His style is allowed to be rich in color, and often fraught with incisive force. Let us glance at some passages which depict the finer shades of feeling, or are conspicuous for felicitous expression. We will then look at the charges, so often brought against Tennyson, of

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obscurity and a want of dramatic power.

It is a fact of common experience that quite opposite emotions, wrought to intensity, reach a state of fusion. They move, as it were, in converging lines, and their vanishing point is pain; or rather, they have what physicists would call a common dew-point. Thus we hear of the luxury of sorrow and of love's sweet smart. Coleridge has touched this psychic truth with extreme tenderness in "Genevieve." He shows us the young girl rapt in a troubled wonder before the strange feeling that storms her gentle breast. Her heart flutters like a snared bird:

"Her bosom heaved, she stept aside;  
As conscious of my look she stept:  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,  
She fled to me and wept."

So in one of Tennyson's "Idylls," the eyes of the happy Enid are suffused with tears. It is hardly possible to read the lines without loving human nature:

"He turned his face,  
And kissed her climbing; and she cast her arms  
About him, and at once they rode away.  
And never yet, since high in Paradise,  
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,  
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind  
Than lived through her who in that perilous hour  
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart  
And felt him hers again. She did not weep,  
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist,  
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green."

Most persons have known those transient attachments which are born of "accident, blind contact, and the strong necessity of loving." In the "Gardener's Daughter" some one alludes in this playful fashion to the dethroned darling of his salad days:

"Oh! she  
To me myself, for some three careless moons,  
The summer pilot of an empty heart  
Unto the shores of nothing. Know you not  
Such touches are but embassies of love,  
To tamper with the feelings ere he found  
Empire for life?"

Few who have read the new "Maid's Tragedy" have forgotten "Elaine." There is no sweeter face in story. We trace a master's hand in the passage where a passionate sympathy holds her from her sleep, and the deep lines of Lancelot's countenance are mirrored in her white soul:

"As when a painter, poring on a face,  
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man  
Behind it, and so paints it that his face,  
The shape and color of a mind and life,  
Lives for his children ever at its best  
And fullest: so his face before her lived."

Lancelot is always gracious to her, and grateful for her tender care, but he is moody and absent, and instinct tells her that his love can never be hers. She bears home a heavy heart:

"She murmured, 'Vain! in vain! it cannot be;  
He will not love me! how, then, must I die?'  
Then, as a little, helpless, innocent bird,  
That has but one plain passage of few notes,  
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er  
For all an April morning, till the ear  
Wearies to hear it; so the simple maid  
Went half the night repeating, 'Must I die?'"

One more. A song of Tristram's, rife with the graceful gayety that masks and half-redeems a faithless heart. It might have been made by Ronsard, and sung by Bussy d'Amboise. The husband of "Isolt of Brittany" and the lover of "Isolt of Britain" gives the *rationale* of broken vows:

"Ay, ay, O ay, the winds that bend the brier!  
A star in heaven, a star within the mere.  
Ay, ay, O ay, a star was my desire;  
And one was far apart, and one was near!  
Ay, ay, O ay, the winds that bow the grass!  
And one was water, and one star was fire.  
And one will ever shine, and one will pass;  
Ay, ay, O ay, the winds that move the mere!"

The admirers of Byron and the poets of the Georgian era find Tennyson obscure. By obscurity

they ought to mean a darkness born of confusion, the cloud of fallacy, the vagueness of incoherence. Crude thoughts, unfledged fancies, halting metaphors, are obscure. Poetasters are commonly dark, and it would be easy to show that Byron himself in his best work, the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, is sometimes guilty of obscurity. And it must be admitted that some poems of Tennyson's youth, and likewise "Maud," are open to this objection. But if, as we believe, the charge is pointed at "In Memoriam," "Love and Duty," or the "Palace of Art," then we deny its force. It may be that they who find enigmas in *Paradise Lost* and "In Memoriam" mistake the source of their difficulties. We incline to depreciate what we fail to comprehend. We forget that deep waters are not necessarily turbid; that novelty is not obscurity. As we climb a mountain, we gain new views of the valley beneath, yet the novel landscape may be no less vivid than the old. There is, indeed, a dulness of the ear that detects no clue to the myriad threads of harmony. There is a myopic disease which sees nothing but indistinctness beyond its narrow horizon. In such cases the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are mystified.

We have said that the poet owes a duty to the humblest. That duty is fulfilled when he has conjured his fancies into visible shapes, and given truth a concrete form. He is not called upon to find eyes for the blind, or learning for the ignorant. It is enough if at his banquet there is food for all stomachs. The poet owes a duty not to the humble only.

There are, for example, two methods by which poetry may illuminate history. It may invest personal character with the truth and vigor of life, and portray detached scenes in correct and brilliant colors. Or it may reveal to the imagination by exact and felicitous metaphor the sequence of events, the march of knowledge, the drift of opinion, and the "long result of time." Thus Lucan poetized a narrative, Lucretius thinks in imagery. We recall no better illustration of the former treatment than the fine stanza from *Childe Harold*:

"When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,  
And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war,  
Redemption rose up in the Attic muse,  
Her voice their only ransom from afar.  
See as they chant the tragic hymn, the car  
Of the o'er-mastered victor stops; the reins  
Fall from his hands; his idle scymitar  
Starts from its belt; he rends his captive's chains,  
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains."

The anecdote is a noble one, and has gained nobility in the telling. But anecdotes after all are not the marrow of history. Something may be learned from Montesquieu as well as from Marmontel. Two lines from "Locksley Hall" exhibit the other method of interpreting history. The lines aim at nothing less than at once to condense and illumine the most pregnant epoch of modern times, the eighteenth century. This looks certainly like a preposterous abuse of that definition assigned to the drama, "an abstract and brief chronicle of the time." Let us recall for a moment the period of Louis Quinze. The feudal system has fallen. The flowers are withered, the chains remain. The nobles have become courtiers, municipal privilege has perished, the peasant is a slave. Dishonor on the throne, bankruptcy in the treasury, the poor starving, the rich corrupt. Oppression tightening his grasp, and knowledge learning to realize the woe and to divine the remedy. On one side, despair that has begun to think of vengeance; on the other, blind arrogance that does not dream of retribution. And now, is not the whole story told with almost terrible simplicity in the compass of these lines?

"Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher  
Glares at one that nods and blinks behind a slowly-dying fire."

It may be said that Byron was well-read in history; but he held that only romantic characters and striking facts were fit subjects of poetic treatment. That is not our opinion. We believe Byron gave the best he had. Moreover, it is not true that poetry may borrow nothing from history but personal traits and isolated events. That narrow view of the poet's province was corrected for English literature by the *Paradise Regained*. Poetry is no mendicant, to be put off with the stale scraps and shallow gossip of the servants' hall. Her seat is at the high table, beside the masters of the house.

Tennyson, we are told, has no dramatic power. It is true that he has written no drama. Does it follow that he is wanting in dramatic power?

Derivation often tells us more of words than of men. A drama is something done, not told or sung; neither narrative nor ode, but something *done*. First, then, we must have *doers*; or, if you please, actors. Our actors must prove themselves alive, they must be impelled to move. The impelling force is *incident*. But detached scenes illustrative of character do not make a drama, incident is not *plot*. The action which develops character must at the same time tend toward a certain end, the catastrophe of the piece. A drama, then, in the strictest sense is this: a development of character in situations which excite to action in a particular direction.

Where the evolution of plot is subordinate to the portrayal of character, the drama is loose and inorganic, like many of Shakespeare's plays. Where the elaboration of personal traits is merged in the accomplishment of the event, the drama leans toward the epic, like a tragedy of Æschylus. Perfect equimarch in the development of character and plot stamps the ideal drama. Dramatic power in this sense is one of the rarest of human gifts, and perhaps has been exerted nowhere but in the plays of Sophocles. The phrase has, in English criticism, a much narrower meaning,

and points simply to the exhibition of character by action.

We acknowledge that those poems of Tennyson which preceded the "Idylls of the King" gave little evidence of dramatic talent. Like the works of Byron, they are for the most part lyrical, reflective. In them the "beings of the mind" are rather analyzed than animated. The poet interprets them. They do not speak for themselves. Even dramatic insight, which is another thing than dramatic power, seems at times to be wanting. Thus his "Ulysses" is a modern soul grappling with the framework of Homeric times. "Margaret," "Madeleine," "Isabel," are lovely dreams, not lovely women. In the "Princess," if anywhere, we should look for the development of character. But as the persons of the tale pass across the stage, we incline to suspect with the prince that they are but shadows, "and all the mind is clouded with a doubt." Indeed, little Lillia, whose burst of pretty petulance suggests the theme, is by far the most lifelike figure.

But the judgment passed upon living poets is at best provisional, and subject to reversal on appeal. The writer of pastorals will perhaps produce an *Æneid* in his riper years; "L'Allegro" and "Lycidas" may be succeeded by an epic. In the cluster of poems which embodies the Arthurian legends, there is much discrimination of character. The courtly flippancy of "Gawain" is distinguished from Tristram's joyous levity. "Etarre" is vicious, "Vivien" is base. "Enid" is not a gentler being than "Elaine," yet her meekness is finely contrasted with the latter's emotional nature. In "Lancelot" we have a noble spirit in the toils of a great crime. In "Arthur," the perfect equipoise of *character*, illumined by a sublime resolve.

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Nor are the foremost persons of the poems mere portraits. They are actors as well. They approach for the most part unheralded. Their temper and motives are self-betrayed, or hinted with a wise reserve. Their personal traits are evoked by incident or emphasized in dialogue. Here certainly is dramatic power of a certain kind. Not the highest which creates a drama—is it high enough for an epic? We incline to doubt. At least, it has produced none. We cannot allow that the "Idylls" which are grouped around the figure of the king constitute an epic poem.

The epic—we speak of the *Æneid*—is distinguished from the drama by this, that the development of character is subordinate to the evolution of plot, the actors are merged in the action. And as the drama may lean toward the epic, so the epic may lean toward history. That the poet unites in his own person the functions of scene-painter, machinist, and *chorégus*, is only a difference of form.

Now, it is not so much grasp of character as *nexus* of plot that we miss in the "Idylls." Scott's *Rokeby* is an epic, yet Bertram Risingham is not more lifelike than "Lancelot." But in *Rokeby* the story grows; one event generates another, the catastrophe is inevitable. Episodes are admitted in the epic, but they must be natural growths, or at least successful grafts. For example, "Elaine" and "Guinevere" stand in true organic relation, but "Enid" and "Vivien" have nothing in common with the rest of the cycle but their social atmosphere and casual reference to familiar names. In the poet's mind, no doubt, the old Arthurian romances have been fused into a kind of unity. They present to him a coherent picture; discover a central thought. It is the soul at war with flesh, aspiration foiled by appetite, the eagle stung by the serpent. But he has conveyed the idea by short and random strokes. We catch only glimpses of it, and are not permitted to watch the progressive development. In the "Idylls of the King" there is the matter of an epic, but not the form. We should prefer to place them in a class apart, which might include the *Faerie Queen*.

On the range, finish, and accuracy of Tennyson's diction, we need not dwell. But no view of a poet's artistic powers would be complete without a glance at his command of melody and rhythm. For sweetness and clearness of tone, the choral hymn in the "Lotus-Eaters," and the "Bugle" and "Cradle" songs which beguile *entr'actes* in the "Princess" are excelled by few English lyrics. In grasp of rhythm Tennyson yields to no recent poet, except Shelley. There is a striking instance of rhythmic effect in the "Palace of Sin." A strain of music floats in upon the ear, deepens, swells, and at length bursts forth in an orchestral symphony.

Most of Tennyson's later poems have been written in unrhymed pentameter, and his management of the verse suggests a comparison with his master. In dignity of movement, Milton has never been equalled by any English poet. It seems that no line but his could express the lost archangel, or embody that vision of imperial Rome where sonorous names load as with cloth of gold the march of the stately iambs. Yet nothing could stoop more awkwardly to the quiet talk and joys of the married pair in Eden. While Tennyson's blank verse falls short of his model in majesty and serried force, we must allow it to be more flexible. We cannot imagine the little novice using the Miltonic line. Her gentle thoughts would have been drowned in the mighty current, whereas Tennyson's tripping vocables deliver with easy grace her artless prattle.

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We can only allude to those experiments in metre which amuse the leisure of an artist, although one of them deserves attention. It is an ode to Milton:

"O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,  
O skilled to sing of time and eternity,  
God-gifted organ-voice of England,  
Milton, a name to resound for ages!"

Let the reader compare these lines with some familiar model of Alcaics like "Vides ut altâ," and then ask himself whether *quantity* has hitherto had fair play in English verse.

## II.

What has art to do with morals? With what propriety shall a poet play the moralist? His purpose is distinct, his method is radically different, is his object ever identical? We know that it is not always so. In the face of outward nature the truthful artist is forbidden to read humanity. Hardly is Wordsworth suffered to discover here divinity. The Greek sculptor sought beauty, not goodness, in the daughters of men, and the lines that grew beneath his fingers breathe the harmony of grace, not the harmony of character. Does the application of these rigorous principles bound the sphere of genuine art? Do the good and the beautiful nowhere cohere and interfuse? They may—in the *ideal*. For what is beauty in things which disclose design but the reflex of perfection? And what is goodness but the perfection of the heart? In the scheme of ethics, vice is ugliness, error a discord, and weakness disproportion, character means equipoise, and virtue expresses harmony. But how shall art or ethics discern a moral symmetry, and crown a spiritual perfection, without a right conception of man's nature, of his place and purpose, his relation to the universe and to God? So far as he portrays the heart, the poet must be a moralist. Within this domain the truest art will utter the purest morals.

It is a blessed law by which he who aims to please is constrained to edify. For reason is a disinherited prince, and the estate is too often squandered before he comes to his own. Pride rears the head against precept. The imagination flutters and beats her bars, until experience has clipped her wings. The ideal republic could ill afford to dispense with poets, for there is no lesson like the modest lesson of a lovely life. To our gaze perhaps the influence seems wholly lost, and yet may be only latent. This is sure, that virtue has still a foothold in the heart that keeps an altar to the beautiful. We know how many seeds of goodness, what germs of aspiration, are flung broadcast by the poet's hand. Who will say that his random sowings may not stir in a genial hour, strike root in the depths of motive, and blossom in act and life? No thoughtful mind has failed to recognize the insight of Sidney's words in his *Defence of Poesy*: "For even those hard-hearted evil men who think virtue a school name, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good-fellow poet seems to promise, and so steal to see the form of goodness, which, seen, they cannot but love ere themselves be aware, as if they had taken a medicine of cherries." [252]

The ethical standard is sensitive to the influence of climate and of race. The Italian and the German recognize the same virtues, but write them in different scales referred to a national keynote. The growth of knowledge and the expansion of sympathy determine a deeper change. From the age of Pericles to the age of Napoleon, the ideal of character has undergone alterations which have penetrated the essence and affected the type. Of certain virtues which fired the heart of an Athenian, we have kept nothing but the names, and we have canonized others of which he had no conception. The attitude of the individual man toward nature and society is constantly shifting under the pressure of ideas. The wave of inquiry which rose in civic revolution has swept in widening circles over the whole surface of opinion, and now dashes on the primal verities which declare the origin and destiny of man. The mind is active, but the heart of the age is perplexed and sad. She ponders painfully the riddle of the painful earth. She is lost in the great forest, the new paths are uncertain, the old to her seem overgrown. She is troubled with a vague unrest, beset with dark misgivings, by results she loathes to accept, doubts which she longs to silence, and hopes she dare not forego. Her mood is too grave and earnest for blithe and heedless carol. She cannot pause to hear the idle singer of an empty day. The music which holds her ear must be attuned to serious sympathy, must echo her own self-questionings, and breathe her aspirations. She puts aside from her lip the cup of distilled water, and turns to the mineral spring that savors of the rugged earth.

De Musset is not more essentially a child of the age than Tennyson. Both inherited in rare perfection the exquisite sensibility and high tension of the nervous system which are developed by modern life. In both the violence of emotion is succeeded by prolonged depression. Their joy is often rapture, and their sorrow anguish, but the prevailing tone is a dreamy languor that betrays fatigue. Their intellects were plunged in the same bath of learning, and tempered in the furnace of the time. They unite in regretting the trustful past, and complain that they were born too late into a sick and decrepit world. They pace together the shore of life, and gaze with wistful eyes over the expanse of ocean. But here the parallel ends. Their roads diverge in youth. Each obeys a different impulse, and learns a different lesson. The one hears a growing harmony in the voices of science, and perceives an increasing purpose in the movement of mankind. The other bows the head in stupor before the howling storm. Tennyson has a kindly glance and a cheery word for his fellow-men, they are his brothers, his co-workers, ever reaping something new. De Musset loads the heart with a sense of utter misery, and paralyzes the will by the infusion of his self-contempt. He is half-indignant that his spirit should be still haunted by a sublime aspiration, and confesses almost with a groan:

*"Une immense espérance a traversé la terre."*[60]

It is in another mood that Tennyson hails the promise which he sees in the aspiration of the soul:

"What is it thou knowest, sweet voice? I cried,  
A hidden hope, the voice replied."

There are few words more painful to read than the prayer in "L'Espoir en Dieu." The passionate queries are wrung from a breaking heart. We offer a rude but passably close translation of two stanzas. The poet demands:

“Wherefore in a work divine  
So much of discord tarrieth?  
To what good end disease and sin?  
O God of justice! wherefore death?

“Wherefore suffer our unworth  
To dream, and to divine, a God?  
Doubt hath laid desolate the earth,  
Our view is too narrow or too broad.”

Compare the rooted faith and serene calm of the poem to “In Memoriam:”

“Thine are these orbs of light and shade,  
Thou madest life in man and brute,  
Thou madest death, and, lo, thy foot  
Is on the skull that thou hast made.

“Thou wilt not leave him in the dust,  
Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die,  
And thou hast made him, thou art just.”

Much, no doubt, of the peculiar spirit that pervades the work of either poet may be traced to the social atmosphere in which he moved. Much also is only to be explained by the history of his life. Behind the “In Memoriam,” an unselfish and ennobling sorrow weeps and prays above a cherished grave. “In Rolla,” remorse sobs bitterly amid the ruins of a wasted life. The song has betrayed the singer. The one is the laureate of hope: the other, a prophet of despair. Tennyson is a night-worn pilgrim whose kindling eye has caught the glimmer of a lovely dawn; De Musset, a tired swimmer whose drowning cry leaps toward us from the gates of death. The poetry of De Musset is a convex lens which draws to a fiery focus the doubts and longings of the time; Tennyson’s, a stained rose-window, that subdues the flaring sunlight to a mild and tender radiance.

While man’s moral nature is developed and determined by his attitude toward society and his Maker, it is also profoundly affected by his attitude toward women. The relative position of woman has been rather raised than lowered by the movement of modern thought. Much has been deciphered by speculation, and much dissected by science, but the deep significance of the female character remains intact. In the fine atmosphere which nourished the musings of Richter, two earthly forms move freely, the maiden and the wife. In the long process of comparative anatomy, the beautiful first reveals itself in the sweet instinct that binds a mother to her offspring. Then first does the fire of Prometheus fairly catch the clay. The noblest instinct and the noblest aspiration have one element in common—the abnegation of self. Perhaps the one is but a reflex of the other. It is certain that the highest art has done the fullest justice to women. Let us measure Byron and Tennyson by this standard. To Byron, woman was an exquisite instrument which responds in perfect tune to the master-touch of passion. To Tennyson, she is an embodied spirit, who inspires and tempers man while she seems to obey his impulse. It is a shallow criticism which would excuse Byron’s low conception by an unfortunate experience. If personal experience be narrow, why not look beyond it? If the feet stumble in the mire, the eyes may still be lifted. The fact is, an irresistible instinct compels a genuine artist to discern and to preach the truth. His life may prove a rebel, but his work will pay tribute to Cæsar.

The author of “Godiva,” of “Enid” and “Elaine” is eminently the poet of woman. It is especially worthy of remark that he should have maintained a distinct and lofty ideal throughout the Arthurian cycle. In the mediæval myths, the lineaments of the female character were sometimes clouded by the admixture of masculine traits. Through the Carolingian romance that lives in Ariosto’s verse, there roves an unsexed and warlike virgin, whom the poet means us to admire; at whom we smile in secret. Tennyson has read woman’s nature with an insight too fine and delicate to place her in so false an attitude. There is no Bradamant in the “Idylls of the King.” [254]

The unswerving justice of true genius finds consummate expression in the treatment of “Guinevere.” The wrong-doing of imperial beauty was a dangerous theme, and we may guess how it would have been handled by the author of “Parasina.” In the original legend the queen commanded sympathy, but she is now positively degraded by her preference for a meaner soul. It is Arthur’s doom, and no merit of hers, that he loves her still. There is little likelihood that a modern Francesca will borrow impulse or pretext from her story. It is amusing to find the lovers of Haidee and Gulnare scandalized by “Vivien.” If ever a vile nature was scorched and shrivelled by the flame of an honest wrath, that poem affords the spectacle. In wily Vivien, vice is neither condoned nor glozed, but simply stripped and gibbeted. The pure air which breathes throughout the “Idylls” is condensed in the lines of “Guinevere,” which declare the great purpose of the king. We may say with assurance that no other English poet, except Wordsworth, would have written them.

Tennyson has spoken words of comfort to many English hearts, and inspired with a noble purpose many English lives. His spirit has crossed the seas. To him and Wordsworth the youth of America owe much that they will not speedily forget. Other benefactors may receive some form of recompense, but how shall we repay a poet? It is not praise, but thanks we would offer Alfred Tennyson. Rare artist, and high teacher, sweet voice, pure heart, there are many who admire, and not a few who love him.



# HOW THE CHURCH UNDERSTANDS AND UPHOLDS THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

## SECOND ARTICLE. AGES OF THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.

When the Christian religion had triumphed over idolatry, the principle of evil took refuge in heresy, and vigorously began a new attack upon the church. As women had once sealed their faith with their blood, so now they came eagerly forward to preach it by their learning. The centuries which produced the fathers of the church produced women also, to whom these great lights of the true faith were mainly indebted for their early education. The same circumstances also created women who, on the throne and in the council-chamber, governed turbulent nations and guided fierce passions, according to the rules of justice, honesty, and religion.

The mother of St. Gregory Nazianzen, Doctor of the Church, was Nonna, and is honored as a saint. Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, says: "She drew down the blessing of heaven upon her family by most bountiful and continual alms-deeds; ... yet, to satisfy the obligation of justice which she owed to her children, she, by her prudent economy, improved at the same time their patrimony."

Here, therefore, in the fourth century, we find a woman commended for her practical knowledge of business and her skill in managing property. Ventura relates that, as soon as her son Gregory came into the world, she placed the Scriptures in his infant hands, and ever after inculcated in her teaching the greatest love and reverence for sacred learning. Nonna's other children were both canonized, one of them, Gorgonia, having led the most exemplary life in the holy state of matrimony. (*La Donna Cattolica*, vol. i. pp. 431, 432.) St. Basil, who counted among his ancestry many martyrs of both sexes, was the son of St. Emelia, and the great-nephew of St. Macrina the Elder, of whom he says himself that he "counts it as one of the greatest benefits of Almighty God, and the truest of honors, to have been brought up by such a woman." His elder sister, also named Macrina, was greatly instrumental in conducting his education. When after his death his brother, St. Gregory of Nyssa, went to visit their sister, and open his heart to her concerning their common sorrow, he found her dying, it is true, but so vigorous in mind that her discourse on the providence of God and the state of the soul after death was no less striking than comforting. He could hardly believe, says Ventura, that it was not a doctor of the church, a learned theologian, who was speaking to him; and so much did he treasure his sister's words that he compiled his admirable *Treatise of the Soul* and *The Resurrection* chiefly from the matter furnished by her discourse. Macrina's funeral was an ovation, and the bishop of the diocese held it an honor to be present thereat.

Olympias, the widow of Nembridius, the treasurer of the Emperor Theodosius the Great, flourished about the end of the fourth century, and was the friend and helper of St. John Chrysostom. His letters to her are part of his published works, and Nectarius, his predecessor in the Patriarchal chair of Constantinople, often consulted her on matters of ecclesiastical importance. When Chrysostom was persecuted and banished, she did not escape vexatious notice from heathen and heretical rulers; but through all, her fortitude would have done credit to the bravest man. The great patriarch charged her to continue, during his absence, "to serve the church with the same care and zeal" (Ventura, *Donna Cattolica*, p. 443), and elsewhere in his works says emphatically that "women, as well as men, can take part in any struggle for the cause of God and of the church." (*Epistle 124, to the Italians*.) In a letter to her, he says that her presence was *required* at Constantinople to encourage the persecuted brethren, and in another he bids her exert all her resources to *save* the Bishop Maruthas from the abyss (he having given signs of yielding to heresy). Further on, in the same letter, he gives her instructions, almost amounting to a diplomatic and official mission, with regard to the request of the King of the Goths for a bishop and missionary in place of Aubinus the Apostle, who had just died, after converting many thousand of these barbarians. When St. Chrysostom sent a messenger to the Pope St. Innocent, at the beginning of the persecutions at Constantinople, he gave him letters of recommendation to none but a few Roman ladies—Proba, Juliana, and Demetrias.

The influence of Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, upon her wayward son, is so well known that it is almost superfluous to dwell on it; and St. Jerome, eminently a learned saint, was scarcely less connected with holy and well-taught women. He himself tells us that it was especially his friend and spiritual daughter Paula who engaged him in the study of the Old and New Testaments, and who induced him to translate the former from the original Hebrew. Rohrbacher, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, corroborates this statement; and Capefigue, in his *Four First Ages of the Church*, says that "the pure society of women had imparted to Jerome a heartfelt exaltation, a deep enthusiasm for all purity and nobility in themselves." We learn from Butler (*Lives of the Saints*) that Marcella, one of the many matrons under St. Jerome's instruction in Rome, made great progress in the critical learning of the Holy Scriptures, and learned in a short time many things which had cost him abundance of labor (vol. ix.). Other women, of whom we shall speak hereafter, were collected under his guidance; almost all are now canonized saints, and were celebrated even in their own day for their skill and erudition. The great Paula was the most illustrious among them, and he tells us of her as also of five or six others that they were as well acquainted with Hebrew as with Latin and Greek. To the daughter-in-law of St. Paula, Jerome wrote a letter full of minute and seemingly trivial details, concerning the education of her little daughter, who afterwards became St. Paula the Younger. It is of such quaint interest, and so

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calculated to give a high idea of the importance attached by the great doctor of the church to the minutiae of a little girl's daily life, that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few extracts from it:

[257] "Let her be brought up as Samuel was in the temple, and the Baptist in the desert, in utter ignorance of vanity and vice; ... let her never hear bad words nor learn profane songs; ... let her have an alphabet of little letters made of box or ivory, the names of all which she must know, that she may play with them, and that learning may be made a diversion. When a little older, let her form each letter in wax with her finger, guided by another's hand; then let her be invited, by prizes and presents suited to her age, to join syllables together.... Let her have companions to learn with her, that she may be spurred on by emulation.... She is not to be scolded or browbeaten if slower, but to be encouraged that she may rejoice to surpass, and be sorry to see herself outstripped and behind others, not envying their progress, but rejoicing at it while she reproaches herself with her own backwardness. Great care is to be taken that she conceive no aversion to studies, lest their bitterness remain in after-years. A master must be found for her, a man both of virtue and learning: nor will a great scholar think it beneath him to teach her the first elements of letters.... That is not to be contemned without which nothing great can be acquired. The very sounds of letters and the first rudiments are very different in a learned and in an unskilful mouth. Care must be taken that she be not accustomed by fond nurses to pronounce half-words, as it would prejudice her speech. Great care is necessary that she never learn what she will have afterwards to unlearn. The eloquence of the Gracchi derived its perfection from the *mother's* elegance (of speech). No paint must ever touch her face or hair." He is no less sensible and moderate in physical instructions than strict in things of the spiritual order. He says: "She should eat so as always to be hungry, and to be able to read or sing psalms immediately after meals. The immoderate long fasts of many displease me. I have learned by experience that the ass, much fatigued on the road, seeks rest at any cost. In a long journey, strength must be supported, lest, by running the first stage too fast, we should fall in the middle. In Lent, full scope is to be given to severe fasting." He advises the young girl, when old enough, to read the works of St. Cyprian, the epistles of St. Athanasius, and the writings of St. Hilary. These are grave and abstruse studies, requiring much time and application, and as fully up to the standard of a modern *male* education as any woman could desire. St. Jerome himself was living at Bethlehem when he wrote this letter, and while recommending her mother to send little Paula to St. Paula the Elder for her later education, he himself promises to instruct her, adding that "he should be more honored by teaching the spouse of Christ than the philosopher [Aristotle] was in being preceptor to the Macedonian King." It was the elder Paula who built St. Jerome the monastery of Bethlehem, in which he spent a great part of his life. She governed a monastery of women not far from it. St. Jerome, in his panegyric of her life, addressed to her daughter Eustochium, expresses himself in the following unequivocal language: "Were all the members of my body to be changed into tongues, and each fibre to utter articulate and human sounds, even then I could not worthily celebrate the virtues of the holy and venerable Paula." As soon as her husband's death left her the free use of a magnificent fortune, she liberated all the numerous retinue of slaves that formed [258] not only her household but her possessions. Hundreds of Christian masters and mistresses did the same, and treated their freed retainers as brethren and sisters in the faith, long before the philanthropy of modern times had begun to envelop in a halo of unusual heroism the sacrifice of slave property. From a noble Roman matron, placed by her birth in an assured position of great prominence, she became a voluntary exile and wanderer for the sake of planting the faith more firmly in the East. St. Jerome describes, in words full of sympathetic admiration, her pious visits to the Holy Places of Judea. She also made a pilgrimage to the home of monasticism, the Thebaïd and the Lybian desert. Humble as she was, fame followed and surrounded her. Pilgrims to Jerusalem counted her as one of the most consoling and admirable of the objects that claimed their devotion. Macarius, Arsenius, Serapion, famous lights of the church and patriarchs of the eremitical life, came from long distances and inaccessible solitudes to confer with her. At Jerusalem, she founded places of shelter and entertainment for the many pilgrims who flocked there; both at Rome and in the East, she was the mother and the idol of the poor, whose wants she relieved untiringly, and for whose sake she was often not only penniless, but in debt. Her last illness was like a royal levee, and bishops and patriarchs hastened to her bedside; her funeral, says Ventura, was almost a canonization. Bishops carried her body to its tomb, and for seven days sacred hymns and psalms echoed ceaselessly in the church of the Holy Grotto at Bethlehem, where the funeral service was performed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Capefigue calls her the "most remarkably erudite woman of her age," and her instincts of faith and learning alike made her intuitively aware of the artifices of the heretic Palladius, whose well-concealed Origenism she unmasked and denounced in presence of St. Jerome, when the wolf would have put on sheep's clothing and deceived her simple nuns. Paula's daughters—Blesilla, the learned and accomplished widow; Eustochium, the celebrated virgin to whom many of St. Jerome's works are addressed or dedicated; Paulina, the model wife to whose influence over her saintly husband the first hospitals in the West are due—and their sister-in-law, Læta, the happy mother of the younger St. Paula, are all canonized saints of the church, and each of them the just pride of their sex in the respective walks of life to which they were destined. Fabiola, another of St. Jerome's scholars, was the foundress of the first hospital absolutely established in Rome.

The church has never been chary of tendering graceful homage to the influence and ability of woman, and perhaps no more singular or flattering proof of this can be found than the pictorial honor which, Ventura assures us (*Donna Cattolica*, vol. i. p. 466), was offered by St. Gregory the Great to St. Sylvia, his mother. She was represented as sitting by his side, robed in white, and crowned with the mitre worn by doctors of theology, while the left hand held an open Psalter, and the right was raised with two fingers extended, in the attitude of benediction.

St. Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, who was born and died in the fourth century, owed his early training of piety and solid learning to his mother, who was left a widow during his infancy, and to his elder sister Marcellina, to whom later on Christendom became indebted for the three admirable books he wrote on *The State of Virginit*y. Another of his famous works is a treatise on *Widowhood*. In one of his books on *Virginit*y he meets the common though worn-out argument that virginity is a foe to the propagation of the human race. As this bears upon our general subject, though it be not immediately akin to it, we will stop to quote it. "Some complain," he says, "that mankind will shortly fail if so many are consecrated virgins. I desire to know who ever wanted a wife and could not find one? The killing of an adulterer, the pursuing of waging war against a ravisher, are the consequences of marriage. The number of people is greatest where virginity is most esteemed. Inquire how many virgins are consecrated every year at Alexandria, all over the East, and in Africa, where there are more virgins than there are men in this country [Italy]." And Butler, in his *Life of St. Ambrose*, goes on to explain: "May not the French and Austrian Netherlands, full of numerous monasteries, yet covered with populous cities, be at present esteemed a proof of this remark? The populousness of China, where great numbers of new-born infants are daily exposed to perish, is a terrible proof that the voluntary virginity of some is no prejudice to the human race. Wars and the sea, not the number of virgins, are the destroyers of the human race, as St. Ambrose observes; though the state of virginity is not to be rashly engaged in, and marriage is not only holy, but the general state of mankind in the world." Not only did St. Ambrose occupy his mind and pen with the concerns of holy and spotless women, but he did not think it beneath his dignity to write for those unhappy virgins who had fallen from their vows and thus been reft of their most precious heirloom. In the third book of his work on *Virginit*y, he pays the following homage to Christian woman, such as she was in his age: "I have been a priest but three years," he says, "and my experience has not been long enough to teach me what I have written. But what my own experience could not teach, the sight of your conduct has suggested. If, in this work, you find any flowers of thought, know that I have gathered them from your own lives. I do not so much give you precepts, as I draw examples from the behavior of living virgins, and set them before the eyes of the world. My discourse has only reproduced the image of your virtues. It is but the portrait of your own life, so grave and earnest, which you will see here, beaming with light as reflected from a mirror. If you find grace in these words, it is you who have inspired my mind with it. All that is good in this book belongs to you." (Third book on *Virgins*.) What more graceful tribute, more appreciative homage, could man render to the opposite sex? Yet he who wrote this was a great and powerful bishop, a doctor of the church, a profoundly learned man, whose influence was spread through kingdoms, and whose advice was sought and followed by emperors. Here is yet another example of the distinguished part played by woman in affairs of the highest public importance. Caepifigue, in his *Four First Ages of the Church*, says that in the churches of Rome might be seen the most noble matrons of the city, "who gave the first and greatest impulse to all Christian sentiments." This was at the end of the fourth century, and the two Melanias were then foremost among the active and energetic women mentioned. The elder Melania, whose fortune was immense, and who was married early by her father, the Consul Marcellinus, became a widow after a few years of married life, and thereafter devoted herself to the church. She travelled to Egypt and Palestine in the interests of the persecuted Patriarch Athanasius, whom she protected and supported with all the moral influence and temporal means at her command. The zealous and open protectress of more than five thousand Christians, the harbinger of priests and bishops driven from their sees and parishes during the Arian persecutions of the Emperor Valens, she was herself cast into prison by the Governor of Jerusalem, to whom she spoke thus boldly and fearlessly: "Do not think to despise me because I wear poor garments: I might wear the robes of a princess, did I choose to do so. Do not think to intimidate me by your threats, for I have sufficient influence to protect me against the slightest aggression on your part. I tell you this, and give you this advice, that you may not through ignorance commit any error that might lead you into danger." The courageous woman was released, and continued her ministrations of mercy. Her granddaughter, St. Melania, married young to a noble Roman, the descendant of the great Publicola, and the son of the Prefect of Rome, was even a more prominent personage than the elder Melania. After the birth and death of two children, she and her husband renounced their high position, freed eight thousand slaves, and sold their immense possessions in several parts of the Roman Empire for the benefit of the poor. They then retired to a quiet country solitude in Campania, and with several associates began leading "the perfect life" which we have so often seen attempted in vain in this age by refined and earnest souls without the bosom of the church. Here, their chief occupation was the study and the propagation of the Scriptures and other solid works of learning and faith. The works of the fathers were foremost among the latter, and Ventura says with truth that we may well thank woman when we read these admirable treatises, for without her help, care, and zeal they would be considerably less in number than they are. The love of the Scriptures and of Biblical lore seems thus to have been a distinctive mark of the sex in the early days of the church.

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Melania and her companions after a time left Italy, and settled in Africa near Hippo, and there became the most active allies of St. Augustine. They also journeyed through Spain, Palestine, and Asia Minor, always in the interests of the faith, founding monasteries and schools, and assisting the poor and the persecuted. After her husband's death, Melania, having been wrecked on the coast of Sicily, and having found several thousand Christians in bondage to barbarian idolaters, she redeemed and freed them all. At one time she held a high post at court, and exerted herself successfully in favor of orthodoxy. When the Nestorian heresy was making great progress in Asia and Africa, she uncompromisingly combated it by her influence and social talents, by the persuasion of her manner and the force of her arguments, as Ribadeneira testifies in the sketch

he wrote of her life. Ventura asserts that she confounded Pelagius himself, who by all manner of arts endeavored to win her to his side; and it is known that, when St. Augustine failed to convert Volusian, the Prefect of Rome, and uncle to Melania, this heroic woman, according to Baronius, undertook to convince him, and succeeded most triumphantly. Melania's funeral at Jerusalem was the occasion of lavish homage to the power and influence of her sex; bishops and confessors were eager to show their respect and admiration, and the Christian world proved once more that "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

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Marcella, one of St. Jerome's spiritual daughters, and whose funeral eulogy he wrote, was, according to this great saint's own words, "the greatest glory of the city of Rome." When Alaric and his Goths invaded Rome, her house was broken into, and herself cruelly beaten and disfigured. All her reply was, "My gold I have given to the poor: you will find nothing in my possession but the tunic I wear." She collected many holy and learned women around her, and her house was the rallying point of all Christians. All good works received their impetus from her, and she was often consulted by bishops and priests on questions of Biblical learning, after St. Jerome, who had taught her the Scriptures, had left Rome. Although consecrated virgins of both sexes abounded in her time, as yet no distinct community under a recognized rule had been formed in Rome. She undertook to establish the monastic life in the capital of the empire, and was the first to reduce to order the elements of which such a community might be formed. With the advice of St. Athanasius, and some fugitive priests of Alexandria, who took refuge in Rome in 340, during the Arian persecution in the East, Marcella gave up a country-seat of hers for a monastery, and adopted for the future religious the rule of St. Pachomius. The men followed her example, and assembled in concert to found communities of their own. Rome vied with the Thebaïd for sanctity and learning, and this was the work of a woman. When, in the seventh century, St. Benedict, the reformer and patriarch of all religious orders in Europe, reduced monasticism in the West to the state in which we know it in our own days, he was only, says Ventura (*Donna Cattolica*, vol. i. p. 488), walking in the path which the heroic women of Christendom had hewn out before him in imitation of the hermits and anchorites of the East. But Marcella shines no less as a pillar of orthodoxy than as the institutrix of Western monachism. When the Origenists, through the aid of the cunning Rufinus and the intriguing Macarius, who disseminated skilfully veiled errors in Rome, began to attack the integrity of the Christian faith, Marcella left her solitude, and came to the capital to confront the heresiarchs. The following details are all vouched for by St. Jerome in the funeral eulogy addressed by him to her friend and scholar Principia: "The faith of the Roman people had been weakened on many points.... The new heresy had made many victims, even among priests and monks.... The Sovereign Pontiff himself, Siricius, who was as conspicuous for holy simplicity as for sanctity of life, and who judged of others by the candor of his own soul, seemed for a moment to have become the dupe of the hypocrisy of these new pharisees. The orthodoxy of the bishops Vincent, Eusebius, Paulinian, and Jerome had even been suspected, and, when they cried out that the wolf was in the fold, no one vouchsafed to listen to them. In this grave emergency, in presence of much coldness, indifference, and weakness on the part of *men*, God made use of the far-sightedness, the zeal, the courage of a *woman* to keep the faith intact in Rome. Marcella, more eager to please God than men, resisted the Origenist heresy publicly, vigorously, and efficaciously. She it was who by the very testimony of those who had first been deceived by the new errors and then abjured them, convinced every one of the real nature of the heretical doctrine. She stimulated the zeal of the Sovereign Pastor by proving to him how many souls had already gone astray.... She was the first to point out to him the disguised impieties of the garbled translations of Origen's book on *Principles*, which Rufinus had translated and altered, and was now selling everywhere. She often summoned the heretics to come and justify themselves in Rome, but they dared not answer, and preferred being condemned as absent and contumacious, rather than be publicly confounded by a woman. At last, when a general condemnation was pronounced upon their doctrines, it was chiefly the result of Marcella's vigilance." Here, therefore, is a woman exerting a guiding influence on the destinies of the church by her learning, subtleness, and eloquence. If the women of the early centuries achieved such successes with the natural weapons of their sex and position, why do our sisters of the present day desire a reorganization of society, and a new accession of hitherto unknown and unnatural weapons? Why indeed but because the order of society sanctioned and regulated by the church has been subverted by the Reformation; the holy charter of woman abolished; and elegant and veiled Islamism, or in some instances a coarse and degrading barbarianism, inculcated and forcibly brought into action concerning woman, and the sex gradually forced out of its legitimate orbit, with its capabilities dwarfed, its intellect narrowed, its talents sneered at, and its affections repressed? The broad river of woman's influence, flowing so calmly and majestically through the centuries of the church's undisturbed unity, has been dammed up by the Protestant tradition of the last three hundred years, till it has broken forth again as a turbulent torrent, devastating where it once fertilized, disturbing where once it conciliated. In its new form and its strange aggressiveness, it now horrifies mankind, where in early days, in its legitimate sphere, it guided the greatest statesmen, orators, and saints, and gravely helped them on the road to heaven, to science, and to happiness. But we are digressing, for we have undertaken to speak of facts, not to declaim about theories. We have much ground to travel over yet before we come to the end of the list of glorious women who have made the church, so to speak, their panegyrist, and the world their debtor. We have once before mentioned the Roman ladies, Proba, Juliana, and Demetrias, to whom St. Chrysostom recommended his envoys and their mission to Pope St. Innocent. Demetrias was the daughter of the Consul Olibrius and of St. Juliana; Proba was her grandmother on her father's side. The two widows, having converted their husbands, consecrated their after-lives to the education of Demetrias. St. Augustine was their friend and counsellor, and wrote them letters that are among

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the most prominent of his works. One to Proba is on the efficacy and the nature of prayer; another to Juliana treats of the advantages and duties of widowhood. When Demetrias announced her intention of remaining a virgin, the holy joy of the family knew no bounds, and the day of her formally receiving the veil was a festival for all Rome. St. Jerome honored her with a discourse which has come down to us in the shape of a *Letter to Demetrias*, followed by a treatise on *Virginité*, and not only did he interrupt for this purpose the grave commentaries on the Scriptures in which he was engaged, but he also addressed to the parents of the virgin such congratulations as rang throughout Italy, and made the holy and happy trio the envy of every matron and maiden in the Christian world. (Ventura, *Donna Cattolica*, vol. i. p. 520.) The heresiarch Pelagius so little understood the importance of woman that he took the trouble to address to Demetrias a letter so long that it almost forms a book, which is still extant, and was intended to instil into her mind his insidious errors. St. Augustine, however, cautioned her against Pelagius, and bid her keep staunch to "the faith of Pope Innocent."

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There was one sphere which more than any other was christianized and influenced for good by women, and indeed could not have been otherwise sanctified—the sphere of the imperial court, both in Rome and in Constantinople. We have already seen empresses and relatives of the Cæsars becoming Christians and often martyrs, but it remained for the women of the fourth and fifth centuries to make the palace into a sanctuary and add the lustre of a heavenly crown to the majesty of an earthly sceptre. Constantine, under whose auspices Christianity first emerged from the Catacombs, was the gift of woman to the church. His mother Helena, his wife Fausta, and his mother-in-law Eutropia (the two latter being respectively the wife and daughter of Maximian-Herculeus) were zealous and devoted Christians, and to their influence are due the toleration and subsequently the favor with which the faith was treated by Constantine. Eusebius relates that Eutropia on her pilgrimage to the Holy Places found idols and sacrificial rites still flourishing near the famous oak of Mambre, where tradition places the scene of the visit of the three angels to Abraham. She wrote to her son-in-law in unconcealed indignation, and thus procured after a time the destruction of the shameful altars. Later on we find the emperor building a church on the identical spot. The progress of the Empress Helen through Palestine is as an ovation to the faith, and a record of churches built and monasteries founded in every Holy Place. She constantly besought her son's aid and munificence in these undertakings, and extended the protection of his name to all Christian establishments in the East. We owe to her piety and energy the most solemn and the greatest of the memorials of the Passion, the Holy Cross on which our Lord suffered and died. It is likewise to her, a woman, that we owe one of the most beautiful of Christian churches, that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, as well as one of the most interesting basilicas of Rome, *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme*, where a portion of the august relic of the cross was deposited. Her charities were numberless, her foundations magnificent. She alleviated the condition of those who were condemned to the mines, and freed many from chains and slavery. The city of Drepanum in Bythia, where St. Lucian the martyr had died for his God, she so beautified and endowed in his honor that after her death her son changed its name to Helenopolis. Even the fame of the local and municipal life of many cities can be traced to the influence and activity of woman, and further on we shall see how some of her sex have laid colleges, schools, and universities under eternal obligations. Constance, the daughter of Constantine, was the first convert of the imperial family, and exercised no little influence over her father. She assembled numbers of holy virgins, and consecrated herself with them in a state of virginity to the service of God and the poor. When Constantius, her brother, became emperor, and, favoring Arianism, called himself head of the church, while he exiled Pope Liberius, hundreds of the Roman ladies united in a deputation to protest against this illegal act. As long as the anti-Pope Felix remained in Rome, these same women utterly scorned his authority, and encouraged the people to refuse to hold communion with him. This firm attitude of the women of Rome had its reward, and Pope Liberius was at length recalled when the emperor perceived that the forced schism was likely to result in sedition against himself. Maximus, Emperor of the West, through the influence of his Christian wife, became the friend and protector of St. Martin of Tours; and Theodosius, the contemporary of St. Ambrose, was mainly guided in his wise and, upon the whole, salutary administration by his wife Placidia and his daughter Pulcheria. But his granddaughter, also named Pulcheria, and justly honored as a saint, was pre-eminently the glory of the Eastern Empire and the honor of her sex as well as of her order. Her reign was the triumph of the church, the golden age of justice, the realization of a Christian Utopia. When the tranquillity of the age was disturbed, it was through the decline of her influence and the triumph over her of her many enemies. When her father Arcadius died and left his throne to his son Theodosius, she was chosen not as regent, but as *Augusta*, or co-ruler and empress, with her brother, and moreover was entrusted with the care and responsibility of his education. The historian Rohrbacher, ever eager to extol the sex says of her: "It was a marvel, the equal of which has never been known either before or since, and which God wrought in those days for the glory of woman, whom his grace sanctified and his wisdom inspired—that a maiden of sixteen should govern successfully so vast an empire." Pulcheria reduced the imperial household to a degree of order and decorum more resembling a college than a court; her brother's masters were all chosen and approved by her, and the utmost respect was paid by her both to the laws and the prelates of the church. Alban Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, speaks of her and her reign in these terms: "The imperial council was, through her discernment, composed of the wisest, most virtuous, and most experienced persons in the empire: yet, in deliberations, all of them readily acknowledged the superiority of her judgment and penetration. Her resolutions were the result of the most mature consideration, and she took care herself that all orders should be executed with incredible expedition, though always in the name of her brother, to whom she gave the honor and credit of all she did. She was herself well skilled in Greek and Latin, in history and other useful

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branches of literature, and was, as every one must be who is endowed with greatness of soul and a just idea of the dignity of the human mind, the declared patroness of the sciences and of both the useful and polite arts. Far from making religion subservient to policy, all her views and projects were regulated by it, and by this the happiness of her government was complete. She prevented by her prudence all revolts which ambition, jealousy, or envy might stir up to disturb the tranquillity of the church or state; she cemented a firm peace with all neighboring powers, and abolished the wretched remains of idolatry in several parts. Never did virtue reign in the oriental empire with greater lustre, never was the state more happy or more flourishing, nor was its name ever more respected even among barbarians, than whilst the reins of the government were in the hands of Pulcheria." Ventura is not less explicit in praise of this great woman. After mentioning the different studies embraced in the plan of education which Pulcheria had traced for her brother, he says: "In these arrangements, both the subject-matter which was to occupy the young prince's attention, and the time he was to spend in each occupation, were so judiciously and admirably managed that such a plan of education seemed rather the work of an experienced philosopher than that of a young girl of sixteen.... Theodosius possessed neither a generous soul nor exalted intellect; in fact, his was a nature scarcely above mediocrity. Pulcheria, however, by her enlightened efforts, succeeded in producing unexpected results from so thankless a field of labor." (*Donna Cattolica*, vol. ii. pp. 23, 24.) Exiled and disgraced by the machinations of her frivolous sister-in-law, the Empress Eudocia, and the ambitious Chrysaphius, one of the courtiers, she left Constantinople and retired into the country, no more downcast in adversity than she had been elated in prosperity. Eudocia and Chrysaphius, unable to draw St. Flavian, the Patriarch of Constantinople, into their conspiracy against the noble exile, became violent partisans of Eutyches and his new heresy. Between the years 447 and 450 of the Christian era, the condition of the empire was perfectly chaotic; the heresies of the Eutychians, the Nestorians, and the Monothelites disturbed the public peace; morality was forgotten; the court became an assembly of intriguers; Theodosius himself was no longer obeyed at home or respected abroad. St. Leo the Pope, scandalized and grieved at such excesses, wrote to the emperor, the clergy, and the people of Constantinople, but reserved his most remarkable mission for Pulcheria. He says, "If you had received my former letters, you would certainly have already remedied these evils, for you have never failed the Christian faith, nor the clergy her guardians," and towards the end of his letter he adds: "In the name of the blessed apostle St. Peter, I constitute you my *special legate* for the advancement of this matter before the emperor." Referring to this magnificent eulogium, the historian Rohrbacher remarks that, "when the Pope writes to the Emperor Theodosius, one would think he was addressing a woman; when, on the contrary, he writes to the ex-empress, one would imagine he was speaking to a *man*," upon whose energy he could depend. In 450, the Emperor of the West, Valentinian, and his mother and wife, Placidia and Eudoxia, came to Rome, where the Pope entrusted them with the task of admonishing by letter the weak-minded Theodosius and his heretical followers. Thus was the power of woman and her influence in state affairs recognized and honored by the church from end to end of the Christian world. Pulcheria, urged by the entreaties of all these great and holy personages, boldly went to the court, reproached her brother, and by her firmness opened his eyes and restored peace, orthodoxy and morality in the distracted empire. Her brother's death in 450 left her, by the universal consent of the people, once more ruler of the vast realm she had already so much benefited. Now again she evinced consummate wisdom in her choice of Marcian, the most renowned soldier and most talented statesman of the empire, to be her husband and fellow-ruler. Under condition of preserving her early vow of perpetual chastity, she admitted him to an entire participation of her life and counsels, and together, with a strong yet gentle hand, they upheld and protected the fathers of the Council of Chalcedon. After three years of a wise and virtuous reign, Pulcheria died, lamented by the thousands of the poor and destitute whom she had never ceased to relieve, and honored by the church as the "guardian of the faith, the peace-maker, the defender of orthodoxy," as the Chalcedonian fathers expressed it. The historian Gibbon, whose testimony can hardly be deemed interested, has thus outlined the history of her reign: "Her piety did not prevent Pulcheria from indefatigably devoting her attention to the affairs of the state, and indeed this princess was the only descendant of Theodosius the Great who seems to have inherited any part of his high courage and noble genius. She had acquired the familiar use of the Greek and Latin tongues, which she spoke and wrote with ease and grace in her speeches and writings relative to public affairs. Prudence always dictated her resolves. Her execution was prompt and decisive. Managing without ostentation all the intricacies of the government, she discreetly attributed to the talents of the emperor the long tranquillity of his reign. During the last years of his life, Europe was suffering cruelly under the invasion and ravages of Attila, King of the Huns, while peace continued to reign in the vast provinces of Asia." (*History of the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. vi. chapter xxxii.)

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The holy Pope St. Gregory the Great did not owe less to the influence and friendship of woman than Pope St. Leo. Among his many and remarkable letters, those addressed to the Empress Constantina and the Princess Theoclista, wife and sister of Maurice, Emperor of the East, are not the least admirable. The emperor being both imbecile and miserly, and of a nature utterly despicable, the only bulwark of orthodoxy against the heretics lay in the strenuous and continued efforts of these two women in favor of the church. When Phocus, a general of Maurice, freed the indignant empire from its supine and debased ruler, his wife the Empress Leontia took the place of the former princesses, and continued their work of protecting the faith of the Councils. In the West, where the Lombards were successfully laying the foundation of the future power they were destined to wield, it was chiefly to a woman that Gregory the Great looked to defend the interests of religion, and saw among these half-reclaimed barbarians the seeds of Christian chivalry. Theodolinda was his pupil and correspondent, and by her care the future King of the Lombards,

Adoloaldus, was baptized and brought up a Christian. In the matter of the great expedition which resulted in the final conversion of England, the same Pope testifies by his letters that Bertha, the wife of King Ethelbert, and Brunehault, Queen of the Franks, were chiefly instrumental in aiding and countenancing St. Augustine in his mission. He says to Brunehault: "We are not ignorant of the help you have afforded our brother Augustine.... It must be a source of great rejoicing to you that no one has had a greater share in this work than yourself. For, if that nation [the Saxons] has had the blessing of hearing the Word of God and the preaching of the Gospel, it is to you, under God, that they owe it."

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The throne of Constantinople was to be honored yet by another sainted empress, the worthy successor of Pulcheria, and, like her, an able ally of the Pope and the orthodox patriarch of her own capital. Once more, through the vices and indifference of men, a heresy had arisen and flourished, the heresy of the Iconoclasts. Great persecution had been suffered by the faithful, during the reign of Leo, the husband of our heroine Irene, and the new heretics, had completely triumphed. At his death, his widow became regent for her young son. The clergy, the nobility, and especially the army, were arrayed on the side of the Iconoclasts. Irene was as prudent in action as she was zealous in heart. The persecutions against the followers of the Pope were first merely suspended, thought and speech were once more free, and gradually a reaction began to take place. The patriarchal see of Constantinople becoming vacant by the death of Paul, the finally repentant abettor of the unhappy heresy, it was Irene who proposed the election of Tarasius, the most popular, most pious, and most talented man among her subjects. He, too, was the product of a wise and holy woman's training, and the name of his mother, Eucratia, is among the saints. Having thus paved the way, the empress wrote to Pope Adrian about the year 786, and begged him to assemble a general council to further the interests of religion and cement the peace of Christendom. The council, which was the second of Nicea, took place according to this suggestion, upon which the Pope, through his legates, formally congratulated the empress. The utmost success having attended the sittings of the council, and the faith having been triumphantly vindicated against the Iconoclasts and their errors, the empress sent to entreat the assembled fathers to hold one final and ceremonial sitting in Constantinople itself. She procured an efficient guard among the orthodox cohorts of the imperial army, and prepared an immense hall in the palace for the gathering of the council. Ventura describes the scene thus: "The Pope's legates waived their right of precedence in favor of Irene, and the astonishing spectacle was seen of a woman, accompanied by a child twelve years old (her son), presiding over one of the most august assemblies of the church. The sitting was opened by a discourse by the empress, in which she spoke, both in her son's name and in her own, with so much eloquence, warmth, and grace, that the greatest emotion was manifested throughout the assembly; tears of joy flowed from the eyes of all present, and the last words of Irene were followed by the most heartfelt acclamations.... The enthusiasm was at its height, when, in the assembly and also to the people without, the decree or definition of faith made by the council was read, and the empress claimed her right to be the first to sign it.... It must never be forgotten that this great council, as well as its consequences, which put an end to a great heresy and restored Catholicism in the East, was the thought and work of a woman, and that it was a woman-sovereign (*un empereur-femme*) who alone by her discreet and courageous zeal knew how to blot out and destroy the scandals caused by three men-sovereigns and even a great number of bishops themselves." (*Donna Cattolica*, vol. ii. pp. 55, 56.)

Before the Empire of the East became totally degraded, another sovereign, another woman, lent it the glory of her reputation. The Iconoclasts, profiting by the treacherous support of succeeding emperors, again renewed their hostilities against orthodoxy, but were speedily checked once more by a brave Christian woman, the Empress Theodosia, widow of Theophilus, and of whom Rohrbacher says: "If in the West the temporal sovereigns were insignificant, in the East they were detestable. There was but one exception, and that was a woman, the Empress St. Theodosia. She began her reign after the death of her unworthy husband—whom she had succeeded, however, in converting on his death-bed—by threatening the heretical patriarch, Lecanomantes, with the condemnation of the coming council unless he consented to vacate his see and renounce his errors. He refused, and the council assembled within the walls of the imperial palace. The Iconoclast heresy was again solemnly denounced, and the previous Council of Nicea confirmed. For the countenance and protection afforded by her to the church, the empress only asked as a reward that the prelates should pray for the forgiveness of the sin of heresy which her husband had committed. Theodosia celebrated this new victory of the church with becoming solemnity, and instituted in its honor a festival, which is observed to this day under the name of the 'festival of orthodoxy.' When Methodius, the holy Patriarch of Constantinople, died, she replaced him by St. Ignatius, the friend of the Pope, St. Nicholas I. She made peace with the Bulgarians, whom the Pope was interested in converting to the faith, and seconded his efforts by procuring the conversion of the captive Bulgarian princess, sister to King Bogoris, whom she afterward freed and sent back to her brother. This princess became the Clotildis of her people, and, together with Formosus, the Pope's legate, and St. Cyril, Theodosia's envoy, effected the conversion of the whole Bulgarian nation in 861."

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Other Danubian tribes also owed their conversion to Theodosia; she sent missionaries to the Khazars and the Moravians, whose chief specially addressed himself to her for instruction. Her son Michael, when he came to the throne, renewed the horrors of the pagan empire of Caligula and Domitian, persecuted his mother and sisters, exiled and deposed the Patriarch Ignatius, and put the heretic Photius into his place. One of his captains, Basil, put a violent end to his infamous reign, and, though inexcusable in the eyes of the ecclesiastical law, yet redeemed his act by the utmost deference to Theodosia and devotion to religion. The empire breathed again, and

Theodosia's counsels procured another general assembly of the church at Constantinople, when Photius was condemned and the rightful patriarch reinstated in his authority. After the death of the empress, the heresy of Photius revived and spread, and, schism becoming more or less general, the empire began to degenerate, until its very name, the "Lower Empire," became a synonym for all degradation and hopeless ruin. Ventura, who says truly that real sanctity is impossible in the bosom of voluntary schism, attributes the degeneracy of the Empire of the East to the want of strong and generous women, such as those whom we have briefly sketched in this article, and asserts that the very accumulation of evils which this scarcity of holy women has heaped upon the church during some of the darkest periods of her history, is in itself a proof of the paramount importance of woman in the work of the propagation and protection of true religion.

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We are now close upon the mediæval times, when the glory of the sex shone forth again in the West, and counted as many champions as there were kingdoms to convert, universities to endow, courts to reform, and infidel powers to overthrow. The influence of woman began to be recognized in society as it had always been in the church; chivalry taught men to place the honor of woman next in their estimation to faith in God, and equal with loyalty to their king and patriotism to their country. We can find no more beautiful, no more *Catholic*, expression of this sovereignty of woman's pure and ennobling influence, as consecrated by the church's approbation, and guarded by all that is noblest and most generous in man, than the following extract from a modern poet, whose inspiration, like that of all true artists, is drawn perforce from the legends of Catholic antiquity. The poet of the Holy Grail is also the poet of woman; the legends of the deeds of the prowess of knights, whose names are perchance but myths as to actual history, but nevertheless are human types of the exalted ideal of the old Catholic days, are inevitably mingled with legends of the vows of holy chastity, and the pure and stainless lives of many of those renowned heroes of the field and tournament. Let the following serve as an introduction to our next article, which will treat chiefly of the great women of the Middle Ages:

“For when the Roman left us, and their law  
Relaxed its hold upon us, and the ways  
Were filled with rapine, here and there a deed  
Of prowess done redressed a random wrong.  
But I was first of all the kings who drew  
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all  
The realms together under me, their head,  
In that fair Order of my Table Round,  
A glorious company, the flower of men,  
To serve as model for the mighty world,  
And be the fair beginning of a time.  
I made them lay their hands in mine, and swear  
To reverence the king as if he were  
Their conscience and their conscience as their king,  
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
To ride abroad, redressing human wrongs,  
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,  
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
Until they won her; for indeed I knew  
Of no more subtle master under heaven  
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,  
Not only to keep down the base in man,  
But teach high thought, and amiable words,  
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.  
And all this throve.... I wedded thee,  
Believing, lo! *mine helpmate*, one to feel  
My purpose, and rejoicing in my joy.”

*Tennyson, Idylls of the King.*

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## DEVOTA.

Sweet image of the one I love,  
To whom your infant years were given  
(And still the faithful colors<sup>[61]</sup> prove  
A constancy not all in heaven):

To me a violet near a brink,  
Far-hidden from the beaten way,  
And where but rarest flowerets drink  
A freshness from the ripples' play:

A lily in a vale of rest,  
And where the angels know a nook  
But one shy form has ever prest—  
A poet with a poet's book.

But poet's book has never said  
What I, O lily, find in you:  
'Twas never writ and never read,  
Though always old and always new.

And ah, that you must change and go—  
The violet fade, the lily die!  
Let others joy to watch you grow;  
Let others smile: so will not I.

Yet smile I should. Is heaven a dream?  
In sooth, he needs to be forgiven  
Who matches with the things that seem  
A deathless flower, that blooms for heaven.

And while he mourns the onward years  
That sweep you from the things that seem,  
Let faith make sunshine on his tears:  
'Tis heaven is real, and earth the dream.

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# THE CARESSES OF PROVIDENCE.

## FROM LA CIVILTA CATTOLICA.

Very recently, the Liberal Italian party, finding that their Catholic opponents were in no wise damaged by arguments drawn from a denial of God's concern in human affairs, has changed its tactics, and proposes now to convert us clericals by appeals to our religious sensibilities. We are assaulted by a theological attack *ad hominem*, which they tell us is so conclusive that, if we do not acknowledge ourselves beaten, it is because we have lost our reason and renounced the faith.

"You believe," say they, "in the providence of God. You recognize his hand in all the events of life, and you profess to bless and bow to the divine decrees. Well, then, Providence, you perceive, has smiled graciously on us and on our work—a work which you execrate and detest. Providence is plainly on our side. He declares himself for us and against you. Submit, then, to his decrees. Lay aside this idle expectation of the triumph of your cause, which is evidently opposed to the holy will of God. Accept accomplished facts. Reconcile yourselves with Italy, our glorious new kingdom, and cease, amid your noisy professions of religion, to rebel against the will of the Most High." [271]

Such in its naked substance is the argument to which the Liberals now exultingly resort; more especially since the breach of Porta Pia and the successful picking of the locks of the Quirinal. They hope in this way to convict us of apostasy from the faith, and (what they deem still more atrocious) of an unpardonable outrage against the laws of "the human understanding."

"It seems incredible," they go on to say, "that, after such positive proofs of a special protection vouchsafed by Providence to regenerate Italy, the clerical party should cling so stubbornly to the hope of a resuscitation of the past—a past which, were it not already irrevocably condemned by the logic of events, would be condemned by their own theory of an all-seeing and all-wise God." This is the language in which the Jewish journal *L'Opinione*, after taking Roman ground at the close of the year just elapsed, expressed this very formidable argument. They had already uttered it some hundred times before. Many sheets of less importance had got up an industrious echo to this cry; and one in particular, a petty Florentine print, undertakes to celebrate the new year by magnifying "the caresses of Providence" bestowed upon the little darling angel, Italy, born, as everybody knows, of the wonderful shrewdness of the Italian people and their undying love of liberty—a liberty, by the way, which never fails to exemplify itself by a free and strenuous appropriation of a weaker neighbor's earthly goods. Strange indeed it is that men, who never were known as professed believers in any other divinity than Mammon, should now, after having derided for years, and with every mark of blasphemous scorn, "the finger of God," suddenly assume the office of apostles of a new idea of Christian Providence. Strange it is that only now, after the plunder of a city gained by battering down walls and picking locks with forged keys—that these men, we say, should chant the praises of the God they had defied, and defend his holy decrees against the "scandalous negations" of the Catholic Church. Strangest is it of all, that the prince of these extraordinary apostles should be no other than the so-called Jew proprietor of the *Opinione*—who is not even a Jew; for he has always shown that he believes as little of the Old Testament as he does of the New.

But—

"To what infamies untold  
Hast thou man's nature not controlled,  
Thou execrable greed of gold!"

Solid or not, this *argumentum ad hominem* has for a certain class of minds an air of great plausibility. At all events, it might be well to look into it a little; for we may thereby throw some light upon several important truths which nowadays need special illumination. We let in the argument, therefore, as the new Jewish and infidel philosophers present it; and we propose to give them, in a nutshell, the proper answer to it. They will then understand why Catholics not only refuse to surrender to this showing, but, on the contrary, see in it reason to stand firm to their first faith, and to cherish unceasing hopes of the speedy triumph of their cause.

Yes, gentlemen, we Catholics believe, with all our heart and soul, in the holy providence of God. In this Providence we recognize the origin and order of all created things. We make it indeed our glory that we bless and humbly worship its adorable decrees. We confess, therefore, without reserve, that what you choose to call its "loving caresses" are really yours by divine appointment; and the very decree which to you is the source of so much joy, and to us of so much mourning, we adore as the undoubted manifestation of his most holy will. All this we freely admit as truth, as unquestionable, unanswerable truth. But while, in these explicit terms, we confess this Catholic verity, we deny, in equally explicit terms, that what you choose to call "caresses" are in any sense *such to you*, or that the palpable proofs of that "special protection" of which you make so vain a boast are proofs of anything but the very opposite; nay, so false is it, that the caresses you claim are marks of divine approval, that the very assertion is a blasphemy most insulting to the sovereign providence of God. To prove these propositions is an easy thing to any one who knows his catechism; and the understanding of them easier still to any one who believes as well as knows. To him who either does not know his Christian primer, or, knowing it, will not believe, they may seem incapable of either proof or comprehension. Should such a case present itself, the fault is certainly not ours. A poet tells us that: [272]

“Of winds the sailor ever loves to speak,  
Of arms the soldier, and the boor of swine;  
The astronomer, of planet, moon, and stars;  
Of palaces and piers, the architect;  
The juggling necromancer prates of ghosts,  
And the old harper of his well thrummed strains.”

If so, why is it that this Jew, instead of sticking like a worthy Hebrew to his stock-list, takes to teaching us the Christian catechism? And why is it that this worshipper of Voltaire, instead of chanting hymns to Venus, reads us a lecture on what he knows about the purposes of God? *Sutor ne ultra crepidam.*

Nevertheless, we proceed to explain the propositions advanced above.

Catholics acknowledge that every event, be it favorable or unfavorable to their prayers, is consistent with the providence of God. To Providence they refer evil as well as good, with this difference, that good and unblamable evil they ascribe to the decrees of his sovereign direction, but blamable evil they ascribe to his permissive decree. In a word, they believe and confess that God wills *positively* all that comes to pass without taint of moral evil, and wills *negatively* (that is, he does not preclude) what comes to pass so tainted by cause of man’s abuse of his free-will. They nevertheless hold and profess that whatever evil he permits, that also is ordained to good; so that nothing enters into those most just and wise decrees that does not aim effectively at the final design of the creation and redemption of mankind; which design in this life is the church militant, and, in the next, the church triumphant, the central point of his extrinsic glorification.

The reason, then, that Catholics hold and profess that God does not and cannot decree, otherwise than *permissively*, moral evil—that is, disobedience, injustice, or briefly sin—is that he neither participates nor can participate in evil of this nature which is essentially opposed to his infinite sanctity. He would, in fact, participate therein if he willed it positively and not merely negatively; whereas, permitting it only, he in no wise participates, though he allows man, whom he had created free, to make an evil use of the gift of liberty. He does not hinder him, because neither is he so obliged, nor can the divine hindrance of human freedom be exacted by the nature of man left free. With all this, God is in no wise the less able to secure for himself, always and in every case and from every human being, the external glory which he reserved to himself when he created man. Because, he who shall not glorify in heaven an infinite mercy granted to the good use of the free-will, shall glorify in hell an infinite justice merited by the abuse of this same free-will. Hence the Almighty will not be shorn of the least shadow of that glory, for which, among other things, he drew man out of the abyss of nothingness.

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Catholics, moreover, believe and confess that the effects of moral evil are invariably directed by Almighty God to the good of mankind. They serve to punish in order to amend, or else to exercise in order to confirm. St. Augustine remarks, with his usual perspicacity, that the life of a bad man is often prolonged not only to afford an opportunity for his amendment, but to serve as an occasion of sanctification to the good. *Ne putetis gratis esse malos in hoc mundo, et nihil boni de eis agere Deum. Omnis malus aut ideo vivit ut corrigatur, aut ideo vivit ut per illum bonus exerceatur.*<sup>[62]</sup>

Hence it is that Catholics, in all emergencies, even in the most calamitous, nay, even in those caused by the worst iniquities of unscrupulous men, do not fail to adore the goodness and justice of Almighty God, and to acknowledge the inscrutable dispositions of his most holy will. But they never think of imputing to him the sins and transgressions of the wicked. These he neither wills nor is he capable of willing them. He permits them only as subserving his mercy or his justice.

It follows, then, that, in order to decide whether the easy successes of certain definite transactions are successes due to divine approbation, and palpable proofs of his gracious protection, or whether rather they are not facilities that Providence permits for the punishment of the wicked and for the chastening of the virtuously minded, it is essential to see first whether these definite acts are right or wrong, meritorious or sinful; that is, conformable or unconformable to the law of eternal justice, and to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Now, certain it is that in those transactions which the enemies of Christ regard as sanctioned by the manifest “caresses” of Almighty God, Catholic Christians see nothing but acts of iniquity and sin; and accordingly, while they accept them as permitted by God for reasons and results full of justice and mercy, they nevertheless esteem it the height of blasphemy to look upon such outrages, however successful for the moment, as “caresses” bestowed by Providence upon the very men who at other times deny his existence or treat his word with open scorn and contempt.

We have thus, as briefly and as lucidly as we could, and with the Christian catechism for our guide, explained to these Jews who are no Jews, and to these philosophers who are no philosophers, the sense of the propositions we affirm.

Perhaps they will now require of us to prove that the acts referred to are acts of iniquity and sin. This is very much like asking us to prove that the sun is shining, when it is evidently blazing at mid-day. We let pass that the highest authority on earth has pronounced, again and again, that the acts are simply acts most sinful and sacrilegious. We let pass that the concurrent testimony of all minds endowed with natural rectitude of judgment (not excluding Protestants nor Israelites nor Turks) has confirmed and reconfirmed the condemnations spoken already by Pope, by church, and by the entire Catholic world. It is enough that the authors and prime movers of these outrages proclaimed and stamped them as dishonorable and base before they perpetrated them,

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and even in the very act of their perpetration. Can these apostolic gentlemen, now so anxious for the conversion of the Catholic Church, be ignorant, for instance, that two of the Subalpine ministry, Visconti-Venosta and Lanza, declared the invasion of Rome and the usurpation of the Papal power acts of barbarism destitute of every semblance of right? And are they not aware that they so avouched just one short month before both invasion and usurpation were consummated by burglary and breach?

Who can hope, then, to persuade a Catholic that these successful shells, pick-locks, and jimmies have not been instruments of the most iniquitous wrong-doing, seeing that these two men, in the face of heaven and earth, averred its baseness themselves only a few weeks before the formal consummation of the act? Perhaps, too, our converters have never heard how their *divine* Camillo Cavour said one day to their other *divine* Massimo d'Azeglio, who has recorded it *ad perpetuam rei memoriam*: "If what we are doing for Italy, you and I had done for ourselves, what a precious pair of big *balossi* we should have been!" The *Opinione* knows too well the sense of the Subalpine word *balosso* that we should put it into good Italian. The editor and his pharisaical colleagues have learned, no doubt, the lovely dialect of the northern masters they have chosen for Italy and for themselves. They can teach us, we dare say, the full force of this fine word *balosso*; that it means all that is contained in the words scamp, scoundrel, robber, rascal, villain, ruffian, knave. Can Catholics, then, be easily persuaded that the *facts accomplished* by Azeglio and Cavour for the regeneration of Italy have been free from sin and iniquity, seeing that these two *divines* have stigmatized them as the acts of men bad enough to be *balossi*? For be it observed that Azeglio himself admits that what is criminal in private life is no less criminal in public,<sup>[63]</sup> showing (though we are losing time in the attempt to throw light upon the sun) that our apostolic friends, in order to justify the *accomplished facts* resorted to for Italy's new birth, have been obliged to invent a modern social law the converse of the ancient one ordained by God himself.

If this be admitted, what can prove more incontestably that the acts complained of were acts of sin and iniquity; sin being any act contrary to God's commands, and iniquity an act opposed to the justice he enjoins?

But Catholics may go further, and say to the apostles of our conversion that not only are the means used for the *regeneration* of Italy sinful and iniquitous, but that the *end* itself aimed at by the ringleaders of this pretended regeneration is absolutely antichristian and diabolical, being nothing less than the demolition of the Catholic Church and the annihilation of the kingdom of God among men. Of course, the *end* is simply absurd, and rendered impossible by the excess of its absurdity. But nevertheless, though it cannot exist as a thing attainable, it does exist as a thing conceivable, and as such inspires the mad career of Masonry, which pursues it with satanic rage and open ostentation as the main objective point of the machinations of the sect.

Mazzini, to whom the *regenerators* are indebted for their grand *idea*, aimed as far ago as 1834 at the abolition of the temporal power, without regard to cost. His argument was that the downfall of this power carried with it, as a necessary consequence, the emancipation of the human race from the thralldom of the spiritual power. "The Vicars of Christ" he called "Vicars of the Spirit of Evil, to be exterminated, never to be restored."<sup>[64]</sup> Visconti-Venosta, a member of the present Italian cabinet, wrote to Mazzini, in 1851, that the rallying-cry of the *regeneration* should be, "Down with the Monarchy, down with the Papacy."<sup>[65]</sup>

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Ferrari, the philosopher of the movement, proclaimed in 1853 that the end it proposed was the stamping out of Pope and Emperor, of Christ and Cæsar; the four tyrannies that Machiavelli had delivered over to Italian hate.<sup>[66]</sup>

To make this matter short, though we might go on for ever, the more rabid partisans of the *regeneration* do not blush to say that the essential end of the great Italian movement is the emancipation of human consciences from the authority of the church, by laying prostrate the colossus against whom Luther, Calvin, and Henry VIII. ineffectually strove. They aim, in a word, at the radical destruction of the entire Catholic Church; to which end, nationality, unity, political liberty itself, were always to be regarded as nothing more than the means.<sup>[67]</sup>

These preliminaries being understood, our free-thinking friends ought to see that their argument, derived from what they call "providential protection" to their sacrilegious acts, strikes the Catholic mind as a shocking blasphemy, because it makes our blessed Lord an accomplice in detestable transactions, and an instigator to the worst of crimes—a deliberate plotter, in short, of the ruin of that church which is the masterpiece of his wisdom, and the object of his infinite love. We have no objections to their saying that the anger of God has unchained their barbarous allies, and for a time has left them free to do their worst against the children of the church. They may say all this, and Catholics will assent and even approve—not the *animus*, but the words. They will exclaim with St. Jerome of old, when the barbarians of that day were making havoc of the things of God: *Peccatis nostris barbari fortes sunt*<sup>[68]</sup>—"In our sins the barbarians are strong." But let them not venture to say that Almighty God, because he allows them a fatal facility of blasphemous impiety, protects and even caresses this impiety. For religious men will answer them: Yes, he protects and caresses you, as he protected and caressed the crucifiers of his only-begotten Son.

And here we entreat the Israelitish editor of the *Opinione* to pay strict attention to what we have to say, inasmuch as it concerns him in his nationality; since he is an Israelite by nature and nation, and Italian only by the place of his accidental birth.

The synagogue, sustained by the coalition of Pharisees and Sadducees, undertook to regenerate Judea by taking the life of Jesus, Son of God, true God and true Man. The great sin of Jesus Christ

in the eyes of the synagogue was similar to that of the church of Jesus in the eyes of the Masonic Order. He was the Son of God and the Word of Truth, as the church is his spouse and the organ of the truth.

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But there stood many obstacles in the way of compassing his death. First, there needed a lawful sanction, and there was none. Secondly, it was necessary to take him captive, a very dangerous undertaking, for he was always surrounded by throngs of devoted followers and friends. Thirdly, it was necessary to keep the people in good humor, or, as Jesus was their principal benefactor, they might rebel against this public execution. Fourthly, it was necessary to ascertain that the Romans, who had cognizance of capital cases in Palestine, would connive at his trial for life and at his sentence to death. Fifthly, they had to risk the display of his miraculous power, for his miracles surpassed all that had ever been seen in Israel. It must be admitted that these difficulties were very formidable. Yet what happened? *Everything was made easy*. The sanction of law was found in a tissue of lies and political misindictments, successful beyond all expectation. His capture proved the easiest imaginable, through the unexpected treachery of one of his own disciples, who sold him for a bauble. The populace was led with wonderful facility not only not to rise to his rescue, but in a solemn *plébiscite* to save the robber Barabbas at his expense, and to sentence him to an ignominious death. The Romans made some show, through Pilate, in his defence; but after five times declaring him innocent of every charge, condemned him to the cross, following the will of the synagogue to the last; and finally Jesus, though challenged with insult to the exercise of his supernatural powers, abstained mysteriously from their use, and did nothing to withdraw himself from torture or death. Could any greater facility of consummation be imagined than was here shown in the *accomplishment* of this tremendous deicial *act*? But will our Israelitish apostle have the heart to undertake to win over Italian Catholics to the belief that the wonderful *success* of the crucifixion (permitted, as it undeniably was) is to be construed as a caress bestowed by Providence upon a corrupt and apostate synagogue, and as a palpable and unmistakable proof of his protection of the bloody and treacherous council that sentenced him to death?

Between the Jewish sacrilege directed against the adorable Person of the Incarnate Word, and the Italian sacrilege against the Vicar of that Word, there is but this distinction: that the Person aimed at in the former was God present in his human nature, and the Person aimed at in the latter was God present in his church.

In the days of Pontius Pilate and Caiphas, the Jews slew the material body of our Blessed Lord: the latter-day Jews, in these days of Lanza and Visconti-Venosta, would, if they could, slay the Spiritual Body of the same Jesus Christ. And do you dare, wretched Pharisees, to ask of us Catholic believers to recognize in the facilities that have attended until now this monstrous sacrilege of yours, this second deicial act, the smiles of an approving Providence, and the marks of a divine protection accorded to the prompt success of your heaven-defying crime?

The capital error of the gross and impious sophism now the subject of our comment, consists evidently in the assumption that easy and unexpected success (in operations ordinarily of a very arduous character) is a sure note of the divine approval, even when the accomplished facts are manifest breaches of the Decalogue.

A proposition of this sort, if it had the least value, would serve to sanction any atrocity, however monstrous, provided it were only successfully and rapidly achieved.

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Such wretches as Passatori, Ninco Nanchi, Carusi, and Troppmann ought in this view to be regarded as protected and caressed by Divine Providence. Every prosperous villain would only have to quote to his judges the argument of the *Opinione* to conciliate their approbation, and to obtain from them not only an acquittal, but an honorable testimonial in high praise of these favorites of heaven.

True it is, however, that a striking and brilliant success dazzles the judgment of men without faith, or of men with faith as sensual as their flesh.

We Catholics, on the contrary, are rich in the possession of a divine promise which keeps us cheerful and buoyant with hope in the face of what seems like the final triumph of the wicked. And this is more especially true when we have to deal with those who plot against the church and its visible Head, *adversus Dominum, et adversus Christum ejus*. Nobody that we know of has set this promise in a truer light than P. Paul Segneri, and we take the liberty to transcribe here for our readers two or three passages of his, which are just so much gold to the purpose we have in view.

“‘The prosperity of fools,’ says Solomon, ‘shall destroy them.’ He does not say ‘destroys them,’ but ‘shall destroy them.’ Why so? Because the prosperity of the wicked does not always produce immediately its disastrous effects. Sometimes the reverse comes after long delay. Wait patiently. You will see the end of what seems to begin so well. Have you never read in the Book of Job how that the Almighty takes pleasure in defeating the machinations of the impious? He brings their counsellors to a foolish end.” Not to a bad beginning. No; all seems prosperous at first. It is the end that is disastrous. He lets them raise aloft their mighty tower of Babel. But afterwards, in the confusion of their pride, they disperse and are gone. He lets them build up the beautiful towers of Siloe; but these fall, and the builders are buried beneath the ruins. For want of this reflection, many men wonder at the prosperity of the wicked. Even the prophets themselves address God sometimes with tender reproaches. They almost accuse him, I might say. We are apt to look too much at the beginning of things, and not, like holy David, at the end. *Donec intelligam in novissimis eorum*. As much as to say, they are so taken up with gazing upon the comely golden head of their tall Babylonian colossus, that they have not thought of lowering their eyes to see its

brittle legs of clay. Now hear me, and witness the establishment of the truth. If ever since the birth of Christ there was a race of men who rose by unscrupulous arts to enormous wealth and power, it was doubtless the Greek emperors, tyrants as they may well be called. Now answer me, Have there ever existed empires which have furnished subjects for tragedy more truly horrible than theirs?

“Nicephorus succeeded at first by the employment of dishonest means to usurp the imperial power, driving away the right inheritress, Irene. What then? Crushed by a series of misfortunes, he began to look upon himself as a modern Pharaoh, hardened by defeats. Finally, vanquished and slain by the Bulgarians, his enemies made a drinking-cup of his skull, and out of joy or derision used it as such in the diversions of the camp. Stauratius by illegitimate alliances, and Leo the Armenian by repeated high-handed rebellions, succeeded in establishing themselves in the height of power. How long was it before these two men died under the blows of the assassin, the former in war, and the latter at the altar he had profaned? Michael the Stammerer was so fortunate as to step, in his famous conspiracy, from the dungeon to the throne; demanding there the worship of his subjects, the chain still on his neck and the fetters on his feet. Intoxicated by his success, he compelled a holy virgin to share his bed. All Sclavonia revolted, his entire army deserted him; nor yet repenting, he was literally devoured by a malady the most disgusting. Theophilus was successful in suppressing, for reasons of state, the veneration of sacred images; but almost immediately after, on being shamefully defeated by the Saracens, died of rage and intense mortification. Michael III., regarded as another Nero on account of his licentiousness and cruelty, succeeded so far as to put his mother and guardians out of the way, in order to reign without opposition or control. He ended his ‘prosperous’ career by kindling against himself the hatred of his subjects, and encountered rebellion after rebellion, in the last of which, in the midst of a drunken debauch, he paid the forfeit of his life. Alexander attained a sort of success in plundering the holy altars, and in appropriating the gold thus obtained to his own private use; but very soon thereafter he was seized with a sudden madness, and he had not held out a year when he ended his life in a fearful vomiting of blood. What shall I say of Romanus I.? He too was successful to all appearance; for, by a stratagem of wonderful adroitness, he expelled the legitimate possessor from the patriarchal see of Constantinople, and placed in it a mere child, his own son. The year following he himself was driven from the imperial throne by another son, and banished to a lonely isle for life. So also fared it with Romanus II. Impelled by the lust of dominion, he took the life of his own father by poison. His own life was taken very shortly after, and by the self-same means. Michael Paphlagonius, by infamous devices, carried his point of usurping the throne. Seized suddenly with demoniacal obsession, he could obtain no repose. Exorcisms and almsgivings were tried in vain. He died as he lived, with his agony unrelieved. Michael Calaphates was ‘successful’ in driving the empress into exile, that he might reign alone; but the people rose against him at once, stoned him, deprived him of sight, and dragged him through the city streets more dead than alive. Diogenes and Andronicus, two usurpers who had ‘succeeded’ in their treason, one by a courtesan’s vile aid, the other by the arm of an assassin, came to the same lamentable end.

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“Now answer me! Can you look upon as truly successful the wicked arts which brought these bad men to power? Speak out! Would you be willing to enjoy their ‘prosperity’ if with it you had to accept its reverse? Is there any one so stupid as to envy their short-lived ‘good luck’? Rest assured that such has ever been the fate of those who attain for a time their unhallowed ends by iniquitous means. ‘The prosperity of fools will destroy them.’ Doubt it not, my friends. The prosperity of fools will most assuredly destroy them. It is hardly worth while to labor longer in the proof. All writings, all ages, all powers, attest in unison this truth, that ‘Justice exalteth a nation’; and this other, that ‘Injustice leadeth a nation to misery and ruin.’ These are the words of one who was the wisest among men; and elsewhere he says, ‘Man shall not be strengthened by wickedness’; and, again, ‘The unjust shall be caught in their own snares’; and then, again, ‘They who sow iniquity shall reap destruction.’”

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Thus, by examples drawn from the annals of the Byzantines (a race dear to our modern liberals), the eloquent Segneri points out the end which, according to Holy Writ, awaits the criminal successes of the wicked. If he had chosen to embrace a wider range of history, he might have compiled an endless catalogue of examples the most frightful; commencing with the dreadful success of the crucifixion of our ever blessed Lord, of which the sequel was as dreadful a retribution. The synagogue nailed the Messiah to the cross, under the pretext that otherwise the Romans would come and occupy Jerusalem. And *precisely because* they did this wicked thing, the Romans took Jerusalem and levelled it to the ground. So that the very success of the Jews, which, execrable as it was, the *Opinione* would have adored as a protecting caress bestowed by Providence upon Sion, ended simply in bringing upon the guilty city a horrible siege and irremediable ruin.

We content ourselves, for our part, in citing the Roman Cæsars, who, in the first three centuries, renewed ten different times, and with all the incidents of success, the bloody persecution of the followers of Christ. All of these, without a single exception, came to a wretched end. When the fourth century arrived to witness the triumph of Christianity, the descendants of the persecuting emperors were found extinct by foul or violent deaths; the series closing with Maximin breathing his last amid the agonies of poison and the blasphemous howlings of despair, and with Candidianus (the adulterous son of Galerius, adopted by Valeria, Maximin’s wife) murdered by Licinius along with another brother, a sister in tender age, and finally Valeria herself. It thus appears that the massacre of the Christians, which our modern Caiphases would have celebrated as an edifying “divine caress,” had this one effect after all, viz., to bring around the lasting triumph of the persecuted cause. It was the children of the slaughtered ones who were victorious

in the end; the progeny of the slaughterers died suffocated in the blood which their guilty fathers had shed.

We might easily continue these examples, and recount, for instance, the end to which a career of successful iniquity at last conducted Julian the Apostate, the idol and exemplar of our Italian regenerators. We might enlarge on the fates of Astolphus and Desiderius, whose "patriotism" they so much admire. We might with still more force bring out contemporary cases, the case of Cavour, for example, withdrawn suddenly away by an ominous death in the flower of life from the hosannas of the people he had misled; the case of Farini, Cavour's right-hand man, struck also in life's prime by a shocking frenzy which urged him to acts incredibly revolting, and soon after to a most painful death; the case of Fanti, the plunderer of Umbria, who, before he could die, was tortured for a year with all the agonies of death; the case of Persano, the bombardier of Ancona, who, after making shipwreck on the sea of Lissa of his rank and reputation, avenged himself of fortune by publishing the infamies of the successful revolution. And to these we might add the cases of Pinelli, of Valerio, of La Farina, and of a hundred others equally conclusive. We might even quote examples among the living; of a certain *regenerator*, who, in spite of his impious successes, roams incessantly from place to place seeking a rest he cannot find—condemned, it would seem, to endure the torments of Caina, Antenora, and Ptolomea in Dante's ninth circle of hell, and to realize in himself the fate described by Alberigo:

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"This boon the sufferer hath, if boon it be—  
Ofttimes to know the pangs of parting breath,  
Ere Atropos shuts down the shears of death."

To be brief, we shall confine ourselves to the two most distinguished and most successful persecutors of popes—Frederick II., a mediæval emperor of Germany, and Napoleon the First, a French emperor of the modern sort. Both of these men, in the studied outrages they inflicted, the one upon Gregory IX. and Innocent IV., the other on Pius VII., were encouraged by such marvellous successes that our Israelitish proselytizer would have had them canonized as the very Benjamins of Providence. Suffice it to say that Frederick II. had his political Cæsarism preached into right divine by the most learned jurists of his day, just as Napoleon I. made the most powerful monarchy of Europe kneel down and adore his bloodier Cæsarism of the sword. Both the one and the other returning from their triumphs, carried fortune, to all appearance, chained for ever to their cars. The more they raged against Christ's Vicar, the more their victory seemed complete. The greater the number of excommunications they incurred, the easier seemed to be their subsequent encroachments. It was after the last papal censure that Frederick gained the adhesion of several powerful barons in Rome. It was after the Pope's worst imprisonment that Napoleon won his greatest battles, making them the subjects of the most vainglorious boasts, that he had thus received from the God of armies special marks of approbation—"caresses," as the *Opinione* calls them, when bestowed upon the enemies of the church.

Yet where did they end, these lucky sacrileges, this prodigious and prolonged prosperity of crime? Both these men outlived their glittering fortunes. The false magnificence and grandeur for which they had thrown away their souls, turned to ashes in their grasp.

King Henry, Frederick's eldest son, dies in prison, leaving a son who was struck dead by a blow from an unknown hand. Enzo, his bastard offspring, created by him King of Sardinia, after twenty-five years of imprisonment in a cage of iron dies a miserable death. Ezzelino, his son-in-law closes with a horrible end a life, if possible, of greater horror. His great champion, Thaddeus of Suessa, is slain with every accompaniment of contempt. Pier delle Vigne, his evil genius, has his eyes thrust out, and commits suicide in his despair. Frederick himself, after surviving all these horrors, is strangled by Manfredi, another of his base-born sons, who, after bathing his gory hands in the blood of Conrad, Frederick's lawful son, is himself stretched dead on the field of a dishonorable strife. To close this interminable tragedy, Corradino, the last scion of the hated tyrant, ends on a felon's scaffold his seventeen short years of life. With this unfortunate youth the dynasty of Frederick is closed. The empire passes over into other hands, and Rodolph of Hapsburg reigns, the first of a better line.

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The fall of Napoleon I. is still remembered as an event of recent date. Elated with his continual victories, he invaded Russia with the most formidable army the world ever saw. Warned that he had the fate of the excommunicated to encounter, he asked in scorn whether his soldiers would drop their muskets at the sight of a Papal Bull. Forced to retreat after a show of vain success, famine and frost decimated his ranks, and his soldiers' frozen fingers refused to hold the interdicted arms. Unable to contend against fast-increasing numbers, he found himself by a strange fatality compelled to renounce the crown in the very palace at Fontainebleau which he had turned into a prison for the Pope. The Holy Father had quitted it to resume the throne. The fallen emperor left it to accept in Elba an asylum which he begged as a shelter in his friendless old age. Leaving his place of refuge, in a mad attempt to resuscitate his fortunes, he incurred at Waterloo a ruin the most disastrous ever known. Stripped of every resource, he was dragged to a prison-cell on a miserable island, scarcely noticeable in its vast expanse of sea. From this inhospitable rock, he was permitted to contemplate the plenary restoration of the mysterious Papal power, and simultaneously the downfall of all the thrones he had presented to his brothers and next of kin. After spending, in desolate captivity, the five years he had decreed of prison to the blameless Pius VII., he gave up his tortured soul to meet the just displeasure of his God. What more striking confirmation can we ask of the truth of those awful words, "They who sow injustice" sooner or later "shall reap its bitter fruits"?

It would not do to pass without notice the still living and speaking case of Napoleon III. Who but

he has been the foremost leader of the *regenerators* of unhappy Italy? The Gog and Magog of our Italian pharisees! And are not these the men who fell down and worshipped the divine prosperity of their master's eighteen years of empire? Have they not claimed it as a miracle of God's favor, a long and lasting "caress" of Providence, the possible failure of which it would be impious to suspect? Have they not sung and celebrated, time and again, the famous victory of Solferino as a prodigy sent from heaven to show that the Almighty took the side of Italy, and had declared against the Pope?

Well, now, what has become of this epopee of miraculous prosperity, this note of ruin to Catholic Christianity, to the claims of the Holy See, and (as justly we might say) to the repose and peace of Europe? It came to naught in Sedan, in a military defeat and a dynastic misfortune the most appalling that ever was known or written of in the world.

And it *so* came to naught precisely because of the "success" at Solferino. That victory of Napoleon's, chanted so loudly and so often by the pious Jew editor of the *Opinione* as an unmistakable revelation of God's decision in favor of Bonaparte and his new Italy—that victory (when the hour of Sedan had come) was plainly seen as the manifest cause of his every subsequent reverse. Who can help perceiving now that, had not Austria lost the battle of Solferino, won by France that Italy might be "made," Austria would not have lost the battle at Sadowa, achieved by Prussia that Germany might be "made"? And had not Austria lost at Sadowa, is it not plain that Napoleon would never have been dragged down into the horrible catastrophe of Sedan? In this catastrophe we find the meaning of the "approving smile" at Solferino. The "caress," we are told, was intended for the third Napoleon. For whom, then, was intended the crushing dispensation at Sedan? [282]

Will our kind converters to the new reading of the ways of Providence reflect maturely on this matter? All genuine Christian gentlemen, all admitted men of honor (except a few who were misled), regarded the war of 1859, so well characterized by the victory of Solferino, as iniquitous in its motives and as anti-Christian in its scope. It was looked upon by all as a *magnum latrocinium*, a godless scheme of robbery; but it had what its perpetrators called "a great success." Eleven years roll by, and what do we see?

Napoleon III., at first so splendidly victorious by the force of an act of larceny that dispossessed four princes and displaced the Pope, is caught at last like a weasel in a trap, dethroned in his turn, driven off in scorn, steeped to the lips in indelible disgrace; all his marshals and generals, without a solitary exception, ignominiously humbled, soundly beaten, and detained in durance vile by a logical rebound from their first Italian success; all his army, four hundred thousand strong, lately invincible, now led into exile or captivity, to shiver with cold or to wince under the epithets of scorn. Victorious France, in retribution for her "new idea" of *nationality*, and to set the good example, yields up the costly tribute of *two* of her wealthiest provinces; just the number she had stolen from Italy, on the strength of the "new idea," as her due for allowing Piedmont to absorb the entire peninsula within her ravenous maw.

How is it possible not to recognize, in this unprecedented drama, the real lesson of divine retaliation, the exclusive right of Providence to repay—to exact eye for eye, tooth for tooth, and life for life, when such extremity is required? Who will hesitate to say with the poet:

"The sword of God is strict, and cuts amain.  
But still in stated measure, time, and place,  
Till all things find their equal own again."

And in this most memorable reverse of Napoleon III., we invite our apostolic interpreters of Providence to note a special fact. The fallen emperor not only lives to realize the forfeiture of all his fame, differing herein from those who die before the loss, but has to endure the bitterness of witnessing the demolition of all the proud creations of his reign. He had raised France to the pinnacle of earthly greatness, had just crowned, as he himself phrased it, the glorious edifice his genius had successfully constructed. France is now dismembered, dilapidated, a mass of melancholy ruin; reduced to chaos militarily, morally, politically, and to a great extent materially, if this last trait be deemed of much account.

He had decorated the palaces of St. Cloud and the Tuileries with munificence more than Asiatic. They are stripped to the bare walls. He rose, on the wings of the *plébiscite*, from obscurity to a throne. The *plébiscite* is now an obsolete absurdity. The treaty of Paris, which crowned the triumphs of the East; the Chinese victories and ovations at Canton and Palikao; the Mexican Empire, the fruit of so much toil and treasure, the price of the good name and fame of France; the Prague conventions, intended to defeat the growth of Prussia into a vast and consolidated Germany—of all these magnificent enterprises not a trace. In short, the countless dazzling exploits of the prosperous reign of the third Napoleon have vanished for ever like so many dissolving views. One work, one only work survives—the Subalpine government of Italy, to lick which hideous monster into shape the unhappy monarch threw recklessly away his honor and his crown. We might pursue this train of thought to its logical conclusion, but we refrain. Too strict an application of the laws of logic might bring us into conflict with other laws which we prefer not to provoke. But we may perhaps venture to request our pious friends of the "Regeneration" to undertake the argument themselves—an argument which runs on almost of itself, being one of the kind which dialecticians call reasoning from analogy. Let them look to it well, and say if there be not better ground to be anxious about the life of their *Italy* than there is to be solicitous about converting Catholics to the modern dogma, that the voice of an accomplished fact is no less than the voice of God; that the lucky consummation of a crime is itself the signal of the divine [283]

applause. Let them reflect that not a fact, which ceases afterwards to be a fact, can come into being or go out of it, without, at least, the permissive sanction of Almighty God. Let them pause and consider that the series of events, opened by Providence in 1859, is not absolutely or finally closed. Let them ever bear in mind that, when least it is expected, Providence may complete the line of this analogy by dissolving into nothingness the only remnant left of all the Napoleonic creations. The world and the ages will then believe that not a single one of the supposed marks of the divine "caress," claimed by Italy's *regenerators*, was really a mark of favor; but simply one of the many illustrations of the way in which the scorner is caught in the midst of his devices: *In insidiis suis capientur iniqui*.

In what we have advanced, we have, as seems to us, fairly and fully refuted the boastful syllogism of our adversaries. We shall conclude by exhorting them to lay aside all hope of converting Catholics by a show of blasphemous successes or an appeal to the longest impunity of crime. Go on, gentlemen! Enjoy your fortune! Vaunt as loudly as you will the triumphs you have secured over us, over the church, over the rights of the Holy See. Do all this, and welcome. But when you come to tell us that Providence is "caressing your cause," and ask our adherence to this impiety, we warn you to desist. Satan himself would not dare to give utterance to such an insult, or even to harbor such a thought. Providence has allowed you, in the abuse of your own free-will, a certain measure of easy success; as he allowed it to the synagogues, to the Cæsars, to Julian the Apostate, to Desiderius, and to all such of your predecessors as were permitted for a time to triumph over Christ and his commandments. And this he has allowed to you, not as to his loved ones, but as to his persecutors, that you may be the rod of his justice against the sins of the world. He will make this to yourselves, if you repent not, a snare and a delusion; to the church, an assurance of greater exaltation; and to all of us, a call to better service and obedience. We as Catholics know that we must bow beneath your blows. We bear the pain of them in peace, because faith teaches us that even scourges are wielded by God, and that his hand is to be kissed as much when it strikes as when it strengthens. For this reason we can accept you as you are. And yet we see in you no higher mark than that of our flagellators and the exercisers of our patience; but be warned in time. God makes use of his scourges, and then destroys them. We have made this plain to you by innumerable examples. Beware! for the prosperous days of God's scourges end invariably in misfortune and disaster. Beware, for the good times of the enemies of Jesus Christ and his church have ever been as pitfalls with a covering of roses; yokes of iron masked by a drapery of flowers. On the contrary, from her greatest tribulations the church has ever issued brighter, lovelier, and more radiant than before. She numbers as many victories as battles, as many prisoners as foes. All the promises of God are for her and against you, and all history attests that of these promises not a syllable has failed. The church is our mother; her cause is our own. We have, therefore, no fear for the result. You may scorn us, you may strip us, you may deny us the protection of the laws. You may tear us limb from limb during the brief occasion of your power. But conquer us, no! In all eternity, you cannot. God has ordered it that we shall be *your victors*. Rallying close to the Vicar of the King of heaven, and faithful to the call of his immortal Spouse, we shall announce to you, with front uplifted, that we have conquered you; or (if that better pleases you) that Christ has conquered you through us. Laugh to your hearts' content at this faith of ours. All your predecessors have done as much. Yet who triumphed in the end? So certain are we of the victory that we scarce dare hasten it by our desires. The thought of the bolts of divine wrath impending over you appalls us, and we abstain, out of pity for you, from asking what Dante, on a like occasion, prayed for in these words:

"O God! when wilt thou give me to be blest  
To see thy vengeance, which, long hid, made sweet  
The sacred anger garnered in thy breast?"  
*Purg.*, c. xx.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LITTLE PIERRE, THE PEDLAR OF ALSACE; or, The Reward of Filial Piety. Translated from the French by J. M. C. With 27 illustrations. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 236. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren Street. 1872.

The French can write charming stories, as every one knows. *Little Pierre* is one of the best we have seen in a long time—such a one as enchants a child, and makes him or her unwilling to lay it aside for supper or bed. It leads one through the romantic scenes of Alsace and the country of the Rhine, has plenty of stirring adventures, and, what is best of all, ends in a capital and satisfactory manner: Pierre and his little sister happily married, the old lady comfortable, Pierre a well-to-do merchant at Niederbronn. The illustrations, twenty-seven in all, which have been recut from the originals for the American edition, are uncommonly well executed. Little Pierre is destined to become an intimate friend of our young folks, to say nothing of Christine and Lolotte. Perhaps the most comical scene in the book is where Little Pierre is put by Madame Frank in the top of a Christmas-tree, with the name of little Cecile pinned on his breast. The most touching scene is the finding of little Lolotte in the wood, with her eyes bandaged and her hands tied. We advise our young readers not to rest until they get possession of this pretty book. [285]

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THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE ENGLISH REFORMATION, from the Days of Wolsey to the Death of Cranmer. Papal and Anti-Papal Notables. By S. H. Burke, author of "The Monastic Houses of England." 2 vols. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1872.

This is a work which fairly answers its title, and we have in its two handsome duodecimo volumes sketches and descriptions so graphic of the men and women of the English Reformation as to place them most vividly before us.

Beginning with the unlovely correspondence of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn, and recounting many interesting details of the divorce question, the narrative passes on to a review of the leading incidents and the principal personages of the reign of Henry. The political murders of Sir Thomas More and of Bishop Fisher, the death of Queen Katharine, and the fall of Anne Boleyn, are described with fresh details of interest drawn from newly opened sources of historic information.

On the subject of "Clerical Reformers and their Spouses," there is a very readable chapter, and, with a full disquisition upon the "Religious Institutions of Old England," we have startling statements concerning the character of the "Monastic Inquisitors" under that arch-villain, Thomas Cromwell, Henry's Secretary of State, as will open the eyes of such as are unaware of the depth of infamy fathomed by the scoundrels who stole or wasted the wealth of England's grand mediæval charities and robbed the poor and the sick of their sole heritage of succor and consolation. At the sight of the suffering entailed by the destruction of the monasteries, those glorious asylums of religion, charity, and learning, even as enthusiastic a panegyrist of the Reformation as Froude cannot help exclaiming: "To the universities, the Reformation had brought with it desolation. *To the people of England it had brought misery and want. The once open hand was closed.* ... The prisons were crowded.... Monks and nuns pointed with bitter effect to the fruits of the new belief, which had been crimsoned in the blood of thousands of the English peasants."

The second volume gives us the principal events and personages of the end of the reign of Henry VIII. and of the reigns of Edward VI. and of Mary Tudor; and effective use is made not only of authentic documentary evidence which has come to light within the past seven years, but also of the important, because impartial, testimony of distinguished Protestant writers, such as Hook, Maitland, Brewer, Blunt, and Stephenson. We commend the work as one of exceeding interest.

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THE LIFE OF MARIE-EUSTELLE HARPAIN, the Sempstress of St. Pallais, called "The Angel of the Eucharist." Second edition. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.; New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1872.

This is one of the most interesting lives which we have read. The lives of the saints always should be interesting, but often the methodical and dry way in which they are, as we may say, constructed, has a discouraging effect upon the reader greater than that which the heroic virtues of their subjects can produce. This is not the case with this memoir of one whom we may be allowed to call a saint, though she has not yet been recognized as such by the church, always prudent, and especially so with regard to canonizations. Marie-Eustelle died in 1842, at the age of 28, and belongs entirely to this nineteenth century, which is so ignorant of its true glories. Her life is quite imitable in most respects, as well as admirable, which is an additional reason for reading a book that is so very readable. [286]

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THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. With twenty-one Illustrations, from original designs by

D. Mosler, H. Warren, and J. H. Powell, engraved by Holman and Bale. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

The Rev. Mr. Formby, whose zeal, learning, and taste have so enriched the library of Catholic books for the young, gives here a popular work on the Parables, which will be wonderfully attractive. The Parables are all given in full, with fine illustrations to fix them on the mind, and explanations of their spiritual sense, drawn from the holy fathers. These beautiful lessons of our Lord cannot be too deeply impressed on minds to serve as subjects of meditation, and, well understood, they will prove sources of many graces. Outside the church, they remain to most "mere parables, not unfrequently indeed admired, and even quoted, beautiful in their way as anecdotes, but without in the least disclosing their true meaning."

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THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH; or, The Seven Pillars of the House of Wisdom. A Brief Explanation of the Catholic Doctrine of the Seven Sacraments, in connection with their corresponding types in the Old Testament. Illustrated with sixteen original designs by J. Powell, engraved on wood by the brothers Dalziel. By the Rev. Henry Formby, Priest of the Diocese of Birmingham. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

Another of Mr. Formby's charming books, "not meant as a book of piety alone, but rather intended as a book of general popular knowledge." He saw clearly the want of our time. "The whole tone and spirit of modern civilization is built upon the denial that there either is or can be anything superior to itself, or, indeed, anything that is not of its own order of things in the world." "The young mind cannot be too soon made aware of the contradiction between the world and our Lord, and cannot be too soon and too effectually brought up to love and abide by all that our divine Lord has taught, and made firmly to disregard and despise all that is contrary to it in the world's doctrine, from the knowledge that our Lord is greater than the world."

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THE SCHOOL KEEPSAKE, AND MONITOR FOR AFTER LIFE. By Rev. H. Formby. With illustrations. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

This perfectly beautiful little gift for the young leaving school is one so attractive in itself that it cannot fail to be kept; so sound, so clear, so distinct in its matter, that it cannot but be such a help as will gladden the guardian angel watching over the child as it steps from the school into the busy world.

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THE DEVOTION OF THE SEVEN DOLORS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Translated by the Rev. Henry Formby. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

A devotion approved by the highest authority, commended by the example of saints, and one full of consolation and piety, is here presented in a form that will give it currency among many who had overlooked it. No one can sorrow with Mary over the sorrows of Jesus without a return on self, and a sense of what our sins, the cause of all, demand on our part.

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SCHOOL SONGS, to which music is adapted. Complete volume containing—Part I., The Junior School Song-Book; Part II., The Senior School Song-Book. Edited by the Rev. Henry Formby. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

Amid the abundance of bad books, it is delightful to find a miniature volume like this of 200 pages, containing hymns, nursery rhymes, ballads, and minor poems suited to the young selected with care. The young must laugh and play; they will sing hymns sometimes, touching ballads sometimes, nonsense sometimes; give them all this to sing, but keep them from the immoral and low, slangy songs that even our music stores are now flooding the land with. We hope this little collection will sell by the thousand. It is cheap and it is good.

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WILD FLOWERS OF WISCONSIN. By B. J. Dorward. Edited by his son. Milwaukee: Catholic News Co.

The productions of our author, under the signature of "Porte Crayon,"<sup>[69]</sup> have long been favorites of the Western public. The late Dr. J. V. Huntington, a poet and critic of no ordinary ability, sought him out and secured his contributions to the St. Louis *Leader*. His poems are characterized by a beautiful simplicity and spontaneity, genuine sentiment, and native good sense. Other poets may exhibit the delicate touch of the artist in elaborate and polished images, but the efforts of writers like the present must be the inspiration of the moment, and the less

forethought they show, the more are they enhanced in value. To change the figure, the wild flowers lose their hues and fragrance if subjected to hot-house processes. The former excite our admiration, the latter elicit our sympathy, and perhaps live longer in the memory by those "touches of nature which make the whole world kin."

We bespeak a welcome to these flowers of song on the part of those who love poetry in its native simplicity, who set a proper estimate on all that is gentle, pure, and kind in the sentiments of our common nature, noble and sublime in our common faith, and would cultivate an indigenous literature worthy of the name.

Among many gems of thought and feeling, we can only particularize: "To a Bird in Church," "By the Rivulet," "To the Memory of Dr. J. V. Huntington," "St. Mary's of the Pines," "The Datura," and "A Soldier's Funeral."

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A SISTER'S STORY. By Mrs. Augustus Craven. Translated from the French, by Emily Bowles. Fourth American edition. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 539. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

It is with pleasure that we announce the appearance of a fourth American edition of this exquisite and charming book, whose reputation and circulation have become world-wide. Even the publications most hostile to our holy religion have been compelled to eulogize it, although evidently feeling very uneasy about its great and increasing popularity among non-Catholic readers. The great discovery of a forgery in one part of the history which the *New Englander* fancied itself to have made, is known to a great part of the reading public. This supposed *forgery* was a profession of faith by the subject of the story, differing in form from one given in a French edition (14th of Didier, Paris), which the *New Englander* rather hastily concluded to be the genuine and authentic form which Mrs. Craven had published. The *New Englander* did not, however, express any suspicion that this forgery had been perpetrated by the American editors—on the contrary, disclaimed any such suspicion. Refinement of language, cautiousness in making infamous charges against persons of high character, and similar marks which denote gentlemanly and conscientious principles in a literary man, are, however, unhappily too rare among the conductors of the "Moral Spouting Horns" of the American press. Following those instincts by which they are usually impelled, and imitating a long series of precedents furnished by those who have been their precursors in their honorable trade, several of these papers, the *Independent* leading off, accused the American editors and publisher of the work with having forged a "profession of faith" to suit themselves. Says the *Independent* of Jan. 15:

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"The creed of this good Catholic was not half papistical enough to suit these American editors; so they have introduced into it not only what she did believe, but what, in their judgment, she ought to have believed. We desire to call the attention of THE CATHOLIC WORLD and the *Tablet* to this translation. It is possible there may be some explanation of what seems to be an astonishing piece of literary knavery. If there be, we should be glad to hear of it."

To this the publisher, in the "Literary Bulletin" of THE CATHOLIC WORLD for April, replied that—

"The Catholic Publication Society's edition is printed exactly, word for word, from the first London edition, published by the respectable house of Bentley, in three volumes. If any deviation from the French was made, 'The Catholic Publication Society' did not make it, but followed the London edition in good faith, knowing the high source from which it emanated. But as the writer in the *New Englander* quotes from the *fourteenth French edition*, how does he know that the alteration may not have been made in that or previous French editions? We have written to the translator [Miss Bowles] in reference to this matter."

But this did not seem to satisfy the *Independent*, for in its issue of April 4 it reiterates its accusation of forgery as follows:

"Let us ask once more (this makes three times) what our Catholic neighbor thinks of that forgery in one of the books of 'The Catholic Publication Society' which was exposed in the January number of the *New Englander*. We have looked in vain in the columns of the *Tablet* for a denunciation of this pious fraud, and our diligent questioning has failed to elicit from that usually fair journal any reply."

The Chicago *Advance* is another paper that took particular pleasure in re-echoing the "forgery"; but, unlike the *Independent*, it notices the denial put forth in the "Bulletin" of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and says:

"THE WORLD at last notices the forged prayer in the 'Sister's Story,' brought to light by the *New Englander*; but affirms that 'The Catholic Publication Society' reprinted it verbatim from Bentley's London edition; and rather improbably suggests that the alteration may have been made in one of the later French editions of the original. Meanwhile, the editor says that the translator [Miss Bowles] has been written to about it. We want THE WORLD to be sure to publish her reply."

To which we reply: Here is the letter.

"5A DAVIES ST., BERKELEY SQ.,  
LONDON, W., March 18th, 1872.

"SIR: The 'Profession of Faith' in the first edition (3 vols.) of *A Sister's Story* was the correct one, given me by Mrs. Craven herself. I think she said it was incorrectly given in Didier's editions, having been copied from those commonly used. She was very particular in writing it out herself for *A Sister's Story*. Mr. Bentley published the one vol. edition in a singular manner, without referring to me at all, and I never knew why he had shortened the 'Profession.' I have never compared the editions, but possibly there are other mistakes.

"Your obed't serv't,

"EMILY BOWLES."

We do not think it necessary to add anything to the above. The newspapers which have published remarks similar to those we have quoted cannot make any apology which will entitle them to notice on our part, and we take leave of them until we are compelled to refute some new libel.

Mr. P. DONAHOE announces for early publication: *Six Weeks Abroad, in Ireland, England, and Belgium*, by Father Haskins; *Sketches of the Establishment of the Church in New England*, by Father Fitton; *Catholic Glories of the Nineteenth Century: The Old God*, translated from the German; *Conversion of the Teutonic Race*, by Mrs. Hope, as well as several others.

"The Catholic Publication Society" announce for early publication, in addition to the books already announced, Canon Oakeley's two books, namely, *Ceremonial of the Mass* and *Catholic Worship*. Also, *Aunt Margaret's Little Neighbors; or, Chats about the Rosary*.

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## THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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VOL. XV., No. 87.—JUNE, 1872.

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# DUTIES OF THE RICH IN CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

## NO. V. PRIVATE DUTIES.

That part of our subject which is included under the title of the present article is the most difficult, complicated, and extensive of the several divisions under which we have classed the various and weighty duties of the rich. A volume of the most carefully prepared sermons, or a copious moral treatise, from the hand of a master of spiritual and moral science, could alone do justice to the demands of such a theme. The question to be answered, and it is one which harasses many a heart and conscience, is, How shall one live and govern his household amid the abundance of temporal goods, so as to make his state in life subserve the great end to which a Christian must direct all his thoughts and actions? The solution of this problem is theoretically and practically difficult. The language of Jesus Christ and the apostles in respect to the difficulty is startling, and even terrifying. Our Lord said: "*How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God. For it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.*" The efforts which some critics have made to soften and diminish this fearful declaration of Christ by changing "camel" into "cable," or making the "needle's eye" to be a gate of the city, so-called, are frivolous and futile. The figure is that of a laden camel before the eye of a small needle, through which his driver is essaying to make him pass. And its force consists precisely in the utter and extravagant absurdity of the image which it presents to the mind. It is intended to represent that which is violently contrary to the laws of nature, and, therefore, impossible. And it is this impossibility which is taken to illustrate the difficulty of a rich man entering the kingdom of God. What follows elucidates and completes the idea which our Lord intended to present before the minds of all his followers. His astounded listeners exclaimed, "Who then can be saved?" To whom he replied: "*The things that are impossible with men are possible with God.*"<sup>[70]</sup> The power of God, some philosophers tell us, can compress the substance of a camel into such small dimensions that it can pass through the eye of a needle. By that almighty power, and that alone, Christ teaches, can a rich man with his substance pass through the narrow gate of the kingdom of God.

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St. James addresses to the rich the following terrible invective: "Go to now, ye rich men, WEEP AND HOWL for your miseries that shall come upon you."<sup>[71]</sup> Similar passages might be multiplied, and the comments and applications of the successors of the apostles, in a similar strain, have filled the pages of the fathers and doctors of the church, and resounded from the chair of truth, from the days of the apostles to our own. Great numbers of the rich have been impelled by the force of these alarming declarations to seek for perfection and salvation by following the counsel which our Lord gave to the rich young man. Let those who have the opportunity and the vocation to do the same imitate their example; we will not dissuade them, and let parents and others beware of dissuading, much more hindering, any who are dependent on them from obeying such a divine call. This is one of the duties of the rich, which we will specify here in passing, that we may not be obliged to recur to it hereafter—to give their best and dearest, their sons and daughters, the most gifted, the most gracious, the most loved, as Jephthe gave his daughter, a sacrifice to God and the church, whenever the Lord honors them by the demand. But it is not our purpose to persuade any to follow the evangelical counsels. We are speaking of the way of keeping God's commandments in a state of riches in the world. There must be a way of living a perfect life; and gaining heaven, not merely "so as by fire," but with the abundant merit which wins a bright crown—in spite of the possession of riches, and even by means of those riches. Wealth is not an evil, but the abuse of wealth. Temporal goods are not in themselves an obstacle to perfection and salvation, but the sins and vices which are caused by attachment to them, and the self-indulgence for which they afford the facility. The possession of wealth increases a person's responsibilities and dangers, but at the same time augments his power of doing good and acquiring merit. Human nature, left to itself, ordinarily swells up, through the possession of either material or intellectual riches, to such a huge bulk of pride, avarice, and sensuality, that it is like a laden camel, or, as we may say, like an elephant with a tower full of armed men on its back; and in this condition, submission to the law of Christ is like passing through the eye of a fine cambric needle. But God, with whom those things are possible which are impossible to men, has not left human nature to itself. Through the Incarnation and the cross, through regenerating and sanctifying grace, through the aids of the Holy Spirit, Catholic faith, the sacraments, the examples of the saints, Catholic principles and education, the ennobling, purifying power of religion—human nature can be kept, in the state of abundance and prosperity, as well as in that of poverty and adversity, from the contamination of worldliness and iniquity. Even more, it can glorify its state, and turn it to the best and highest use, by the practice of the most exalted Christian virtues. The proof of this may be seen in the fact that this has been done in many thousands of instances, and is being done now in every part of Christendom.

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The principles upon which Christian sanctity in the great, the noble, and the wealthy is based, are all summed up by the Apostle St. James in this short sentence: "Let the brother of low condition glory in his exaltation, *but the rich in his being low,*"<sup>[72]</sup> which is more literally translated, "*in his humility.*" Humility entitles the rich man to claim all the special blessings which are so frequently and emphatically promised in the New Testament to the poor. It is poverty of spirit, or interior detachment from temporal goods for the love of God, and not mere exterior poverty, which fits a person for the kingdom of God. The poor and lowly, if they are possessed of Catholic faith, have so little of that which makes the present life brilliant and

attractive that they are forced by a happy kind of necessity to find everything in the church and their religion. They find their nobility in their baptism, their glory in the sign of the cross and their Catholic profession, their treasure in the blessed sacrament, their palace with its picture gallery and service of gold and silver in the church, their royal audiences at the ever open court of the King and Queen of heaven, their gala-days and spectacles in the festivals and processions and ceremonies of the ecclesiastical year, their ideal vision of coming happiness in heaven. They are "rich in faith," and "glory in their exaltation" as the "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ." The rich must do voluntarily what the poor do from necessity. They must quit the position in their own esteem which human pride loves so dearly to take, of superiority over others on account of accidental and temporal advantages, and come down to the common level at the foot of the cross, where pride of rank and power, pride of intellect, and pride of wealth are alike annihilated, to make way for a true and lasting exaltation in the Son of God.

Here, then, is the first duty of the rich—to adopt inwardly, profess openly, and act out consistently the same principles of Catholic faith which are common to all Christians, and to place their glory, their treasure, their heart's affection, their end in life, their hope of happiness, not in the transitory things of this life, but in the kingdom of God; "*because as the flower of the grass they shall fade away.*"

These transitory things, however, do last for a little while, and, although worthless as a final end and object to live for, are necessary and valuable as means. Private interpretation of the Scripture might deduce from it that Christ intended to do away with all power, rank, human science, art, commerce, wealth, and civil or social polity, with marriage and the family even, and thus extinguish this present world and this life to make way for the next. This is not the interpretation of the church or the way of Catholic practice. All these worldly, transitory things are retained and made use of, notwithstanding that "the figure of this world passeth away." The rich man who is resolved to be a perfect Christian needs, therefore, to know not only what esteem he is to place on wealth and other temporal things in reference to the real and final good, but how practically to use them for the attainment of the same, and for helping his dependents and others to attain it. The more we go into detail in regard to this matter, the more difficult it becomes to draw lines and lay down practical rules. A sound and well-directed conscience must at last be the guide of each one, and it is a sufficient though not strictly infallible guide to those who are instructed in good general principles. [292]

One general principle which may be useful as a rule for application to a great many particular cases is this: Those indulgences which gratify the more refined and intellectual tastes may be more freely made use of than those which gratify the senses. Another principle, closely allied to this, is the following: Whatever has an honorable or useful end is allowable; whatever merely gratifies a selfish passion must be condemned and avoided. To apply these principles as rules in certain important particular cases, let us begin with the rich man's house. The first fault and folly to be avoided is extravagance. He ought not to embarrass his estate and prejudice the interests of his family by spending more money on his houses and the decoration of his grounds than he can afford. If he does, his motive is ostentation, or some other inordinate passion, and therefore worthy of condemnation. That there has been a vast amount of extravagance in this respect in our country within the past thirty years is obvious to every one. The outside show of our towns and cities indicates an amount of wealth certainly four times greater than really exists. A man who is governed by Christian principles, with which common sense and sound reason always coincide in so far as they are competent to judge of what is right, will, of course, avoid all extravagance. More than this, he will not take the lead in splendor and magnificence of buildings and furniture, even if he has wealth enough to do so without extravagance. On the contrary, he will choose to be rather behind than before his compeers in this respect. We are not speaking now of princes and magnates, but of private citizens. There is no fitness, especially in a republic, in making private residences palaces. It is proper to provide for all the conveniences of domestic life. Moreover, architectural beauty in the construction of houses, and taste and elegance in their furniture, give decorum to life, and innocent and refining pleasure to those who behold them, and a means of living to a large class of persons who are especially fitted for a kind of work which demands artistic taste and skill. We cannot draw the line precisely where mere useless and luxurious pomp, show, and splendor begin. We can only say that a man thoroughly imbued with Christian principles and sentiments will be very anxious and careful to keep on the safe side of it, so far as he is able to do so. But whatever degree of costliness and splendor may be suitable or permissible in the residence of any Catholic gentleman, whether he be a plain, private citizen in our democratic republic, or a nobleman, prince, or monarch elsewhere, everything should be made to conform not to a pagan, but a Christian and Catholic, ideal. All that is even bordering on heathen voluptuousness should be rigidly excluded. Works of Catholic art should adorn the walls even of the most public and splendid apartments. Every private room should have its crucifix, its Madonna, its vase of holy water, its prie-dieu, and books of prayer and devotion. An oratory, fitted up with the utmost elegance and costliness that is suitable to the circumstances, should be the shrine and chief ornament of the house. The library and other receptacles for books should be pure of all that is tainted and corrupting, and filled up with everything which Catholic literature can furnish, both in English and in the other languages which the members of the highly distinguished circle we have the honor of addressing are supposed to know. In a word, the elegancies and ornaments of life should be made to minister to intellectual cultivation, to the education of the higher and more refined tastes of the soul; and these should be made all subservient to that which is highest of all—the culture and improvement of the *spirit* in the knowledge and love of the Supreme Truth and the Infinite Beauty. [293]

Just at the moment of writing down these thoughts, we have come across a beautiful sketch of

the family of Count Stolberg, in the pages of a German periodical. It is so appropriate as an illustration that we will postpone any further continuation of our subject, and finish the present article with a translation of the sketch alluded to.<sup>[73]</sup>

"It is singular (writes Count Stolberg) that I cannot remember ever to have heard in the house of my parents such words as money, competency, economy, expense, saving. At that time luxury had not yet become the fashion; and, even if it had been, the house of our parents was like an island. We lived separate from others, although scarcely adverting to the fact that our life was so retired. There was just as little said about making ourselves comfortable as about money and fashion. The modern luxury in chairs and sofas with all its ingenious contrivances was altogether unknown to us. All the articles of furniture, our dress, and the table were good and befitting our rank; but we might have said about all these things what Cyrus said at the table of Astyages about the customs of the Persians: 'I do not know whether at that time all people remained longer children, or whether we ourselves only remained so.' Count Stolberg's father died in the year 1765, and the last anxious wish of his heart was that 'his children might walk in the way of the Lord.' How much, writes the count, this desire occupied the hearts of both my father and my mother! I can still hear my mother say that she envied no one so much as the mother of the seven Macchabees; that she was the most fortunate of mothers. It was her solitary wish, prayer, and effort that she might one day be able to say, 'Lord, here are we, and the children whom thou hast given us'—it was the soul of her entire plan of education.

"At the father's death, the countess gave his Bible to the young Count Frederic, and wrote in it the following words: 'This Bible, which your blessed father used on the very day of his death, consoling himself with the words, "Thou hearest, O Lord! the longing of those who cry to thee, their heart is sure that thou dost give ear to them," must prove a great blessing to you, and continually stimulate you to love the Word of God, to venerate it, to make it the rule of your life, as he did, and to seek consolation in it to the end of your life. For this, may the Triune God give you his grace and benediction!'

"The mother's testament to her children, which was found after her death, in 1773, in her writing-desk, was as follows: 'Dear children, cling to the Saviour, to his merits, to his faithful heart; and do not love the world or what is in the world. For all is passing, and but mere dust of the earth. Nothing can last with us through life and in death but the blood of Jesus, the grace of God, communion and friendship with him. Seek for this; do not rest until you possess it; and then hold it fast; this will help you through until we are with him; oh! let not one, not one remain behind. I will always watch over you, and will hasten to meet you with open arms when you come after me. Watch and pray!'

"We can understand without difficulty from this how Count Stolberg could say, 'Christ, the Saviour of the world, was the guiding star of my youth. Our parents desired nothing more earnestly than that we should seek him, love him, and confess him before the whole world. I have always regarded that as my highest duty, which necessarily led me into the Catholic Church.'"

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In this sketch of Count Stolberg's parents and early home, we see the old-fashioned simplicity and piety of the best sort of the ancient Lutheran nobility of Germany. There is a sombre and austere character in the picture, partly belonging to the national temperament, but chiefly due to that shadow of sadness which Protestantism in its more earnest phase casts over the practice of virtue and religion. The count himself, as is well known to all, while preserving all that was good and truly Christian in the principles and habits given him by his early education, cast aside its sectarian prejudices and errors to embrace the Catholic religion. In him, as the model of a perfect Christian gentleman and scholar, to quote again the language of the writer in *Der Katholik*,

"was gloriously fulfilled the wish expressed by Lavater (a Protestant) in a letter to the count. 'Become an honor to the Catholic Church! Practise virtues which are impossible to a non-Catholic! Do deeds which will prove that your change had a great end, and that you have not failed to gain it. You have saints, I do not deny it: we have none, at least none like yours. Be to all Catholics and non-Catholics a shining example of that virtue which is the most worthy of imitation and of Christian holiness.'"

We have been tempted into a digression which will, we trust, not be ungrateful to our readers, and find that we have not been able to bring our series of short articles to a close in the present number, as we had hoped to do. We must therefore resume the same subject after another month, and we trust that our gentle readers, upon their summer excursions, will find time and inclination to listen to one more brief moral instruction.

## ON THE TROUBADOURS OF PROVENCE.

True hearts, that beat so fast, but now are still,  
The gracious days will never come again  
Ye loved and sang; your tender accents will  
Linger no more on the warm lips of men!  
Alas! your speech lies with ye in the grave!  
Yet where Montpellier's skies their balm impart,  
And Barcelona wooes the southern wave,  
The student cons your pages when his heart  
Hungers for solace. Take it in kind part,  
Count it not loss, dear hearts, but loyalty,  
If I like him, though with a ruder hand,  
Am fain to cull your flowers too sweet to die,  
To waft their fragrance to a distant land,  
And bid them blossom 'neath a colder sky.

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# THE HOUSE OF YORKE.

## CHAPTER XXX. EDITH'S YES.

In the opinion of their old friends in Boston, the Yorke family had lost something during their sojourn in the wilderness. It was not that they were less charming, less kind, less well-bred, but they were not so orthodox in religion. Mrs. Yorke, it is true, resumed her regular attendance at Dr. Stewart's church; but her husband seldom accompanied her now, and, it was ascertained, absented himself with her permission.

"I would not have him go for my sake, when he does not wish to go for his own," she remarked tranquilly.

The time had been when Mrs. Yorke would have been horrified at such a defection, and would have called in the doctors of the church to exhort the backslider. She was evidently growing lax in her religious principles.

Melicent always accompanied her mother, and had the true down-drawn, regulation countenance; but Clara was seldom seen in their pew, and boldly answered, when questioned on the subject, that she sometimes went to the Catholic churches to hear the music. "I go wherever I can hear Wilcox play the organ," she said. "I never tire listening to him. Others play difficult music with dexterity, and you admire their skill; but he plays the same, and you forget that there is any skill in it. Such bewitching grace! Such laughter running up and down the keys! Such picturesque improvisations! He played last Sunday something that called up to me a scene in Seaton—that bit of meadow on East Street, Edith. There was some sort of musical groundwork, soft and monotonous, with little blossoming chords springing up everywhere, and over it all swam a lovely, meandering melody with the *vox humana*. When the bell rang, at the Sanctus, he caught the sound, and ran straight up into the stars, as though some waiting angel had flown audibly up to heaven to announce the time of the consecration. It is delightful to hear him. In his graver music, and his choruses, I do not so much distinguish him from others; but he is the only organist I know who gives an idea of the play of the little saints and cherubim in heaven, their dancing, their singing, their swift flights to the earth and back again, and all their exquisite loves, and pranks, and delights—their very worship like the worship of birds and flowers."

Not a word about doctrines, about the iniquities of Rome, the superstition of Papists, the idolatry of the Mass!

What wonder if these good people, who considered it blasphemy to associate cherubic music with any more rapid motion than that of the semibreve and minim, should think Miss Clara Yorke in a dangerous way? It was hoped, however, that when Dr. Stewart and Melicent were married, his influence would recall her to a sense of duty.

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The doctor did try, carefully, though, warned by his wife, and by some sharp, though tacit, rebuffs from Mr. Yorke and Edith. He spoke one day philosophically of the obnoxious *Review*, as though there were no question of truth, but merely of cleverness in handling certain subjects, and, in a careless *à propos*, offered Mr. Yorke the loan of certain volumes, which, he privately believed, would triumphantly controvert the controversialist. The doctor had not read any of these Catholic authorities.

"Thank you!" Mr. Yorke replied. He wished to be friendly, and really liked the doctor when he let theology alone. Besides, he was dining there, and could not be disagreeable.

After dinner, Melicent slipped out of the room a few minutes; and when her father went home, she said sweetly, "By the way, papa, I put up those books the doctor spoke of to you, if you like to take them now. They lie on the hall table."

"Let them *lie!*" replied Mr. Yorke, with a glance and an emphasis which were not even doubtful.

He might permit Dr. Stewart to exhort him, but he would not be schooled by his own daughter.

There was but little to tell of the family for a while. Mr. Yorke employed a part of his time in attending to Carl's and Edith's pecuniary affairs, everything being entrusted to his management. Patrick was his assistant occasionally, and was also Edith's coachman; for the only carriage they kept belonged to Edith.

Betsey was Mrs. Yorke's special dependence. She was a sort of housekeeper, as well as nurse. When the lady was ill, no one else could lift, and serve, and watch as Betsey could; and when she was in low spirits, Betsey could scout her vapors very refreshingly, when the others increased them, perhaps, by indulgence. On all her little journeys, Betsey accompanied Mrs. Yorke. Her quaint, country ways were a constant source of amusement, her faithful affection and sturdy good sense a staff to lean on.

Mrs. Yorke had, at the last moment, concluded not to bring the young Pattens to Boston, but had secured them places with the family who had taken her house. "I do not approve of children being separated from their parents," she had said, "and being placed in such different circumstances that their childish associations seem discordant to them. I know no situation more cruel than that where a child is ashamed of its parents' poverty and ignorance. Besides, I think it my duty to rescue these poor Catholic girls."

So Mary and Anne had been brought to Boston, and were now living in a blissful state of affectionate gratitude toward their employers, and rapture with their church.

In Seaton, Catholics were still in an almost Babylonish captivity. Their church had been burned a few weeks after the Yorkes left town; but toward spring they had a priest—not Father Rasle—who came once in two months, and said Mass for them in a private house. He was not molested.

Edith had not forgotten her friends there, and, among other gifts, had sent to Mrs. Patten a small library, chiefly of controversial books. So Boadicea was now investigating the Catholic religion. She examined it severely and critically, through a pair of round-eyed, horn-bowed spectacles, missing not a sentence, nor date, nor word of title-page in those volumes. She meant to show everybody that she was searching the subject in an exhaustive manner, and that the doctors of the church would have to exert themselves to the utmost, and bring all their learning and eloquence to bear, if they wished to convince her. But, underneath this vain pretence, her heart yearned to enter that fold where her lost little one had found refuge, and where she had seen such examples of Christian endurance and charity.

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And so, with no event in the family save Melicent's marriage, the winter and summer passed away, and another winter came. In that winter, Edith had news of an event for which she had been looking and longing ever since Carl went away. His letters had all been addressed to his mother, but in one of them, about Christmas-time, came a note for Edith. He was in Asia, and his letter was dated at Bangkok. He had been across Cambodia, from the Menam to the Mekong, as far as the country of the savage Stiens. "And here, in this wild place, my dear Edith," he wrote, "I gave up, and was baptized. I had thought, while talking with Monsignor Miche, vicar-apostolic of the mission to Cambodia and Laos, that, as soon as I should reach Europe, I would enter the church. Indeed, while I heard this, an accomplished gentleman, tell of the persecution he had suffered when he was a simple missionary in Cochinchina, the imprisonment, the beating with rods which cut the flesh so that blood followed, the asking for and taking himself the blows intended for a companion too frail to bear more—a story, Edith, which carried my mind back to St. Paul, yet which was told with a boyish gaiety and simplicity—while I heard this, my impulse was to throw myself at his feet, and ask to be baptized by his consecrated hand. But, you know, enthusiasm does not often overcome me; and, since he did not urge me then, the good minute went. When, afterward, he exhorted me, I promised him that I would not long delay. But, when I reached the Stien country, over that miserable route of swamps, cataracts, and forests filled with wild beasts, and found another soldier of Christ living there, in that horrible solitude, sick, suffering, but undismayed, my Teutonic phlegm deserted me. The chief citizens of Father Guilloux's republic are elephants, tigers, buffaloes, wild boars, the rhinoceros; and the most frequent and intimate visitors at his house of bamboos are scorpions, serpents, and centipedes. And yet, all the complaint this heroic man made was that he had but few converts. The savages are so joined to their idols, he said. Edith, tears ran down my face. My whole heart melted. 'Father,' I said, 'here is a savage convert, if you will take him. I cannot stay one hour longer out of the church which gives birth to such children!' And so I was baptized. And, my sweet girl, I thought then that, if the time should ever come when I should be so happy as to make Edith my wife, I should like to have the same saintly hands join us. I told Father Guilloux of you, and he sends you his blessing. You see I have heard all about Mr. Rowan.

"And now I turn my face homeward, though my route will not be very direct. Since I am here, where I shall probably never come again, I think it best to carry out my programme. But the intention of it is somewhat different; for I find that a Catholic does not need to travel abroad to find out how men should be taught and governed.

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"I am sure that you pray for me constantly; and, believe me, your name has been as constantly uttered by me during the whole length of my wanderings, and is strung, Edith on Edith, like a daisy-chain, two-thirds round the world."

It was thus Carl first told Edith his wishes; and, from the moment of that reading, she considered herself betrothed to him.

She carried her letter to her aunt, who already knew from her own letter that Carl had entered the church and, placing it open in her hand, knelt before her while she read it.

Mrs. Yorke took the hands that trembled in her lap, and gazed into the fair face uplifted to hers. Edith's cheeks were like crimson roses, her beautiful eyes shone through tears, her lips were parted by the quickened little breaths that told of her quickened heart-beats.

"There is no mistake this time?" Mrs. Yorke asked, smiling. "You say yes with all your heart?"

"Aunt Amy," Edith exclaimed, "I'm one yes from head to foot, and the gladdest yes that ever was spoken!"

## CHAPTER XXXI. CLARA'S CHAPTER.

The second summer after their return to Boston, Clara went down to spend in Seaton with Hester; and, late in July, the ship *Edith Yorke*, Captain Cary, came sailing up Seaton River. The captain had made a prosperous voyage to India, and, having nothing else to do just now, had come down to Maine for a load of barrel-staves and boxes. To his mind, the fresh pine and ash made a pleasing contrast to his rich Eastern cargo.

Hester and her husband immediately made him at home with them. Their house was not so full but there was room for him, if he could live in the house with six boys.

"You can, perhaps, bear it better, since they are sure to be very fond of you," Mrs. Hester said. For the boys had clustered about the sailor before he had been ten minutes with them.

Mrs. Cleaveland was wont to say that the masculine element in hers and her mother's immediate descendants would be rather overpowering were its members not the salt of the earth.

"Poor little mamma was quite alarmed," she said. "She protested that, if Melicent's husband or mine called her mother, she would leave the country. So they are careful how they address her. Now, I am made of sterner stuff, and nothing else makes me so proud as to have all these boys call me mother."

Hester's boys presented rather an imposing array. There were Major Cleaveland's eldest, Charles and Henry, college-students of twenty and twenty-two years of age, healthy, honest lads, not very clever, but full of energy and good sense. They were favorites at college, where the renaissance of muscle had destroyed the old empire of hollow chests and pale cheeks, and established as the watchword *mens sana in corpore sano*. Next to these was Eugene, now a slender youth of fifteen, cleverer than his brothers, but somewhat effeminate in character.

Then came Hester's three boys, Philip, Carl, and Robert. The last, an infant a year old, had been named by Edith for her father, and he was, consequently, her dearest pet. [299]

"And now my troubles begin all over again," soliloquized Clara, as she prepared to meet the sailor. "Captain Cary's sudden flight seemed to cut the Gordian knot; but his coming back makes the affair more double-and-twisted than ever."

She went to meet him, however, with an air of pleasant ease which betrayed no sign of complicated emotions, and asked of his adventures, and told all that had chanced to them during his absence, in the most friendly manner.

Nor was the sailor less dignified, though the blush that overspread his face when she first appeared showed a momentary agitation.

But this highly proper and decorous demeanor did not last long. Before many days, Mrs. Cleaveland perceived that her boys were not the chief attraction which Captain Cary found in her house. It was plain that he was devoted, heart and soul, to Clara; and it was plain, also, that Clara was fully aware of that devotion, and made her sport of it, so Hester thought.

It was true, the young woman did take a very high hand with her colossal admirer. She snubbed him, ordered him about, made him dance attendance, fetch and carry, and, altogether, tyrannized over him outrageously. And he bore it all with the magnanimous patience of a great Newfoundland dog petting and bearing with the freaks of a captious child. But he grew sober and silent, and lost his smiles day by day.

Sometimes Clara's mood changed, and there would be little flits of sunshine, momentary gleams of kindness and penitence; but her victim learned that he could not depend on the continuance of such friendliness.

One day she had treated him so much worse than usual that, instead of staying to bear her raillery, he left the room, and went out into the garden where the children were playing. Clara seated herself in the window presently, and watched him, saw him set little Bob-o'-Lincoln, as they called the baby, on his shoulder, so that the child could reach the branch of a tree, saw him gently restrain and persuade Philip from throwing stones at the birds, and talk to Carl and Philip, when they came to blows about something, till they kissed each other. And through it all she read in his face the indication of a heart sad and ill at ease.

A yellow-bird flew over the garden, and dropped a pretty feather down. "Oh! that is what Aunt Clara likes," cried Philip, running to pick it up. "She puts 'em in her books for marks."

He carried it to the sailor, who fastened it carefully in his button-hole, posy-wise. Even the children had perceived that what Aunt Clara liked was a matter of interest to their new friend.

A servant came out to call the children in to their early supper; and Captain Cary, catching sight of Clara in the window, went to her with the little feather in his hand. "Philip says you make book-marks of these," he said, and offered it to her.

There was no sign of coldness or resentment, neither was there any of subservience. It was the patience and affection of a tender and generous heart, and the self-respect of one who is not humbled by the pettishness of another.

Clara dropped her eyes as she took the little offering. "Yes," she said gently; "and see the passage I am going to mark with it." [300]

The book she held was Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, open at the dialogue between Æschines and Phocion.

The sailor bent his head and read: "Your generosity is more pathetic than pity or than pain;" and, looking up quickly into her face, to see what she meant, saw her eyes humid.

His face brightened a little, but he said nothing. He was like a traveller among the Alps, who knows that a breath may bring the avalanche upon him.

After a few weeks of this hide-and-seek, Hester was moved to expostulate with her sister, whose conduct had astonished her. For, however gay and reckless Clara might be in talk, exaggerating on one side when she saw people lean too much to the other, and often saying what she did not mean, taking for granted that she was too well known to have her jests taken for earnest—in spite of this liveliness and effervescence of spirits, she had never been guilty of the slightest frivolity in her intercourse with gentlemen. Mrs. Yorke had taught her daughters, or had cherished in them the pure feminine instinct, to treat with careful reserve any man who should show a marked preference for them, unless that preference was fully reciprocated. Hester,

therefore, felt herself called on to admonish.

"I must say, Clara, I think you do wrong," she said. "Any one can see that the captain sets his life by you, and you treat him cruelly."

"Do you wish me to marry him?" Clara asked in a cold voice.

"Why, no!" exclaimed her sister. "You two are not at all suited to each other. But I would have you treat him kindly."

"If I treat him kindly, he will think I like him," Clara said quickly.

"Oh! I don't mean very kindly, but with calm friendliness," answered her preceptress.

"Calm friendliness!" repeated the culprit with emphasis. "Oh! the airs that these little married kittens put on! Hester, seat yourself there, and look me in the face, while I lecture you. Fold your hands, and attend to me. Now, allow me to remind you of two or three little facts. Firstly, I am two years older than you. Secondly, I am not a staid married woman with six boys, and I won't try to act as if I were. Thirdly, you don't know as much about this business as you think you do. Fourthly, women who have a great facility for being shocked on all occasions are, according to my observation, very likely to be shocking women. Fifthly, if you wish well to Captain Cary, you should wish to have him cease to care about me; and the surest way to attain that end is to treat him just as I am treating him. No man can long desire a vixen for a wife. Sixthly"—and sixthly, Clara began to cry.

Hester, who never could bear to be blamed, had been herself on the point of crying, but, seeing her sister's tears, concluded not to.

"Why, what is the matter, Clara?" she asked in distress.

"The matter is that I am tired of being criticised," answered her sister, wiping her eyes. "I am tired of having people tell me what I mean, instead of asking what I mean. I am tired of having people whom I know to be not so good as I am, set themselves up to be better."

"I never meant to set myself up to be better than you, Clara," Hester began pitifully. "I—"

"Bless me! Are you here still?" exclaimed Miss Yorke, with a laugh "I'd forgotten you. I was not talking to you at all, you little goose! The truth is, Hester, I am getting as nervous as a witch. You mustn't bother me." [301]

Clara did seem to be nervous, and unlike herself.

Having failed in her attempt to admonish her sister, Mrs. Cleaveland took occasion soon after to comfort the sailor.

"You must not mind if Clara seems a little hard sometimes," she said with gentle kindness. "She does not mean to hurt your feelings. It is only her way. I know she thinks very highly of you."

"Oh! I understand her pretty well," he replied gravely. "Clara has a good heart, and she never gives me a blow but she is sorry for it afterward. I don't blame her. I suppose she sees that I rather took a liking to her"—he blushed up—"and that's the way she makes me keep my distance. I understand Clara. She suits me."

He said this with a certain stateliness. Not even Clara's sister might blame her to him.

"Rather took a liking," was Captain Cary's way of expressing the fact that he had surrendered the whole of his honest, generous heart.

There were fires in the woods about Seaton that summer, and, August being very dry, they increased so as to be troublesome. From Major Cleaveland's house, which stood on the hill-top west of the village, they could see smoke encircling nearly all the horizon by day; and by night flames were visible in every direction but the south, where the sea lay. The air was rank with smoke, cinders came on the wind when it rose, and vegetation turned sooty. Crops were spoiling, farm-houses were threatened, and large quantities of lumber were burned. People looked every day more anxiously for rain, prayers were offered in the churches for it, and still it did not come. The blue of the sky changed to brazen, the silver and gold of moonlight and sunlight became lurid, the springs began to dry up. Sometimes the day would darken with clouds, and they looked up hopefully, and watched to see the saving drops descend. But week followed week, and the refreshing messengers passed by on the other side. More than once, when the sun was in the west, it showed them through that canopy of smoke the dense black peaks and rolling volumes of the thunder-cloud, and at night they could see the beautiful lightning crinkling round the horizon, and hear the music of far-away thunder that came down with pelting rain on distant hills; but still their land was dry, their throats and eyes inflamed, and the fires crept nearer.

Major Cleaveland came home to tea one night with an anxious face. "They are afraid the fire will reach Arnold's woods to-night," he said; "and, if it does, Marvin's house must go, and there is danger that some part of the town may burn. The wind is very high from the northwest."

Mr. Marvin, Mrs. Yorke's tenant, had purchased her house and land, and lived there, but the woods still bore their old name of Arnold's woods.

Later in the evening, while they sat looking out at the baleful glow that grew every moment brighter in the northwest, Charles and Henry Cleaveland came up from the village with later news. Half the men in the town, they said, had gone out beyond Grandfather Yorke's place to fight fire. The firemen were all there, and Mr. Marvin had his furniture packed ready to send away from the house at a moment's warning. [302]

"And those poor Pattens!" Clara asked anxiously. "Have they wit enough to save themselves? Has any one thought of them?"

The boys had heard no mention made of the Pattens. They supposed that, if the family had common sense, they had left their house by this time, for every one said that, unless there should be a shower with that wind, the fire was not two hours distant.

Captain Cary leaned from the window, and looked overhead. The only sign of sky was a cluster of stars in the zenith. All else was smoke. "This wind will bring a shower pretty near, at least, before the night is over," he said. "It isn't a wind out of a clear sky."

"I must know about those poor creatures!" Clara exclaimed. "They are so shut in that they would not be able to see which way to go, if the fire should come upon them; and I am afraid no one will think of them. Charley, if you will have the buggy out, I will drive over to Mr. Marvin's."

"All right!" says Charley promptly.

Captain Cary had already risen. "I've been thinking that I'd go over and help the men a little," he remarked, with a moderate air, as if he had been in the habit of fighting fire every day of his life for recreation.

"But you will have to change your clothes," Clara said. "That linen will never do. Now, see which will be dressed first. I must take off this organdie, of course. Hester, take out your watch and count the minutes."

She flew off merrily, her rose-colored cloud of skirts filling the doorway as she went through, and Captain Cary walked quietly after, one of his strides equal to three of her small steps. In ten minutes they were heard again, opening the doors of their rooms at the same moment, and Clara appeared in a plaided waterproof suit, and a sailor hat set jauntily over the rich black coils of her hair, and laughingly claimed the victory. "We opened our doors at the same instant," she said; "but I stopped to button my gloves, and he has no gloves on. Never say again that a lady cannot dress as quickly as a gentleman."

Captain Cary displayed a pair of thick boots, for which he had exchanged his summer shoes. "May I be allowed to see what you have on your feet?" he asked.

She put out a foot clad in the thinnest stocking, and a low kid slipper.

"I appeal!" said the sailor.

"And I give up!" she answered. "Now let me see if you are prepared to go into Gehenna. Are those clothes all wool?"

She made him turn round, tried with her own fingers the texture of his sleeve, ordered him to button his coat tightly at neck and wrists, so that no sparks could get in, and gave him a woollen scarf, which she commanded him to tie about his face at the proper time. Then they went out together, dropping their laughter at the door. For the wind blew in their faces a hard gale, and over the northwestern horizon glowed an angry aurora, and in the zenith still hung that cluster of stars.

They drove over to Mr. Marvin's almost in silence. Carts partly filled with furniture stood at the avenue-gate, and trunks and packages had been set out on the steps, ready to be taken away. Two little children stood in the door, crying with fear, while a servant tried vainly to pacify them.

"Their mother told me to take them out to the village, to the Seaton House," she said to Clara. [303]  
"And they don't want to go."

Mrs. Marvin was up in the cupola, watching the progress of the fire.

Clara reassured the little ones, put them and the girl into the buggy with Charles Cleaveland, and sent them back home with him.

"But how are you to get back, Aunt Clara?" he asked.

"Oh! in the same way the people out here do," she answered. "I shall not be alone. Drive along, Charley. The horse won't bear this smoke much longer. He begins to dance now."

As soon as they had gone, she started off through the woods. Captain Cary had already preceded her, thinking that she meant to await him at the house.

Down in the wood-path all was darkness, only a faint reflected light showing where the path lay; but the tree-tops shone as if with sunset, and the sky hung close, in a deep-red canopy. Now and then the light steps of some wild creature, driven from its forest home, flitted by, and its fleet shape was dimly seen for an instant. The voices of men were heard, and the sound of axes, not far away.

When she reached the opening where the Pattens' house was built, the whole scene burst upon her sight. The open square of ten acres was as light as an illuminated drawing-room. Volumes of red smoke poured over it, dropping cinders, which men and boys ran about trampling out as soon as they fell. Some men were at work digging a trench along the furthest side of the opening, others felled trees, others dragged them away, and others sought for water, and threw it about the barrier they were making. They worked like tigers, for, scarcely two miles distant, the fire was leaping toward them like a courser, or like that flying flame that brought the news from Ilium to Mount Ida.

Clara's eyes searched the space. "Do you know where the Pattens are?" she asked of some one who stood near, but without looking to see who it was.

"Here we be!" said a piteous voice in reply.

She turned her glance at that, and beheld Joe, with his children clustered about him, standing beside the path. A large bundle lay on the ground by them, containing their valuables, probably, and they were all looking back, with the light in their faces.

She asked him where his wife was.

"She's there fighting fire among the men," answered Joe, with an accusing gesture toward the workers. "I told her that it was my place to be there, but she sent me off. She thinks now that I and the children are down at the village; but I am going to stay to protect my wife. It shall never be said that I deserted her in the hour of danger."

"Have you seen Captain Cary?" was the next question.

"That 'ere big sailor? Lor, yes! He's been working like ten men. There he is, chopping down a tree."

Miss Yorke drew her mantle over her head, as a protection against the cinders, and walked forward. The sky in front of her was like the mouth of a furnace from which a fiery blast is rushing, and the tree-trunks in the forest opposite showed a faint glimmer of light beyond them. Some of the workers were retreating at that last sign. The wind caught a burning branch, and bore it almost to her feet. The men stopped to trample it out, then ran. Not more than half their number remained.

"Good heavens!" she cried excitedly, "will he never start?"

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As she spoke, a drop of water fell on her face. She looked up, and another and another fell.

On the very frontier of the battleground, midway between the woods that were on fire and those they tried to save, stood a tall maple, its arms outstretched, as if inviting the enemy. Captain Cary was cutting that tree down, swinging the axe rapidly in resounding strokes. A few courageous men still lingered near, working with renewed hope as they felt the scattering drops, and perceived that the wind began to lull. But they gave a cry of alarm, and fled also; for a fiery crest was suddenly lifted above the forest, and the enemy was upon them. No one was left but Captain Cary, and his work was not done. If there was a chance of checking the fire, it was in having that tree down.

It bent slightly under the heavy strokes that smote it, and, as it bent, a long, flickering tongue of flame shot across the space, and curled around its topmost tuft of foliage, and devoured it in a twinkling. Twigs, boughs, branches, all as dry as tinder, kindled instantly, and the whole tree, wrapped in flame, toppled over, and fell.

With a cry of terror, Clara Yorke lifted her face, that she might not see that man perish; and, looking upward, saw the redness vividly threaded with a blinding white light. Then there were a rattle and a rumble, and the rain came down in torrents.

"God be thanked!" said a deep voice near by.

There stood Captain Cary, panting, blackened, scorched, torn, wiping his face on his sleeve, and looking to see how much more effectually fire could be fought by the powers of heaven than by the powers of earth. The flames cowered down from the tree-tops under that tumultuous descent, the brands and cinders died out, hissing, and streams of water pursued the fire that fled along the ground.

"Providence arrived just in time," observed one of the men who had gathered about him.

The sailor looked at him with a reproving glance. "Providence always does arrive in time," he said reverently.

Here Mrs. Patten, looking like one of those witches we see in the play of Macbeth, not even lacking the long pole, made her appearance about as mysteriously as those witches do.

"Gentlemen," she said, "since the hour of peril has gone past, and you must be fatigued by your exertions, I hope that you will take shelter from the rain in my poor mansion. You shall be welcome to such humble hospitality as I can offer you."

They were nearly in darkness now, having only such light as came from the frequent flashes overhead.

The sailor thanked her politely. "I shall be glad if you can lend me a lantern," he said; "for I want to get through to Mr. Marvin's as soon as I can. Somebody is there waiting for me."

Mrs. Patten led the way, and the others followed. In the semi-darkness, a smaller figure, which Captain Cary had not noticed before, came close to his side, and slipped a hand in his arm; and the "somebody" who should have been waiting for him at Mr. Marvin's said quietly, "You see, I cannot walk very well without help, for I have lost one of my slippers."

The sailor's heart had not given such a jump when the burning tree fell and just missed him, as it gave at the sound of that voice.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "What did you come for?"

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"To see the fire," replied Miss Yorke.

"And you are barefoot?"

"Oh! no," she said cheerfully. "I have a Lisle-thread stocking, what there is left of it, between my right foot and the sticks, and stones, and briers, and thistles, and—so forth."

He groaned out, "Oh! you poor little dear!" and seemed on the point of saying something he was afraid to say, hesitated, almost stopped, then stammered, "I suppose it would be impudent to offer to carry you as far as the house, but I hate to have you walk that way."

"Oh! thank you!" answered Miss Clara. "I could not think, though, of receiving so much assistance from any one but my husband, or the one who is to be my husband."

The sailor swallowed a great sigh, and they walked on, Clara hobbling fearfully.

"I wish that he were here now, whoever he may be," she said in a plaintive voice, after a minute. "For, really—"

Her escort said not a word.

In a few minutes they reached the log-house, where Joe and the children had already arrived; and, waiting only for the men to wash the soot from their faces and hands, and to find a shoe which Miss Yorke could keep on her foot, they set out again, with a lantern.

At Mr. Marvin's they found Major Cleaveland's carriage awaiting them, and in twenty minutes they were at home, without having spoken a word on the way.

But when they reached there, Clara looked anxiously at her companion. "Can't I do anything for you?" she asked.

He thanked her gravely. No, he needed nothing. She had better see to herself.

She made a movement to leave the room, and did not go. She lingered, looking to see what was the matter with him. He was in a deplorable condition as to his clothing, his hair was singed, his hands and face blistering in places; but that did not seem to be the trouble. Neither was he angry. The deep thoughtfulness of his expression forbade that supposition.

She chose to say, though, "I hope you are not offended about anything."

He seemed surprised, and recollected himself. "Why, no!" he answered. "Have I been cross? Excuse me! I was thinking of something." He looked at her earnestly. "There is something I would like to know—not because I am curious, or want to interfere in any person's private affairs, but because I think it might settle my mind to know. I'll tell you what it is, and I hope you'll believe that I don't mean any offence, though it may sound impudent. You must know, Miss Clara—his eyes dropped humbly—"that I took a liking to you at first. Of course I wasn't such a fool as to expect anything from you; but what you said back there in the woods to-night showed me that I am a greater fool than I thought I could be. Do you want me to stop now?"

"No," Clara answered gently. "I would like to hear what you have been thinking of, and to say anything I can to quiet your mind."

"Well," he went on, "I should feel better to know if you have any man in your eye that you like. It's none of my business," he added hastily, "but it might do me good to know the truth."

Clara blushed to the forehead, but her laughing glance was raised to his face.

"Yes, Captain Cary," she said, "I have a man in both my eyes whom I like and esteem."

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He was silent a moment. Perhaps his sunburnt face grew a shade paler.

"That's all I want to know," he said then. "I thank you for telling me; and I wish you every happiness that earth and heaven can give."

He bowed, and took a step toward the door.

"Oh! you great stupid!" she cried out in a voice of ringing impatience, and with a laugh that seemed to be on the verge of crying.

The sailor turned at that, and drew himself up with proud indignation. For the first time his eyes flashed on her, and she saw how lofty he could be in self-assertion.

"Miss Yorke," he said, "I'm but a rough man, not learned nor polite enough to be the husband of an accomplished lady like you; but I'm an honest man, and I won't be scorned by any woman. My love may not be fit for your taking, but it's too good for your mocking. I know what I am worth!"

"You do not!" she exclaimed. "You don't know anything about it!"

He looked severely down upon her, but said nothing.

"I didn't mean to mock you, nor treat you with any disrespect," she said. "You misunderstand me, Captain Cary."

His face softened. "I suppose I do," he replied. "You have a laughing way, but I know you don't mean any harm. Forget my rough talk, and forget all I have said to you to-night."

He went toward the door again.

"I shall not forget it," she said. "I shall never forget that one of the best of men liked me, yet was capable of deserting me because I would not offer myself to him."

He looked round as if he thought she had lost her senses. "Why, Miss Clara, what do you mean?"

She clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to the ceiling. "Did you ever," she asked, addressing, apparently, a wreath of stucco faces there—"did you ever witness such obtuseness?"

He stared at her a moment, standing; then he sat down, and continued looking at her intently.

"And did you ever witness such inconsistency?" she continued, still to the stucco faces. "He pretends to like me, and in the same breath tells me that he won't have me—as if I had asked him

to!"

"Miss Clara!"

She glanced at him disdainfully, and returned to her communication with the ceiling. "I shall not, however, break my heart for him."

Over the sailor's weather-beaten face a soft, uncertain light was stealing, as you may sometimes see the morning light steal over the face of a rugged bluff, covering it with beauty.

"Clara," he said—she had heard him speak to the little ones in that low voice—"do you mean to say that you will marry me?"

"Captain Cary," she replied, with an expression of excellent candor and good sense, "how am I to marry a man who won't ask me?"

Then Captain Cary asked her.

A week after that she was at home with her family; and the first day, after dinner was over, when they sat quietly alone, she told her story to her father and mother.

They could scarcely believe her in earnest, and fifteen minutes were taken up with exclamations and expressions of incredulity. Clara received it all with patience, and, at length, succeeded in convincing her parents that, with their consent, she meant to become Miss Clara Cary, "which will be the first alliteration I ever purposely committed," she said. [307]

It happens too frequently that persons of an original turn of mind are less understood by their familiar associates, and even by their own families, than by strangers, and that those to whom they naturally look for appreciation give it only when the example is set them from abroad.

With all their affection for her, Clara's parents often mistook her, because they took for granted that they knew her perfectly, and, therefore, never paused to examine. The consciousness of this involuntary injustice on their part had increased her natural impatience, and made her disinclined to explain herself; and, with a perversity for which, they were half to blame, she sometimes said what they evidently expected her to say, rather than what she meant. It was not surprising, therefore, that the first reasons she gave for her choice were superficial ones.

She liked brave, manly men, she said; and Captain Cary would give her just that life of adventure which she would most delight in. With him, that pretty old myth of women looking to men for protection in danger would be realized.

"Why, papa," she said, "when I go out with any of the nice young men I know, if a dog barks, or a cow shakes her head at us, my escort is more frightened than I am. I shall call the captain Jason, and myself Medea—with a difference. There will be no Creusa. We will go after the golden fleece, and bring it home to put under little mamma's feet. We will gather something for you in every sea, and from under every sky,

'As we sail, as we sail.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Yorke neglected to observe the one significant sentence: "*There will be no Creusa.*" They did not object to the sailor on account of his character or wealth, they said. They did not even object because they would be so much separated from their daughter, though that would be a grief to them; but they thought the two incongruous in tastes and habits, and feared that Clara was mistaking that for a serious and lasting affection which was only a temporary artistic enthusiasm for a *unique* specimen of mankind.

"I do not choose Captain Cary because he is rough, as you call it, but in spite of his roughness," Clara said. "Our tastes are not as dissimilar as you imagine, though. He has great delicacy of feeling and perception, and he is as true a gentleman as I ever knew. I have always looked more to the spirit than the letter, and I can perceive and admire a good mind and heart in spite of some outward defects. I trust and believe in him entirely. If he is not honest, then no one is. He is magnanimous and truthful. I don't care if he does not know Latin and Greek. One may know too much of them. He pretends to nothing, and he never appears ignorant. I'm not ashamed of him."

"I did not know you were so much in earnest, Clara," her father said, looking at her with a smile of approval. "If you are really satisfied with him, I have not a word to say against your marrying him. Only I thought you would prefer a person who was more literary and enthusiastic. Captain Cary is rather taciturn, and very sober."

"But he can be roused," Clara replied with animation; "and when he is, it is something lyric. You remember, papa, Villemain's definition of the true ode, as distinguished from the conventional one: '*L'émotion d'une âme ébranlée et frémissante comme les cordes d'une lyre.*' It is no little factious stir at every touch, and snapping at a blow, but 'smitten and vibrating' grandly on great occasions." [308]

Mrs. Yorke gave a little sigh of expiring opposition. "One of my chief objections," she said, "was that it would look so *bizarre*. If you do not care for that, then it is nothing."

"Mamma," Clara replied, "you would be astonished to know how little thought I give to the opinions of the Rose-pinks and Priscillas and pasteboard highnesses."

And so the matter was tacitly settled.

But later, when Mr. and Mrs. Yorke sat together in the falling twilight, Clara came in softly behind them, pushed a footstool between their chairs, and sat there, holding a hand of each.

"Papa, mamma," she said, "I want you to be satisfied that I am doing nothing without thought,



and that I have chosen wisely. I tell you truly, Captain Cary is the only Protestant gentleman I know whom I can marry, and would not be afraid to marry. Look how the world is going. See what a frightful change has come over Boston since we can remember. Why, I have heard stories of some of our old acquaintances, people whom we thought respectable, which have sickened me. Your other two daughters have married good men, whom they can trust; but they are old-fashioned men, old enough to be their wives' fathers instead of husbands. But of that class of men from whom you would think I might properly choose, would you dare to have me choose? I would not dare. Marriage has no longer any sacredness, except among Catholics. Other men desert or divorce their wives for nothing, and do the most horrible things. I should think that one-half the Protestant married ladies would look on their husbands with terror and distrust; and I wonder how any girl dares to marry. The weddings I've seen lately, instead of seeming happy occasions to me, have seemed most sad and painful. I heard a lady say this summer that in fifty years, or less, there would be no marriage outside the Catholic Church."

"Charles, it is but too true," the mother said. "I am terrified when I think of what is so evidently coming. It was the thought of this which reconciled me to Carl's being a Catholic."

"I wish we were all Catholics!" Clara exclaimed. "Not that I know or think much of theology; but it is better to believe too much than too little, and they are on the safe side. If we were wrecked, and our ship going to pieces, we would be glad of any vessel to pick us up. We wouldn't quarrel with the cut of her jib."

Mr. Yorke smiled. "See how she already draws her illustrations from the sea!" he said, and passed over her wish. "Well, Amy, she has proved herself a sensible girl, has she not? and deserves that we not only consent, but applaud."

The mother's answer was a silent embrace.

If the thought of either parent glanced with a momentary longing toward that strong inviolate church, against which the fiercest powers of hell beat in vain, which seems now to loom an ark indeed, while the rising waves of sin are submerging all beside, they said nothing.

Of the shock Melicent felt on learning of this engagement, we do not speak. Edith received the news with delight.

Edith had also other sources of pleasure. She had good news from Seaton. Mass was said there now once a fortnight, without any disturbance; and Mrs. Patten, with all her family, had been baptized. After that fire, which had so nearly swept away their home, and had put their lives in peril, the poor woman hesitated no longer. She had vowed that night, in the midst of her terror, that, if her life was spared, she would ask to be admitted to the church the first time the priest came again; and she kept her vow. Edith carefully read the long letter written to her descriptive of the occasion, and, through all its absurdities, rejoiced to see the spirit of a sincere faith and obedience.

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This baptism excited a good deal of comment in Seaton. It was said that Boadicea had taken a stick to her husband to assist his conversion, and that, at the beginning, poor Joe was no more a Catholic than Sganarelle the wood-cutter was a doctor; but, however that may have been, he certainly became afterward a most exemplary Catholic, as far as he went. And it is likely that He who sees through all outward forms, and scorns only the scorner, received these humble penitents with a welcome as fatherly as that accorded to any illustrious convert.

Through Father John, Edith had frequent news of her childhood's friend, and all she heard was such as to fill her with contentment. He did not wish to hold direct communication with the world, but to pursue his studies with but two thoughts in his mind—a God to serve and adore, and a world full of sinners to save for God's sake.

Mrs. Rowan-Williams, seeing that her son was not despised and cast down, but rather elevated higher, and being convinced that, in some way she could not comprehend, he was entirely satisfied and happy, took comfort. She could not, however, any longer attend on a church where his belief and profession might at any time be traduced, and gradually, from staying at home on Sundays, began to go to his church, to listen with curiosity, then with interest, then with growing admiration, and, at last, to feel happy and at home there.

And in the spring, Carl was coming home.

"Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet!  
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet."

But not in idle wishing was the winter passed. There was work, lightened by joyful anticipations, work persevered in in spite of doubts and fears, and work dear and joyful for its own sake. And thus the spring was earned.

The snows melted, the robins returned, tiny green leaves appeared, and there came a day when they sat with their windows open. Every one who passed by looked smiling; no one was sad that day, it seemed, so delightful is the coming of spring. Up-stairs Clara went about from room to room, singing snatches from a hymn to joy. Mrs. Yorke and Edith, sewing and talking in the parlor below, smiled to each other as they heard her.

“Joy, thou spark of heavenly brightness,  
Daughter from Elysium!  
Hearts on fire, with steps of lightness,  
On thy holy ground we come.  
Thou canst bind all, each to other,  
Custom sternly rends apart,  
All mankind are friend and brother,  
When thy soft wing fans the heart.”

A letter had come from Clara's Jason that morning. He was at Havana when he wrote, and about sailing for England. In the fall he would return to America, and then he and his lady were to sail in search of the golden fleece.

The aunt and niece spoke softly together of her hopes and their own, of their poor, of their friends, of the robins that twittered just outside the windows, of the rose-vines that were so forward, of the rainbows of crocuses in the yard, of the unexpected help they had received in some benevolent projects of their own. [310]

“People are so much better than one thinks,” Edith said. “It is delightful how much goodness there is, and how kind almost any one will be if approached in the right way. I have great hopes of the world. There's nothing like trying to be a saint one's self. If we should all try, there wouldn't be a sinner on earth. If I should try, perhaps some one else would, and then, may be, some other person would be excited to try, and so it would go on round the world. It seems to me that cheerfulness, and kindness, and a helping hand, and a looking at the bright side, and a determination to find a bright side, and, altogether, a persistent shining, is what is wanted. Light is good, and joy is good, and pain is good only because it may be the birth of delight. Great is gladness, if the Lord is behind it!”

“All mankind are friend and brother,  
When thy soft wing fans the heart,”

sang Clara, in the room above; then stopped, with a little outcry.

The two below glanced through the window, and saw a gentleman in the street, near their steps. He walked slowly, looking straight on, so that they saw his profile. They dropped their work, and gazed at him steadily. Mrs. Yorke put her hand to her heart, Edith held her breath, and two red, red roses bloomed in her cheeks. Up-stairs, Clara made not a sound.

This gentleman's step was light and firm, his figure graceful and manly, his face sunburnt, and the bright spring sunshine found golden lights in his hair and long moustache.

At the step he paused, then turned and came up, rapidly now, taking off his hat, and looking eagerly, since he had ventured to look at all.

Clara came flying down the stairs, and reached the parlor-door, with her arms twined around the new-comer, leading him in triumph. Mrs. Yorke, without rising from her chair, stretched her hands out to her son.

“O Lord! let me never forget thee!” sighed Edith, waiting her turn. “Let me never forget thee!”

## CHAPTER XXXII. EXEUNT OMNES.

It is spring again, and ten years have passed since that sunny April day when we saw Carl Yorke come home from his travels—ten years lacking a month, for it is early in March. The afternoon is as still as any afternoon can be in a city. Not a twig trembles on the bare trees, not a spray swings on the dry vines that drape all the balcony railing. The sky is of a uniform gray, and so thick that it seems to contain a deluge of snow. But the day is not a gloomy one. The shadow seems protecting and tender, as when the small birds are covered in the nest beneath the downy breast of the mother-bird.

Standing on the pavement in front of Mrs. Yorke's drawing-room windows, one can catch glimpses of warmer color within, bright curtains and cushions, and the soft crimson glow that comes from an open fire. [311]

A tall, broad-shouldered man comes to one of these windows, nearly filling it, and looks out at the sky. He has a long beard streaked with gray, and thick black hair streaked with gray is pushed back from his sober, sunburnt face. While he makes his observations on the weather, a slight figure of a woman comes to his side, drawing more closely about her a white Shetland shawl, and giving a dainty little shiver. She has a delicate face, and the hair that shows under the black lace scarf she wears is a bright bronze, mingled with silver.

“Then you do not think we shall have a great storm, Rudolf,” she says, with another shiver. Mrs. Amy Yorke likes warmth and warm colors, and only to see such a day chills her.

“No, dear!” (Captain Cary always calls his mother-in-law “dear,” being forbidden on his peril to call her mother). “This great parade of getting up a storm seldom amounts to much. When it's going to storm, it storms, and doesn't stop to threaten. We may have a little flurry, though, but it will be fair weather to-morrow.”

“I do not care on our account,” Mrs. Yorke says. “We are all very happy and comfortable, thank

God! but I pity the poor.”

They retire, and presently another gentleman approaches the window, and looks out. At first glance, one might think that Mr. Yorke has not changed in ten years. The hair is scarcely more gray, the face scarcely more wrinkled. But the second glance detects a certain pallor of age, which has displaced the former bilious tint. A young woman, dressed in gay, outlandish-looking silk, comes to his side. A profusion of black curls are gathered back from her brunette face, and fastened with a garnet chain, and a band of large garnets, *en cabochon*, is clasped round her neck.

“Papa,” she says, “what do you see overhead?”

“Clouds,” replies Mr. Yorke.

She gives his arm a little squeeze. “Oh! but I don’t mean that.”

“What! you are playing Polonius to me?” asks Mr. Yorke. “Well, it is neither like a camel, nor a weasel, nor a whale; it is a tent.”

“Oh! papa!” cries Clara, “put on your spectacles, your second-sighted ones. You have no eyes at all. In that sky I see crops for the fields, billows of grass, heaps of leaves for the trees, foaming torrents for all the brook-channels, and no end of violets, dandelions, buttercups, and ‘other articles too numerous to mention.’”

Both turn their heads, with an affectionate smile, as Mr. Yorke’s youngest daughter takes his other arm, and leans against his shoulder.

Hester’s dress is black. Not a tinge of color nor an ornament breaks the sombre monotony of her costume. But a white *ruche* at the throat and wrists shows that her widow’s weeds have been long worn, and the smile on her lips, though plaintive, is not without a dawn of returning contentment. It is now three years since Hester took her children, and came back to live with her father and mother.

Why should we stand on the pavement? Open, sesame! We enter. The whole family are gathered, and it is a gala-time; for Captain Cary and his wife have just returned from their last voyage, and are going to settle down in a home with foundations more stable than green, wind-rolled waves; and, a greater event still, Carl and his wife have just arrived from a four-years’ sojourn abroad. The family are all very proud of Carl—not because he has represented his country at a foreign court, not even because he has done so with singular ability, but because he has been so truly just and honorable as to have offended prejudiced partisans on both sides, and won the applause of the few who believe that a man need not blush to be called a traitor to his party, so long as he is true to God.

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“I am glad to see you with the minority, sir,” Mr. Yorke had said in welcoming him home; “and to see that you can stand there quietly, as well as firmly. I am tired of splutter.”

“I hope, sir,” Carl replied, smiling, “that you would not object to my being with the majority, if the majority were right.”

Mr. Yorke shrugged his shoulders, and made one of his favorite quotations: “*Il y a à parier que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre.*”

But, though forced to resign his position, Carl is not without a vocation. He speaks and writes; and, such is the charm of his tongue and pen, persons most severely castigated by them listen and read with a sort of pleasure. If one must be dissected, there is surely a certain satisfaction in finding the hand skilful and the scalpel bright.

There is, indeed, danger that Carl might be too sharp, were it not for his wife. But Edith is his first reader, and often, through her influence, a sentence is softened, a sarcasm struck out.

“Love is stronger than hate,” she would say. “You have done only half the good you might do, if, in convincing a man’s reason, you at the same time inflame his will against you. You may make him hate a truth of which he was before ignorant.”

This is one of the couples which rests the heart to see in this world of discordant matches. Every taste and instinct is so in harmony that all the smaller business of life goes on without that jar which, in so many lives, makes a wrangle of pettinesses, and withdraws the attention from all that is noble. And, in higher characteristics, there is only that difference which enables each one to correct the mistakes of the other.

Edith Yorke, at thirty-one, has not yet lost, she probably never will lose, the simple earnestness of her childhood. It is the same bud blossomed, and so fresh and lovely is she, they call her the Rose of Yorke. She was much admired abroad. No other lady had combined so sweet a stateliness, and such wit, with incorruptible piety.

“I think,” she said, “that the reason why, while I kept my place in society, I never once yielded to any pernicious dissipation or extravagance, was because I was constantly afraid that I should.”

The evening shuts in, the curtains are drawn, and the room is in a glow. The wind has risen suddenly, and the snow is coming down, beating sharply with its tiny lances on the window-panes. But the family only feel more keenly the delight of being all together and at home.

“How cosy it is!” exclaims Clara, with a sigh of immense content, as she hears the doors and windows rattle. “One feels so comfortable in-doors when one knows that everybody out-doors is uncomfortable.”

Mrs. Yorke, seated in her own especial chair, with Captain Cary beside her, talks over housekeeping affairs with him, commends his wish to live in the suburbs instead of the city, and does not doubt that he will find fanning a delightful occupation.

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Mrs. Yorke cannot now be made to acknowledge that she ever objected to the sailor as a son-in-law. "Why, what should we do without him?" she asks. "We should feel quite lost without this dear Hercules of ours."

Somewhat withdrawn, at one side, Carl is talking to Hester about her boys. He advises her to send them to a private Catholic school, and she has almost consented. She will ultimately consent. Opposite them, Edith and Melicent talk together. Doctor Stewart is kept at home by a rheumatism, which will not allow him to brave March storms, and no one very much regrets his absence, least of all the doctor himself. His efforts to prevent the whole family from toppling over into Catholicism have not been agreeable to them nor to him, and in their intercourse they feel a constant restraint. But Melicent is highly pleased by the cordial interest with which Edith has inquired concerning all her husband's symptoms, and, wishing to say something complimentary in return, observes, "I am charmed with your little girl. She will be a great belle some day."

"God forbid!" Edith exclaimed involuntarily.

Melicent recollected herself. "Yes, to be sure, it is a position full of temptations. Still, she cannot help being admired."

Edith's face was very serious. "It is my dearest hope that my Eugénie may be a religious," she said, with a soft suffusion of her eyes. "She would be such a lovely offering! Of course, I cannot tell what the will of God may be; but if it should be this, I shall be happy."

"But how would Carl like it?" Melicent asked.

"When I first mentioned it to him, he recoiled," was the answer. "But when he thought more of it, he became reconciled, and now he desires it as much as I do. We both feel that we would like to present unspotted to God that which is to us most sweet and precious. It may be the partial fondness of parents for their only child, but it seems to us that she is too beautiful for anything else."

There was a chorus of children's voices from the next room, where Betsey Bates and a French *bonne* were entertaining the little ones, and presently the door was opened, and a little boy came in, went to Mrs. Amy Yorke, and leaned on her lap. This child's face told at once who he was. Brown, ruddy, black-eyed, with thick black hair which constantly fell over his forehead, gay and daring was this four-year-old sailor. He was ocean-born and ocean-bred, he had played with babes of all nations, chattered childish words in many a tongue, and was at home everywhere. His mother privately called him Captain Kidd; and his father had often sung to him the ballad of that wicked sailor, when they sat on deck as their ship cleaved the wave, and the fresh breeze sang in the rigging.

But, when night came on, there was one song that the child always asked for, and his mother always sang before he slept. Many a distant sea had heard that tender evening hymn to the Virgin, *Ave Sanctissima*, which the mother sang in a tremulous voice, mindful of home, and of the many dangers in her path. And, after a while, it became a tacit understanding, that, when at evening he saw the boy in his mother's arms, with his blooming cheek laid close to hers, and their black locks flowing indistinguishably together, Captain Cary should come and stand, with bared head, beside the two, and listen as though to a prayer while the hymn was sung. Gradually his prejudices had worn away; and when he saw that mother and son, so dear to him, and so inseparable, he recognized the sacred and indissoluble union of the Divine Son with his Immaculate Mother. "Besides," the sailor reasoned in his own mind, "there must be something more than commonly good in that religion which claims such devotion from Dick Rowan and Edith Yorke, and which my Clara thinks as good as any, and a little better."

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"I am glad that we are going to have a real home for the child, and make a citizen of him," his father said, as the boy went slowly toward the door again. "Clara and I have been a little too easy with him, I am afraid."

"It is odd," Mrs. Yorke remarked, "that of my daughters, Hester, the softest, should be quite strict with her children, while Clara, whom I should have thought would need a warning not to be so, is almost too indulgent."

"I could have told you that," Captain Cary answered, glancing across the room to where his wife talked with her father. "Clara's heart melts only too readily, I always knew. I never mistook her disposition. And, if she is literary, she can darn stockings the most neatly, and make a room look prettier, and get up the best little supper of any woman I know."

Charlie Cary, loitering toward the door, had scarcely reached it, when it was pushed open, and—was it a human child, or a fairy, who entered, and flitted across the room into Edith Yorke's arms? A little girl of five years, softly white and dainty, golden-haired and hazel-eyed, and so exquisite in shape that one examined her with delight. Her motions were full of a captivating grace, her voice silvery-fine. She was vowed to the Virgin, and wore only white and blue.

Charlie stopped inside the door to stare at her. He always did follow her about, and watch her, as though she were some strange, rare bird. He seldom volunteered to speak to her, and touched her with timid care, like something he feared to break.

Carl Yorke crossed the room, and leaned on the back of his wife's chair. One could not see a more perfect group.

Edith bent over the child, her braids of shadowed gold touching the pure gold ringlets. "What does mamma's little girl want?" she asked.

The child, smilingly aware that all eyes were upon her, but too much accustomed to love to be abashed by their gaze, lisped out her question: "Isn't Philip, and Charlie, and all of 'em got guardian-angels?"

"Yes, my love!" answered Edith.

"There!" cried the child, with a glance of sparkling triumph at Charlie.

She ran to him, and put her white arms around his neck in a hug of congratulation, then, as light as air, whisked herself behind him.

"You's got an angel, and he stands just so, and tells you what to do," she said.

She stood on tiptoe, showing a pink and white face beside his, and two tiny hands on his shoulder. Then, with a bewitching laugh, she ended her pantomime, and ran back to her mother.

Charlie did not take it well. "I haven't got any old angel," he said doggedly. "My mother tells me where to go, and *Ave Sanctissima* takes care of us nights."

A vivid red shot across Clara's face as she drew the boy to her. "It is true, Charlie, and I will tell you all about it soon," she said. [315]

Should Edith's child, should any other mother's child, go guarded by angels, and upheld by a religious trust, and her son be like a heathen? All she had taught him had been such as pleased her fancy only. *Sanctissima* had been but a beautiful object to paint and sing, not a real being to whom honor was due. "I'll have Father Rasle baptize this child before he is a week older!" she resolved.

Edith held out her hand to the boy, and looked at him with a beaming smile. "Come, darling, and tell me about *Sanctissima*," she said.

"I've no objection," Captain Cary said later that night, when his wife asked his permission to have their child baptized by a priest. "But you needn't fret, Clara, at the boy's speaking so. It is more natural that a little yellow-haired girl should take to religion, than that a great bouncing boy should."

Father Rasle, it should be said, was at this time the pastor of a city church.

This little scene ended, "I am glad to see, Clara," her father said, "that in what you write lately, you employ less pure color for your men and women, and use secondaries and tertiaries more. There is, of course, a vast difference between the good and bad; but in this life, whatever they may become in the next, all are human."

"And yet," she replied, "I am sometimes criticised for putting spots on the sun, and giving an amiable trait to my villain. The pretext for the criticism is that perfect examples and perfect warnings are wanted. I think, however, that the spots on the sun give most offence.

'And if Jove err, who dare say Jove doth wrong?'"

"Nevertheless, stick to your tertiaries," Mr. Yorke said, with a decided nod. "The lump of glass that, seeing a flaw in the diamond, went and smashed itself all to pieces, would have smashed itself to pieces if it had not seen the flaw in the diamond. It merely used that as a pretext for what it was predetermined to do. It is one thing to admire an ideal character, and another thing to imitate it; and many a lazy and insincere moralist would be delighted to have you paint all your good characters so extremely good that he could at once prove his piety by applauding, and his modesty by not striving to emulate. There are, of course, exceptions, dear souls who love to look at unadulterated goodness; but they are so charitable they will forgive you the spots on the sun, and so truthful they will not require you to be false in order to please them. My belief is that those persons do great good whose occasional missteps excite our courage to imitate the virtues by which they retrieve themselves. There are other stronger beings, who are outwardly without a fault; but they are exceptional, about in the proportion of salt to your porridge. Suppose that I were advised to go to the top of a high mountain. 'I cannot go,' I say. My mentor points to a man who stands on the summit. 'Perhaps he was born there,' I reply. 'Not so!' says mentor. 'He climbed: see the steps!' 'But,' I still object, 'he must be so much stronger than I am. I should fall before I were half-way up.' 'He was as weak as or weaker than you,' says my adviser; 'and he fell after a dozen steps, and fell again and again; yet, there he is!' Don't you see that if anything would take me up the mountain-top, that would? No, Clara, I think that, in the long run, it's best to tell the truth. There may be ignorant souls who will thrive for a while on pretence; but let them once find out that you have once pretended, no matter how good the motive, and, from their very ignorance, they will never be able to trust you again. If you want to be politic, honesty is the best policy." [316]

"If people wouldn't classify one so!" sighed the young woman pathetically. "The science and order that are abroad appall me. You cannot say nor do the smallest thing, but instantly somebody pounces on you, and pins a label on your back before you can take breath. One would think that we were dried specimens. Say that you sometimes fancy your departed friends may hear you speak, you are without delay set down as a spiritist, a table-tipper, a planchette-roller, a spirit-seer, and everything that follows; say that you think Catholics, and even priests, have some little chance of being saved, presto! you are a Papist, you are a Jesuit, you are going to poison Protestants, you want the Pope to be president of the United States, you are going to muzzle the press, shut up the public schools, destroy the Bible, put an end to free speech, etc.; send Bridget

to get your husband's slippers, instead of going after them yourself, and oh! you woman's-rights woman, you! How you are going to abuse your husband! How you are going to let him eat cold dinners, wear ragged stockings, and come to grief generally! Labelled you must be, if you put your nose above the earth. And how your dear friends like to pin on the little pieces of paper, and give you a pat at the same time, so that the pin shall prick! There's Miss Minerva, who wants to pick me to pieces, and, at the same time, keep up a reputation for charity, goes round telling everybody, and me among them, that I am impressionable, using the word in a tone that makes it mean unprincipled, of no stability, frivolous, inconstant; and that, because I have eyes and a heart, I was delighted to find in a newspaper, not long ago, a little extract which I am going to send her: 'A strong mind is more easily impressed than a weak one; you shall not as easily convince a fool that you are a philosopher, as a philosopher that you are a fool.' Papa, I insist on being eclectic!"

"Take breath, my daughter, take breath!" said Mr. Yorke apprehensively.

Mrs. Clara took breath, and switched the last part of the conversation off the track. "*A propos* of colors!" she said. "You remember I always liked to find out the relations of things, and had the idea of a trinity in everything, before I heard of Delsarte. And, by the way, I do not think that the theory is original with him. It seems to me I have heard it before. You know how he does; groups everything in threes, the parts of which are co-existent, co-efficient, and co-necessary, and, as an instance, gives space, motion, and time, neither of which can be computed without the aid of the other two. See how I figure my Trinity with the three colors: the color which signifies the Father is blue, the contemplative color, the color of infinite space in which the creation floats, the intellectual color, the color of faith; the ensign of the Son is red, which is sacrifice and love; yellow is for the Holy Spirit, and is the illuminating color. It is also the color chosen by the Pope, who is the human voice of the Holy Spirit. United, these three form white, which is the seal of the Trinity. White is rest, peace, and bliss."

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"You are, then, a Catholic!" Mr. Yorke said, looking with keen eyes into his daughter's face.

She blushed, and was embarrassed. "Æsthetically, papa!"

He dropped his eyes, and a slight frown settled on his forehead.

"Papa," she said earnestly, "there is nothing else!"

He smiled, but said nothing.

"Would you be displeased if I should be one in earnest?" she asked.

"I should be glad!" her father replied, and rose abruptly to meet Melicent, who was going home.

The others withdrew, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Yorke with Edith and Carl. They gathered closely together before the fire, the parents sitting between their children, and, with hand clasped in hand, talked lovingly and seriously far into the night.

When they parted, all had shed tears, but they were not tears of sorrow.

"Good-night, my dear parents," Edith said, embracing them. "You have made me happy for all my life, and yourselves happy for all eternity. I do not wonder that you find it hard to take such a step, and renounce before the world the religion which you have professed all your lives. You are not cowards; you have been willing to suffer that Catholics might have their rights; but, you know, 'obedience is better than sacrifice.'"

"Perhaps it is a whim," Mrs. Yorke said; "but I would like to be baptized by that dear young man I used to love so, Mr. Rowan."

"Young man!" Carl said, smiling. "He and I are about the same age, and I am forty-three."

"Forty-three!" echoed his mother in surprise. "And I am over sixty! Charles, we are entering on our service at the eleventh hour. We will not wait for Mr. Rowan. Let us not delay beyond to-morrow."

"Good-night, children!" said Mr. Yorke. "Yes, Amy."

The next day was Sunday, and Carl and Edith went to High Mass. Captain Cary's "flurry" had passed with the night, and not a cloud was to be seen. Little heaps and drifts of snow hid under fences and trees, but the pavement was wind-swept. The sun shone joyously, and, not far from it, a waning moon dissolved in its light.

There was the dear old church again, and, just going in under the portal, Mrs. Rowan-Williams. She took holy water, and bowed before entering her pew. The same hands were on the organ-keys, the same soprano, bright as a sunbeam, broke through the cloud of bass and alto, the same slow wreath of white-robed boys curled silently, like incense, about the sanctuary, there were the same faces at the altar. It was like coming home again.

But, before the *Veni Creator*, who was this coming from the sacristy, palm to palm, draped in folds of spotless whiteness, and showing, even now, through his measured steps, a familiar swing and freedom? The chestnut hair, cut short, exposed the forehead, the face was slightly thin, but bright and healthy.

The glance this priest cast over the congregation, as he went toward the pulpit, was peculiar. It took in the number of his hearers, but you would say that he saw their souls, not their bodies. So many waiting souls to whom he was to carry a message. Self so completely annihilated that even humility was forgotten, he went on, wrapped in calm obedience, to speak the word that was given him.

The subject of the sermon was the uses of pain; the argument, that all real good comes through pain. The speaker's voice was so clear and strong that it was heard without effort on his part or the listener's, his tone was conversational, and his illustrations came naturally from his old sea-life.

Real confidence in God can be shown, he said, only when we are blind, and cannot see how our sufferings are to lead to any good end. Then trust is possible, is deserving, is saving. Then we learn quickly the lesson that God would teach us, and take a higher place. Our Master does not put back any soul. If it remain long in the region of trouble, it must be through its own stubbornness.

"We all suffer too much, because we afflict ourselves in trying to escape pain, when we cannot escape it. The chalice of this bitter sacrament is never empty, and never set aside. Friends and foes alike give it into our hands, our dearest and kindest press it to our lips, unaware, or in their own despite; the messenger of God presents it. It is useless to struggle, for we cannot escape; it is foolish to struggle; for in the bottom of that cup of bitterness is a heavenly draught of sweetness.

"Lessons are on every side, the whole creation preaches to us. Even the building of a ship is like the building of a saint. The pine and the oak grow in the forest, they grow in rain and sunshine, they swing their branches in the wind, and rock the birds to rest. What is their end? To grow, and then to decay, and feed the roots of succeeding trees with their crumbling remains. They grow only to decay, and wish no better, and know no better, and, if better come, it must come from some outside, wiser will.

"When the woodman appears, he is an object of terror, fancy, the Manichee would tell you. At the blows of the axe, the whole tree shivers, it trembles in every leaf, it falls with a groan. But its tortures are not ended. The saw, the plane, the shave, the auger, the adze, do each their work; and the mourning tree says, 'I was made to be tormented. I am covered with ruin, and good shall no more come to me.' Ah, then, how happy seem the far-away, peaceful woods! how dear the little nests that have been clipped off, and the intertwining branches of neighboring trees!

"But we are not like the tree. We know what hand lays us low, and clips off the unruly wishes, the foolish, twittering hopes.

"Look at the home of the iron! It lies in darkness and mystery underground, and hears the small streams trickle down or bubble up. It knows and wishes no better. The miner comes with his pick, the dark ore is dazzled with alien sunshine, is tortured by fire. In its agony it becomes more terrible than fire, and presses and glows to destroy. It replies with sparks to the blows of the hammer.

"Oh! for the cool dark, the whispering stream, the moveless rock and earth! Its pain is to no end but that it may suffer, and ruin has come.

"But we are not like the senseless iron. We know what Divine Miner digs us out of our abasement, shows us the light of truth, and moulds us into shape.

"At last the ship is built; its different elements are united into one harmonious being; and then it fancies that it understands all. It exults over the dull tree standing with its roots in earth, over the brutish ore buried in the darkness. It stands in its stocks, and grows in beauty, looks at the shining river that flows and sings for ever, and sees the children play, and the days go by.

"But the end is not yet. Some summer morning the workmen come to strike its props away. The tide comes up, and its song is the song of the siren; a crowd gathers to mock at its ruin. It was raised, then, only to be more cruelly cast down. One support after another is struck away, prop after prop falls. The ship shudders, it has learnt nothing from its lesson, it moans, it slips slowly, then rapidly, then it plunges—whither? Into annihilation? No! into its own proper element at last, into the bosom of the deep. The tides bear it up, the winds of heaven wing its course; at last it is of use.

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"Take comfort, brethren, in your pain. He who permits it knows well how hard it is to bear. When you are nailed to your cross, the glorified flesh of the Man-God remembers its own agony. And, suffer not only trustingly, and with resignation, but suffer with courage. If you shrink and cover your eyes, you have hidden a ghost in your life. When a sorrow comes to you, look it in the face; and, by-and-by, the mask shall fall off, and you will see the face of an angel."

We have given but a sketch. The words are dry, but the sermon was full of life.

When Carl and his wife walked homeward, Edith did not speak for a long time. Whenever her husband looked at her, she was gazing straight forward, and seemed absorbed in thought.

"Well, Edith," he said at length, "what is it?"

She looked up into his face with those eyes so childlike still.

"I was wondering, Carl," she said, "how I could ever have presumed to call him Dick!"

And so we leave our Edith, as we found her, wondering.

## FRAGMENTS OF EARLY ENGLISH POEMS ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

To Catholics ... it is a joy and a solace to look back into past centuries, and remember that there were days when our poets drank of a purer fount than that of Castaly; and made it their pride to celebrate in their verse, not Dian nor Proserpine, but the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. Of Chaucer's devotion to this theme, I have already spoken, but other poets before his time delighted in dedicating their verses to her who, as she inspired the most exquisite designs of the artist's pencil, has also claimed not the least beautiful productions of the poet's pen. Thus, one sings of her as 'Dame Lyfe,' and describes how

"As she came by the bankes, the boughs eche one,  
Lowked to the Ladye, and layd forth their branches,  
Blossoms and burgens (new shoots) breathed ful swete,  
Flowres bloomed in the path where forth she stepped,  
And the gras that was dry greened belive."

Others, according to their quaint fashion, mixed up English and Latin rhymes in a style which, barbarous as it is, is certainly not deficient in harmony. One little poem, ascribed to a writer in the reign of Henry III., commences thus:

"Of all that is so fayr and bright,  
Velut maris stella;  
Brighter than the day is light,  
Parens et puella.  
I crie to The, Thou se to me,  
Levedy, preye the Sone for me,  
Tam pia,  
That Ich mote come to The,  
Maria."

—*Christian Schools and Scholars.*



# THE LEGENDS OF OISIN, BARD OF ERIN.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

## VI. OISIN'S GOOD CONFESSION.

Not seldom, crossed by bodings sad,  
In words though kind yet hard  
Spake Patrick to his guest, Oisin;  
For Patrick loved the Bard

In whose broad bosom, swathed with beard  
Like cliffs with ivy trailed,  
A Christian strove with a pagan soul,  
And neither quite prevailed.

Silent as shades the shadowing monks  
O'er cloistral courts might glide;  
But the War-Bard strode through the church itself  
Like hunter on mountain-side.

Yea, sometimes, while his beads he told,  
Fierce thoughts, a rebel breed,  
Burst up from the graves of his warriors dead,  
And he stormed at priest and Creed.

His end drew nigh. 'Twas after years  
Had proved stern warnings vain,  
When dying he lay on his wolf-skin bed,  
And murmured a warlike strain.

The Saint drew near: he gazed; then spake,  
"A fair child died one day:  
Four weeks had passed; yet, changeless still,  
Like a child asleep he lay.

"They could not hide him in the ground  
Though hand and heart were chill,  
For round his lips the smile avouched  
The soul was in him still.

"Then lo! a man of God came by  
And stood beside the bier,  
And spake, 'A pagan house is this;  
And yet a saint lies here!

"God shaped this child his praise to sing  
To a blind and pagan race;  
And till that song is sung, in heaven  
He may not see God's face.'

"Then thrice around that child he moved  
With circling censer-cloud,  
And touched with censer fire his tongue,  
And the dead child sang aloud.

"Oisin! like larks beside thy Lee,  
So loud he sang his hymn:  
And straight baptized he was, and died;  
And, dead, his face grew dim.

"So then, since Christ had caught to heaven  
The fair soul washed from sin,  
A little grave they dug, and laid  
The little saint therein.

"And ever as fell the night, that grave  
Shone like the Shepherds' star,  
With happy beam that homeward drew  
The wanderer from afar.

"Oisin! thy Land is as that child!  
Thou call'st her dead—thy Land;  
For cold is Fionn, thy sire; and he,  
He was her strong right hand!

"And cold is Oscar now, thy son:  
Her mighty heart was he—  
Oisin! let dead at last be dead;  
Let living, living be!

"Her great old Past is gone at last:

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Her heavenlier Future waits,  
Yet entrance never can she find  
Till Faith unbars the gates.

“Prince of thy country’s songful choir!  
Thou wert her golden Tongue!  
Sing thou her New Song—‘I believe!’  
Give thou to God her Song!

Then suddenly that old man stood,  
And made his arms a cross:  
Within his heart a light that changed  
The earth to dust and dross:

And, pierced by beams from those two hands  
Of Jesus crucified,  
His Erin of two thousand years  
Held forth her hands, and died:

For all her sceptres by a Reed  
That hour were overborne;  
And all her crowns went down, that hour,  
Before the Crown of Thorn.

As shines the sun through snowy haze  
Oisín’s white head forth shone:  
“In God the Father I believe,”  
He sang, “and Mary’s Son:”

And, onward as the swan-chaunt swept  
Adown the Creed’s broad flood,  
In radiance waxed his face, as though  
He saw the face of God.

Then Patrick, with his wondering monks,  
Knelt down, and said, “Amen,”  
While slowly dropped a sun that ne’er  
Saw that white head again.

The rite complete, the old man sank,  
And turned him on his side:  
Next morning, as the Lauds began,  
“My Son,” he said, and died.

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# A SALON IN PARIS BEFORE THE WAR.

## PART III. ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Summer had come, and was nearly gone. Paris was deserted. As autumn approached, lifting its fiery finger over the city, the *flâneurs* disappeared. All those who could flee, fled. The faubourg had fled long ago to its châteaux. The Chaussée d'Antin and the Champs Elysées were fleeing *aux eaux* or *aux bains de mer* and the boulevards, with their glittering shops and *cafés* and theatres, were left to the mercy of the tourist. Perhaps the tourist would retort that he was left to the mercy of the boulevards. And, perhaps he would be right. *Chignoned* sirens, who dwelt in glass cases surrounded by millions of glass vials ranged in rhythmic color from the ceiling to the floor, so as to make the sirens look as much as possible like the centre point of an elaborate kaleidoscope, smiled through their crystal shell at the reckless being who stood outside to peep and wonder. The door stood open. He might not hear the siren's, "Entrez, monsieur!" but there was no being deaf to her smile; it drew him irresistibly.

"Would monsieur not like just to 'gouter' our last novelty, 'cerise à la Victor Noir?' Would he not very much like to take some little souvenir home to madame?"

Of course monsieur would. Weak mortal! He unbuttons his coat, and straightway the bees which had sipped abundantly of native porte-monnaies the rest of the year, alight on the purse of the tourist, and suck it, if not dry, as nearly dry as they can.

Busy "dead season," when stale bonbons and faded finery are brought out, christened by new names, and sold to the barbarians across the Channel. Paris does not want any more of it, but Londres, that city which the English in their ignorance of the French language call Lon-don—Londres will find it charming!

Gaily, busily the bees were plying their task. The long white lines of Haussmann barracks glared shadowless in the fierce vertical sun; gilded railings and balconies flashed in gingerbread magnificence; the dome of the Invalides rose up against the cloudless blue and blazed like a burning mount; the red heat poured down from the zenith on the miles of *asphalte* that meander through the city, and pelted it till it softened and gave under your foot like india-rubber. Even the lordly chestnuts of the Tuileries, so carefully tended, so abundantly watered, were burnt brown and red, and were shedding their leaves from exhaustion; not a vestige of green was anywhere visible. The fountains were playing, but even they had a tired, worn-out look, and the water seemed to go on splashing lazily from mere force of habit; the flag was still floating above the palace, the gray old palace blinking with its myriad glass eyes in the sultry noon; the broad walks were deserted, no little feet went pattering on the gravel, no merry child-laughter rang through the shade to scare the swallows from their cool siesta; the whole scene, lately so animated and bright, had a weary, day-after-the-ball look that was premature in the first days of July.

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The bees of the boulevard were buzzing loud, and bestirring themselves to good purpose. But, hark! What noise is that? Not the cannon's opening roar, nor "the car rattling o'er the stony street," but a sound that jars upon the lively hum, and makes the hive suspend labor and hush itself to listen. It comes from the Corps Législatif, first a faint surging sound, then a clamor as of the waves rising and lashing themselves up for a tempest. Louder it grows, and nearer. It crosses the tepid waters of the Seine, lying low between its banks; it reaches the boulevards. At first the cries are indistinguishable, a torrent of human voice, rolling and heaving and rushing like the roar of a cataract, drowning all sense in its senseless frenzy. On it comes, gathering strength in its march, waking up the echoes of the *trottoir*, and making the crisp leaves quiver and drop, and fly along the dusty pavement before the vociferating multitude like straws before a bellows.

"What is it? Is it a revolution?" cried Berthe, as the horses, laying back their ears, threatened mischief, and obliged the footman to get down and hold them.

"I don't know, madame," said the man, looking up the Rue de la Paix at the stream that was pouring along the boulevards, to the sound of beating drums, and blaring trumpets, and all manner of Parisian excitableness in the shape of noise. "It's more likely *une démonstration patriotique*; the horses don't seem to like it, or else we might drive up close and see."

But Berthe's curiosity was not proof against a certain mistrust of the sovereign people. The noise might mean nothing more aggressive than a *démonstration patriotique*, but in Paris patriotism has many moods and phases, and innumerable modes of expressing itself, and its attitudes, if always effective from a dramatic point of view, are not always agreeable to come close to, and, whatever the character of this particular one might be, Berthe preferred admiring it from a respectful distance.

"Turn back, and drive home by the Champs Elysées," she said.

But the tide had risen too rapidly. The Rue de Rivoli was flooded. It had caught the delirium of the boulevards, and was sending back their echoes with frantic exultation. Cabs and omnibuses were seized with the sudden insanity, private coaches caught it, foot-passengers, *gamins*, and *bourgeois*, and *messieurs les voyageurs* careering on the top of omnibuses, all *en masse* caught it, and shouted as one man: "Vive la France! vive la guerre! A Berlin! à Berlin!" Ladies and gentlemen, reclining in soft-cushioned carriages, started suddenly into effervescence, waved hats and handkerchiefs, and cried: "Vive la guerre! A Berlin!" Horses neighed, and dogs barked, and the very paving-stones shook to the popular passion. All Paris shouted and shrieked till the city,

like a huge belfry, rang with thundering salvos: "Vive la guerre! A Berlin! à Berlin!"

Berthe's horses, scared anew by the uproar that was now close upon them, played their part in the general row by plunging and prancing, and eliciting screams of terror from the adjacent women and children, while the coachman brandished his whip, and the footman whirled his hat in the air, and shouted with all their might: "A Berlin! à Berlin!" A troop of *gamins* laid violent hands on a Savoyard who was grinding away "Non ti scordar di me," to the delight of the *concierge* in the nearest *porte-cochère*, and, dragging him to the fore, bade him at once strike up the *Marseillaise*. Luckily for his limbs, the despotic command was within the limits of the Savoyard's instrument. He turned its handle, and began vigorously grinding out the Republican chant. Every man, woman, and child within ear-shot took up the chorus, "Marchons! marchons!" till the palpitating air throbbed and thrilled with the passionate voices of the multitude.

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Berthe was not long proof against the magnetic current that was whirling round her. First terrified, then bewildered, then electrified, she caught the intoxication, and yielded to its impulse: "Vive la France! Vive la guerre!" And the fair hand waved its snowy little flag from the window as the carriage moved slowly past the Tuileries gardens.

Emerging into the broad space of the Place de la Concorde, the horses seemed to breathe more freely, and, quickening their step, tore at full speed up the Champs Elysées.

"What possessed me to shout and cheer with those madmen?" said Berthe, soliloquizing aloud, and laughing at the absurdity of her recent behavior. "I must have gone mad myself for the moment. Vive la guerre indeed! Heaven help us! We shall hear another cry by-and-by, when the widows and orphans and sisters of France hear at what price her new laurels have been bought. Thank God I have no brothers!"

"Madame la Marquise de Chassedot is waiting, madame," said François, as Berthe entered.

"Has she been waiting?"

"A short half-hour, madame."

"What can she have to say?" thought Berthe.

Madame de Chassedot rose to meet her "with eyes that had wept," and extended her hands with an air that asked less for greeting than for sympathy.

"Vous ange de la peine, madame!" exclaimed Berthe, her ready kindness going forth at once to the sufferer.

The two ladies were not friends. They had met at Madame de Beaucœur's and Madame de Galliac's; but only once had there been a personal interchange of visits; Madame de Chassedot had called on Berthe to thank her for the kindness she had shown to their young kinswoman, Hélène de Karodel, "whom the family had indeed of late lost sight of, but with whom they were delighted to renew cousinship," the marquise declared effusively, and as a proof of this she was carrying off Hélène to the country to spend the vacation with them. Berthe did not inform her that it had taken all her own influence to induce the high-spirited young lady to accept the hospitality so tardily offered. She returned Madame de Chassedot's visit; the latter soon left for the country, and they had not met since.

"Oui, j'ai du chagrin," said the marquise holding Berthe's hand, as she sat down beside her.

Berthe's first thought was of Edgar. But the mother was not in mourning. Whatever it was, the worst had not yet come.

"Your son is ill?" she said.

Madame de Chassedot shook her head. Then, after a pause, during which she gave battle to her emotion, she looked at Berthe, and said:

"He's going to get married!"

"What! And is not that precisely what you wanted him to do!" exclaimed Berthe.

"I wanted to make the match myself; but now he goes and does it instead," replied the marquise.

"Ah! It is a *mésalliance*, then!"

The fact was startling certainly, but less so than it might have been, owing to certain rumors that prepared the public to believe in any extravagance coupled with Edgar de Chassedot's name.

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"*Oh! mon Dieu, non!* A thousand times no!" cried his mother with quick resentment. "Edgar *a fait des bêtises*, but he is incapable of dishonoring himself. Oh, no! The girl is of an excellent family, she is even our own cousin."

"It is her principles, then, or her—character that you object to?" said Berthe with some hesitation.

"O dear! no. She is as pious as a seraph, and brought up like a lily!" exclaimed the marquise.

"Is she a hunch-back, then, or lame, or blind, or what?"

"She is a beggar! A beggar who has not a sou to buy her own trousseau. It is a beggar who has stolen the heart of my son!" And tears of bitter, disappointed motherhood flowed down the cheeks of the marquise.

"And her name is—?"

"Mademoiselle de Karodel!"

"What! Hélène? Hélène de Karodel, that brave, true, gentle creature is going to be your son's wife! And you in tears, and not of joy! And you call her a beggar! A woman whose love, since your son has been lucky enough to win it—and Hélène is not a girl to marry him if he had not—would be a prize for a prince! And you, a Christian mother, weep over it, and expect to be pitied! Really, madame, if it were not laughable, it would be deplorable, not on your son's account, but on your own!"

Madame de Chassedot was so staggered by this unexpected sortie that she was actually struck dumb. "Do you know," she said, after a pause, looking steadily at Berthe, and bringing out her words with slow emphasis—"do you know, madame, that my son has four millions of patrimony, and that he could have married any girl in France?"

"As to his marrying any girl in France, admitting that they were one and all ready to marry Monsieur de Chassedot, was he ready to marry them?" demanded Berthe significantly; "and as to his four millions, they are the very reason why he should marry a girl who had none. A woman who is as well born as himself, who is, you admit, pure as a lily, and pious as an angel, and, moreover, quite graceful and beautiful enough to satisfy your pride and his, and to make her an ornament as well as a treasure in your son's house—a wife who will rescue him from much that I should fancy would have given you greater cause for tears than his marriage with such a woman as Hélène de Karodel. Candidly, *chère marquise*, I am so far from sympathizing with you that, if I had heard this news in any other way, my first impulse would have been to fly to you with my congratulations."

Madame de Chassedot's tears were flowing still, but perhaps less bitterly; she was going to speak when a noise of steps in the ante-chamber made her rise hastily, and look round for a means of escape.

"Into my bedroom!" said Berthe, pulling aside the *portière*.

The marquise pressed her hand, and disappeared through the cloud of blue satin just as the drawing-room door opened, and Hélène de Karodel, holding out her arms with a cry of joy, rushed into Berthe's.

It was something of a disappointment to Hélène to find that Berthe already knew her secret. But there was much left to tell still. Most of the tale was told with blushes and smiles, and tears that had no brine in them. Her marriage was to take place in a fortnight. Edgar, from family reasons, chose to precipitate the *dénouement*, and his young Bretonne *fiancée* had come up to town to make the few bridal preparations that he could not possibly make for her.

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It happened unluckily to be Berthe's day, so the usual stream of visitors began soon to pour in, and broke up the *tête-à-tête* of the two friends.

The war was the topic of every tongue; but there was no mistaking for enthusiasm the animation with which it was discussed. Some indignantly repudiated and denounced the government, and protested that, so far from being a popular war, it was universally condemned as senseless, iniquitous, and ill-timed, and that there were not ten men in France who would cry *Vive la guerre!* unless they were paid for it. Others, who had been on the boulevards an hour ago, thought differently.

"There are madmen to be found in every city who are glad of an opportunity to bark, and bray, and howl, and demean themselves after the usual manner of madmen," said the Austrian *habitué*, "and Paris can muster as good a roll of lunatics on as short notice as any city in Europe; but I don't believe there were ten sane men on the boulevards this morning who cried *Vive la guerre!*"

"I can assure you," said Berthe, "I saw hundreds of *comme-il-faut*-looking men, to all appearance in their right mind, who were crying it frantically; so much so that I got quite carried away, and actually shook my handkerchief, and shouted with the rest of them."

"Why did you shout, madame?" inquired the Austrian.

"Because, I tell you, I was carried away, I could not help myself. The excitement was catching."

"Of course it was. Most fevers are, especially malignant ones; and if you asked nine-tenths of the crowd *why* they shouted, the answer, if they spoke the truth, would be precisely the same; they could not help themselves, the excitement was catching. If an arsenal blows up, who is to blame, the powder, the matches, or yourself who fired the train? You might just as logically blame the powder for blowing up, as the French people for marching and bugling and *Vive-la-guerring* when they hear the sound of the trumpet."

"Do you agree with monsieur?" asked Berthe addressing a quiet-looking military man who had been listening in silence to the conversation. "Are the people not really glad of the war?"

"It is difficult to say yet," replied the soldier. "With the people, all depends on how it turns out; success alone is in the right."

"But you do not contemplate such an absurd alternative as the non-victoriousness of the French arms?"

There was a prompt general protest from the company. The military man alone stroked his moustache with a meditative air, and was silent.

"Answer me, I pray you, commandant," pursued Berthe. "You are not afraid of our troops being beaten?"

"Our troops are matches, if not masters, of the best troops in Europe," replied the commandant proudly.

"And our generals? We have no lack of good ones surely?"

"Not of veterans," was the evasive rejoinder.

"Oh! the young ones will rise up as soon as they are wanted. We shall have a new generation of heroes that will eclipse in glory the *vieux de la Vieille* themselves. As for you, you will come back to us a marshal of France," declared Berthe merrily.

The prophecy elicited gentle cheering and congratulations from the ladies, while the men approved in their own way, joking the commandant, and dubbing him *Monsieur le Maréchal* on the spot. [328]

"If it be not a futile or indiscreet question to put, may I ask what you are going to war for?" demanded Mr. Clifford, addressing himself to the company in general.

"For security of the dynasty," replied a Legitimist.

"For the honor and security of France," said the commandant.

"Do you separate them, M. le Commandant!" exclaimed the Legitimist with mock horror. "I arraign you, *de par l'Empereur*, for high treason against France!"

The circle laughed, and the Commandant, not caring to challenge the *persifleur*, laughed good-humoredly, too.

"Shall I tell you, monsieur, why we are going to war?" said the Deputy de la Gauche to Mr. Clifford. "We are going to war to *désennuyer* Paris. If Paris goes on much longer *ennuying* herself as she has done for the last six months, she will make a revolution!"

"That may be quite true," returned his colleague of the Droite; "but the preventive is rather violent; some milder form of excitement might be invented for the *ennui* of Paris than that of taking her to Berlin for a distraction. It is hardly a sufficient reason for plunging the whole nation into war. No, I prefer to think we are going to fight for the honor of France, and it may be for her aggrandizement."

"Yes," said Madame de Beaucœur, "M. le Maréchal will win his *bâton* by taking the Rhine for us!"

"Bravo," cried in chorus the Legitimist, the Droite, and the Gauche. "*Le Rhin! le Rhin! Vive le Rhin!*"

"I will be willing to shake hands with *ce gaillard là*, and to cry *Vive l'Empereur* myself, if he comes back with the Rhine in his pocket," declared the Legitimist with desperate patriotism.

And the sentiment was echoed by every one present. Orleanist, Bourbonist, Bonapartist, and Republican all united in a common thirst for the blue waters of the Rhine, and avowed themselves ready to vote the war, whatever its motive, a wise war and a righteous, if it gave the Rhine to France. All with one exception: the old academician shook his head, and muttered some broken sentences in which the words, *démence, fanfaronnade, ruine du commerce, feu follet de la gloire, décadence des mœurs, jour de rétribution*, etc., were audible through the general hubbub.

"What a people, *mon Dieu!*" murmured the philosopher to himself, as, descending the softly carpeted stairs, cries of "A Berlin! A Berlin dans six semaines! Vive le Rhin! Vive la guerre!" followed him through the open door of Berthe's apartment; "fitful as the wind, passing from reason to madness, from heroism to absurdity, as the weathercock turns with the breeze." The word that touches our vanity, touches every chord in our nature, and sets us in a blaze, just as the spark fires the powder-flask. *Quel peuple? Mon Dieu, quel peuple!*

We have already called attention to the necessity of providing sound philosophical text-books and manuals in the vernacular tongues, particularly the English, with which we are specially concerned. We have also expressed our conviction that the only philosophy which has any claim or fitness to be adopted in our places of education is the scholastic philosophy. Those who are capable of studying this philosophy in the more extensive and elaborate works of our great Catholic authors, have all they need for prosecuting their studies to any degree they please. More elementary treatises and compendiums in the Latin language are also at hand for those who can make use of them with facility. But those who cannot do so need to have books in their own language, and made level to their mental capacity and actual knowledge. And even those who are able to study in Latin text-books may derive great assistance from a good manual written in their own vernacular, for many reasons which are obvious, especially if they are not perfect in their knowledge of Latin. Besides this, there are many persons whose education is already completed, who would derive great pleasure and profit from a book of this kind. The English and American educated world is so unfamiliar with the ancient philosophy of the Catholic schools, that there is need of an interpreter who can make it intelligible, and domesticate it in our vernacular scientific literature. Numbers of educated persons, and even clergymen, who are converts and have received a Protestant collegiate education, or, if old Catholics, have not been thoroughly taught philosophy according to the scholastic method, have derived their information on the subject mostly from the miscellaneous philosophical literature of England and America, and perhaps, also, of France and Germany. In this miscellaneous literature there is much that is valuable, and even of great value, the product of highly gifted and cultivated minds imbued with sound and elevated principles, containing a vast amount of truth and conclusive argument. There is wanting, however, the scientific precision, definiteness and fixedness of terminology, and completeness, which are found only in the masters and disciples of the scholastic method. Protestants, and to a great extent Catholics also, have been at sea in philosophy ever since the unfortunate epoch of the Lutheran schism. The evil began in that fresh outbreak of paganism, mis-called *renaissance*; a revolt against the science and the civilization founded by the Holy See, the hierarchy, and the monastic orders, the only truly Christian science and civilization; a retrograde movement of the most fatal sort under the name of progression. The vain and frivolous scholars of that period brought St. Thomas and the scholastic theology and philosophy into contempt among the crowd of their followers. They affected to be Platonists, because the philosophy of Plato was at that time something strange and novel, and afforded them the chance of displaying their knowledge of Greek. The leaders of the religious revolt of the age of Leo X., at which time the disorder culminated, pretended to go back to the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures and the Fathers; where they could evade the contest with scholastic theology, and make a show of learning and pure Biblical and patristic doctrine for a considerable time. The scholastic theology has, however, fully avenged itself. It has defeated the enemies of the church who have attacked the Catholic faith from without. Within the church, it has established its supremacy, and subdued all those who have professed and endeavored to substitute a new system of theology for the old, while retaining the dogmas of faith. The pitiable and abortive effort to produce a new *renaissance*, which occasioned so much both of scandal and ridicule during the time of the Vatican Council, was marked by a specially violent assault on St. Thomas and St. Alphonsus, the two great doctors of the church in dogmatic and moral theology respectively. The result has been the triumph of both. The Angel of the Schools has gone up to a pinnacle of honor and glory above that which he had ever before attained, and it is safe to predict that his supremacy as the master of sacred science will never more be seriously questioned. The great champion of the thoroughly Roman teaching in doctrine, piety and morals, has been crowned with the doctorate at the petition of a vast body of the men highest in learning and office in the church. The great theological controversies are substantially finished and settled, and Catholic theology is very nearly complete. Philosophy is now the great field for intellectual activity, and that consolidated union in philosophical teaching which has been secured in theology is the end toward which the efforts of all the ardent and loyal lovers of the divine Truth should be directed.

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This end can be secured only by following the same principles and methods in philosophy which have effected and secured unity and uniformity in theological doctrine. The scholastic philosophy must accompany the scholastic theology. This is obvious, without entering into the intrinsic merits of the question. No other system has that authority, that general prevalence, that scientific precision and completeness, that sanction of the rulers of the church, the great teaching orders, and the body of directors and professors of seminaries and strictly Catholic colleges, which are requisite for producing unity and uniformity in instruction. Those who do not follow the scholastic philosophy are divided into small parties holding the most opposite opinions and mutually hostile to each other; and these parties are again subdivided into smaller sections. The subject matter of this difference is not the mere corollaries and remote conclusions, or the high speculative questions of philosophy, not essentially affecting its substance; as is the case with the differences among strict adherents to scholastic theology and philosophy; but the very substance, the first principles, the guiding rules of philosophy itself. What likelihood is there that any one of these systems will ever conquer for itself sufficient territory or unite a sufficient number of suffrages to become the reigning doctrine? The history of the disputes which have gone on within and without the church during three centuries, since the decay of the influence of scholastic philosophy, may answer the question. Either we must give up the hope of attaining unity, and let philosophy degenerate into a mere theme of endless discussion among rival parties, like doctrine among the Protestants, or we must range ourselves under the banner of the ancient

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and still numerous and powerful school of the Angelic Doctor.

The first of these alternatives we must decidedly reprobate, as contrary to the Catholic sense, and incompatible with the respect which is due to the judgment and authority of the church. It is evident that philosophical instruction is regarded in the church as highly important and necessary, and as an essential part of Catholic education, more especially for those who are preparing for the study of theology. The sense of its importance is increasing instead of diminishing. Everywhere longer time and greater pains are bestowed upon it, and we have been told that it is the desire of the Sovereign Pontiff that the theological course should rather be shortened if necessary, than that philosophy should fail to receive its adequate proportion of the time allotted to the curriculum of the ecclesiastical seminary. All this implies that philosophy, like theology, is a true science, having its certain principles, methods, and doctrines. And if this is so, we are to look for it where the queen of sciences, whose herald and prime minister it is—Catholic theology—announces her magisterial teaching, and not in any particular school set up by private authority. In fact, the scholastic philosophy is an intimate and essential part of scholastic theology, which would be decomposed if its other elements were separated from this one, and be resolved into a mere collection of dogmas and doctrines without logical coherence. We may infer, therefore, from the express sanction which the church has given to scholastic theology, her approbation of scholastic philosophy. This tacit and implied approbation is also manifested in her practical action. The Holy See, the greater number of bishops, and the body of those ecclesiastics in high positions of authority who have control over strictly Catholic colleges, sanction and establish the teaching of scholastic philosophy, encourage works and authors professing to follow it, and in many ways repress and discourage whatever is contrary to it. More than this, the Holy See, during the reigns of our present Sovereign Pontiff and his illustrious predecessor, Gregory XVI., has repeatedly intervened by acts of supreme authority, in which books, authors, systems, and propositions have been censured and condemned on account of their teaching philosophical errors contrary to the received doctrine, and either subversive of or dangerous to the faith. The Fathers of the Council of the Vatican were occupied during several months with discussions upon fundamental questions of philosophy, the result of which is visible in the decrees of the Council. The doctrines which all Catholics are obliged to hold and teach have thus been to a certain extent defined and declared, and the limits marked beyond which they are forbidden to stray. We have occasion, at present, to specify only two of the erroneous doctrines which have been thus condemned, viz.: that which is called Traditionalism, and another commonly known under the name of Ontologism. We notice these, because both errors arose among sincere Catholics, and were the chief cause of dissension concerning philosophical doctrines in our own ranks, so that their condemnation has had a direct effect towards unity in teaching, especially as most of the principal persons concerned submitted obediently to the decision of authority. The first of these errors was an extreme anti-rationalism, tending to subvert and sweep away all philosophy, and upon this we have no need to enlarge. The second was of far greater import, as it professed to be a new and perfect philosophy, and was the most formidable antagonist which the scholastic philosophy has ever had to encounter. The question is still a living one, and the discussion of it is not yet over. Moreover, it relates to the very foundation of philosophy and theology, and has the most wide-reaching relations, wherefore we feel it to be necessary to be very careful and exact in what we say on the subject. That ontologism which we call an error is a certain ideological doctrine professing to be a true *scientia entis*, or science of being, and to be, therefore, the true and only real metaphysic. It has received its name from this profession of its advocates, and from common usage, for the want of one more specific and definite. It must not be supposed, however, that it is called an error on account of its being ontological, as if there were no true ontology, since this latter is the most essential part of philosophy itself. Nor is it correct to say that the doctrine of all those who call themselves ontologists by way of distinction from those whom they call psychologists, but whom we prefer to designate rather as Platonists in distinction from Peripatetics or Aristotelians, is a condemned error. The condemned error, as we understand it, after carefully examining and reflecting upon the matter for several years, is a false and heterodox ontological doctrine, which radically and principally consists in the affirmation of a *natural power in the created intellect to know God in himself*, as infinite and necessary being, or in any other ideal aspect. The essence of the error consists in that part of the affirmation which is expressed by the term *in himself*, denoting that the very idea which is the object of the divine intelligence and is identical with it, and is really the divine essence itself considered as intelligible, is the idea of the created, and specifically of the human, intellect. The falsity of the doctrine consists in this, that it substitutes an imaginary intuition of God, which has no existence, for the real intuition of the connatural object of the created intellect; and an explicit cognition of God explicated from this intuition for that cognition which human reason is actually capable of attaining, by discursion from self-evident truths which the developed intellect possesses as its first principles. It therefore overturns true philosophy and natural theology, and destroys the very cause which its advocates are most anxious to promote. It is heterodox, because its logical consequences annihilate the distinction between the natural light of reason and the supernatural lights of faith and glory, and, by ascribing to the natural condition of the creature that which belongs only to its deific condition, tend to annihilate the essential difference between the Word of God and the creatures of God, the Only Begotten Son of God and his adopted sons; thus introducing pantheism by a covert road, into which Platonists and mystics have always been in danger of straying unawares. The authors and advocates of this doctrine have been, at least in many cases, holy men of orthodox faith, who have strenuously denied its logical consequences. Wherefore, the condemnation of their opinions has been made in a very gentle and considerate manner, and their personal character as Catholics has not been compromised, unless they have shown a spirit of contumacious resistance to the authority of the Holy See. They have not fallen

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into heresy, but into philosophical error, and that in good faith, and before the authority of the church had given judgment. Several of the most distinguished among them have made a formal recantation of their doctrine, others have done the same tacitly, and we may take it as a settled fact that the ontologism condemned at Rome is banished for ever from the Catholic schools.

It is equally certain, however, that there is an ideology, distinct from that of the Thomist school, and frequently called ontologism, which is not condemned. Its advocates profess to find it in St. Augustine. It is probably contained in the doctrine of St. Bonaventura. It is the doctrine taught in the later and more mature works of the great and saintly Cardinal Gerdil, who was in his youth a disciple of Malebranche the author of the theory of the vision in God. And it is still maintained, under various forms, by a considerable number of most respectable persons in the church. Rosmini is well known as the author of a system which bears an affinity to it, and, in a general sense, it may be said to include all those Catholic teachers and disciples of philosophy who are Platonists rather than Aristotelians. It is certain, we say, that this ideology, distinct alike from that of the Thomists and the pure ontologists, is not condemned. This is proved by the answers given to queries on the subject by persons connected with the Roman congregations, by the fact that the doctrines in question are openly advocated in lectures and published works under the eye of the Sovereign Pontiff, and by the express or tacit admission of the opponents of ontologism. We have been informed also by a distinguished prelate who was present at the discussions of the Vatican Council, that such was the general understanding of the bishops there assembled.

This ideology gives the human intellect an idea created by an immediate illumination of God, and preceding all apprehension and perception of particular, finite objects. It may be an idea of God, of the infinite, of being, of the necessary and universal, under any aspect, or under many distinct aspects; or it may be an assemblage of ideas representing both the infinite, and finite exterior objects. According to St. Bonaventura, it is an idea representing God; according to Rosmini it is idea of *ens in genere*. But in whatever way this theory of innate ideas may be expressed, the intellectual object is always an image, something created with and in the mind, and even where it represents God, or the archetypal ideas of God, it is not identified with the uncreated *ens* of which it is the created image. The theory is therefore free from the censures of the church. It is necessary, however, for those who still adhere to the Platonic ideology to be very careful and accurate in their expressions, in order to avoid the likelihood of being understood by their readers to teach condemned propositions. The looseness of language which is more or less found in the more ancient authors; in all authors not familiar with the scholastic method, unless they have a precise terminology of their own, which is another difficulty in the way of understanding them; and the abstruseness of the subject itself, produce a great deal of misunderstanding. There is a great deal of obscurity in the writings of Plato whenever he speaks of ideology, and his disciples have inherited the same. It has been quite possible, therefore, for writers whose doctrine is sound to use the language and adopt many of the ideas of the celebrated authors of the ontologistic party, without really apprehending the nature and bearings of that erroneous doctrine which was at the bottom of their whole system. These authors have frequently expressed their ideas under terms and forms of expression borrowed from St. Augustine, St. Bonaventura, Gerdil, Fénelon, and other well-known doctors, prelates, and theologians. Very few of them have elaborated their doctrine with sufficient completeness and precision to make it easy to be understood. Those who have done so have been the occasion of its precise formulation and condemnation in the famous seven propositions. But, now that the supreme authority in the church has distinctly specified what errors of ontologism must be rejected as dangerous to faith, it is specially important that every Catholic writer should be precise, accurate, and clear in his language, so that he may not be misunderstood even by the ordinary student or reader of philosophical essays. The supreme, infallible authority of the Holy See has not, in condemning certain errors, prescribed or defined what precisely is the true ideological doctrine. Catholic philosophers must therefore seek to come to as close an agreement as possible by the way of reason. In order to do this, it is necessary that the method and terminology sanctioned by ancient and general usage should be strictly adhered to, since, otherwise, endless discussion will be the only result. We think, moreover, as we have already said, that this agreement can only be effected by means of the ideology of St. Thomas. The church has not, indeed, formally approved it, but, in our opinion, she has condemned that which is its only logical alternative. Therefore, we trust in the power of reason and logic to bring all master-minds into agreement with St. Thomas, and in the authority of these teachers and leaders to secure the adhesion of the great majority, who must ever be their disciples. It is, we believe, ignorance or misapprehension of the scholastic philosophy, as taught in the school of St. Thomas, which has been the occasion of the attempt made by so many highly gifted and noble-hearted men to fabricate out of Platonism a better ideology. Disgust at nominalism, sensism, and psychologism, abhorrence of the scepticism into which Hume and Kant sought to resolve all knowledge and belief, have driven them to seek for a self-subsisting, objective foundation of the ideal, separate from and independent of the sensible. Irresistible logic has impelled them by degrees toward the ultimatum which the pure ontologists have reached; and which is simply the affirmation of God existing in his attribute of absolute being, the infinite, or archetypal truth, beauty, and goodness, to which Gioberti adds in the creative act; as the immediate ideal object of the intellect. They have supposed that this is the only alternative of the opposite extreme, and have put aside the scholastic ideology as halting between the two upon untenable ground. The opinion which they have of its inconsistency and insufficiency is distinctly expressed in the oft-repeated assertion that it is mere psychologism. This term properly denotes any system which makes ideas mere subjective modes of the mind. It is obvious that every species of semi-ontologism, every theory of innate ideas, every system shaped out of Platonic elements, which separates ideas from the sensible as the centre of their

concretion and their focus of visibility to the human intellect, without locating them in God, is psychologism. But it is not true of the philosophy of Aristotle and St. Thomas, that it reduces ideas to this condition of subjectivity, no better than that of the phantoms which arise in the imagination of the sleeper or the day-dreamer. In this philosophy, the intelligible object has a reality exterior to the mind, which it directly perceives, and by which as a medium it attains self-evident and demonstrated truths, having their foundation in the eternal truth, in the infinite, in absolute being, in the Word, in God; who is the object of the mediate intellectual vision of the mind, as the apostle declares. *Invisibilia ipsius; per ea quæ facta sunt, intellecta, conspiciuntur.* His invisible perfections are disclosed to our sight, being perceived by the intellect through those things which are made. *Videmus nunc per speculum.* We see even now, although only in a mirror. The scholastic philosophy is not identical with any merely sensistic, conceptualistic, or empirical system. It does not reduce ideas to mere abstractions, make philosophy a mere induction from the results of experience, or the knowledge of God by reason the sum of an aggregate mass of probabilities. It is not in any wise a system of subjectivism. On the contrary, it is objective in the highest sense of the term, and truly ontological, the real *scientia entis*, and not an imaginary one like that of the so-called ontologists. If this be so, the whole ground of the prejudice against the Catholic peripatetic philosophy falls away, and there is no reason to desert the common teaching of the schools for any other doctrine, either ancient or modern. [335]

The four great masters in philosophy are Plato, Aristotle, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas. Plato is rather a teacher of theology and ethics than of metaphysics. His doctrine concerning God, the immortality of the soul, and the moral ideal, is in many respects purer and more sublime than that of his pupil. Yet Aristotle deserves *par excellence* the title of the heathen philosopher. The name of *the dæmon* given to him by his fellow-pupils on account of his wonderful intellect well expresses what he really was—the greatest intellectual prodigy that has appeared in human history, the real creator of logical and metaphysical science. St. Augustine followed Plato rather than any other heathen philosopher, and does not appear to have been acquainted with the works of Aristotle. Yet his philosophy as a whole was original; it was chiefly his theology under a rational aspect; it was by no means a complete and distinct system. St. Thomas, with the Aristotelian system as a plan and basis, built the vast and sublime structure of a Catholic philosophy. Although it may be true that he derived his knowledge of Plato chiefly from Aristotle, and the latter may have misrepresented his master; yet, through St. Augustine, he obtained all that was really valuable in Plato purified and improved; and has thus incorporated into his system everything, whether pagan or Christian, which tradition had brought down to his time. As Aristotle is the dæmon, St. Thomas is the angel of philosophy. It is difficult to compare his natural gifts with those of Aristotle in such a way as to make a relative estimate of the genius of the two men. But in actual wisdom, enlightened as he was by revelation and the Christian luminaries of the ages which preceded him, and elevated above the natural capacities of man by the gifts of the Holy Ghost, he is like the bright mid-day sun compared to the pale orb of night. All other stars in the firmament must be content to shine as lesser lights, and the brightest among them are only his planets. Metaphysical genius of the highest order is the rarest of gifts. Clement of Alexandria thought that the Greek philosophy had not arisen without a special act of the divine providence which was preparing the way for Christian theology. When we consider the wonderful work accomplished by Aristotle, and the manner in which his philosophy has become blended with the theology of the church, we cannot fail to recognize the hand of God making use of the human intellect in its most consummate perfection as the servant of the Eternal Word in his mission as the teacher of divine truth. Much more must we recognize the same divine hand in the genius and work of St. Thomas. God does his work once for all. The apostles finished their special work, the fathers finished theirs, and we can have no more apostles or fathers of the church. The doctors have done their work, and, although they may have left room for successors, yet this is not in the sense that their work is to be done over again. We do not believe there can ever arise another St. Thomas to reconstruct more perfectly the edifice of theology and philosophy in those parts which he has built, and these are its essential and principal parts. Of theology we need not speak particularly. Of philosophy, the principal parts are those which give a scientific exposition of the rational basis of theology; that is, which treat scientifically of the objective reality of the intelligible which the human intellect perceives by its natural power; of the first principles of reason; of self-evident and demonstrable truth; of the process by which the mind ascends from the knowledge of things to the knowledge of their highest and creative cause, from the creature to the Creator, from the visible and ideal world to God, from the knowledge of God through the creation to the knowledge of God through revelation. It is precisely here, as we have shown, that the dispute lies between scholastic philosophy and ontologism. And it is precisely what we claim for scholastic philosophy, that it gives us the true science of ideology and theodicy, which satisfies reason and accords with faith, and is really that which is implicitly and confusedly possessed by the common sense of all men, especially of all Christians, in proportion to the degree in which reason is developed and instructed. This has been proved in the most thorough and ample manner by F. Liberatore in his great work *Della Conoscenza Intellettuale*, F. Kleutgen in his *Philosophie der Vorzeit*, and F. Ramière in his *Unité de l'Enseignement Philosophique*, as well as in other recent works of the same kind. [336]

We will endeavor to give a statement as succinct and clear as possible of the scholastic theory, in order that its opposition to every form of sensism, idealism, and ontologism may be apparent.

In thought or cognition, we find by analysis these three, the subject, the object, and the intellectual light; as in vision we have the visual faculty, light, and the visible object. The subject is the human intellect; the primary, immediate object is the intelligible in the sensible, or the essences of sensible things; the light is intelligence. It is a primary maxim that nothing is in the

intellect which was not first in the sense. Sensible experience is therefore the starting point of thought. The thought itself is the result of an active operation of the intellect upon a passive impression which it receives from the object. This active operation produces a similitude of the object (species) in the mind, by which it becomes cognizant of the object itself as distinct from and extrinsic to the subject. The intelligible essence which is in the sensible object is distinguished and made the object of apprehension by the process of abstraction. In this intelligible essence, or what is called in common parlance "the nature of things," are contained the fundamental notions which are the first germs of all intellectual processes, the first product of the act of abstraction which is the beginning of intellectual activity in the infant. In these notions are given the first principles, the self-evident principles, the axioms of reason; and with these reason is able to start the discursive process, by which it demonstrates conclusions from premises, which in the last analysis are intellections *a priori* and self-evident. By this reasoning process, the existence and attributes of God are proved from the rational and material universe by the principle of causality, which is one of the self-evident principles. Self-consciousness begins as soon as the mind takes note of itself as acting, and thus the subject becomes objective to itself without any need of a species or impressed similitude of itself, because it is itself, and present to itself, and more vividly cognizant of itself in acting than of anything exterior to itself. The notions derived from reflection on its own operations are thus added to those which are derived by abstraction from sensible objects. The immediate perception terminates only on particular individual objects, but the notions obtained by abstraction are universal, whence it is necessary to define in what consists the objective reality of these universals. The universal is defined by Aristotle as that which is one, but having aptitude to be contained in many. That is, it is *genus*, with whatever is included under genus, to wit, species, differentia, essential and accidental propriety. For instance, the notion of man is the notion of a nature which is one, but apt to be contained in an indefinite number of men. It includes the genus animal, the species rational animal, the differentia rationality, the essential propriety, or the entire human constitution, mental and physical, and, in respect to the varieties of race, the accidental proprieties which distinguish each one from the others. All particular and individual objects of cognition can be classed under these five predicaments of the universal. The universal itself has its formal existence and reality, as universal, only in the intellect. It is a conception of the mind, formed by abstraction from the concrete and particular. It is not, however, a mere abstract conception, but an abstractive conception. An abstract conception is one in which a quality is considered as separated by thought from any particular subject in which it has residence, as goodness or sweetness. An abstractive conception, as that of the human species, is one formed from the consideration of men actually existing, in whom the species is actually individualized. The conception has, therefore, its foundation in the real object of mental intuition, the individual man, and in him the whole that is contained in the universal conception really exists. The conception is universal, because the intellect perceives the intrinsic possibility of an indefinite multitude of men in the very essence of man, as made known by the existence of any one man in particular. This possibility is something necessarily and eternally true, which is disclosed to the intellect by means of its outward expression and realization in the human race. That is to say, it is a thought which has been expressed and communicated, by an intelligence in which the possibility eternally and essentially subsists, to the human intelligence. The foundation of the universal conception is therefore in God. It is in God as archetype of man, as the reason of the possibility of man's nature, and the cause of his existence. But the idea in God is totally different from the conception in the mind of man. God understands the possibility of the existence of man in the vision of his own essence, as imitable in this particular form, and of his own creative power. But man cannot see this idea as it is in God; he cannot compare the human type with its archetype. He can only produce an afterthought of the divine thought itself, a copy or imitation of the divine idea, which is wholly inaccessible to his immediate vision, and is only known to him inasmuch as it is manifested through the created type.

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Let us take another example, that of a triangle. The figure drawn on the blackboard is the sensible object. The conception of a triangle is the intelligible object formed by abstraction, and universal. In this conception are contained the general notions of a point, a line, an angle; and in these notions are involved several self-evident principles or axioms. From these are demonstrated the various mathematical propositions of trigonometry. It is easy to see that, in the intellectual process of the pupil's mind, the genesis and development of the act of cognition of mathematical truth is precisely what has been above described. In an intelligent and well-developed mind, many of the steps of the process may be made with such ease and rapidity that they appear to be instantaneous, and the conceptions gained are so clear and evident that they appear like innate or intuitive ideas. But they are not so, and this is made manifest enough in the case of dull or slow-minded pupils. The conception of the triangle, with all the mathematical truth which it contains, is necessary, universal, and eternal. It has, therefore, its foundation in necessary being, or in the divine intelligence. But it is in God in an eminent mode, and formally only in the human intellect. Geometrical truth is founded in the essence of God, who is the archetype of the triangle and of every other geometrical figure. But that which the triangle imitates the human intellect cannot see; the divine idea in which mathematical truth as apprehended by us is eminently contained is inapprehensible by any created mind; and the procession of the divine thoughts expressed in quantity and its relations in a manner intelligible to us, from the divine essence, is as much above our understanding as the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Father and the Son. It is impossible to think of mathematical conceptions except as having objective verity, and equally impossible to think of them as identical with the ideal being of God; they must be, therefore, as St. Thomas teaches, concrete only in particular quantities, but in their universality, *conceptus mentis cum fundamento in re*.

It is the same with the conceptions of time and space. These conceptions come from the apprehension of things which succeed or coexist with each other. Real time and space are relations of real and finite things. Ideal time and space are necessarily conceived as illimitable. It is equally evident that these conceptions of illimitable time and space are not purely subjective categories of the mind, and that they are not, in the formality which they have in our mind, either eternal realities in themselves or identical with God. They have a foundation in the divine essence, which we can demonstrate to be nothing else than the infinite possibility of being imitated in created existences. But this is a conclusion of reason, and not an intuition of the divine essence as infinite archetype. In our minds, the conceptions represent space and time as boundless extended locality and boundless successive duration, as Locke and Clarke have so clearly set forth, and as every one knows by his own reflections. As conceptions of the universal, they have their existence, therefore, only in the mind, while their foundation is in reality. They presuppose and demand an eternal thinker and an eternal thought; we can see immediately neither the thought nor the thinker as they are in themselves, but we behold both mediately by the conceptions of the universal and the necessary; which reflect in our minds the eternal thought of the eternal thinker, the eternal idea of the eternal God.

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In point of fact, ontologists are obliged to admit that the process of the act of the cognition of the infinite is historically the same in substance with that which we have just explained. Their immediate ideal intuition is something involute and out of the reach of consciousness, until contact with sensible objects, reflection, experience and instruction bring it into the state of evolution. On the one hand, this proves that it has no existence, except in their own imagination. An innate or intuitive idea of God would make his infinite splendor to shine on the mind with such incessant and dazzling splendor, that the sunlight would appear as darkness, and finite things as nonentities, before it. It would be impossible to doubt or to forget it, if it existed. On the other hand, this shows that the scholastic theory of the origin of ideas and knowledge adequately expresses everything which they can reasonably desire in respect to the relation of the intellect to the infinite, or real and necessary being, as the object of cognition. The idea of the infinite and the knowledge of God are *virtually* in the intellect, because the light of reason, a participation of the divine light, gives it the potentiality which can be reduced to act by union with the intelligible object. The theory which ascribes to the newly created soul something besides its rational capacity, which it brings with it as a kind of form to vivify the sensible object, or keeps as a distinct ideal object within itself, is wholly unnecessary and superfluous. It is, moreover, not in accordance with the true doctrine respecting the human soul as *forma corporis*. It belongs rather to that imperfect philosophy which ascribes to the soul in this life a separate and independent subsistence, into which the body does not enter as an integral part of the personality, but which it merely serves as a machine. The scholastic doctrine preserves the unity of the essence and the operation of man, as a rational animal. That an intellectual operation should begin from our senses, and the mind commence its existence in its rudimental body as a *tabula rasa*, is in accordance with our humble position in the natural order. The capacity for gaining knowledge by the slow process of experience and discursion is all that we have any right to claim for ourselves. It is enough for us that we are rational, that "the light of God's countenance is signed upon us" by the impress of an image of his intelligence upon our souls; and that we are enlightened by "that light which enlighteneth every man coming into this world" by receiving the power to know God as manifested in his works. We are certainly a "little lower than the angels," who have no natural vision of God in his essence, and how are we essentially inferior to them, except in the necessity of beginning the process of intellectual cognition from the apprehension of sensible objects? It still remains true that God is both the author and the object of knowledge even in the natural order, and that we naturally tend to the contemplation of his being and perfections. But this process carried on for eternity could never bring us to a point where we could obtain the faintest glimpse of an intuitive vision of the divine essence. The capacity to attain to this vision is wholly gratuitous and supernatural, a gift of grace, an elevation of our nature above itself, and above the angelic nature to a similitude with the divine nature. The actual vision is reserved for the state of glory in which the blessed see God in himself and all things in God. The scholastic philosophy is therefore in conformity with Catholic theology, and a proper preparation for studying and understanding this sublime science. Every other system is either in discord with it, or deficient in the perfect logical concord which ought to make the inferior harmonize completely with the superior science.

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The revival of scholastic philosophy, and the general consent with which, in all parts of the world, those who lead in the great work of Catholic education and instruction are uniting together in promoting its study and exposition, are a most hopeful sign for the coming age. It is especially encouraging to witness this revival in Germany; and to see the powerful and heavily panoplied champions of orthodox theology and sound philosophy coming forth from the German schools, to meet and overthrow the boastful giants of that land of colossal intelligence and learning; who defy the armies of the living God and aim at an imperial domination over the world of science, as its statesmen and warriors do over the political world. They are but giants of condensed cloud, like the genii of Arabian fable who escaped from the bottles of King Solomon. The wisdom of Solomon subdued these genii, and it is the true wisdom, *sapientia*, which must subdue the cloudy giants of critical, historical, and philosophical sophistry; the Bruno Bauers, Strausses, Döllingers, Kants, Hegels, and Büchners, who make war on the old Bible, the old church, the old religion, the old philosophy, the old God of Germany and Christendom. A nephew of Hegel and pupil of Feuerbach asked the latter what was to be done next, since the Kantian philosophy had ended in the complete dissolution of all science. The reply was, that we must return to common sense. The pupil followed the advice by returning to the old God and the old religion. To bring back the next generation to this old religion, and to educate in it the youth who have received it by their

baptism in the church, is the great task of Catholic teachers. This can be done only by the aid of the old philosophy. The attempts made everywhere, but especially in Germany, to do this by a new philosophy and a new theology are all failures, and end only in betraying the whole cause of the church to the enemy. Those Catholic scholars of Germany who are sound and strong alike in their faith and in their science are beginning to see this, and are returning to the philosophy of the Angelic Doctor as the only fit companion to theology, the true wisdom in the rational order. Those who become the interpreters and teachers of this wisdom to the young are the most valuable and efficient of all laborers in the field of divine philosophy. They need to be thoroughly learned both in theology and philosophy, and at the same time to have a special gift for teaching and explaining doctrine in a condensed, lucid, and attractive manner.

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In all these respects, Dr. Stöckl is pre-eminent. He has the vast and solid erudition of the great German scholars. He has, moreover, an intellect which is remarkable both for strength and clearness, a masterly reasoning faculty, great talent cultivated by long experience for instructing young students, and a style which represents his thoughts with the precision of a photograph. The German language is, moreover, of such a nature that, while it reproduces exactly the Latin terminology of scholastic writers, it brings out the idea in a new and fresh form, in which it becomes more intelligible to those who belong to the Teutonic race than it is in the Latin dress. We have never yet met with a manual of philosophy which seems to us so perfectly satisfactory as the *Manual* of Dr. Stöckl; and the speedy call for a second edition which followed its publication, as well as the praise given to it by competent authorities, proves that it has met the want which has been felt in Germany as in Great Britain and America. Besides the ordinary topics which are treated in our text-books, it contains also treatises on political and social morals, and has a companion volume of small size which contains a masterly treatise on "Æsthetics." We have noticed it especially for the purpose of recommending it to the examination of those who are engaged in promoting the study of the scholastic philosophy, as a suitable work to be translated into English for the use of students. It is perhaps too large for a college text-book. It contains about one thousand pages octavo, and would require two years' study, with an ordinary class, to be properly mastered, in connection with the *Manual of the History of Philosophy*, which is a volume of equal size. Nevertheless, although a smaller text-book is needed for the majority of pupils, this one would make an admirable work of reference for more advanced scholars, and supply the other needs which we have pointed out in the earlier part of our article as calling for a book of this kind in the English language. The great cost of translation and publication, coupled with the risk of a small sale, makes it somewhat difficult to undertake the task we have suggested as desirable. It cannot be done, of course, without the author's permission, which, we suppose, he will readily grant to those who can give the proper guarantee for the faithful and scholarly performance of the work. We intended, when sitting down to begin this article, to make only a brief introduction of our own to a translation of the author's chapter on the "Origin of Ideas," as a specimen of the work. But we have not done so, as the reader knows, and have been unwittingly led on over such a length of space that we have left no room for any citations from the author, or minute review of the different parts of his philosophy. We trust that he will become speedily known to all lovers of the philosophy of St. Thomas, which he has so ably presented and defended, and we are sure that he needs only to be known to be most highly appreciated.

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# FLEURANGE.

BY MRS. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, WITH PERMISSION.

## PART SECOND. THE TRIAL.

### XVI.

"The princess begs Mademoiselle Gabrielle to descend." This message was brought Fleurange by one of the servants of the princess, whose attendants were a German valet de chambre, an Italian courier, and a Russian waiting-maid. The latter, named Varinka, literally belonged to the princess, being her slave. But Varinka, skilful and intelligent like all the Russians of her class, kindly treated by her mistress, to whom she was faithfully attached, and clothed in her cast-off garments, did not look upon her condition as in the least humiliating. In French she was called Mademoiselle Barbe, in Italian the Signora Barbara, and she considered herself, and indeed was regarded, as one of the most accomplished of servants. Extremely exacting of all who were beneath her, and inclined to be jealous of those she considered her equals, she at first wished to class the princess' new *demoiselle de compagnie* among the latter. But Fleurange, without even observing this, knew how to take the place that belonged to her, and oblige Mademoiselle Barbe to maintain a respectful deportment towards her. Barbara was consequently inclined to dislike her, but, after some attentive observation, she had sufficient wit to refrain. The fact was, Fleurange's activity relieved her from a part of her cares without increasing them in the least (for the young girl never required any one's assistance), and used her influence in a way which every one else profited by as well as Barbara. When the Princess was recovering from one of the attacks of physical suffering that all at once showed how unavailing were the comforts, luxuries, and attentions that surrounded her, she dwelt constantly on her illness, its cause, duration, and probable or improbable cure, and under the influence of this preoccupation she became capricious, whimsical, and almost impossible to satisfy. No one had ever succeeded so well as Fleurange. Mademoiselle Barbe could not help acknowledging, "She really has all the trouble of keeping madame in a good humor, and we the benefit of it," and this plain reasoning made her decide to live at peace with the new-comer, and take all possible advantage of the accommodating turn she noticed in Fleurange, who thus unwittingly disarmed her enemy and converted her into an ally, and almost a friend.

The princess' message, which put an end to the young girl's pleasant dreams, was, it must be acknowledged, merely an invention of Mademoiselle Barbe's, who, being told by the courier it was very delightful on deck, was suddenly seized with the desire of a walk by moonlight. With this end in view, she sent the courier for Fleurange. As before stated, she was sure Mademoiselle Gabrielle would come down immediately without making any objections or asking any questions, which was one of her meritorious qualities in the eyes of this sagacious servant. "That young lady does not meddle with what does not concern her, which, I must acknowledge, is very agreeable," she said. [343]

As she had foreseen, Fleurange left her seat in the open air without any objection, and went down to the ladies' cabin, of which the princess had exclusive possession. She found the invalid asleep, and quietly took a seat beside her without questioning the exactness of the message she had just received. Throwing off the cloak she wore, she said: "Here, Barbara, put on this, if you like, and go up and take the air. It is delightful on deck."

It was by such pleasing good humor she had unintentionally made a conquest of one who naturally regarded Fleurange as a rival, and this, above all the qualities she possessed, was the charm that had most power over the princess, and changed the sudden infatuation to which she was liable (like most of the ladies of her country) into something deeper and more permanent.

The Princess Catherine was lying on a couch, her head propped up by several cushions, and her feet covered with a cashmere shawl. In spite of her age and ill health, which had changed the outlines of her face and form, beauty and grace had not disappeared without leaving on her person traces much less fleeting than beauty itself. Fleurange, looking at her face by the light of a lamp suspended from the ceiling, could not help admiring her noble brow, and the expressiveness as well as the still remarkable delicacy of her features. Suddenly, as she thus sat contemplating her with more attention than ever before, it seemed as if the face before her awoke some indistinct remembrance—but before she could grasp the idea that suddenly came into her mind, the princess opened her eyes. Seeing Fleurange beside her, she smiled, and extended her beautiful hand.

"You here, Gabrielle?" she said. "So much the better."

"I was told you wanted me."

"No; but I am very glad you are here."

Fleurange bent down, and kissed the hand she held with an impulse more affectionate than she had ever felt towards her before. The princess seemed touched, and pressed her hand in return without speaking. Then she went to sleep again. Fleurange remained with her eyes fastened on her a long time, then she too lay down on a couch at the other end of the cabin, to pass away the few hours that yet remained before their arrival at Leghorn, which would be about daybreak.

At that time, long before the era of railways, the route from Leghorn to Florence, a long and dusty one, was not always traversed in a single day, and our travellers stopped at Pisa for the night. The princess no longer felt any interest in the places she had visited so many times. She had only one wish, and that was—to rest, and, once rested, to resume the journey. But it was quite otherwise with Fleurange. Pisa was her birthplace. In Pisa lay buried the mother she never knew. Here her father brought her during the few happy days they passed together. How many vicissitudes her young life had passed through since that time! How many sorrows and joys she had experienced! How many ties she had formed and broken! And with what interest she already dwelt on the past at an age when others are only thinking of the future! As soon as it was light, long before the princess awoke, Fleurange went to pray beside her mother's grave. Then she directed her steps towards the Campo Santo, around which she slowly walked. Of all the places she visited with her father, this was the one of which she retained the most vivid recollection. The paintings of the Campo Santo are like a poem which it is impossible to understand if ignorant of the language in which it is written. This language she learned from her father, and had not been allowed to forget it in her uncle's house. She remembered that her cousin, without ever having visited this spot, was as familiar with all the paintings as herself. "How much poor Clement would enjoy all these beauties of nature and art, and these scenes of historic interest!" she said to herself. "How much he would enjoy Italy!"

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She might have added that, like many of his countrymen, he already knew and loved

"The land where the lemon-trees bloom,"

without ever having seen it. Many Germans have loved it with a profound and material passion, fatal when satisfied by violent possession, but reciprocated and fruitful when the forced and hated union was broken and gave place to voluntary and acceptable alliance.

Leaving the Campo Santo, Fleurange went into the church, the wonderful Cathedral of Pisa, which cannot be compared to any other; for, if there are any finer, it is doubted or forgotten as soon as this is entered. Here Fleurange heard Mass, after which she remained a long time on her knees, praying, thinking of all those she loved, and looking around: and all this without losing her spirit of devotion. This may appear strange to those who wish to confine the soul's impulse towards God within narrow and rigid limits. It is nevertheless certain that, in a simple and upright heart, a good will, a more ardent love of the eternal goodness, the resolutions so properly called a firm purpose of amendment, all these effects of prayer often spring from what does not naturally seem destined to produce them. In those lands where religion and the arts go hand in hand, and where the inspiration which guides the painter and the architect is the same that draws the believer to the foot of the altar, it often happens that a glance at a fresco or painting aids the soul more than a sermon in its upward flight, and in accomplishing the very act for which it is prostrate before God.

It was thus Fleurange, kneeling on the pavement, holding her closed book in her hand, meditated, looked around, and prayed. Among the thoughts floating in her mind, there was one especially which seemed to harmonize with everything around her: it was the remembrance of the cloister of Santa Maria, and the friend of her early childhood, whose features at this moment seemed to beam out of some of the holy faces on the walls around her. She was once more beneath the same sky, and sufficiently near to cherish a hope of seeing her. At this thought her eyes overflowed with tears. The remembrance of her childhood prevailed over all others, and rendered her prayer more concentrated and more fervent.

Mild and saintly Madre Maddalena!—perhaps at this same hour you, too, were praying—praying for the child that was still dear to you: perhaps, afar off, you echoed her prayer and made it more efficacious—the oft-recurring prayer now on Fleurange's lips as she was about to leave the church: "Our Father, ... lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!"

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## XVII.

For the first time since her illness, the princess rose above her languor, and resumed the faculty of talking of something besides herself. As they drew near the end of their journey, Fleurange perceived she knew how to converse, and that the indifference she sometimes manifested to what seemed most worthy of interest was not the result of ignorance, but simply a preference for something else. Like other people, she admired monuments, galleries, splendid churches, and museums, but she preferred the shops where she could procure the rarities she had a taste for, and liked to adorn her house with for the admiration of others. She enjoyed the brilliant sky of Italy and the comfort of its mild climate, so necessary to her health; but, if these advantages had not been accompanied by a sumptuous palace and a large circle of fashionable acquaintances, she would have regarded her expatriation as an exile, and found it but slightly mitigated by all the wonders of nature and art by which she was surrounded.

Their journey at last came to an end. The princess descended from her carriage at the foot of the magnificent entrance to her palace, so overjoyed at finding herself once more at home that the last traces of her recent malady disappeared as if by enchantment.

Numerous servants relieved Fleurange from the care of the light baggage with which the princess' carriage was always encumbered, and she hastily followed her protectress up the broad steps of white marble that led to the first story. Here a vast hall ornamented with statues opened into apartments whose splendor surprised the young girl. She had already visited more than one palace in Italy with a similar display of grand proportions, frescoes, ceilings richly painted and gilded, but she had never seen anything comparable to the luxury of the furniture and the

richness of the long suite of rooms through which they passed. When the princess came to the last, she stopped. This salon, smaller than the others, opened, as well as the one next it, upon a large covered terrace with frescoed arches, which, filled with flowers, rare plants, and seats of all forms and sizes, resembled a garden screened from the sun, and formed an appendage to the elegant apartment they had just entered, which was the princess' private sitting-room. A table loaded with fruit-cake and ices stood in the centre of the room. The princess threw herself on a *chaise longue*. "We dine late," said she. "I will take a biscuit and an ice. Eat something also yourself. But first take off your hat, lay down your satchel, and rest yourself. It is exceedingly warm."

Fleurange attended to the princess' wants, and then very willingly took a slight repast, which the heat of the mid-day hour made quite acceptable. While she stood taking an ice, the princess opened the pile of notes and letters on a small table near her. She read the notes first.

"Well, there are more people here than I expected. So much the better! Let me look over my cards." [346]

She read out a succession of names of people from various countries, with a running commentary on each which would have given the impression that these people she was so glad to find again were individually perfectly indifferent to her. Then she took up her letters.

"Ah! at last!" she exclaimed, tearing open a large envelope. "Let me see the date.—Now I am relieved!—Thank heaven, he is still there!" She read about a page, and then suddenly cried: "In less than a month? What, in less than a month?" Then she finished the letter in silence, and afterward remained a long time without speaking, but with an anxious and thoughtful look.

"Ah! Gabrielle, are you still here?" she said, rousing at last from her reverie. "I beg your pardon." She rang. "You must be shown to your room. I advise you to take some repose. I shall do the same. We shall see each other again at seven o'clock, which is my hour. I expect hardly any one to-day, and shall wear my morning dress."

Fleurange, thus dismissed, gladly followed the valet de chambre, who answered the bell, through the salons and up the grand staircase to the second story where her chamber was. There he left her with a respectful bow, after pointing out the corridor that gave access to the princess' apartments without the necessity of passing through any of the rooms.

The chamber to which she was taken was handsome and spacious, but it seemed rather ornamented than furnished. Its size, its painting and gilding would have allowed much more and much richer furniture. But such as it was, it pleased the young girl's fancy. The broad and lofty window in a deep embrasure admitted floods of light, but would have afforded no other view than the sky, if three stone steps had not made it accessible. From the upper step the eye looked down upon the interior court of the palace, which resembled a cloister with its light colonnade. A limpid stream flowed from a white marble fountain in the midst of velvet-like turf and surrounded by rhododendrons. Birds were warbling in a large aviary. All these things combined to make up a soft, pleasing picture, crowned by the azure vault of heaven—a picture singularly quiet and dreamy, and Fleurange remained a long time seated on a stone seat within the embrasure, allowing her thoughts to wander, as often happened, in vague regions, until a servant with her trunk reminded her it was time to descend in more than one sense from her elevation, and proceed to the matter-of-fact task of unpacking and arranging her effects. About to commence, she found she had left her satchel in the salon. As it contained her keys, she was obliged to go for it, and she took the short passage which led directly to the princess' sitting-room; but, instead of returning the same way, she could not resist the desire of examining again, alone and at leisure, the sumptuous rooms she had only passed through before. She went leisurely through them, admiring as she went, with a mixture of childlike curiosity and an innate perception of the beautiful, all the objects that were collected here in uncommon profusion; but, notwithstanding the exquisite taste displayed, she could not help observing the ostentation, which by contrast vividly recalled the remembrance of the Old Mansion—the dear Old Mansion! where simplicity was so happily combined with the magnificence of art, where everything that charmed the eye appealed to the soul, inspired serenity and peace, and inclined one to application and study; whereas here, what met the eye and struck the attention spoke of amusement, luxury, and pride. [347]

This comparison made Fleurange melancholy. She ceased looking around with interest, and was about to return to her chamber by the grand stairway without continuing her explorations, when, in crossing the hall, a large half-opened door opposite attracted her attention, and she yielded to the curiosity of glancing into the only apartment she had not seen. She pushed the door open, and entered a room equally as large as the others, but which seemed rather a study-room than a salon. The half-open shutters allowed the volumes in Russia leather that lined the walls to be seen, as well as the ebony book-cases on all sides. Furniture systematically arranged and protected by coverings, tables loaded with books placed in order as if no one had touched them for a long time, everything showed this room was unoccupied, and had not, like the rest, been prepared for the return of the mistress of the house; but a certain atmosphere of studious repose pervaded it which was more in conformity with Fleurange's real tastes than all the magnificence she had just beheld. She therefore advanced some steps, looking around, and, the better to see the objects scarcely to be distinguished in the obscurity, she went to one of the windows and ventured to throw the shutters entirely open. The strong light which at once filled the room revealed a picture before her which she had not previously noticed. She glanced at it, and—it is impossible to describe her feelings!—She could not herself have found words to express her extreme astonishment and the overpowering emotion that made her turn pale and then red as she almost fell.—The picture thus suddenly revealed to her was that which had played so



important a part in her life—her father's last work—in a word, the Cordelia for which she had sat so long ago, and which she had never heard mentioned since without agitation!

For some moments she was overpowered by a thousand thoughts rushing over her—thoughts similar to those she had so successfully banished some months before by a supreme effort. It is not astonishing they should be involuntarily reawakened now. The lively curiosity with which she was filled was excusable, as well as her impatience to know how this picture came here, and whose room it was.—She felt she should soon know, and, with a heart still throbbing, she closed the shutters, and softly left the room in which she had just beheld this unexpected apparition, as it were.

She crossed the hall, and was at the foot of the stairs when she met Mademoiselle Barbe in a great hurry, and in that stage of fatigue bordering on ill-humor which, on a day of departure or arrival, is to be seen (and not wholly without reason) in those on whom rests the weight of packing and unpacking. Fleurange stopped her nevertheless, having resolved to ask an explanation of the first person she met.

"Barbara," she said, "I have been examining all the rooms."

These words brought a smile to the servant's face, for she prided herself on the splendor of her mistress' palace.

"We are well quartered, aren't we?" she said, with an air of satisfaction.

"Yes, quite. Does the whole palace belong to the princess?"

"Certainly, from the garret to the cellar."

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"And she lives here alone?"

"Alone, of course, with Monsieur le Comte."

"The count?"

"Yes; her son, who always lives with her when here. There—in that room," said she, pointing towards the door Fleurange had just closed.

"Her son! What is his name?"

"Count George de Walden."

"Count George de Walden?" echoed Fleurange, as if in a dream.

"Why, yes; that was the name of the princess' first husband. Did you not know it?"

"No, I did not."

"He died young—that one. Madame, too, was young. She mourned for him a long time, and then married again, but had no more children. The prince is dead also, but—"

Just at that moment a servant appeared with an armful of packages of all sizes, one of which fell from his hand. Barbara left Fleurange abruptly, and sought relief from her fatigue in a severe reprimand to the awkward man, more tired than herself.

## XVIII.

Fleurange returned to her seat on the top of the three steps that led to her window, and was again looking down on the quiet and secluded court. But what a change had been wrought in her feelings since she sat there half an hour before! What contrast between this tranquil scene, which then harmonized so perfectly with the serenity of her thoughts, and her present agitation of mind! She endeavored to be calm, but for some time could not succeed. Was the emotion caused by this unexpected discovery surprise and joy, or regret and fear? She could not clearly decide, but it was a mixture of all these different sensations; and she gave herself up for a time to be buffeted by a whirlwind of contradictory thoughts. By degrees they at last became clearer and more distinct. Fleurange recalled the last time she heard Count George's name mentioned, as well as the resolution she made that day. That resolution had been easily kept, thanks to all that had since happened to divert and absorb her attention. She must still remain faithful to it under entirely different circumstances. It was, however, no longer a question of forgetting the very name of Count George, as she was doubtless to see him, know him, and live under the same roof. But what she must impress most seriously on her mind was—that he would be as widely separated from her here in his mother's house as when he only lived in the world of her dreams. This of course would be extremely difficult, but it was evidently a duty she owed to herself. This point once established, her course was plain.

The gentle hand that guided her childhood did not try to extinguish the exquisite though somewhat dangerous qualities with which she was gifted. She did not stifle the liveliness of her imagination, or the ardent tenderness of her heart, or the tendency of her sentiments to extremes.

Madre Maddalena considered these precious gifts only dangerous in the absence of two other qualities which she sought to develop in Fleurange, with a care only comparable to that which is used (in an inferior sense) in developing the human voice, and transforming it into an instrument at once powerful, harmonious, and almost divine. However musical a voice may be, one cannot sing without correctness of ear, and the power of sustaining its clearness for a long time without faltering. The divine harmony of the human faculties also depends on the correctness with which the word *duty* is echoed in the soul, and the strength of character to act upon it unhesitatingly

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and unflinching. These were the two qualities that overruled all others in Fleurange's nature, and had hitherto preserved her from the dangers to which the others exposed her.

More than two hours passed away: the shadows of the columns grew longer beneath the portico: the evening star, herald of holy thoughts in Fleurange's soul, came out clear and brilliant in the cloudless sky, reminding her of her accustomed prayer. She had hardly finished it when the clock struck and abruptly recalled the young girl to herself. She hastily opened her trunk, changed her dress, and entered the dining-room the very moment the Princess Catherine appeared.

Fleurange wore a plain dress of black silk. In the present state of her wardrobe, she would have been embarrassed if required to increase the elegance of her toilet, but she had not thought of it on the present occasion, after hearing the princess say she intended dining in her morning dress. She was, therefore, somewhat surprised to see the garment thus designated was a flowing robe of white cashmere richly embroidered with gold. Her coiffure was a tissue of lace and gold, and she wore on her neck six strings of magnificent pearls which hung down over her waist. But what surprised and disconcerted the young girl more was the dissatisfied look the princess gave her when she appeared. It was the first time the kind and cordial greeting to which she had become accustomed was wanting.

But it was no time to give or receive any explanations, for the princess was not alone. There were two or three guests whose names Fleurange afterwards learned: an old *savant* named Dom Pomponio; Signor Livio, a young artist; and the Marquis Trombelli, who was somewhat of a bore. To tell the truth, they occupied an inferior rank among the *habitués* of the palace, but they preserved the mistress of the house from the mortification of seeing the products of her cook's skill waste their sweetness on the desert air, as well as the danger of dining without a sufficient number of guests in a vast room, where a *tête-à-tête* with Fleurange would have been unsatisfactory. Not that she was by any means indifferent to the quality of those she received in her drawing-rooms, but with respect to her *convives* she attached almost as much importance to their number as to their worth, and only required in return the ability of appreciating the exquisite dishes placed before them.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of her dress, Fleurange did not escape notice. The man of letters talked a little more than usual with the hope of dazzling her; the marquis directed his eye-glass towards her several times; and the young artist ventured on some words complimentary in their tone, but as she only replied in monosyllables the conversation languished. The evening seemed long, and the princess had yawned more than once, when she was suddenly roused at hearing announced—the Marquis Adelardi! She made a joyful exclamation.

The gentleman who appeared was about forty years of age. Fleurange afterwards learned he was a Milanais. She immediately perceived he was one of those men who converse well on every subject, and know how to excite an interest in what they are talking about, whether it be fashionable gossip, a political novelty, or a social and literary question, and who have no other fault than that of treating these subjects as if they were all of equal interest!

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The atmosphere of the room at once changed. The Marquis Adelardi had not been there a quarter of an hour before he found means of setting off the indifferent elements of the circle to the best advantage, making each one talk of what he knew the best. He passed from politics to history, from the sciences to the arts, showing himself capable of conversing on all these subjects, if not of sounding their depths.

Fleurange silently listened to this conversation, which amused her, but her interest redoubled and changed its nature when the new-comer, drawing near the princess' arm-chair, said:

"And when are we to see our George again?"

The princess replied in a pleased and yet half-anxious tone: "We shall see him again soon, for the letter I received from him this morning, written at St. Petersburg, announced his return at the end of this month."

"So much the better, I miss him everywhere, and every way, here."

"And I assure you I do also, as you may imagine," said the princess, with a thoughtful air, as she played with her necklace of pearls. "Nevertheless, Adelardi, you know as well as I it would be better for him to remain where he is till the end of the year."

"Come, my dear princess, give it up. I advise you to abandon the idea of making a courtier of George."

"That is not the only point."

"Yes, I understand. You think the fair Vera—" Here the marquis leaned forward, and exchanged some words with the princess in a low tone. Fleurange only heard these: "And you know this is my only wish." It was the princess who spoke.

"And he?" said the marquis.

"He! You know him well."

"But that is precisely the reason I should not have supposed him insensible to such attractions as hers."

"Yes, indeed, but it is never sure he is not absorbed by some fancy not to be foreseen. Moreover, I believe if she had not been at court—" Here the princess again lowered her voice.

"Do not worry. He will yield at last."

"I truly hope so, but meanwhile acknowledge it would be better for him not to return."

"Yes and no. I am not sure it is very judicious to expose him to compromise himself, as he is always tempted to do."

The princess looked very grave. "You are right from that point of view," said she. "He really terrifies me often. But I think he would become more prudent if obliged to be so. It is a necessity of which one is at last convinced by living in Russia."

The conversation was continued for some time in a low tone. Then the princess declared herself fatigued, and an exception was made to her custom of prolonging the evening to a late hour, and they all retired.

Fleurange was about to do the same when the princess stopped her and asked the reason of her simplicity of dress. "I am particularly desirous," she said, "that they who in some sort aid me in doing the honors of my salon should be dressed stylishly—and I pay them accordingly," she added with the want of delicacy sometimes to be remarked even in well-bred ladies with regard to their dependents. It was a fault the princess was not often guilty of, but this side of her nature became apparent when she was in a bad humor.

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Fleurange blushed. "I beg your pardon, princess," said she, "but I cannot comply with your request—I cannot," she repeated, her eyes filling with great tears.

"What does all this mean?"

Fleurange hesitated an instant, but, obedient to her impulses, always frank and simple, she related what the princess had hitherto been ignorant of—the ruin of her family, and the motive that had induced her to accept the place she now occupied.

"If I am obliged to expend the money I receive from you in adorning my person; if I can only aid my relatives at the risk of displeasing you, then—then—" And her voice faltered. "Alas! madame, I should be obliged to seek elsewhere the means of—"

The princess did not allow her to finish. The young girl's accent, as she gave her simple account, excited her sympathies; her dissatisfaction vanished, and the result of this little scene was that Fleurange was allowed not only to dispose of a part of her salary as she pleased, but the whole, on one condition, which the princess insisted upon, and to which Fleurange was at length forced to consent—that the princess, and she alone, should have the direction of her young companion's dress and ornaments.

From that time Fleurange was profusely provided with all that could satisfy the singular requirement of her protectress, and at the same time gratify her generosity, keenly stimulated by her interest in the account she had just heard. Fleurange yielded with a mixture of gratitude and repugnance, endeavoring to reconcile the simplicity of her tastes with the elegant taste of the princess. The result, however, was that, when she appeared for the first time in public, the effect she produced far surpassed the expectations of her who seemed to attach so much importance to enhancing her beauty.

Elegance and luxury seemed really to be necessary elements of the Princess Catherine's existence, and as an inferior article of furniture or hangings of any plainness would have been considered out of place in her apartments, so Fleurange's simple black dress would have marred the prevailing harmony, and she regarded it as a matter of importance to change what injured the general effect. But she was by no means disposed Fleurange should cease to be her *protégée*, which gratified her pride as well as her kind heart.

If the somewhat too enthusiastic homage paid the young girl at her first appearance had been sought or even welcomed by her, the princess' humor would doubtless have been affected by it; but the dignified modesty of Fleurange's deportment soon modified the admiration whose incense would only have troubled the purity and elevation of her heart had vanity given it entrance.

Fleurange was not vain. This was one of her charms, and at the same time a safeguard.

The princess' observant eye soon assured her there was no cause for fear. This increased her confidence in Fleurange, which soon became boundless. It was the height of her wishes to be attended by one whose beauty added to the attractions of her salon and gave her no anxiety as to the consequences; to enjoy, herself, the charm of Fleurange's presence, her activity, and a thousand little talents which made her useful at every turn; and this without requiring the least vigilance on the part of herself, which would have greatly annoyed her. She was glad she could now be indolent at her ease. Fleurange wrote her notes, arranged her flowers, and completed work she zealously commenced and then abandoned, and afterwards complacently showed as her own. Fleurange was also ready to read to her, with her harmonious voice and expression only the more rare because perfectly natural, sometimes Italian or German poetry, and sometimes articles in the reviews and journals; then, at the hour of receiving visits, she was glad to absent herself, unless the princess invited her to remain or sent for her. By thus following her own judgment, she unwittingly fulfilled the secret wishes of the princess, who was perhaps better pleased with the tact with which she knew how to anticipate her desires than the promptness of her obedience.

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Meanwhile the days passed away, and it was more than a month since their arrival at Florence. During this time Count George's name was mentioned a thousand times in Fleurange's presence, but it ceased to produce the effect she once wisely resolved to resist. Sometimes she smiled to herself as she thought it possible, after knowing him, she might be greatly astonished at his ever having occupied her thoughts to such an extent. "Phantoms always vanish, they say, when we

approach and look them in the face."

Such was the thought that crossed her mind, one morning, as she sat alone in the small salon. The princess had gone out, and Fleurange was seated at an embroidery frame completing some work. The thought just mentioned was suggested by the news received that morning of the certain arrival of Count George by the end of the week.

"Yes, reality puts all fancies to flight; and it is very probable," she continued, pursuing the course of her reflections, "when I know him better—" She was suddenly interrupted by the noise of hasty steps in the next apartment. Generally, no one came that way without being announced. Surprised, Fleurange hastily rose to leave the room according to her custom, but had scarcely started when she found herself face to face with the person who entered.

It was he—yes, *he*—Count George!

She had not time to define her sensations. The effect she herself produced surprised her, or, to speak more correctly, terrified her so much that she remained motionless, silent, and astonished.

"Fleurange!—Great God! is it possible! Is it true? Fleurange!" repeated he with an emotion more profound than that of joy. His voice, no less than his features, was graven on the memory of her who heard it. The name, the almost forgotten name of her childhood, uttered in such a tone; the hand that grasped her own as that of a friend he had found again, but with a look that made Fleurange instinctively withdraw her eyes; his rapid questions, incoherent replies, the eager, tender, passionate tone of his words—everything in this meeting was sudden, ardent, and dangerous as lightning!

A carriage was now heard; but, before the Princess Catherine entered the salon, Fleurange had reached her chamber, pale and ready to faint.

All the unreasonableness, the madness almost, of her former thoughts, all that had seemed impossible, was in an instant transformed into a sudden, unforeseen, and dangerous reality! What had she just heard? What did he say? What! The thought of her had followed him for a year; he had endeavored to banish it, but had not succeeded; and now he had returned decided to make every effort to find her again—to behold her once more whose image had been constantly present in his mind!

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Yes, he said all this!—And what she heard was the counterpart of what she herself had felt and struggled against.—Poor Fleurange! was it joy her pale and troubled face expressed? Was it a transport of pride, or of tenderness, that caused her heart to beat so painfully? Was it happiness that made her shed such a torrent of tears?

Oh! no, the words so sweet to hear when it is lawful to listen; the happiness of being loved when one loves—one of the greatest in the world; the words so readily understood because they express what one has so deeply felt; all that sometimes suddenly illumines a life like the light of the sun, had just fallen on hers with the brightness, instantaneousness, and danger of a thunderbolt!

## XIX.

Count George de Walden possessed every exterior quality that could please or fascinate, and, though it would not have been wise to regard his chivalric air and the nobleness of his features and manners as the sure indices of a soul exempt from egoism, it was impossible not to be struck by his appearance, and difficult to forget him after he was once seen. The lively impression he made on Fleurange's memory was not therefore so strange as might appear, and there were more excuses for it than she found herself. What was much more surprising was that, notwithstanding the charm with which she was endowed, the impression was reciprocal, and, at the end of a year, was not effaced.

We must not, of course, compare the simple, confused, and involuntary feelings of a young girl with those of such a man as Count George. Under the semblance of Cordelia, Fleurange had been constantly before his eyes as well as in his imagination. He passionately desired to behold her again. He resolved to find her without examining his intentions as to the project, and this tenacious preoccupation influenced more than he would have acknowledged the decision he recently made in spite of his almost pledged word.

Nevertheless, without being very scrupulous, the Count de Walden would have thought twice before allowing himself to make such a declaration to his mother's companion as that with which he greeted her. But he by no means expected to find in the Gabrielle sometimes mentioned in his mother's letters her whose singular name had remained imprinted on his memory, as well as her wonderful beauty, and the first moment of surprise deprived him of the faculty of reflection. Then, seeing the young girl's sweet face blush and turn pale, seeing her charming eyes full of alarm, he uttered in spite of himself the words he would perhaps have been better able to suppress if she herself had been more successful at concealment.

But, as we have said, all this was quicker than thought. Five minutes had not elapsed from the moment of his sudden appearance before the princess, breathless with joy and haste, fell pale with emotion into her son's arms. George led her to her *chaise longue*, and knelt beside her, and, while she was asking him—embracing him at every word—sometimes why he had returned so soon, and sometimes why he had kept them waiting for him so long, by degrees he entirely regained his self-control. When, after a long hour's conversation, he found himself once more alone, he asked himself if the vision he beheld at his arrival was a reality or a dream of his

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imagination, and then, if he were pleased or not, that it had appeared to him beneath his mother's roof.

During this time Fleurange also regained her self-possession, though slowly, and her first sensation was a kind of terror. "O dear friends! why did I leave you?" she cried, with a feeling analogous to that of one in the midst of a tempest, longing for the security of land. She felt the need of protection even more than at Paris with want staring her in the face, and more than ever did her isolation and weakness make her afraid. She wiped away her tears, folded her hands, and endeavored to reflect calmly, but it was beyond her power to be calmed yet. Her surprise and agitation had been, this time, too violent. In spite of all her efforts, the accents still ringing in her ears filled her with an acute, almost painful joy, which pierced her heart like a sword.

"No, no, I must not dwell on it," she said, clasping her forehead with her hands as if to stay the current of her thoughts.

All at once a new idea occurred to her: "What will he tell his mother? What would she think? Would she be proud, haughty, and disdainful as she sometimes knew how to be? Would she order her new companion to leave her at once? What was to be the result?"

She was taking this new view of her position when Barbara, without the usual formality of knocking, came rushing in with the eager air of a person who brings news and a message.

"Mademoiselle Gabrielle," she said, "the princess has sent me to inform you of the count's arrival, and that there will be a great many at dinner. She wishes you to look your best."

This message, in the midst of Fleurange's reflections, was like cold water on a furnace, causing a kind of effervescence, and the confusion of her thoughts became more inextricable than ever. She looked at Barbara as if she did not comprehend her.

"You were asleep, perhaps," said she, noticing the young girl's pallor and bewildered look. "Are you ill?"

This question suggested an affirmative reply, and she told the servant she would be obliged to remain in her room. She was congratulating herself on this happy means of escape, when Barbara explained:

"Remain in your room! Sick! Well, what an idea! And on a day like this!—Madame would be pleased!—Come, mademoiselle, you know well she would never consent to it!"

"But if my head aches so I can hardly raise it?" said Fleurange.

Barbara looked at her. Fleurange was not deceiving her. She had a headache; she was very pale, and there was an unusual expression in her eyes and face, but she was no less beautiful than usual; rather the contrary.

"Come, Mademoiselle Gabrielle, you are not very ill, I know," said Barbara. "Make an effort, otherwise you may be sure the princess will be up here, and then you will have to yield."

This perspective reduced Fleurange to immediate submission.

"Then, Barbara," she said, in a tone half plaintive and half impatient, "let her tell me what to wear! Dress!—If she only knew how I detest it!"

"Come, mademoiselle, there are many others who would be glad to be in your place," said Barbara in an ill humored tone. [355]

At first she was very much opposed to all her mistress' generosity to Fleurange, but she soon softened, for the latter had a means of conciliating her which she often made use of, and always at a seasonable time.

"Here, Barbara, take this shawl. You may keep it. Come back in an hour, and tell me what the princess wishes me to wear. That is always the shortest way, and saves me the trouble of deciding."

Barbara went away, but reappeared in an hour, bringing a dress of sky-blue gauze and some silver pins.

"Here, mademoiselle, is your toilet for to-day. Dress yourself quick; I am going to help you. Let me arrange your hair.—There!—These bright pins have a fine effect in your black hair. Now your dress, quick. The princess is already in the salon. Monsieur le Comte also, and a great many others. You will be late.—Come, what are you thinking of, Mademoiselle Gabrielle, to sit down instead of completing your toilet?"

Fleurange was indeed at once agitated and confused. She walked to and fro in her chamber, sat down, and rose up without any attention to the appeals addressed her. At length she resigned herself to let Barbara dress her as she pleased, and the latter, with a natural taste for the art, acquitted herself so well that, when the young girl, with a trembling hand, opened the door of the salon, hoping to glide in unperceived among the numerous guests already assembled, there was a general murmur of admiration. This added a mortal embarrassment to her trouble.

If any one had asked her the color of her dress she could not have told; but the idea suddenly occurred to her that Barbara had perhaps arranged her hair and dress in a different and more becoming way than usual, and she blushed, wondering what the princess would think of her unaccustomed display.

But the princess did not appear to take any notice of her. Standing in the centre of the room in the richest of dresses, she was doing the honors of the house with her usual ease. All at once

Fleurange heard her name called: "Gabrielle!" It was the princess who beckoned to her. Fleurange approached, but a mist veiled her eyes, for she had seen from the first that Count George was beside his mother.

"My bracelet is unclasped. Fasten it, Gabrielle," said the princess in her usual tone, at once kind and patronizing. Fleurange bent down and clasped the bracelet.

"George," said the princess, "this is Gabrielle of whom I have often spoken to you. Gabrielle, this is my son."

George bowed without attempting to speak. Fleurange did the same, but a painful sensation made the blood rush to her face. For the first time in her life, she felt tacitly guilty of a falsehood, or at least of deception, and, though comforted by the certainty the princess had no suspicion of what had taken place two hours before, a flash of haughty displeasure escaped from her eyes as she raised them and turned away her head.

Count George looked at her attentively for an instant, then became thoughtful, and it was only with an effort he took any part in the conversation at table. But in the evening, thanks to the Marquis Adelardi, whose friendship he valued and whose mind was in sympathy with his, he became more animated, and in his turn shone almost as much as his brilliant interlocutor; but he did not approach Fleurange, and did not even seem once to look towards her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## ART AND RELIGION.

God reveals himself to all the faculties of the soul. We not only know him as truth; we also love him as beauty. As he is infinite truth, so is he perfect beauty. Without the existence of God as absolute truth, science is impossible. Science, which is co-ordinated knowledge, can never be well grounded unless it rest upon the eternal and first cause, which is God. God as truth is at the bottom of all knowledge; as beauty, he is the ideal present to the soul in every conception of art.

Art is the expression of ideal beauty under a created form. The philosopher, in his meditations, seeks the true, which he translates into formulas; the artist in his impassioned love seeks the beautiful, which he makes to live on canvas, to breathe in marble, to speak from the living page.

The end of art is not to imitate nature. On the contrary, in the presence of natural beauty it looks beyond to the type, the idea of a still higher beauty. Hence the artist is not a mere copier of nature; for he is enamored of an ideal that disgusts him with all that he beholds in the real world. The aim and despair of his life is to give to this ideal a form and a sensible expression. Ideal beauty is that which disenchant the soul of the love of every created thing, and which in the presence of reality lifts it up to a higher love. It is a gleam from the face of God reflected through the blue heavens, the starry sky, or whatever in nature is grand or beautiful. It is the eternal allurements and eternal disenchantment of the noblest souls. True beauty is ideal beauty, and ideal beauty is a reflection of the infinite. Hence art, which aims to give expression to this beauty, is essentially religious, and tends to elevate the soul from earth to heaven, and bear it away toward the infinite.

It is the ideal side of natural beauty that gives to it its religious power.

The view of the beautiful in nature creates in us a longing for heaven, because the image of God is reflected from all those objects which so inspire the soul. When, in the spring-time we seat ourselves on the border of a lake in whose tranquil waters, as in a vast mirror, are reflected the green woods and the laughing meadows, the trees and the plants and the flowers; into whose bosom the rippling waters of rill and rivulet are flowing, all joyous like children that run to meet their gentle mother, whilst the quiet winds whisper to one another from leaf to leaf, as if afraid to dispel the enchantment of the spot—does not, in such an hour, a mysterious solitude creep over the soul, and free it from the distracting thoughts of life, giving it power to raise itself on the wings of contemplation to the very throne of God? The sight of true beauty always reminds us of heaven. Seated on the border of that enchanted lake, man grows sad and thoughtful, a sweet melancholy takes hold of him, because he has caught a glimpse of home, but is still an exile. When, on a summer's evening, the sun has sunk to rest, and not a breath creeps through the rosy air, but all nature is bowed in silent prayer, and the stars come out one by one, the guardians of the night—in this heavenliest hour, who has not been impressed by a sense of the infinite, the unmistakable presence of God, before whom heaven and earth, "from the high host of stars to the lulled lake and mountain coast," grow still, absorbed in adoration?

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There is also in the grand and rugged scenes of nature an immense religious power.

The ocean, the desert, high mountains and mighty rivers, storm and darkness, with the voice of thunder and the lightning flash, all speak of God, and in their presence man bows in homage to the omnipotence of his Creator. Hence the child of nature, however rude and imperfect his idea of God, is essentially religious in his aspirations.

Man must isolate himself and become absorbed in his own abstract and empty thoughts before he can lose consciousness of the ever-abiding presence of the Creator. For every creature is a revelation of heaven to the human soul, reminding it of its origin and high destiny. If nature leads us to God, why may not art have the same power, since both are expressions of the same eternal beauty?

Before considering this question, we wish to advert to the immense power and universal influence of art.

Few can enter into the sanctuary of science—even the rudest mind when brought in contact with ideal beauty by the creative power of art—but feel its force and its inspiration. Art is the most lasting of national glories. Indeed, we may say that without art there is no glory either national or individual.

The greatest deeds and the proudest names sink back in death unless art embalm them in poetry or in song, give them immortality on the speaking canvas or in the breathing marble.

Brave men lived before Agamemnon, but they are forgotten, for their names never shone on the poet's page. Those nations are most glorious in which art attained its highest development.

The muse of Homer, the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the chisel of Phidias, have done more to immortalize Greece than the deeds of her proud heroes. The greatest human actions are in themselves but little removed from the commonplace affairs of everyday life; but the creative power of art transforms them and invests them with a charm which the reality never possessed. The primeval forests of Kentucky, in the day when its name was the "dark and bloody ground," witnessed many a deed of human daring and of warlike prowess equal to those of Achilles and Hector under the walls of Troy; but art with its celestial wand never transfigured those deeds on the poet's page, and they are forgotten, buried with the leaves that overshadowed them. The life of man is short, even that of a nation is not long; but art dies not, and has moreover the divine power of conferring immortality upon all that it touches. Shakespeare is worth more to the glory of England than all the victories of all her generals. Dante, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, with

innumerable other names which represent the highest artistic power, have made Italy the consecrated land of poetry and of song, the home of beauty and of all loveliness—the native country of the soul.

Time alone, which is the approver of all things, can give to art its full power, and it is only when we consider it in the past that we become aware of its great influence in the history of the human race. The present is always a vulgar time; too real to be beautiful. The present is the slave of power and wealth, but these soon disappear, and art remains for ever. The first impulse in the movement which has carried the European mind to its present state of enlightenment was given by art in conjunction with religion. The study of the Grecian and Roman models, in poetry, in eloquence, and in architecture, fired the nations of Europe with a love of artistic perfection, and consequently greatly contributed to our present civilization. The historic power of art is in some respects greater than that of history itself. Few men know history as a science—the masses are brought into contact with the heroes of the past by poetry and by song.

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Has God, who has given to art a universal mission in the development of man's moral and intellectual nature, banished its elevating influence from the sphere of religion? It would be foreign to our present scope to discuss the actual and possible perversions of art. There is naught on earth so holy that the free will of man may not turn it to evil. The fact that a thing may be abused simply proves that it has a right and proper use. The abuse comes from the free agency of man; the use is the mission given by God, which is always holy and elevated.

The direct aim of art is the expression of infinite beauty under a created form, and hence a true work of art should elevate the soul to the contemplation of heavenly beauty. This contemplation of the divine ideal disenchants us of the things of earth; which truth is expressed by the old proverb, that there is no great genius without melancholy.

He whose soul habitually contemplates the ideal world is necessarily saddened by the reality of life, which is so infinitely beneath the elevation of his thoughts.

There is nothing sensuous in the idea of true beauty. Its property is to purify and moderate desire, not to inflame it. Hence art addresses itself less to the sense than to the soul. It seeks to awaken not desire, but sentiment. Chastity and beauty seek each other. Chastity is beautiful, and beauty is chaste.

These considerations go to show that art, the end of which is the expression of beauty, is in its tendency moral and elevating, and consequently religious.

There can, then, be no just cause of antagonism between religion and true art, as there can be no contradiction between theology and real science.

Far from being enemies, religion and art are allies. This truth the Catholic Church has ever proclaimed. She has stigmatized no one of the arts. In her universal life, she has a mission for each and every one of them. Her churches are not alone the temples of the living God—they are also the home of the arts which point heavenward.

The Christian religion in its dogmas and aspirations is essentially spiritual. The Catholic Church is the great and only successful defender of the distinction between spirit and matter. By her teachings and practices, she has rendered man more spiritual, and consequently more beautiful. By awakening him to the consciousness of the diviner and more ethereal part of his nature, she has developed in him the instinct of art, which is essentially spiritual because its soul is the ideal.

The more we meditate upon the nature of art, the more thoroughly are we convinced that true art is the sister of true religion. Protestantism, protesting against many truths, also protested against the alliance of religion and art. We speak of the Protestantism of the past; for no man knows what Protestantism is to-day. It is anything and everything, from semi-Catholicism down to naked infidelity. It has become mere individualism, and may consequently no longer be spoken of as an organization. The Protestantism which is dead objected to the alliance of religion and art because it conceived them to be of opposite nature and contrary tendency. Religion is the worship of God in spirit and in truth, and Protestantism looked upon art as purely material.

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But in this as in other matters, the Protestant view was based upon a misconception both of religion and of human nature. If man were wholly spiritual, his religion would also be purely spiritual. But matter forms part of his nature. Even that which in him is most spiritual—thought—has its sensible element. An idea is an image, whence it follows that we cannot even think without forming to ourselves a mental representation of the thing thought of. No human act can be purely spiritual. The law of our being is that we rise from the visible to the invisible, from the sensible to the supersensible. An invisible and purely spiritual religion would be to us an unreal and intangible religion. An invisible church is a contradiction in terms, and without a church there can be amongst men no authoritative religious teaching. Neither religious nor intellectual life, in our present state, can exist without language, and language addresses itself directly and primarily to the senses. It is therefore impossible for man to express the spiritual without making use of the material. Hence art, which seeks to adumbrate the infinite under a finite form, in this simply conforms to the universal law of man's nature, which in all things, even in thought, subjects him to matter.

Is not Christianity based upon this fact? Did not God take unto himself a visible and material nature in order to manifest to the world his invisible power, and beauty, and holiness? Is not the Christian religion a system of things invisible, visibly manifested? The end of religion is spiritual, but in order to attain this end it must possess a visible and material element. This fact of itself gives to art a religious mission of the highest order.



This mission is to proclaim to the world Jesus Christ and him crucified and glorified—by poetry, by song, by painting, by architecture, in a word, by every artistic creation of which genius is capable.

Jesus Christ is the beau ideal of art—the most lovely and beautiful conception of the divine mind itself. He is the visible manifestation of God, the all-beautiful.

Purity, and gentleness, and grace, with power and majesty, all combine to make him the most beautiful of the sons of woman, the fairest and the loveliest figure in all history, to whom the whole world bows in instinctive love and homage. There is a shadow on the countenance of Jesus which gives to it its artistic completeness. It is sorrow. There is something trivial in gaiety and joy which deprives them of artistic effect. The cheek of beauty is not divine except the tear of sorrow trickle down it. Hence to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified is not to preach perfect religion alone, but also the perfect ideal of art.

Christian science, which is theology, has as its object the dogmas of the church. Christian art relates directly to religious worship, but it has incidentally a doctrinal significance. If we consider eloquence an art, which we may do, for true eloquence is always artistic, we must concede that it holds a most important place in the church of Jesus Christ. He blessed eloquence and bade it convert the world when he spoke to the apostles these memorable words: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations." The divine command was to preach the Gospel, not to write it. The living word spoken by the divinely commissioned teacher has alone borne fruit in the world, converted the nations, and changed the face of the earth. Eloquence must be spoken. If you take from it its voice, you take away its soul. It is the cry of an impassioned nature, in which love, and faith, and deep-abiding conviction are enrooted. Add to this purity and holiness of life in him who speaks, and let him be in earnest, and he will be eloquent. Eloquence in the mouth of a consecrated teacher has a sacramental power. It is one of the divinely established ordinances for the propagation of religious truth, and for the conversion of a soul to God.

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Poetry, too, is consecrated to the service of religion. The muse never soars her loftiest flight except when lifted up on the wings of religious inspiration. The most poetic word in language is that brief, immense word—God. It is the sublimest, the profoundest, the holiest word that human tongue can utter. It forms the instinctive cry of the soul in the hour of every deep emotion. In the hour of victory, in the hour of death, in the ecstasy of joy, in the agony of woe, that sacred word bursts spontaneously from the human heart. It is the first word that our mother taught our infant lips to lisp, when, pointing to heaven, she told us that there was God our Father, and bade us look above this base, contagious earth. When the mother for the first time feels her first-born's breath, in tenderness of gratitude she pronounces the name of God; when in utter helplessness of woe she bends over the grave of her only child, and her heart is breaking, she can find no relief for her agonizing soul, until, raising her tearful eyes to heaven, she breathes in prayer the name of God.

When two young hearts that are one vow eternal love and fealty, it is in the name of God they do it; and the union of love loses half its poetry and half its charm except it be contracted before the altar of God and in his holy name.

When the mother sends her son to do battle for his country, she says, "God be with thee, my boy!"

When nations are marshalled in deadly array of arms, and the alarming drum foretells the danger nigh, and the trumpet's clangor sounds the charge, and contending armies meet in the death grapple, amid fire and smoke and the cannon's awful roar, until victory crowns them that win; those banners that were borne proudly on till they floated in triumph over the field of glory are gathered together in some vast temple of religion, and there an assembled nation sings aloud in thanksgiving: "We praise thee, O God! we glorify thee, O Lord!" How often has not God chosen the muse of poetry in order to convey to the world his divine doctrines! The Bible contains much of the sublimest poetry ever written. Some of the Psalms of David, portions of Job and Isaias, equal in deep and lofty poetic feeling anything that Dante or Milton wrote. And did not these privileged minds also receive their highest inspirations from religion?

We may not separate poetry from music. Music is poetry in tones. It is the language of feeling, the universal language of man. The cry of joy and of sorrow, of triumph and of despair, of ecstasy and of agony, is understood by every human being because it is the language of nature. All the deep emotions of the soul seek expression in modulation of sound.

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Cousin says: "There is physically and morally a marvellous relation between a sound and the soul. It seems as though the soul were an echo in which the sound takes a new power."

Byron, too, seems to have felt this:

"Oh! that I were  
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
A living voice, a breathing harmony;  
A bodiless enjoyment, born and dying  
With the blest Tone that made me!"

At the awakening call of music, the universal harmonies of nature stir within the soul. The ancients were wont to say that he who cultivates music imitates the divinity, and St. Augustine tells us that it was the sweet sound of psalmody which made the lives of the monks of old so beautiful and harmonious. God is eternal harmony, and the works of his hand are harmonious, and his great precept to men is that they live in harmony. Did not Jesus Christ come into the

world amid the choral song of angels? Would you, then, banish music from the church of Jesus? No art has such power as music to draw the soul toward the infinite. It would seem as though the sounds of melody were the viewless spirits of heaven, calling us away from earth to our true home in the mansion of our Father. Whosoever has enjoyed the rare privilege of being present in the Sistine Chapel, during Holy Week, when the melodies of Leo, Durante, and Pergolesi, on the *Miserere*, are sung, has felt the immense power of religious music. For a moment, at least, he has quitted this earth, and the voice of song has borne his soul in ineffable ecstasy to the very throne of God. As music develops religious sentiment, so religion gives to music its sublimest themes. To her, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart owe their divinest inspirations.

Painting, too, asks to be received into the temple of religion. What sentiment is there that the painter cannot express? All nature is subject to his command—the physical world and the moral world. His muse soars from earth to heaven, and contemplates all that lies between them. Above all, the human countenance divine, that mirror of the soul, belongs to the painter. His brush, dipped in the light of heaven, gives to virtue its own celestial hue; to vice, its inborn hideousness. He expresses every emotion of the human heart, every noble love, every lofty aspiration, every dark and baneful passion. Aristotle, the most comprehensive mind of the pagan world, affirms that painting teaches the same precepts of moral conduct as philosophy, with this advantage, that it employs a shorter method. Christian painting began in the Catacombs. In the rude pictures of that subterranean world we find the chief doctrines of Christianity reduced to their most simple expression under forms the most touching.

Painting there represents the Phoenix rising from its ashes, emblem of the immortality of the soul and of the resurrection of the body; the good shepherd bearing upon his shoulders the lost sheep, which teaches with touching simplicity one of the most beautiful of our Lord's parables; the three youths in the fiery furnace, signifying the providence of God for those who fear and love him; Pharaoh and his hosts engulfed in the Red Sea, proclaiming to the faithful that God is the avenger of those who put their trust in him. These and similar subjects were peculiarly adapted to inspire courage in the hearts of the Christians of the first ages, when to be a follower of the cross was to be a hero.

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As men of genius and learning by their life-long labors show us the divine beauties and perfections in the character of Jesus in new bearings, so the art of painting throws around his history an intenser light. His divinity is as manifest in the "Transfiguration" of Raphael as in the famous sermon of Massillon. His ineffable sufferings on Mount Calvary and the Godlike power which consented to death, but conquered agony, are as vividly and feelingly portrayed on the canvas of Rubens as in the unequalled and inimitable discourse of Bourdaloue. No one can look upon the "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci without being inspired with a most sublime conception of that holiest event. Can we think of the passion and death of the Saviour without forming to ourselves a mental image corresponding to the scene? If, after all, we must have a picture, why not take that of genius rather than trust to our own tame plebeian fancy? And then, for those who cannot read or meditate profoundly, for the poor whom Jesus loved, what master is like painting?

St. Basil declares that painters accomplish as much by their pictures as orators by their eloquence.

The church as a lecture-room will interest only the cultivated few; the church as the temple of art sanctified by religion is the home of worship for the multitude.

Religion, if it be anything, must be popular, which science can never be, and which art always is. Then, in the name of the religion of the poor, let architecture advance to raise to God the temple of majesty and beauty, the democratic palace of the people, where the prince and the beggar sit side by side as brothers, a basilica prouder and loftier than that of the sceptred monarch.

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## A FETE-DAY AT LYONS.

Some writer has remarked that "there is no purgatory in France," meaning thereby to illustrate the great extremes of piety and irreligion in the national character; and, although on a broad ground this assertion is by no means orthodox, yet it is practically true to a certain extent, and nowhere perhaps are these traits more noticeable to a stranger than in the time-honored city of Lyons. Here faith and disbelief walk side by side through all grades of society, each stronger and more resolute from its very proximity to the other; and when the tide of revolution swept over France, nowhere have the excesses been greater or religion more monstrosly profaned than here; and yet nowhere has faith been more profound, more edifying, and more uncompromising. The blood of its early Christian martyrs has been a wonderful leaven and has worked well, and the thousands of pilgrims who yearly tread the heights of Fourrière, the extraordinary solemnity and fervor of the exterior devotions and religious ceremonies, show that there is a countercurrent stronger and more powerful than any opposing force that infidelity can bring to bear against it. [363]

It is to give a few impressions made by these latter characteristics of this old city that we now recall some reminiscences of a visit there several years ago. The antiquity of Lyons, and its many monuments of interest, are quite sufficient to induce a traveller to linger on his route, and a week can be easily filled in exploring the city proper and its environs.

Like many of the European cities, its streets are narrow, and the houses high and badly ventilated; but a great change has taken place in regard to these defects within the last ten years, and a renovation without mutilation has opened its thoroughfares, adorned it with beautiful squares, fine bridges, broad and handsome quays, and placed it on an equal footing with any city in Europe in regard to its sanitary advantages.

Dating as far back as the Christian era and beyond, there are many remnants of its Roman origin yet to be seen, which have been carefully preserved through its various vicissitudes. Christianity was here planted in blood; and under the Roman emperors, three persecutions of Christians took place, which numbered forty-five thousand martyrs on their crimson pages; and this is why faith has taken such deep root, and why it opposes itself so firmly to those subtle influences of the day which threaten to endanger a birthright so dearly bought.

To us Americans who are only familiar with Lyons in its commercial bearings, and from the superior quality of its manufactures which find their way into our market, the fact that its inhabitants are a lettered as well as a business people is rather a matter of surprise; and we gaze in wonder at its magnificent buildings, devoted to the fine arts, its lyceums, colleges, academies of science, schools and institutions of every kind for instruction and the development of the finer tastes; and the riddle is solved by knowing that their manufactures, their commerce, their business, occupy only a part of their lives, and by no means constitute the sum total, as is so nearly the case in this country. This repose is very attractive to us Cisatlantic people, who lead such restless lives; and the lovely summer days that we spent in the old city enjoying this tranquillity are never to be forgotten.

We were awaiting the celebration of the *Fête du Saint Sacrament*,<sup>[75]</sup> which is usually kept with so much solemnity in the provinces. On the eve of the feast we made the ascent of Mont Fourrière, though not in the garb of humble pilgrims, "with sandal shoon and scallop-shell," but in the more commonplace character of sightseers from the Western World, attracted to this height by the far-famed shrine which crowns its summit, and by the many historic associations that cluster round it.

On our way up we visited a cemetery which almost hangs by the mountain-side, and from which there are lovely views in every direction. It made a strange impression, this city of the dead, so far above the noise and clatter of the busy world below. It was so still, nothing broke the silence except our footsteps along the gravelled walks. One tomb especially attracted our attention: it was fairly buried and hidden by the quantity of fresh flowers, and the crosses and wreaths of immortelles which covered it. While wondering who could be the silent occupant of a grave so much loved, a lady approached in deep widow's mourning, leading two little children, clad in the same sombre hue. They came and knelt at the tomb. Our question was answered, and we moved silently away, sorry for even the momentary intrusion we had been guilty of. Near the cemetery is the church of St. Irenée, which contains the bones of 18,500 Christians, martyred by order of Septimius Severus, 193 A.C. The remains of its ancient crypt are also shown, which dates back to the second century. There is also a well in this crypt, in which it is said these bones were found. The roughly paved road then leads up to the Chapel,<sup>[76]</sup> and Terrace of Notre Dame de Fourrière. We found we were just in time for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which was given here every afternoon during the Triduum which preceded the feast. [364]

This little chapel was not remarkable either for its architectural finish nor for the richness and perfection of its ornamentation; it is plain, very plain indeed, but the marvellous number of its *ex-votos*, the gilt and silver hearts which actually burnish its walls, the crutches and other instruments suggestive of disease which hang around, tell of the moral and physical burdens which have been brought here and left, and of the weary, sorrowing souls who have wandered up this rocky height, who have made their deposit, and returned singing alleluias.

“There is one far shrine I remember  
In the years that have fled away,  
Where the grand old mountains are guarding  
The glories of night and day.

\* \* \* \* \*

“It is one of Our Lady’s chapels,  
And though poorer than all the rest  
Just because of the sin and the sorrow,  
I think she loved it the best.

“There are no rich gifts on the altar,  
The shrine is humble and bare,  
Yet the poor, and the sick, and the tempted  
Think their home and their haven is there.”<sup>[77]</sup>

A fine terrace is just at the side of the chapel, and the view magnificent from the parapet which guards its eastern face. Just beneath lies Lyons in all its stateliness, traversed by two superb rivers from north to south, and prominent among its most striking points is the grand old Cathedral of St. Jean, which stands directly at the base of the mountain.

The surrounding country is a succession of lovely landscapes, and beyond, looking far away, a hundred miles off into Switzerland, the glorious Alps, with Mont Blanc’s snowy peak towering far above all, bound the horizon. We were fortunate in getting this view in perfection, for frequently a veil of mist and fog shuts out entirely this latter part of the tableau. On ascending the belfry of the chapel, we found the panorama yet more extended and enchanting. In every direction the views were entirely unbroken and uninterrupted. Seven rich provinces of France unfolded their scenery before our delighted eyes. At the extreme edge of the southern horizon rose Mont Pilat; at the west, the mountains of Forey and Auvergne; toward the north, Mont d’Or; and on the east, the Alps, in their eternal mantle of snow, completed a picture that could not be surpassed. Every prominence had caught the golden light of the sinking sun, and the shadows that had crept into the valleys only enhanced the coloring of the scene and made the effect more striking.

A Jesuit college, with its garden and appurtenances, is an appendant on the southern side of the terrace, and we crossed over to take a peep at their chapel, well knowing the good taste and exquisite finish which are usually displayed in their churches. There we found them also holding a Triduum, and, their service being a little later than that of the other chapel, we had the pleasure of attending Benediction a second time. Here the music was delightful and the chapel a gem. It was very small, and seemed to be lit entirely from the altar, which was ablaze with wax-lights and natural flowers; there appeared to be no external light to enter at all, and yet from its miniature size none of its details were lost, and, with the accessories of the solemn service then going on, it was the embodiment of beauty and inspiration.

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When we turned our footsteps downward, the shadow’s had lengthened, and were fast creeping out of the valleys, and by the time we reached home the heights of Fourrière, which we still had in sight, were shrouded in gloom.

The next morning we were awakened by the booming of cannon, which announced the inauguration of the *fête*.

We hurried through breakfast, so as to reach the cathedral in time for the procession. In the square opposite our hotel, an altar had been erected, and we passed several others on our way, but their decorations, at this early hour, were not quite complete.

Everything wore a festive look, and everybody was out in holiday attire, flags and banners were flying, and the façades of some of those immensely high houses were festooned from top to bottom with crimson and yellow hangings. One building in especial was very effective; it was the Palais de Justice, which is on the right bank of the Saône, and which we faced in crossing the bridge to the cathedral. Its extended front of Corinthian pillars was draped in crimson cloth, which contrasted finely with the gray stone of which it was built. A little to its left is the old cathedral, stately and grand in its sombre livery of centuries. It has seen generations pass away, emperors and empires, kingdoms and kings, and yet it stands to-day intact, and ready to do duty for another hundred years, unless demolished by the sacrilegious hand of the iconoclast of the nineteenth century.

On reaching the *place* in front of the cathedral, we found a large crowd awaiting the procession. In a short time the sound of martial music was heard, and presently several officers rode up on horseback to open a passage through the crowd.

The procession was escorted by a troop of cavalry and military band, and preceded by a number of lovely children, dressed in white, with silver wings, their hair flowing, and scattering flowers as they passed along. As it entered the church, the organ pealed forth, filling the vast aisles with its magnificent harmony. Then Pontifical High Mass began, in all the grandeur of the especial ritual which is attached to this church, and which is the oldest in France, having been introduced here by one of the first bishops of Lyons; the liturgy is also different from that ordinarily used, and the ceremonies are of the most imposing character. The band, placed in a remote part of the church, played at intervals during the service, and the harsh and deafening sounds which are usually the result of brass instruments in a close building were lost in the immense space, and only the sweetest strains swept up through the nave and aisles.

In like manner the glare of day fell through the richly stained windows in a mellow and subdued light, which diffused itself generally over the church.

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A very pleasant American writer<sup>[78]</sup> has said: "If we could only bring one thing back from Europe, that one thing would be a cathedral." And truly these old monuments have a prestige to which persons of all creeds must pay tribute; and the veriest scoffer lifts his hat with reverence as he enters, and feels the influence of that wonderful atmosphere which pervades their hallowed precincts. After Mass we prolonged our walk home to see the decorations of the city. The altars were now entirely finished, and dressed with a profusion of natural flowers.

In the afternoon the procession passed round the city in a line with the altars, at each of which benediction was given. In their liturgy there are four special hymns for each of these stations or *repositoires*, and, when the latter exceed that number, the chants are repeated until they have all been visited. There is generally one altar in each ward or district of the city, to satisfy the pious devotion of those who cannot attend service at the church.

In the evening illuminations and fireworks completed the festivities of the day—of a day whose minutest detail showed how true "*the Rome of Gaul*" had been to the colors which she unfurled nearly seventeen hundred years ago on the ramparts of paganism.

Since then I have seen other *fêtes* in other lands, but none have left the impression of the first which I saw inaugurated in the old Cathedral of St. Jean, under the shadow of Mont Fourrière.

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# HOW THE CHURCH UNDERSTANDS AND UPHOLDS THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

## THIRD ARTICLE. THE MIDDLE AGES.

The middle ages were undoubtedly the epoch during which the influence of woman upon the gravest affairs and most important issues in the history of the church was most widely exercised. There was hardly a single country in Europe that was evangelized and reclaimed from social barbarism without the direct intervention of the power of women, and wherever the inevitable excesses of a system in the main both useful and honorable, such as the feudalism of the middle ages, had to be checked or corrected, it was always done through the merciful intercession of holy and generous women. To begin with the country whose daughters have ever been foremost in zeal for the cause of religion, France, we have a long list of queens whose names are conspicuous in the annals of church history. They were no less honored in their own day than they have been since the voice of the faithful has proclaimed them saints. When the French monarchy was in its first military and elementary stages, the young Frankish conqueror, the heathen Clovis, who had just forced the ancient Gauls of the province of Rheims to bow before his power, found at the court of Gondebaud, King of Burgundy, the niece of that prince, Clotildis, a Christian maiden, renowned for her learning in matters of theology, and for her undaunted stand against the Arianism of her uncle's court. St. Gregory of Tours, says Ventura,<sup>[79]</sup> represents her as evincing the most varied and reliable knowledge of Christianity, and especially of the questions at that time lately decided at the Council of Nicæa. She knew equally how to combat paganism on her husband's part and Arianism upon her uncle's, and displayed all the self-possession of a great apologist, with the theological science of a doctor of the church. This was as early as the year 493, not long after Clovis won the great battle of Tolbiac against the Alemanni, and became a Christian, according to his vow, made during the engagement, to the "Son of the living God, thou whom Clotildis worships." The queen then sent for St. Remigius, the Bishop of Rheims, to instruct and baptize her husband. She instructed the women of her court and family herself, and showed herself most zealous in the propagation of the faith. The ceremony of baptism, and the anointing of the king which followed it, were performed, by the queen's care, with extraordinary solemnity. She herself walked in the procession between the king's two sisters, the one formerly a pagan, the other an Arian. The first, the Princess Albofleda, renounced the world and consecrated her virginity to God, thus giving a first example to the numerous royal maidens of France who have since left the court for the cloister. Clotildis so fired her husband's heart with her holy enthusiasm that he built and endowed the church of SS. Peter and Paul in Paris, now called St. Genevieve in honor of the sainted shepherdess who, later on, shared with Clotildis herself the title of patroness of France. Clovis was afterwards buried in this church. The Visigoths and Burgundians, who were Arians, were shamed into less inhuman ways by the example and widespread influence of the victorious Clovis and his Christian warriors; the foundations of the great French monarchy were laid by the evident desire of the neighboring tribes to coalesce with the Franks; the future Catholic monarchy of Spain was consecrated by the heroic zeal and suffering of Clotildis the younger, the only daughter of Clovis, married to the Arian Amalaric, King of the Visigoths, in Spain, and the mitigation of many lawless and still half-barbarian acts during the reigns of her sons was successfully undertaken; so that it may be said with truth of this period of history that its chief glory was the supremacy of woman. Clotildis died at Tours, where for many years she had lived in solitude and humility, entirely ignoring her high rank, and employing her influence over her sons in exhortations to preserve the peace of their respective kingdoms, to protect the poor, and to treat them as brethren. But great as her services to religion and civilization had been, the church was not destined to suffer by her death, for a long succession of imitators of her virtues took her place from century to century, and protected the interests of that church whose champions cannot fail her as long as principle and honor exist in the world. Radegundes, the daughter of Bertarius, King of Thuringia, and the captive of King Clotaire I. (fourth son of St. Clotildis), was instructed in the Christian faith at the court of the latter, whom she afterwards married. Her great delight during the short period of her court life was the care of the sick in the hospital of Athies, which she had founded, and the alleviation of the miseries of the poor. She endeavored to restrain the lawlessness of the court; but, when her husband caused her brother to be treacherously assassinated, as Butler tells us,<sup>[80]</sup> in order to possess his kingdom of Thuringia, she was so grieved at the time that she begged for leave to retire into a monastery. Here her influence was greater than it had been at court. The great abbey of Poitiers was founded and the first abbess, Agnes, chosen by her. She enriched the church of this monastery with numerous gifts, and sent ambassadors to the Emperor Justin of Constantinople to obtain a relic of the True Cross. This being given her, she had it placed in a shrine, to which it was carried in solemn procession. She had already invited to Poitiers many learned and holy men, among others the orator and poet Venantius Fortunatus, who on this occasion composed the famous processional hymn "Vexilla Regis Prodeunt," which is now one of the most prominent features of our liturgy. Thus, to a woman's inspiration do we owe one of the hymns of world-wide renown, synonymous with the name and practice of Catholic Christianity. Butler tells us that Radegundes herself was a good scholar, and read both the Latin and Greek fathers. She procured for her monastery the rule and constitution of St. Cesarius of Arles, and had it confirmed by the Council of Tours, assembled 566. Here again, in the letter of Cesaria, the abbess of the monastery of St. John, at Arles, we have a most remarkable instance of the great discernment and prudence of a woman in her management of a numerous community. She gives

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the strictest cautions against all familiarities and partiality in a religious community, and also enjoins that each nun should learn the Psalter by heart and be able to read well. Biblical learning is thus proved to have been ever foremost in the minds of the pioneers of monasticism. But Radegundes, so great was her anxiety to make her monastery of Poitiers a perfect work, repaired to Arles herself, and studied the rule personally for some time, in order to help the Abbess Agnes in establishing it the more effectually. After the death of her husband, and during the shameful disturbances caused by the famous Fredegonda, the mistress of Chilperic, Radegundes became once more the support of orthodoxy and of the persecuted bishops of the realm. Among other proofs of the high esteem in which prominent churchmen held this great woman, let us cite the letter addressed to her by the assembled bishops of the Council of Tours, wherein they say: "We are rejoiced, most reverend daughter, to see such an example of divine favor repeated in your person; for the faith flourishes anew through the efforts of your zeal, and what had been languishing through the wintry coldness of the indifference of this age, lives again through the fervor of your soul. But as you claim as a birthplace almost the same spot whence St. Martin came, it is no wonder that you should imitate in your work his example and teaching. Shining with the light of his doctrine, you fill with heavenly conviction the hearts of those who listen to you."<sup>[81]</sup>

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The tradition of constant faith and resolute orthodoxy on the part of the queens of France was upheld in the century following that of Radegundes (the seventh), by Bathildis, the wife of Clovis II.; the friend of Eligius, Bishop of Noyon, and of Owen, Bishop of Rouen. Both of these had been placed in responsible positions at court through the influence of Radegundes—the co-operator of Genis, the holy almoner, who subsequently became Archbishop of Lyons, and the wielder of great power through the complaisance of her husband. Bathildis was pre-eminently the support of the episcopate and the refuge of the poor. She had herself been a captive, being by birth an Englishwoman, and having fallen to the lot of Erchinoald, the first officer of the King of Neustria, who treated her very kindly. Ventura says of her: "At the death of her husband, having been entrusted with the regency of the kingdom and the guardianship of her three little children, the oldest only five years old, she acquitted herself of this double office with such wisdom and prudence that even the great nobles and statesmen could not withhold their admiration and respect. With such counselors as the holy bishops Eligius, Owen, and Leger, it is not astonishing that she should have succeeded in banishing from the church in France the shameful simony which, through royal connivance, had hitherto dishonored it, and abolishing in civil matters the unjust and vexatious taxes that were grinding down the people. She multiplied hospitals, monasteries, and abbeys. The famous monastery of Chelles owes its origin to her.... But the most important of all her foundations was that of Corbie, which afterwards became so celebrated in France, and where this queen, as zealot for the propagation of science as for the strengthening of religion, established under able masters, gathered from all parts of the world, a system of the most complete literary and scientific education. This monastery, next to that of Lerins, was a true university and a centre of enlightenment. The regency of this woman renewed the glories and wonders of the reign of Pulcheria. Never had sovereign so exerted herself for the welfare of her people, both religiously, scientifically, and politically. But her greatest glory, which has not been sufficiently recognized, was ... that, contrary to the cold calculations of a false philosophy, she dared to do what no man had done before her. She abolished slavery in France (where it still subsisted), and was the first Christian sovereign who proclaimed as a national principle ... that a slave becomes free on setting his foot on the soil of France!"<sup>[82]</sup>

Between Bathildis and Blanche of Castille, from the seventh to the thirteenth centuries, there was no lack of holy and learned women in France, but it would be impossible to enumerate them all. "The mother of St. Louis, though the church has never formally canonized her, stands out as one of the grandest figures in ecclesiastical history. Her stern and unflinching devotion to religious principle, instilled early into the mind of her son, sowed the seeds of sanctity in the exceptional life of that holy king. Her talents were no less remarkable than her austerity. Her marriage at the age of fourteen with Louis VIII., King of France, gave her the high position to which her birth, her genius, and her beauty entitled her. This union was the model of Christian marriages, and her historian, the Baron Chaillon, says that during the twenty-six years it lasted she and her husband were never separated for a single instant, and that not the slightest shadow darkened the serenity of their intercourse. Even at an early age and before her husband's accession to the throne, her father-in-law, Philip Augustus, did not refuse to take and follow her advice in matters of state importance."<sup>[83]</sup> At her husband's death she became, by his desire, regent of the kingdom. Ever eager to put her son's personal prestige foremost, she carefully initiated him into the affairs of the realm, and accustomed him early to appear in his royal character in public. She wisely averted the ever-impending coalitions of the great vassals of the crown against the royal authority. She continued the war against the Albigenses, whose dissensions were ruining the kingdom; she obtained the annexation of the territory of the Counts of Toulouse to the crown, and quelled the revolt of the Duke of Brittany, who ended by gladly recognizing his fealty to her son. When she committed to Gauthier, the Archbishop of Sens, the mission of treating for the hand of Margaret of Provence for the young king, these were the severe instructions she gave him: Only to propose the marriage formally after he had well studied the character of the young princess, and had well satisfied himself as to the stability of her principles, the purity of her life, and the sincerity of her religion. Butler, in his life of St. Louis, says of the queen: "By her care, Louis was perfectly master of the Latin tongue, learned to speak in public, and to write with elegance, grace, and dignity, and was instructed in the art of war, the wisest maxims of government, and all the accomplishments of a king. He was also a good historian, and often read the works of the Fathers." Thus it will be seen that, without departing

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from the strictest feminine delicacy, a woman may be the sole responsible preceptor of a statesman and warrior, and yet leave no stain of "petticoat government" on his education, nor any suspicion of undue asceticism on his belief.

Concerning the dissensions of the nobles and vassals who refused to be present at the young king's coronation, Butler says: "The queen regent put herself and her son at the head of his troops, and, finding means to bring over the Count of Champagne to his duty, struck the rest with such consternation that they all retired.... The whole time of the king's minority was disturbed by these rebels, but the regent, by several alliances and negotiations, and chiefly by her courage and diligence, by which she always prevented them in the field, continually dissipated their cabals." Of the negotiations with the Count of Toulouse, a dangerous and powerful vassal, Butler gives these details: "In the third year of her regency, she obliged Raymund, Count of Toulouse and Duke of Narbonne, to receive her conditions, which were that he should marry his daughter Jane to Alphonsus, the king's brother, who should inherit the county of Toulouse, and that, in case they should have no children by this marriage, the whole inheritance should revert to the crown, which last eventually happened." The same author says of Margaret of Provence "that she surpassed her sisters in beauty, wit, and virtue." In 1242, after the majority and marriage of her son, Blanche founded the monastery of Maubuisson. Louis was remarkable for the even-handed justice with which he protected the serfs against the encroachment of their feudal lords, and on one occasion refused to allow Mgr. Enguerrand de Coucy the privilege of being tried by his peers, and condemned him to death by the ordinary process of law, for having arbitrarily hanged three children who had been caught hunting rabbits in his woods. He afterwards spared his life, but deprived him of all his estates and exacted from him an enormous fine, which he employed in building and endowing a mortuary chapel where Mass should be offered every day for the souls of the murdered children. The rest of the fine was divided into several foundations for hospitals and monasteries. In 1248, St. Louis, according to a vow he had made in sickness, set out for the crusade against the Sultan of Egypt, leaving his mother once more regent of France. Ventura says of her during this second regency that, "being in France in the body, yet in the East in spirit, and following mentally her heroic son in his dangerous undertaking, she seemed to multiply herself. Entirely absorbed in the care of the home government of a great kingdom, that she might make justice, order, and peace supreme therein, she was also participating none the less entirely in the great struggle between the Cross and the Crescent, ... and it is impossible to entertain a correct idea of the wisdom, forethought, and activity of which Blanche, during those five years, gave proof, thus being enabled to send aid in kind, in arms, and in money, to the army in the East, yet without taxing and unduly oppressing the people at home. Thus she did not neglect the smallest details in order to assure the success of an expedition in which the rational honor of France as well as the triumph of Christianity was engaged." Ventura then goes on to remind the would-be "emancipators" of woman that, throughout her arduous duties, Queen Blanche, notwithstanding her immense governing powers and her proud experience of fifty years, did not hesitate to take as a trusted friend and counsellor the learned Archbishop of Sens, Gauthier-Cornu. Of this latter prelate and statesman, a contemporary historian has said, "As long as his power was in the ascendant, fraud and dishonesty hid their face, while peace and justice reigned." Blanche of Castille died before her son's return from Egypt, and hastened to pronounce her vows of monastic consecration to God before she breathed her last, on the first of December, 1252.

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We must now go back some centuries to place before our readers a fugitive account of those French princesses who exercised in Spain a true apostolate. We have already mentioned the younger Clotildis, but Indegonda, the daughter of Sigisbert, King of Austrasia, and Rigontha, the daughter of Chilperic, King of Neustria, remain to be noticed. They were married to two brothers, the former to Hermenegild, the latter to Reccared, sons of Levigild, King of the Spanish Visigoths. Indegonda suffered great persecutions from her husband's step-mother on account of her religion, the second wife of Levigild being a bigoted Arian, and it was even a long time before Hermenegild consented to become a Catholic. When at last Indegonda had obtained this happy conversion, she herself and her husband's uncle, the holy Leander of Seville, were exiled, and Hermenegild so persecuted by his father that, having been betrayed by the Greeks and deserted by the Romans, he fell a victim to Arian vengeance, and, after suffering torture and imprisonment, was cruelly put to death by order of Levigild himself. This barbarian king, however, repented his unnatural cruelty before he died, and, recalling his brother-in-law Leander, entrusted him with the care of his remaining son Reccared. Rigontha, the wife of the young prince, had suffered great injustice at the hands of her own father Chilperic, the lover of the too famous Fredegonda. She had succeeded in converting her husband, and, together with his uncle Leander, exercised a salutary influence over him. Reccared assembled the Arian bishops of his kingdom, and spoke to them so persuasively that they acknowledged themselves willing to be reconciled to the church. The province of Narbonne, at that time under his dominion, followed his example, while the neighboring tribe of the Suevi, also Arians, speedily joined the church. A council was then assembled at Toledo, and the intimate union of Spain with Catholic interests was founded on a solid and reliable basis.

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It is told as a pleasantry of some shrewd critic of modern times that, whenever he saw or heard a disturbance of any sort, his unfailing question was, "Who is she?" being certain that, whatever might be the effect, a woman was sure to be the cause. If this is unfortunately no longer a libel on the sex in this distracted century, at least we may point back to the so-called dark ages, and proudly say, with a certainty far more absolute than that of our cynical contemporary, when we read of any great consummation in the history of religion and civilization, "Who was she?"

Not long after the death of Blanche of Castille, another Spanish princess, the daughter of Peter



III. of Aragon, and the niece of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, took up the tradition of holiness, which seemed the birthright of the royal maidens of mediæval times. Her father attributed his success in his undertakings against the Moors to her prayers and early virtues. At twelve years old she was married to Denis, King of Portugal, to whom she was not only a most faithful wife, but whom she succeeded, by her meekness and silent example, in winning back from his sinful courses. She is praised by her biographers for her ascetic virtues, and for her utter disregard of her earthly rank. But what concerns us more is to look into the influence she held on social and political affairs. Among these it is impossible not to reckon her charities, for private charity has often much to do with public honesty and morality. Butler tells us that she "made it her business to seek out and secretly relieve persons of good condition who were reduced to necessity, yet out of shame durst not make known their wants. She gave constant orders to have all pilgrims and poor strangers provided with lodging and necessaries. She was very liberal in furnishing fortunes to poor young women, that they might marry according to their condition, and not be exposed to the danger of losing their virtue. She founded in different parts of the kingdom many pious establishments, particularly a hospital near her own palace at Coimbra, a house for penitent women who had been seduced into evil courses, at Torres-Novas, and a hospital for foundlings, or those children who for want of due provision are exposed to the danger of perishing by poverty or the neglect and cruelty of unnatural parents. She visited the sick and served them with her own hands, ... not that she neglected any other duties, ... for she made it her principal study to pay to her husband the most dutiful respect, love, and obedience, and bore his infidelities with invincible meekness and patience." Let us stop to note this last sentence, which no doubt by many of our chafing sisters of this age may be misunderstood. This meekness was not a want of spirit; it was the effect of "the subordination of our inferior nature to reason, and of our reason to God," as one of the most lucid and most sympathetic of American exponents of Catholic truth once expressed to the writer the whole duty of man upon earth. It was no passiveness, no supineness, but the heroic endurance of the martyr, who is more concerned at another's sin than his own wrong, and who does not consider that reprisal and resentment are efficient means to win the sinner back. When a woman stoops to retaliation, she forgets the dignity of her sex, and, if *she* forget it, who can she expect will remember it?

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We may also be allowed to say one word about the numerous foundations constantly mentioned in the lives of these great Christian women of past ages. It is perhaps the general belief that nothing but monasteries were endowed in early times. We have sufficiently shown how fallacious such belief would be. Institutions of every kind, in which Catholic ingenuity was multiplied till it embraced every need and provided for every contingency, were sown all over the Christian world. The East was not forgotten, and, indeed, even the great orders of the Templars and the Hospitallers were originally nothing but organized bodies for the defence and shelter of the pilgrims who flocked to the holy places. Such charities as tended to diminish the temptations to crime were foremost among the many originated during the middle ages. We have only to refer to history to prove this. Even had these foundations been confined to monasteries, we must remember that the conventual abodes of old united in themselves nearly all the characteristics of other institutions, and in the less favored districts virtually supplied their place. Besides being the only secure and recognized homes of learning, the solitary centres of education, they were also the refuge of the homeless or benighted wanderer; the asylum of the oppressed poor, of threatened innocence, and of unjustly accused men; the hospital of the sick, the sure dispensary of medicines to the surrounding peasantry, and the unfailing granary of the poor during troublous times or years of famine. There was hardly one want, physical or spiritual, that could not find ready relief at the monasteries of both monks and nuns, so that in founding such retreats it is no exaggeration to say that orphanage, asylum, reformatory, hospital, and school were comprised within their walls.

We must return to the great queen whose munificence has led us into this digression, and resume, as was our purpose from the beginning, the rigid relation of mere historical facts to which we more willingly entrust the cause than to the most eloquent apologies.

When Elizabeth's son, Alphonsus, revolted against his father and actually took up arms, she made the most prudent efforts to mediate between them, for which the Pope, John XXII., greatly praised her in a letter he wrote to her on the subject; but, certain enemies of hers having poisoned her husband's mind against her, he banished her to the town of Alanquer. She refused all communication with the rebels, and at last was recalled by her penitent husband. Butler says: "She reconciled her husband and son when their armies were marching one against the other, and she reduced all the subjects to duty and obedience. She made peace between Ferdinand IV., King of Castille, and Alphonsus della Corda, his cousin-german, who disputed the crown; likewise between James II., King of Aragon, her own brother, and Ferdinand IV., King of Castille, her son-in-law. In order to effect this last, she took a journey with her husband into both these kingdoms, and, to the great satisfaction of the Christian world, put a happy end to all dissensions and debates between those states." During her husband's illness, which followed soon after, Elizabeth nursed him most devotedly, and ever exhorted him to think of his spiritual welfare. Her husband's death was the end of her public career as queen—a fitting proof of the little value she placed upon the distinctions for which half the world is periodically laid in ashes. Her son, Alphonsus, and her grandson, also named Alphonsus, the young King of Castille, having again proclaimed war upon each other, Elizabeth set out to meet and reconcile them. She died on the way, in 1336, having obtained peace through her exhortations to her son, who attended her at her deathbed. Thus peace and brotherly love among princes and nations, as well as among the individuals of her own immediate circle, was ever nearest the heart of this great and admirable woman. How well it would be if she were taken as a model by the women of our day, and if her

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influence could be followed by the reward which our Lord himself attached to the noble office of peace-makers!

Turning to England, once the Island of Saints and the home of religious learning, we see the influence of woman most peremptorily asserted. There is Bertha, the daughter of Charibert, King of Paris, and wife of Ethelbert, King of Kent, whom we have already mentioned, with Brunehault, as being the apostles of the faith in England, and the zealous helpers of Gregory and Augustine. Rohrbacher says of her that she contributed mainly to the conversion of her husband and of the whole nation, and St. Lethard, her almoner and Bishop of Senlis, greatly aided her. There is Eanswide, her grand-daughter, the child of Eadbald, who was also converted later on and became abbess of the monastery at Folkestone, as Butler tells us. There is the great Edith, or Eadgith, the daughter of King Edgar, who in the tenth century was the ornament of her sex and the marvel of men. "She united," says Butler, "the active life of Martha with the contemplation of Mary, and was particularly devoted to the care of the sick. When she was but fifteen years old, her father pressed her to undertake the government of three different monasteries, of which charge she was judged most capable, such was her extraordinary virtue and discretion. But she humbly declined all superiority.... Upon the death of her brother, Edward the Martyr, the nobility who adhered to the martyred king desired Edith to quit her monastery and ascend the throne, but she preferred a state of humility and obedience to the prospect of a crown." Another Edith, the daughter of the great Earl of Kent, Godwin, became the queen of Edward the Confessor, with whom she lived by mutual consent in perpetual virginity, according to a vow the king had made many years before his marriage. Reading, studying, and devotion were her whole delight. Edward's mother, Emma, is ranked among the saints, and was mainly instrumental in the religious and learned education of her son. Ventura, in his admirable work on Woman, which has become, as it were, a text-book for all those who are truly interested in the theme and history of woman's greatness, draws attention to the fact that it was under the reign of Edward the Confessor—who is credited by prejudicial historians with "womanly" weakness, and who, on the contrary, was such an irrefragable proof of what the grave and wise influence of good women can do—that the equality of all men before the law was first recognized as a principle. Edward's niece, Margaret, the wife of Malcolm, King of Scotland, was also a most eminent and influential princess. Her husband, whose confidence in her was unbounded, deferred to her in every particular of state government, whether internal or external, secular or religious. Their children's education he left entirely in her hands, and, while she carefully surrounded them with masters well versed in all the knowledge then attainable, she was no less solicitous for the improvement of the nation. Butler says of her: "She labored most successfully to polish and civilize the Scottish nation, to encourage among the people the useful and polite arts, and to inspire them with a love of the sciences.... By her extensive alms, insolvent debtors were released, and decayed families restored, and foreign nations, especially the English, recovered their captives. She was solicitous to ransom those especially who fell into the hands of harsh masters. She also erected hospitals for poor strangers." Her daughter Maud, who was the first wife of Henry I. of England, followed in her footsteps, and was highly revered, both during her life and after her death, by the two nations to which her birth and marriage linked her. Two great hospitals in London, that of Christ Church, Aldgate, and of St. Giles in the Fields, are due to her munificence and foresight.

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We have no space to mention many of the Anglo-Saxon princesses who, either on the throne or in the cloister, swayed great political issues and protected learning while they shielded the virtue of their sex. We must leave the Island of Saints for other kingdoms whose queens were conspicuous not only in procuring the conversion of these realms to Christianity, but also in the territorial aggrandizement and material prosperity of the countries they governed. Bridget, Queen of Sweden, the famous author of the most interesting revelations ever written, was no less remarkable personally than fortunate in her many and distinguished children. Warriors and crusaders, holy wives and consecrated virgins, she offered them to God in every state, and instructed each with particular care. A pilgrimage to Rome in days when the journey from Scandinavia to the south was more an exploration than a safe pastime was bravely undertaken by her in her widowhood, and the foundation of her order and chief monastery at Vatzen is certainly one of the most boldly conceived systems known to the world. The monasteries of this order were double, and contained a smaller number of monks and a larger of nuns, divided by so strict an enclosure that, although contiguous, the communities never even saw each other. In spiritual matters, the monks held authority, but in temporal the nuns governed the double house; and in fact the monks were only attached to the foundation in a secondary degree of importance, and for the greater spiritual convenience of the cloistered women. Such subordination goes far to show how the pretended inferiority of woman is really an unknown thing in the church. The fanaticism and bad faith of later times affected to see an abuse in this system, and most of these monasteries were destroyed at the Reformation, but Butler says that a few exist yet in Flanders and Germany. St. Bridget's works have been printed and reprinted from age to age, and have seemingly never lost what may be styled in modern parlance their popularity. She also procured a Swedish translation of the Bible to be written by Matthias, the Bishop of Worms, who died about the year 1410. She was altogether one of the most prominent women of the fourteenth century, and no unworthy successor to the central figure of the preceding age, Catherine of Sienna, of whom we shall have to speak briefly later on.

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Two empresses of Germany deserve a passing notice here—Mathilda, the wife of Henry I. called the Fowler, and her daughter-in-law, the famous Adelaide. The former had been educated by her grandmother, who bore the same name as herself, and who was the abbess of the monastery of Erfurt. Once again we have a woman of genius, prudence, and great governing powers coming forth to rule a disturbed empire—and from what school? The world will hardly dare to call it

unenlightened or narrow-minded; yet it was a monastery. During her husband's wars against the Danes and Hungarians, then (it was in the ninth century) nothing better than barbarians, Mathilda was several times left regent, and Ventura tells us "that public affairs did not prosper less, the country was not less tranquil, nor the people less contented, because it was a woman who steered the helm of the state. When the emperor returned, he found everything in perfect order. The empress relinquished the functions of regent only to resume her former place of intercessor for the unfortunate, protectress of prisoners, and wise auxiliary to justice." Adelaide, Princess of Burgundy, renewed in the following century the glories of Mathilda's reign. She was married to the son of the latter, after having been for a short time the Queen of Lothair, King of the Lombards in Italy. Ventura says that her zeal for the public good and her love of the people gained her the appellation of the "mother of her kingdom." After her husband's death, Adelaide, says Butler, "educated her son Otho II. with great care, and his reign was happy as long as he governed by her directions." His mother became regent after his death and that of his wife, and her biographer, Butler, tells us that she "looked upon power as merely a difficult stewardship, and applied herself to public affairs with indefatigable care."<sup>[84]</sup>

The middle ages are so fruitful a field for historical details of the greatness of woman, that we find our materials crowding one upon the other in too great a profusion for our present limits. But some great figures in what we may call the Christian Pantheon of woman cannot be passed over without a word of notice. The tenth century gave another holy empress to Germany, Cunegonda, the wife of Henry II., himself a saint, and a descendant of St. Mathilda. His sister Giselda married King Stephen of Hungary, upon the express condition that he would endeavor to christianize his people. Cunegonda, who reigned for a short time between the death of St. Henry and the election of his successor, proved herself as competent to govern a realm as the greatest man; these are Ventura's own words. The story of Elizabeth of Hungary has been eloquently told by the author of the *Monks of the West*, and pictorial art has handed down from generation to generation the touching legend of her life. Married early to a prince remarkable for his piety and generosity, she was able to indulge in her favorite pastime—working for and serving the poor. We, in these days, seem to think that philanthropy, the "love of man," is an invention coeval with the erection of gossiping committees and wrangling "boards"; but, when we look back upon the history of our race, we are forced to remember that when man was loved for the sake of God, spiritually as well as temporally, and when the old-fashioned virtue of "charity" was not ashamed to own its created—not self-existent—origin, a broader system of benevolence was spread over Christian earth, and more daring undertakings were cheerfully and successfully carried through. Elizabeth of Hungary was not untried by adversity, and after her husband's death suffered cruel persecutions from her brother-in-law Henry, with the undaunted fortitude which a good conscience ensures and which God's grace strengthens. We are told of her that she spoke little and always with gravity, and especially shunned tattlers. Women are always being taxed on one side with ridiculous frivolity in speech, and urged, on the other, to a contradiction of the charge by the pedantic phraseology of surface science. We have not alluded in these pages as often as we should have done to the great love of silence which distinguished the great women whose memory is honored. Whether as religious or as seculars, the useful employment of time and a discreetness of conversation were the two special and similar characteristics of their widely different lives, and thus they provided for the devotions and the acts of charity which shared so large a portion of their days and nights. They were never idle or even uselessly occupied, and we know but few women of our own generation who could truthfully say the same of themselves. What powers, what energy, do we not see wasted in superfluous social duties; for while, as our modern phrase goes, they *kill time*, they are also engaged in stifling, dwarfing, or destroying the higher powers of their mind. Solitude, silence, meditation, these are essentials to a well-balanced mind; but how many minds there are who voluntarily go on, not heeding, until the world and its claims, its sham triumphs, and its petty rivalries upset this balance and obscure the mind's eye! There are as many women whose intellect is wrecked on the shoals of Fashion with its "laws of the Medes and Persians," as there are others whose sensibility is stranded on the rocks of Woman's Rights Conventions with their reckless disregard of all natural ties and time-honored duties.

Poland presents us with several instances of heroic womanhood during the middle ages. Dombrowka, the daughter of Boleslas, Duke of Bohemia, married Mieczylas, Duke of Poland, on condition of his becoming a Christian. By her example he not only became a religious, but a pure, merciful, and just, man. His wife could not forget her own countrymen while evangelizing her new subjects, and it was to her repeated solicitations that Bohemia owed the establishment of the Archiepiscopal See of Prague. Christianity, which in those times we might call the dower of the royal maidens of Europe, was first carried into Hungary by the marriage of Adelaide, the sister-in-law of Dombrowka, to Geisa, chief of the Huns. This Geisa was father to St. Stephen, of whose exemplary queen, Giselda, we have already spoken. Of another Polish princess, Hedwige, the wife of Henry, Duke of Silesia and Poland, we are told that by her prudence and persuasiveness she succeeded in delivering her husband, who had been made a prisoner by her uncle, and in obtaining peace between these two princes. Even in our own days, have we not had recent examples of the high esteem in which the mediation of woman was held in a Catholic country by a Catholic sovereign? Who can forget that delicate diplomatic missions have been confided in past years to a woman who was the incarnation of social charm as she was also the most devoted and uncompromising enthusiast in the cause of the Catholic religion—the Empress Eugenie! This Hedwige, who, in 1240, was so instrumental in raising an army with which to encounter the heathen hordes of Tartars who threatened at that time to destroy civilization in Europe, was succeeded by another queen of the same name as the saintly Cunegonda of Germany. It was she who towards the beginning of the fourteenth century, as Dlugossius, her biographer, and the

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Bollandists relate, was the first to provide for the working of the salt mines of Wieliczka, which afterwards proved an infinite source of wealth to the kingdom. She also cheerfully contributed the *whole* of her princely dowry to the equipment of an army to be led against the Tartars who had made a second raid upon the frontiers of Poland. But the greatest heroine of the country whose women are to this day the bravest under misfortune, and the most faithful to their religion, was another Hedwige, to whom Poland is indebted for her territorial aggrandizement and some of the most interesting as well as useful of her public institutions. Born a princess of Hungary, the elective crown of Poland was offered to her when she was only eighteen, and, when her marriage became a matter of national importance, she made, *herself*, a choice which only her own consummate prudence and foresight could have justified. Jagellon, Grand Duke of Lithuania and the surrounding barbarous provinces, became her husband, on the conditions, proposed by Hedwige, that his entire domains should be incorporated *for ever* in the kingdom of Poland; that his people should embrace Christianity; that Christians who had been enslaved should be set free; that certain Polish provinces once alienated should be restored, and that all Lithuanian treasures, whether hereditary or conquered by Jagellon from his enemies, should be appropriated for the benefit of the kingdom of Poland. Here is a treaty in which a kingdom is consolidated and a dynasty established, through the unassisted efforts of the genius and prudence of a woman. Hedwige founded numberless hospitals, schools, churches, and monasteries; the great cathedral of Wilna and seven episcopal sees also owe their origin to her. Only through her death and her husband's good-natured but weak indifference when once her influence was removed was a great monastic institution abandoned, which had for its object the study and preservation of the Slavic languages and peculiar rites. The University of Prague was already in her day a world-famed seat of learning. Hedwige, in concert with the King of Bohemia, founded and endowed in that city a spacious and magnificent college, where the youth of Lithuania were gratuitously received and provided for during their academical course. Education was certainly as gravely thought of in those days as in our later times, when we boast of its benefits being so *widely* diffused. Whether it is as *deeply* impressed on its ordinary recipients, let the recent "commemorations" at Oxford proclaim. Dlugossius says the college (which exists to this day) was called the Queen's House, "a name which is in itself an undying monument to the memory of this great woman, whose worthy thought it embodied, and charity it still expresses; remaining for ever a living testimony to the world of the merits of its illustrious foundress." Boniface IX., who reigned during the last decade of the fourteenth century, corresponded with Hedwige, upon whom he relied as the principal support and auxiliary of religion in her realms. She was always appealed to as mediatrix between the king and his subjects, as also by the vassal nobles among themselves. What the king could not do by threats, she accomplished partly by her persuasive exhortations, partly by her grave and majestic demeanor. Her historian relates that she even quelled a popular rising, and put down the abuses which had given occasion to it, before the king had time to march an army into the disaffected district and reduce it by force. Once, while her husband was fighting in Lithuania, the Hungarians, her own countrymen, invaded Poland and captured several towns. "She no sooner heard of this," says Ventura, "than she assembled the nobles and barons, improvised an army on the spot, and, without losing an instant, herself led it on to the frontiers. There, to the great astonishment of her generals, she displayed the military talents and bravery of an old warrior. It was she who directed the sieges, organized the sallies and attacks, and gave battle on the open ground, while the whole army obeyed her enthusiastically, proud to serve under a woman-general. She conquered the enemy at every encounter, wrested from them the important stronghold of Leopold, took other cities, and not only repossessed herself of the Russian territories usurped by the Hungarians, but also added to the kingdom of Poland a vast tract of country which voluntarily surrendered itself to her rule."<sup>[85]</sup> Hedwige is perhaps less known than other renowned women of the middle ages, and therefore we have been led to speak more at length of her extraordinary powers. It would be useless to remind the reader that she was no less remarkable for the modesty of her private life and the austerities and charities of her secret life than famed for the wonderful and versatile talents displayed in her public career. Chastity and devotion invariably accompany all greatness in Catholic womanhood, but, as we shall have occasion to illustrate this fact later on, we will not now stop to consider it in its evident bearings on the vexed question raised by certain indiscriminate apostles of the rights of woman.

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We cannot pass over, among the prominent women of mediæval times the famous Countess Mathilda, of Tuscany, the friend and ally of Gregory VII., Hildebrand the Reformer. Rohrbacher calls her the modern Deborah, and adds that in Italy, whose princes were mostly traitors to the cause of truth and patriotism, "one man only, during a long reign of fifty years, showed himself ever faithful, ever devoted to the church and her head, ever ready to second them in efforts for the reformation of the clergy and the restoration of ancient discipline, ever prompt to defend them, sword in hand, from their most formidable enemies, never allured by bribes, intimidated by threats, or cast down by adversity, and this *one man* was a *woman*, the Countess Mathilda."

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Her donation of Tuscany, the Marches, Parma, Modena, Reggio, and various other cities and lands, to the Holy See, is a fact that stands alone in history, and is simply the most momentous act of practical devotion which the Chair of Peter ever received. This generous and unreserved gift, first made to Gregory VII. in 1077, and confirmed in 1102 to Pascal II., is the unparalleled expression of the whole nature of woman, in its thoroughness, its spirit of martyrdom, its enthusiastic and unerring instincts, towards the good and the true. Henry IV. of Germany, having incurred excommunication, was reconciled to the Pope through the good offices of the great countess, and met him for that purpose at the fortress of Canossa, then a fief of the Countess of Tuscany. Ventura says of her that she was as learned as she was pious, and as solicitous for the propagation of science and the interests of literature as for the reformation of clerical abuses and the consolidation of the church. She multiplied schools and colleges over her dominions, but the

crowning work of her great reign was the foundation of the famous University of Bologna, confessedly the best seat of learning in Europe for many centuries. Mathilda gathered together all the enlightened and talented masters of her age in this time-honored and world-renowned university, and in honor of her munificence it has remained a custom to this day to allow women to graduate there, to take a doctorate, and "profess" in public any of the learned faculties. Women, we are told by Ventura, the earnest panegyrist of the sex, have taken advantage of this custom at all times, and even up to the present day, when (in the beginning of this century, we believe) the celebrated female professor, Tambroni, taught Latin and Greek within the Bolognese university. Cardinal Mezzofanti, the great linguist, was at one time her pupil.

We have been led so far in the search, however superficial, for instances of the greatness of woman, as recognized, protected, and rewarded by the church, that we have reached a limit to our explorations in this article without mentioning any of the great women of the middle ages save those of royal descent. There are many who claim our attention, and whose influence over public affairs and the minds of men was not less than that exercised by the royal matrons and maidens we have cursorily named. Some were destined to mingle in political struggles, others owe their fame to their learning, one of them to actual feats of arms, and all to the spirit of chivalry which rendered a woman inviolable and sacred wherever honor was known and laws revered. But this spirit itself, what was it save the offspring of that higher spirit of reverential homage ever inculcated by the church towards that sex which gave a mother to our God?

Before taking up the subject of the status of woman within the church after the sixteenth century, we may, perhaps, return for a brief space to the Catherines of Sienna, the Joans of Arc, and the Genevieves of ecclesiastical history.

The appearance at this time and in this country of a first-rate translation of the *Iliad* is an event of much significance. Through the exaggerated praise which London critics bestow on our dialect poetry, there runs a quiet assumption that our culture is narrow and unsound. Our oaten pipe is well enough, but our lyre disjointed and unstrung. To such insinuations Mr. Bryant's work is a complete and final rejoinder. We shall find it easy to show that he has made the best translation of Homer in our language, and with one exception the very best extant. In the face of such an achievement, it will henceforth be proposterous to sneer at American scholarship.

Winged words the Homeric poems may well be called, which, fledged in the dawn of time, have not yet faltered in their flight across the centuries. Their superiority as works of art is not more unquestionable than is their procreative power. They have ever been—to use Milton's words—as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth. The history of Greek letters, we might almost say, is the genesis of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Upon them Aristotle based his canons; from them the Attic tragedy drew her inspiration and her argument. To the same source the most delightful of Greek historians referred his style and his method, while the choir of lyric and erotic poets confessed their debt to him who "gave them birth, but higher sang." The direct action of the Homeric poems upon the masters of the Latin literature has been compared to that of the sunlight, but their indirect influence through the medium of Athenian models was pervasive and quickening as the solar heat. The development of poetry among Western nations can be accurately measured by the thoroughness with which they have assimilated Homer. The *Orlando* and the *Lusiad* repeat the story of Ulysses. Even minor excellences of the *Iliad* are reproduced in the *Jerusalem Delivered*. Milton and Goethe have drawn copiously from the same stores. Nor is there a single modern poet of the first rank, with the exception of Shakespeare, whose obligations to Homer are not manifold and obvious.

It is true that the eighteenth century, which sought to shatter so many idols, chose to depreciate these poems. Embellished by Pope, dissected by Fontanelle, and patronized by Mme. Dacier, they fell, it must be confessed, upon evil times. It is a suggestive commentary upon the self-styled *siècle du goût* that the autocrat of letters could pronounce the *Iliad* "une poème qu'on admire, et qu'on ne lit pas."<sup>[87]</sup> To the author of the *Henriade*, Homer was only a *beau parleur*. It is now many years since the stigma went home to roost. Perrault and La Motte Houdart, who knew him only in the rags and gyves of an obscure translation, point with a satisfied smirk to the "coarseness" and "barbarism" of Homer. One is reminded of those Philistine lords who flung their jests at Samson Agonistes while he leaned against the pillars in Gaza.

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Of living English poets, the strongest and sweetest acknowledge gratefully in Homer a source of their melody and strength. The fragment of an epic which is perhaps the Laureate's best work was presented by the author as "faint Homeric echoes." From Homer, quite as truly as from Chaucer, has the *Earthly Paradise* caught its genial sunshine and bracing air. The world, we presume, would have lost nothing had Mr. Swinburne read Euripides less and the *Iliad* more. A timely reaction has set in against the morbid self-consciousness and the hankering after glitter and novelty which are sure precursors of decay. Of that reaction, Matthew Arnold, who in childhood was taught to reverence Homer, has been the prophet and protagonist. With the same movement the temper and discipline of Mr. Bryant's mind place him in active sympathy. We do not doubt that it was the aim of his *Iliad* to elevate and purify the taste of his countrymen. The success which his translation has already achieved augurs for it not a little influence upon the national literature.

To the thoughtful artist, Schlegel could suggest nothing more useful than the study of casts from the antique. A faithful version of the *Iliad* opens whole galleries of casts. The sculptor Bouchardon, we are told, was discovered reading Homer in a translation, and that a sorry one. "Ah, monsieur!" he exclaimed, "depuis que j'ai lu ce livre, il me semble que les hommes ont quinze pieds de haut."<sup>[88]</sup> We know what Keats beheld upon looking into Chapman's *Homer*, and we know that the quarry from which he hewed *Hyperion* is not yet exhausted. Of the thousands who will now listen for the first time to the story of Achilles, it may well be that some will kindle at what they hear. They will know how to thank Mr. Bryant that those flames which blazed over Troy, leaping from headland to headland, have once more borne a message across the sea.

Since the beginning of the seventeenth century, repeated attempts have been made to translate the master-poems of the Greek and Latin literatures into English verse. We suppose it will be acknowledged that those attempts have for the most part failed. The truth is that translation as commonly practised in England cannot properly be called an art. There are no fundamental principles universally recognized as the conditions of its development. It is still hardly more than a trick, in which one succeeds better than another, but each proceeds upon a method of his own. Who has prefaced his work with such a definition of translation as criticism can admit to be exhaustive and final? We might have expected so much from Hobbes. We do not find it. Dryden's cardinal idea, that translation is "a kind of drawing after the life," has never been literally accepted by others. It did not uniformly govern himself. The face seen and the face drawn both appeal to the brain through the eye, whereas even those English translators who aim to infuse the identical thought, feeling, or fancy of their original have recourse to media of sensual metaphor, sometimes modified, sometimes distinct from those employed in their author's language. On Sir George Cornwall Lewis' view of translation we will not dwell, because we are not sure that we understand it, and at least cannot conceive the practical application of it. It is enough for us that he heartily commended as an instance of right treatment Hookham Frere's

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*Aristophanes*, which is clever, fresh, and racy enough, but certainly not Attic. There is another theory, that we should ask ourselves what our author *would* have said had he been writing in English. One objection to this is, as Mr. Newman remarks, that no two men would agree in their answers to such a question. Homer, if an Englishman and writing in our tongue, would unquestionably have given a different turn and tinge to his verse from that which it takes in Greek. But are we not bound to make the province of translation, as discriminated from paraphrase, the reproduction of what an author did actually say? Certainly the aim of Homeric translators into our tongue should be, not of course to compass the effect produced upon an Athenian reading Homer in the age of Peisistratos or upon a consummate scholar capable, we will say, of *thinking* in Ionic Greek, but to make upon Englishmen or Americans of average culture an impression nearly identical with that which they derive from the *Iliad* itself. Achieve this, and they who are themselves not scholars will at least be assured that they are reading Homer, not Sotheby or Pope. Such an aim does not seem too ambitious, but it has never been attained, rarely approached, in English. A radical error runs through all our metrical versions of the classic poets. Literal accuracy is by some repudiated, attempted by others, and occasionally secured in detached passages, but is always subordinate to the attainment of harmonious numbers and agreeable diction. Whenever literal accuracy seems likely to conflict with these, it is sacrificed. Now, if it be true that such sacrifice is frequently inevitable, then a genuine translation of the *Iliad* is an impossibility. But this we are reluctant to admit. The matchless version of Voss has proved that it is possible to be at once literal and musical, to preserve in one Germanic language at least as much of the Homeric flavor as Germans of average culture can detect in the original. Perhaps one clue to his success is to be found in his employment of the hexameter. A profound artist, he could not fail to recognize the inextricable connection of rhythm and cæsura with the shape and play of thought. He saw that in some subtle sort the metre *is* the poem. We have not abandoned the hope of seeing the hexameter one day naturalized in English. Mr. Kingsley's *Andromeda* showed a marked improvement on *Evangeline*, and what the Laureate might do in this way is sufficiently clear from his *Ode to Milton*, where he has grappled successfully with alcaics, undoubtedly the most intricate and difficult of dactylic measures. The distinction between quantitative and accentual metres has been pressed too far by men who have wanted patience to cope with those peculiarities which render our language somewhat intractable to dactylic verse.

Almost every familiar scheme of English metre has been applied to the reproduction of Homer. We have had Chapman's fourteen-syllable line, the rhymed couplet of Pope and Sotheby, the unrhymed iambics of Cowper, Mr. Worsley's Spenserian stanza, the ballad movement in seven beats of Mr. Newman, and many more. One or two of these are noble English poems, but as translations none can be compared with the work of Voss. We should have said, before the appearance of Mr. Bryant's volumes, that a new version of the *Iliad* executed upon one of the old plans and in one of the old metres was not called for. The attempt of Lord Derby to vie with Cowper in blank-verse had proved singularly unfortunate. Failing to accredit the scholar, its publication belittled the statesman. It is not with such a performance that the conservative party can match Mr. Gladstone's *Homeric Age*. We should not highly commend Mr. Bryant were we to say that he is every-way more successful than Lord Derby. He has, in our judgment, surpassed Cowper, and that was no easy task. The associations, indeed, connected with what is known as blank-verse, render it to an English ear somewhat unsuitable to a poem like the *Iliad*, which presents an infinite variety of incidents and situations quite as often trivial as dignified. Still, Cowper, although his muse, stooping to certain homely details, discovers a sort of prudishness which is highly amusing, is generally vigorous and noble where energy and majesty are required, and had hitherto been the least unsatisfactory of Homer's English translators. In examining Mr. Bryant's work we shall mainly confine ourselves—so far as English writers are concerned—to a collation of Cowper and Lord Derby. We have neither space nor inclination to quote from the rhymed versions. Faithfully to reproduce Homer in rhyme was declared by Pope to be impossible, and Mr. Worsley's *Odyssey*, delightful as it is, has not availed to set aside the judgment.

It would be easy to misinterpret the views which have governed Mr. Bryant's work by his application of Latin names to the Homeric deities, and the reason which he assigns in the preface for this practice. It is true that he is countenanced by Lord Derby, but we think we had a right to expect more from his scholarship. We cannot but deem them both in the wrong, and to our mind the error is serious and far-reaching. The denizens of Homer's Olympus are in the strictest sense personal gods. Such superhuman attributes as they severally possess are sharply defined, the degree and scope of their authority, except, perhaps, in two instances, clearly marked. They live the life of men, eat, drink, love, quarrel. They exhibit the most passionate interest in the war which rages before Ilium. They are bitter and unscrupulous partisans, wheedle, lie, bargain, rebel, in the cause of their *protégées*. They forsake their dwellings to take part in the debates of mortals, mix in the fight, are pierced with spears, and the celestial ichor flows precisely like human blood. In short, they resemble rather the demigods of a later mythology, and are rarely invested with that awful sublimity and mystery which enshroud most of the elder Roman divinities. Even in the *Theogony* of Hesiod, the attributes of certain gods have undergone a degree of alteration which it is tax enough to bear in mind. To insist upon confounding Ares, Aphroditê, and Athenê with Mars, Venus, and Minerva, deities which, as enshrined in the literature purely and distinctively Latin, are as native and peculiar to Rome as her language, is to mystify the reader who knows anything of either. It appears to us as unreasonable to rename the gods as to miscall the heroes of the *Iliad*. Surely it is no apology for the confusion of things essentially distinct that the practice has been in some sort naturalized in our literature. So are the legendary chronicles of the kings of Rome, so are the distorted portraits of Shakespeare's histories. A manifest error cannot plead undisturbed possession. Moreover, it is now many years

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since English scholars have labored to educate their countrymen up to something like discrimination between the Greek and Latin mythologies. Their task is well-nigh done. Lemprière's Dictionary is at length obsolete, and the volumes of Grote are in the hands of every schoolboy. If the prevailing excellence of Mr. Bryant's work had not disarmed us, we should be disposed to protest against the repetition of an error, as well as against the presumption of national ignorance, by which it is excused. It is certainly matter of regret that such an objection should lie on the threshold of a work in most respects so sound and scholarlike.

The new version begins well:

"O Goddess! sing the wrath of Peleus' son  
Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that brought  
Woes numberless upon the Greeks and swept  
To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave  
Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air.  
For so had Jove appointed, from the time  
When the two chiefs—Atrides, King of men,  
And great Achilles—parted first as foes."

Seven hexameters in eight lines of blank-verse—certainly a remarkable instance of compression. Except ἡρώων, πασι (almost an expletive), and προ in προίαψεν (which, perhaps, is faintly suggested by "swept"), not a word of Homer is omitted, not a word is added. "Birds of air" is an accurate translation of οἰωνοῖσι. "Parted first as foes" is exceedingly close. There is but one error, διος is rendered "great." To this word no moral attribute whatever is attached in the Homeric poems. It is equivalent to "high-born" or "noble" (as Cowper gives it) in the primitive sense of that word. Lord Derby makes it "godlike," which is quite incorrect. If there be a fault in the lines just quoted, it is a certain coldness. They hardly lift us to the height of the great argument. But for conscientious fidelity to the original, these lines have not been approached in English, and are in this respect fully equal to Voss. Hear, for instance, Cowper, who requires an extra line:

"Achilles sing, O Goddess, Peleus' son,  
His wrath pernicious, who ten thousand woes  
Caused to Achaia's *host*, sent many a soul  
Illustrious into Ades premature,  
And heroes gave (so stood the will of Jove)  
To dogs and to all ravening birds a prey.  
When fierce dispute had separated once  
The noble chief Achilles from the son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, King of men."

This is pitched in the right key, although the finest line, the fourth, is perhaps too suggestively Miltonic. In his scholarship Cowper is loose. "Who" is grammatically wrong and aesthetically a blunder. It is not Achilles, but Achilles' wrath that Homer means to sing. "Host," "ravening," "fierce," "chief," "Agamemnon," are merely supernumeraries. "Illustrious" was inserted, we presume, for rhythmical reasons; it does not translate ἰφθίμους. "Stood" for ἐτέλειετο is fine; Mr. Bryant fails to convey the notion of fulfilment, of inevitable accomplishment, which the word seems to carry. The antithesis between ψυχὰς and αὐτοῦς, significant as regards the Homeric theory of a future life, is quite lost in Cowper, while it is cleverly projected in Mr. Bryant's lines. "Premature" preserves the force of the preposition in προ-ίαψεν, which ought not to be overlooked.

It may be well now to quote Lord Derby. He needs *ten* lines:

"Of Peleus' son, Achilles, sing, O Muse.  
The vengeance deep and deadly whence to Greece  
Unnumbered ills arose, which many a soul  
Of mighty warriors to the viewless Shades  
Untimely sent, they on the battle plain  
Unburied lay, a prey to ravening dogs  
And carrion birds, but so had Jove decreed.  
From that sad day when first in wordy war  
The mighty Agamemnon, King of men,  
Confronted stood by Peleus' godlike son."

This is hardly worth criticising in detail. First, why "Muse"? "Vengeance" is bad for μῆτις. [386] "Deadly" translates οὐλομένην well enough, but "deep and deadly" suggests the harrowing phraseology of the *Ledger* romance. "Viewless Shades" is possibly poetical, but Homer chooses to be geographical—he says Αἴς. "They on the battle plain unburied"; we cannot find this in the Greek, but it accounts for one extra line. "Ravening" and "carrion" raise Cowper's expletive to the second power. "Sad day"! And so it was, but to call it so is almost maudlin. Ἐριζῶ does indeed mean to wrangle, but "wordy war" is petty and poetastic. "The mighty Agamemnon"! Homer is satisfied with *Atrides*. And now we will see if it be possible to give this magnificent prologue measure for measure, line for line, almost word for word. Hear Voss:



“Singe den Zorn, O Göttin, des Peleiden Achilleus,  
 Ihn der entbrannt den Achaiern unendbaren Jammer erregte,  
 Und viel tapfere Seelen der Heldensöhne zum Ais  
 Sendete, aber sie selber zum Raub’ ausstreckte den Hunden  
 Und den Gevögel umher—so ward Zeus’ Wille vollendet,  
 Seit dem Tage als einst durch bitteren Zank sich entzweiten  
 Atreus’ Sohn der Herrscher des Volks und der edle Achilleus!”

The figurative *entbrannt* for οὐλομένην is not to our taste. *Bitteren* is superfluous, and *sendete* imperfectly translates προιαπειν. Otherwise these lines are flawless.

We pass to the sixth book, to a passage which Pope and Chapman have done well, Sotheby on the whole better, where even Hobbes grows tender, where every translator has sought to do his best. The parting of Hector and Andromache is a scene (if we except the *Alcestis*) unique in classic literature. When we consider the state of society depicted in the Homeric poems, the figure of Andromache seems anomalous and inexplicable; or rather she almost constrains us to recast our notions of the social framework in which we find her set. In her the sexual passion is refined and sublimated to that noblest form of conjugal love which is thought to be peculiar to the civilized and christianized descendants from the chaste German stock. Through the historical ages of Greece, in the Roman Republic and Empire, we seek in vain a pendant to this portrait. The ideal would seem to have been lost. The painter who drew Alexander’s favorite could not have limned Andromache; he who sang *Ariadne in Naxos* would have failed to understand her. To recover the type, we must descend to a much later age—to Raphael and to Wordsworth. The sweetest words in our language—sweetheart, helpmate, wife—describe Andromache. She is not the wanton idol of a despot’s caprice, nor the dull victim of a convenient Athenian marriage, nor the selfish *protégée* of the cynical Roman law. She might have been bred in a Christian world and blessed an English home. We quote twenty lines from Mr. Bryant:

“She came attended by a maid who bore  
 A tender child—a babe too young to speak—  
 Upon her bosom, Hector’s only son,  
 Beautiful as a star....

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The father on his child  
 Looked with a silent smile. Andromache  
 Pressed to his side meanwhile, and all in tears  
 Clung to his hand, and thus beginning said:  
 ‘Too brave! thy valor yet will cause thy death!  
 Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,  
 Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be  
 Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee  
 To take thy life. A happier lot were mine,  
 If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,  
 For I shall have no hope when thou art gone,  
 Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,  
 And no dear mother....  
 Seven brothers had I in my father’s house,  
 And all went down to Hades in one day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hector, thou  
 Art father and dear mother now to me,  
 And brother and my youthful spouse besides.”

No man, we imagine, who examines the above lines will question the general accuracy of Mr. Bryant’s scholarship. They are at once the most succinct, literal, and beautiful reproduction of Homer’s words which has been achieved in English. As Americans, we are proud of them. Cowper, indeed, had finely rendered this passage, and it is possible that some persons unfamiliar with the Greek and habituated to the movement of the *Paradise Lost* may prefer his inverted construction and sonorous phrase. We will not quote him, however, but rather choose to pay Mr. Bryant the highest homage in our power by placing beside his lines the version of Voss:

“Die Dienerin aber ihr folgend  
Trug an der Brust das zarte, noch ganz unmündige Knäblein.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hektor's einzigen Sohn, dem schimmernden Sterne vergleichbar.  
Siehe, mit Lächeln blickte der Vater still auf das Knäblein,  
Aber neben ihn trat Andromache Thränen vergiessend,  
Drückt ihm freundlich die Hand, und redete also, beginnend,  
Seltsamer Mann, dich tödtet dein Muth noch und du erbarmst dich  
Nicht des stammelnden Kindes, noch mein des elenden Weibes,  
Ach, bald Witwe von dir, denn dich tödten gewiss die Achaier  
Alle mit Macht austürend; allein mir ware das Beste  
Deiner beraubt in die Erde hinabzusinken; denn weiter  
Bleibt kein Trost mir übrig, wenn du dein Schicksal erreicht hast,  
Grau nur und nicht mehr hab' ich ja Vater und liebende Mutter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sieben auch waren die Brüder mir dort in unserer Wohnung,  
Und die wandelten all 'am selbigen Tage zum Ais.'"

We doubt if these lines can be surpassed except by the Greek itself. They echo the melody of Homer. Mr. Bryant, of course, relinquished the hope of competing with him in this respect when he adopted iambic verse. In point of compression, however, and literal accuracy, we shall find him not inferior. There are in both versions some imperfections. "Tender" (*zarte*) may perhaps stand for ἀταλαφρων although it represents but partially that exquisite epithet. Cowper omits this word altogether, and Lord Derby substitutes something of his own, "all unconscious." To our mind Mr. Bryant's "too young to speak" is most felicitous for νηπιον αὐτως. The word, however, in many passages of the *Iliad* shows no trace of relation to επος, and means simply "under age," as Voss gives it. The force of the adverb is nicely preserved in the German. Both versions make ἀγαπητον "only" (*einzig*). The line of the *Odyssey* (b. ii. 365) seems to us conclusive against the propriety of this translation. We prefer Cowper's "darling." And now we come to the famous simile, ἀλιγκιον ἄστερι καλῶ. Mr. Bryant, following Cowper, writes "beautiful as a star." But Homer is far more picturesque than this. He shows us the bright cheeks and glancing eyes of Hector's boy gleaming from his nurse's bosom, as a star gleams. "A fair star"—Lord Derby would make it a planet, "morning star" he calls it. But stars that twinkle and glimmer are most alluring to the eye, are the fairest, and therefore Voss is right—*schimmernden Sterne vergleichbar*. Mr. Bryant is not successful in the next line. We cannot like "silent smile." Can a smile be other than silent? Neither can Voss match Cowper's

"The father silent eyed his babe, and smiled."

"Pressed to his side" is vivid, where Cowper and Voss are tame; "clung to his hand"—the Greek is yet stronger, "grew on his hand." Voss was certainly drowsy when he could render this "pressed kindly his hand." Andromache's touching first word is quite lost in the "Dear lord" of Lord Derby. Cowper's "My noble Hector" is even worse. The truth is that Δαίμονιε is uttered by the young wife in tender reproach, and this is conveyed in good measure by "too brave," but *seltsamer Mann* is perfect. "Tender child"—Cowper and Lord Derby write "helpless." Voss' *stammelnden* is based, we presume, on *Il.* 2, 238, where some command of speech more or less articulate seems to be conceded to νηπιαχοις. The next four lines of the new version are close and felicitous, but θαλπωρη is not so much "hope" as "comfort"; and "when thou art gone" hardly expresses the thought in ἐπει ἄν σὺ γε ποτμον ἐπισπης, whereas the German delivers it faithfully. We have reached finally a wonderful couplet which fairly throbs with passionate devotion. Here is the Greek:

“Ἐκτωρ, ἄταρ σὺ μοι ἔσσι πατήρ καὶ ποτνια μητήρ,  
Ἦδε κασιγνήτος, σὺ δὲ μοι θαλερός παρακοιτης.”

Which we may venture to render thus:

“Hector, united in thee still, find I my worshipful mother,  
Father and brother in thee, O blooming Hector, my husband!”

Voss is exceedingly sweet:

“Hector, O du bist jetzo mir Vater und liebende Mutter,  
Auch mein Bruder allein, O du mein blühender Gatte!”

Derby:

“But, Hector, thou to me art all in one,  
Sire, mother, brother, thou my wedded love.”

Cowper:

“Yet, Hector, O my husband, I in thee  
Find parents, brothers, all that I have lost.”

Bryant:

"Hector, thou  
Art father and dear mother now to me  
And brother and my youthful spouse besides."

Lord Derby's version is curiously bad. Strange that one striving to utter to modern ears words which in the *Iliad* seem to break from the heart should go out of his way for "sire" and "brethren"! And for "wedded love," it is not only incorrect, but mawkish, and therefore in this place detestable. Cowper likewise is weak and false. "Parents" is intolerable; ποτνια and θαλερος are overlooked. And in exchange for those adjectives we have "all that I have lost" (pure Cowper). Mr. Bryant does very much better, but he is again somewhat cold; and coldness here is hardly pardonable. He was determined to give the last line literally; but to put παρακοιτης in the vocative, as Voss has done, makes the verse literal enough and more glowing. Both Voss and Mr. Bryant are wrong in ποτνια. The active participle (*liebende*) is out of the question, and even "dear" conveys an erroneous impression of the relations subsisting between mother and daughter in the Homeric age. Ποτνια predicates a sentiment of respect and reverence, and is often associated with the names of deities. For an exact analogue we must go back to English domestic life in the last century. We shall find it in what was then a household word—"honored mother." We must do Lord Derby the justice to say that he had hit upon the translation in line 413. It is a pity that he did not repeat it here. Θαλερος has proved a stumbling-block to most translators. It is a beautiful word: and placed with exquisite propriety in the mouth of a young wife who gazes on the bravest face and noblest form in Ilium. Mr. Bryant's "youthful" is not absolutely wrong, but it is rather the impression which youth and health make upon the eye, their visible glory, their "purple light," which Homer makes in θαλερος. *Blühende* gives it exactly. We wish that with these perfect words Andromache might have vanished from literature. The later myths dishonor her. It seems a crime against nature to recount of this woman that

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"Victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile,"

and that Hector's widow bore children to the son of Achilles. Surely instinct would have taught her the tenet of a later philosophy: "We are in the power of no calamity while death is in our own." Not in Euripides and Virgil, but rather in Racine, would we follow the fortunes of that Andromache whom we knew by the Scæan gate.

Let us glance next at the concluding lines of the eighth book. They have been translated by Tennyson, and it may be interesting to contrast his version. Mr. Bryant writes:

"So high in hope they sat the whole night through  
In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed  
As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth  
Round the clear-shining moon while not a breeze  
Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars  
Are seen and gladness fills the shepherd's heart,  
So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed  
Lit by the sons of Troy between the ships  
And eddying Xanthus: on the plain there shone  
A thousand; fifty warriors by each fire  
Sat in its light. Their steeds beside the cars—  
Champing their oats and their white barley—stood,  
And waited for the golden morn to rise."

Tennyson renders the same passage thus:

"And these all night upon the ridge of war  
Sat glorying; many a fire before them blazed;  
As when in heaven the stars about the moon  
Look beautiful when all the winds are laid

\* \* \* \* \*

... and all the stars  
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart.  
So many a fire between the ships and stream  
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,  
A thousand on the plain, and close by each  
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire.  
And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds  
Stood by the cars waiting the thronèd morn."

Some may prefer the general effect of the Laureate's lines, but our American version adheres quite as closely to the text. We are surprised, however, to find "warlike lines." Mr. Tennyson's alternative translation, "ridge of war" is an exact reproduction of the Greek, ἀνα πτολεμοιο γεφυρας. "Bridge," which he first wrote, is post-Homeric. Lord Derby's phrase is close enough, but wanting in pictorial power:

"Full of proud hopes, upon the pass of war  
All night they camped, and frequent blazed their fires."

If one care to see what sad work may sometimes proceed from a true poet, here is Cowper's version of these lines—ten words are required to misconstrue three:

“Big with great purposes and proud they sat,  
Not disarrayed but in fair form displayed  
Of even ranks, and watched their numerous fires.”

The familiar simile of the moon and stars in the above passage is sharply and faithfully reproduced by Mr. Bryant, whereas Tennyson’s “look beautiful” for φαίνεται ἄριστερα is both loose and weak. “All the winds are laid”; Cowper says “hushed.” Either is closer than Mr. Bryant’s phrase. Lord Derby’s translation of πάντα δε τ’ εἶδεται ἄστρα is ambitious and clumsy —“Shines each particular star distinct.” The last six hexameters are given in seven lines of our version. Tennyson has compressed them into six, but with the sacrifice of Τρωων καιοντων, which the other neatly expressed by “Lit by the sons of Troy.” We could have dispensed with the Laureate’s “towers,” but are delighted to find ἐυθρονον preserved in “throned.” [390]

To some readers our criticism may have seemed to dwell too nicely on details; but, if they will reflect a moment, they will perceive that this is itself a guarantee of sincerity. We propose to give grounds for our opinions, that others may accept them knowingly, or refute them, if they can. To flood with general praise or spatter with vague abuse belongs to the Cheapjacks of literature. Moreover, no American needs to be told that Mr. Bryant is a poet. Men do not ask whether his *Iliad* is a delightful poem, but whether it truthfully photographs Homer. That question, if we may judge from his performances, the average magazine critic has preferred to evade.

From the extracts already presented, it is manifest that our American translator has followed the text of his author with a scrupulous exactitude which required unusual self-command from a poet of original powers; yet he is often so truly and nobly poetical that many will overlook the superiority of his scholarship. Most countries of Western Europe have produced several translators of the *Iliad*. But in each language one has eventually obscured the rest, and thenceforward kept unchallenged a niche in the national literature. Some such pre-eminence among English versions belongs, in our judgment, to Mr. Bryant’s work. For conscientious adherence to the text, his version has no rival in our tongue, and ought, in justice, to be compared with Voss. In point of scholarship, Cowper had shown himself much stronger than Pope, but his translation beside Mr. Bryant’s *Iliad* seems to us a paraphrase. Both are masters of blank-verse, but Cowper is a pupil of Milton, while Mr. Bryant’s diction and rhythm are his own. The iambic pentameter is, in his hands, surprisingly plastic. We should not have supposed it capable of such happy adjustment to the shifting mood and varying pitch of the original; yet we cannot help a regret that this version was not executed in hexameters. We are quite sure that the achievement was possible to the author of this translation.

In such extracts as we have yet to make from Mr. Bryant’s work, we propose to compare him, not with his English rivals whom we hold him to have excelled, but with some of those translators who are most highly esteemed in other countries.

Few lines of the *Iliad* have been more frequently imitated than those which paint with the tints of Albano the girdle of Aphroditê. The incident which calls forth the description is well known. Determined to lull the vigilance of Zeus and rescue her darling Greeks, Herê flies to her toilet. The most truthful of poets puts no faith in beauty unadorned, and himself performs the part of tire-woman. It occurs, however, to Herê that her lord is already familiar with the resources of her wardrobe, and the fear of a cold or careless eye leads her to borrow of Aphroditê. She receives a talisman, but precisely what this was is—to men, at least—a riddle. It was an embroidered strap, so much is certain; but how used, and where? Belt or waist-girdle it was not, for that Herê had on. It was plainly a slender and dainty thing, or how could she hide it in her bosom? For our part, we believe it to have been a breast-band (*Brustgürtel*) worn just under the breast, although a French commentator with much heat pronounces this view an insult to the figure of the goddess. The one translator competent to decide so nice a question was Mme. Dacier. Unhappily she throws no light on it. Mr. Bryant turns the passage thus: [391]

“She spake, and from her bosom drew the zone  
Embroidered, many-colored, and instinct  
With every winning charm—with love, desire,  
Dalliance, and gentle speech that stealthily  
O’ercomes the purpose of the wisest mind.”

We must object to “zone.” Mr. Bryant has just given (*Il.* 14, 181) the same name to a broad, heavily-fringed belt which Herê is now wearing. But Homer makes a difference, calling that ζωνη and this ἱμας. Voss likewise is here somewhat careless, rendering both words by *Gürtel*. “Dalliance” translates a stubborn word, and projects the idea which lay at the root of ὀαρσις. Let us turn to Voss:

“Sprach und löste vom Busen den wunderköstlichen Gürtel  
Buntgestickt; dort waren die Zauberreize versammelt.  
Dort war schmachtende Lieb’ und Sehnsucht, dort das Getändel,  
Dort die schmeichelnde Bitte die oft auch den Weisen bethöret.”

How neatly ποικίλον and κέστον are compressed in *buntgestickt!* *Wunderköstlichen* is, of course, mere padding. *Schmachtende* likewise is superfluous. Neither can we altogether like “befool” for ἐκλεψε νοον. Mr. Bryant’s phrase is certainly more felicitous. On the whole, it must be conceded that Voss flickers in these lines.

When Mme. Dacier brought out her *Iliad*, it was affirmed on all hands that Homer could never, in

the nature of things, be presented in French verse. From that verdict an appeal has from time to time been taken, but the decision has never been reversed. Mme. Dacier's stiffness and the flippancy of La Motte are indeed equally intolerable. We decidedly prefer to any metrical version in French the prose translations of Bitaupe and Dugas Montbel. Both are in the strictest sense belles-lettres works, and are generally accurate and spirited. Bitaupe portrays the girdle thus: "En même temps elle détache sa ceinture riche d'une superbe broderie. Là se trouvent réunis les charmes les plus séduisants; là sont l'amour, les tendres désirs, les doux entretiens et ces accents persuasifs, qui dérobent en secret le cœur du plus sage." There are some adjectives here for which Homer is not responsible.

Monti's version is well known. It has been called the golden ring which links the Greek and Italian literatures, and is ranked with Caro's *Æneid*. Beside *La Morte d'Ettore* it appears a meritorious work. No doubt the climax of false taste was reached when Cesarrotti, who had executed a good translation in prose, proceeded to metamorphose the *Iliad* into a strange monster which he called *The Death of Hector*. We will not quote Monti now, for in this place he is tame and redundant. Yet he has skilfully hit with *favellio* a secondary meaning of ὄριστος. The French have a word from the same root, *babil*; but we have nothing in English which so happily expresses the *cooing* of young lovers. Tasso's reproduction of these lines is exquisite. He is depicting Armida's girdle. It was fraught, he says, with—

"Teneri sdegni, e placide, e tranquille,  
Repulse, cari vezzi e liete paci,  
Sorrisi, parolette, e dolci stille  
Di pianto, e sospir tronchi, e molli baci."

After the short, swift strokes of Homer, this picture seems almost florid with *conchetti*. But each poet meant to epitomize the charms he had beheld in life. The countrywomen of Tasso were skilled in lovers' sleights, whereas the simple virgins of Homeric times had never heard of the *gai scavoir*. If we may trust Brantôme, who knew something of Italian manners in that age, the dames of Sienna were quite competent to instruct Aphroditè in the arts of fascination. [392]

The range of Homeric similes is not limited to the phenomena of sky, river, and ocean, to the familiar experiences of the forge, the vineyard, and the chase. The lightning play of fancy and memory and the emotions of the heart are submitted to the same scrutiny, and portrayed with like felicity. "Rapid as thought" has become the tritest commonplace in every European language, but the guise which the simile originally wore in Homer is still novel and effective. Incensed at the trick which has just been cleverly executed, Zeus orders Herè back to Olympus. Then Mr. Bryant:

"He spake, the white-armed goddess willingly  
Obeyed him, and from Ida's summit flew  
To high Olympus. As the thought of man  
Flies rapidly, when having travelled far,  
He thinks, Here would I be; I would be there—  
And flits from place to place."

"Willingly" is supported by Voss' *willig*, but has no correlative in the Greek. The context, moreover, shows that Herè departed in a pet, and her peevishness finds full vent when she reaches Olympus. Mr. Bryant omits to translate φρεσι πευκαλιμησι. For this phrase Voss gives *spähenden Geiste*, deriving the adjective from πευκη, by which, with Buttmann, he understands the *pointed* (not *bitter*) fir-tree. But if Schneider be right, these words are equivalent to πυκα φρονεοντων in the description of the girdle just quoted. The root would then be looked for in πυκνος, and the latter phrase might find an analogue, though not an exact one, in our "close schemers." These details are worthy of notice, for Chapman, mistaking the primitive sense of this adjective, has utterly missed the point of the simile. The perversity of Hobbes is ludicrous. He condenses Homer after this fashion:

"This said, went Juno to Olympus high,  
As when a man looks on an ample plain  
To any distance quickly goes his eye."

Voss and Mr. Bryant are in this place so much alike that we will not collate the German, but give instead Monti's blank-verse:

"Disse e la Diva dalle bianche braccia  
Obbediente dall' Idea montagna  
Al Olympo sali. Colla prestezza  
Con que vola il pensier del viatore  
Che scorse molte terre le rianda  
In suo segreto e dici, Io quella riva  
Io quell' altra toccai."

*Scorse* and *rianda* are pictorial, and perhaps sufficiently literal. We like also *suo segreto* for "close mind." Altogether the version is neat and animated, but less compact than Mr. Bryant's. Both are quite as faithful as the prose of Bitaupe and Montbel. The former writes: "Il dit, et Junon soumise à son époux s'élève des sommets d'Ida sur Olympe. Tel que le rapide essor de la pensée de l'homme lorsqu'ayant parcouru des pays d'une vaste étendue, et se rappelant en un moment

tous les objets qui l'ont frappé, il dit en lui-même, j'étais ici, j'étais là." It will be observed that Mr. Bryant's "Here would I be, I would be there!" reproduces the optative εἶην. So does the *Dorthin möcht ich, und dort* of Voss. An alternative reading is ἦην which Bitaupe and Monti have preferred. The verb, however, should then be in the third person, not the first as they give it. The imperfect would impart to the thought a slightly different tinge, and make the traveller rather retrace in memory than revisit it in desire. If this reading be accepted, we might, perhaps, venture to present the passage in this form:

Thus he pronounced; and Herè, the white-armed goddess, obeyed him,  
Down from the summits of Ida speeding to lofty Olympus,  
Darting as darteth the mind of a man who whilom has travelled  
Up and down on the earth, in close thought ponders his travels,  
Here was he now—now there!—still aiming in many directions.

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In the battle which opens in the twentieth book culminates the action of the poem. Achilles now enters the field, and Mr. Gladstone has justly remarked that we seem never to have heard of wars or warriors before. To frame his central figure, Homer summons from Olympus the whole hierarchy of heaven. Amid thunder and earthquake, the gods are seen rallying to either side. No part of the *Iliad* is pitched in a loftier key. Nowhere is a translator more strongly impelled to put forth all his powers. We quote Mr. Bryant:

"From above with terrible crash  
Thundered the father of the blessed gods  
And mortal men, while Neptune from below  
Shook the great earth and lofty mountain-peaks.  
Then watery Ida's heights and very roots,  
The city of Troy, and the Greek galleys, quaked.  
Then Pluto, ruler of the nether world,  
Leaped from his throne in terror, lest the god  
Who makes the earth to tremble, cleaving it  
Above him, should lay bare to gods and men  
His horrible abodes, the dismal haunts  
Which even the gods abhor."

We ought not, perhaps, to dislike the expansion of πατερ ἀνθρώπων τε θεῶν τε in the second line, for the epithets added are themselves hardly more than formulas. The next four lines exhibit Mr. Bryant's best work. Their vigor and elegance are not extraneous, but wrought with patient fingers out of the text itself. "Leaped from his throne in terror" is a melancholy falling off. This indifferent line must stand for three Greek verbs which render with startling accuracy the staccato movement of fear. We give from Voss the three hexameters which depict the panic of Aïdoneus:

"Bang auch erschrack dort unten des Nachtreichs Fürst Aldoneus,  
Bebend entsprang er dem Thron, und schrie laut dass ihm von oben  
Nicht die Erd' aufrisse der Landerschütterer Poseidōn."

*Nachtreich* is not quite equal to "nether world," but really these lines are incomparable. Beside them even the prose of Montbel seems a little wide of the text: "Dans ses retraites souterraines le roi des ombres Pluton frémit; épouvanté il s'élance de son trône, pousse un cri, de peur que le terrible Neptune entr'ouvrant la terre ne montre aux dieux et aux hommes ces demeures terribles en horreur même aux immortels."

We are unable to speak without contempt of the *Morte d'Ettore*, but it is right to state that Cesarrotti's prose translation of this passage is perhaps the closest extant. Monti's verse will be found less literal:

"Tremonne  
Pluto il re de sepolti et spaventato  
Die un alto grido, e si gitto del trono  
Tremendo non gli squarci la terrena  
Volta sul capo il crollator Nettuno  
Ed intromessa collaggiù la luce  
Agli Dei non discopra ed ai mortali  
Le sue squallide bolge, al guardo orrende  
Anco del ciel."

Homer says nothing of *intromessa luce*. The words are no doubt transferred from Virgil's paraphrase—

"Trepidantque immisso lumine Manes."

Longinus, in his treatise *On the Sublime*, had quoted this passage of the *Iliad*, and Boileau in a translation of that work has reproduced it with considerable care. Boileau had positively condescended to defend Homer, but it is plain that his own theory of translation was that accepted by his age. La Motte has stated it in his ode. He tells Homer that he proposes

"Sous un nouveau langage  
Rajeunir ton antique ouvrage,"

and deeming the unconscious energy of his author *un peu sauvage* engages to *régler son ivresse*. [394]  
From Boileau no engagement was required. His Muse was too thoroughly the *grande dame* ever to forget herself, and even in Pythian convulsions retained a measure of decorum. We shall find his version at once droll and impressive. It is, so to speak, a Greek myth treated by Paul Veronese:

“L’enfer s’émeut au bruit de Neptune en furie  
Pluton sort de son trône, il pâlit, il s’écrie  
Il a peur que ce dieu dans cet affreux séjour  
D’un coup de son trident ne fasse entrer le jour  
Et par le centre ouvert de la terre ébranlée  
Ne fasse voir du Styx la rive désolée  
Ne découvre aux vivants cet empire odieux  
Abhorré des mortels, et craint même des dieux.”

To us no book of the *Iliad* is more delightful than the twenty-fourth. There are many scenes in which we would willingly linger not alone for the tender pathos with which the poet has informed them, but also for the light they throw on the social ethics of the later as well as primitive Greek world. The figure of Achilles weeping through the long night the loss of the beloved Patroclus is the immortal type of that devoted friendship which illumines with a peculiar radiance the stream of Hellenic biography. In the incessant warfare of sympathy with selfishness, friendship between man and man seems to have played something of the master *rôle* which in modern times has been engrossed by the passion of love. Again, Helen in her lament over Hector’s corpse lets fall some bitter words that deserve to be weighed in connection with the peculiar attitude which Menelaus maintains throughout the poem. They would assist us to understand her strangely equivocal position, as well as the conception of the marriage relation which obtained in the Homeric age. We have space, however, but for a single extract. We will choose Priam’s prayer to Achilles. How often and with what careful hand these lines have been reproduced in English is well-known. In French there are no less than ten metrical versions, to say nothing of prose. To poets of every nation this passage has remained a bow of Ulysses which many have been eager to grasp, but none save Voss has hitherto had sinew enough to bend. The circumstances under which the prayer is made are inexpressively affecting. The fate of Troy has at length compelled the combat of Hector and Achilles. From the walls of the city Priam has beheld the fatal issue. The pride and prop of his old age, the bulwark of his kingdom, lies dead and dishonored in the hostile camp. Conducted by Hermes, Priam passes the sentinels, and gains the quarters of his foe. He enters, springs toward Pelides, clasps his knees, and kisses those “slaughter-dealing hands” which had slain so many of his sons. Then Mr. Bryant:

“Think of thy father, an old man like me,  
God-like Achilles! on the dreary verge  
Of closing life he stands, and even now  
Haply is fiercely pressed by those who dwell  
Around him, and has none to shield his age  
From war and its disasters. Yet his heart  
Rejoices when he hears thou yet dost live,  
And every day he hopes that his dear son  
Will come again from Troy. My lot is hard,  
For I was father of the bravest sons  
In all wide Troy, and none are left me now!

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! revere  
The gods, Achilles, and be merciful,  
Calling to mind thy father, happier he  
Than I; for I have borne what no man else  
That dwells on earth could bear—have laid my lips  
Upon the hand of him who slew my son.”

Had these lines been pointed at by the legend, we could well understand why Solon should have burned his epic. Let us not stay for criticism, but, with eyes fixed on the Greek, give our ears to Voss!

“Deiners Vaters gedenk! O gottergleicher Achilleus,  
Sein des Bejahrten wie ich, an der traurigen Schwelle des Alters,  
Und vielleicht dass jenen die unbewohnende Völker  
Drängen, und niemand ist ihm Jammer und Weh zu entfernen.  
Jener indess so oft er von dir dem lebenden höret  
Freut er sich innig im Geist, und hofft von Tage zu Tage  
Dass er den trauesten Sohn noch seh’ heimkehren von Troja.  
Ich unseliger Mann die tapfersten Söhn’ erzeugt’ ich  
Weil im Troegebiet, und nun ist keiner mir übrig!  
Scheue die Götter demnach, O Peleid! und erbarme dich meiner  
Denkend des eigenen Vaters! Ich bin noch werther des Mitleids:  
Duld’ ich doch was sonst kein sterblicher Erdebewohner  
Ach die die Kinder getödtet die Hand an die Lippen zu drücken.”

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We hold that it lies not in the power of translation to surpass these lines of Voss. They are truly marvels in photography. To every Homeric line corresponds a German hexameter. In every verse the emphatic word stands where Homer placed it. The very pauses are for the most part preserved. The translator has not retrenched a word. He has scarcely added one. He has certainly not added an idea. On the nice propriety of his diction, and his perfect sympathy with the *feeling* of the Greek, we need not dwell. In these respects Mr. Bryant must be ranked next to him—with an interval, perhaps, but next. His “dreary verge of closing life” skilfully interprets an ambiguous phrase which Voss has chosen to retain. Again, *unseliger Mann* is somewhat cold, whereas “my lot is hard” has caught, so to speak, the genuine accents of heartbreak. “And every day he hopes that his dear son,” etc. Readers of the *Holy Dying* will recall the touching picture of a drowned sailor rolled upon his floating bed of waves, while at home *his* father “weeps with joy to think how happy he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father’s arms.”

Voltaire has somewhere asserted that Homer never drew a tear. Yet even he could not behold this scene unmoved, and himself entered the lists as a translator. His version of this passage embodies the principles which he maintained ought to govern translators of Homer. It forms a curious chapter in the history of taste. Achilles turning discovers Priam, “ce vieillard vénérable,”

“Exhalant à ses pieds ses sanglots et ses cris  
 Et lui baisant la main qui fit périr son fils;  
 Il n’osait sur Achille encor jeter la vue,  
 Il voulait lui parler, et sa voix s’est perdue,  
 Enfin il le regarde et parmi ses sanglots  
 Tremblant, pâle, et sans force, il prononce ces mots.  
 ‘Songez, seigneur! songez que vous avez un père—’  
 Il ne put achever. Le héros sanguinaire  
 Sentit que la pitié pénétrait dans son cœur,  
 Priam lui prend les mains, ah prince! ah mon vainqueur?  
 J’étais père d’Hector, et ses généreux frères  
 Flattaient mes derniers jours, et les rendait prospères.  
 Ils ne sont plus.”

These lines are not altogether without merit, but no man, we suppose, who possesses what has been termed a historical *conscience* will allow them to be poetic. The elements of the scene are there, but they are worked up in accordance with the tricks and traditions of the *Comédie Française*. To the eye of Voltaire, Priam was simply an antitype of the *père noble*, and must assume the attitude and demeanor appropriate to that *rôle*. In short, the verses are conceived in the spirit of his age, and exhibit his best manner. But read them after the Greek, and what fresh point they impart to the familiar words, “In old times men wrote like orators, but now like rhetoricians.”

From Voltaire to Monti is a long stride toward Homer’s Olympus. The Italian has infused much sweetness into this passage. And it is a native, not a grafted, sweetness. Writing in blank-verse, he neither needs nor claims the license of French translators; yet we sometimes miss Mr. Bryant’s terseness and simplicity; as in the initial lines:

“Divino Achille ti rammenta il padre  
 Il padre tuo da sia vecchiezza oppresso,  
 Qua io mi sono! In questo punto ei forse  
 Da potenti vicini assediato  
 Non ha chi lo socorra e all’ imminente  
 Periglio il tolga.”

To appreciate this version one needs only to glance at Cesarrotti’s. Priam’s first three words—*Μνησαι πατρος σοιο!*—comprise the most effective exordium in literature. They are true projectiles shot from soul to soul. Let us see if they are easily recognized in the *Morte d’Ettore*:

“Ah pieta, grida,  
 Divino Achille! Il padre tuo t’implora  
 Per tuo padre, pieta!”

Is it possible to place artist and word-monger in sharper antithesis? The success of his mission—perhaps his life—depends upon the first impression. Conceive royal Priam whining forth “Pity, pity!” like some professional beggar mumbling his worn-out lies. Homer said simply, “Think of thy father, Achilles!” The words, like the stroke of Moses’ rod, split the stubborn heart, and pity gushed forth in tears.

It must be admitted that Mr. Bryant’s lines are not always invested with the impassioned fervor and glowing life which have rescued the works of his English predecessors from oblivion. But it will often be found that where they were most spirited they were least Homeric. It is inevitable that a conscientious workman who resolves to copy his model in the minutest details will produce at times a *mosaic* rather than a *casting*—his materials will seem pieced and not fused. But we are sure that the sweetness of Mr. Bryant’s verse will delight the general reader, while scholars will appreciate his self-control. Animation is desirable, but fidelity is indispensable; and they who truly love the *Iliad* will prefer Homer in marble to Pope and Chapman in the flesh.

Over all translators of the *Iliad*, we confess that Voss is paramount; but no other version with which we are acquainted will bear a sustained comparison with Mr. Bryant’s. The latter’s



obligations to Voss are undoubtedly great; but he has well-nigh cancelled the debt, for the next worker in the field will owe much to him. It may be that translation is not the highest function of genius; yet where it is nobly fulfilled it deserves and commands our gratitude. Nor is this all. It is something more than a figure of speech—the fine figure of Politian's—by which Homer, assisting in the person of Ganymede at the banquet of the gods, is made to distribute to his best lovers some portion of his own ambrosia.

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## SPAIN: WHAT IT WAS AND WHAT IT IS.

A nation vegetating on old memories; a people for two centuries priest-ridden, just beginning to awaken and show some signs of the enlightenment of the age; a government liable to change every twenty-four hours; an empty treasury shifting from one to another incapable ministry; and, above all, a ridiculous pretension and holding to such an Old World phrase as national honor—such is the ordinary run of opinion on Spain. What is it coming to? What is its destiny? Has it a destiny in these busy, practical days? Or is its life played out long ago, and the nation simply drifting downwards into the yawning gulf of insignificance where many another has been swallowed up?

Have Catholics an interest in the question?

Yesterday, when mention was made of Spain, the enlightened world lifted up its eyes and hands in pious protestation against such an outrage on our nineteenth century of civilization. A superstitious race given to the worshipping of graven images, hoodwinked by the priests, those inveterate enemies of progress; no free-will among them; no understanding; nothing but memory. To-day all is changed. The dawn long delayed of enlightenment has come at last to the unhappy land—has come accompanied by the usual signs. Churches have been rifled, the sanctuary has been desecrated, the Jesuits have been scattered, nuns and monks have been robbed of their homes and driven naked into the world, blood has flowed freely, murder has been done. So, to-day the world smiles, and rubs its hands, and hopes better things for Spain.

That it was a great nation we all acknowledge, and the title is a true one. It was not alone a mighty nation; those buried under the Eastern sands were mighty nations, yet their workings in this world were as barren of fruit as the shifting covering that has hidden them away, without an oasis to redeem their barrenness. China might be called a mighty nation, but it has walled itself in from the world by the most narrow-minded and selfish policy, and we have had to fight our way through good and evil up to our present standard without a helping hand from it. Russia is a mighty nation, and we look anxiously to the development of its vast power, but up to the present its only effect on the world has been that of brute strength. But Spain has been pre-eminently a *great* nation; that is, a nation that has done much for its own and others' development, in all that can make peoples sound, intelligent, prosperous, and happy.

Looking back at its history as far as we can look back, we find the same characteristics in the race as we find to-day; above all, that intense, all-absorbing nationality which has kept it unmixed and unconquered. Hannibal courted its alliance; the Roman failed ever to subdue it thoroughly. Great stubborn resistances to the Empress of the World stand out now and then in clear relief from that dim background—awful sieges wonderfully sustained, where the women play an equal part with the men. We shall always find these Spanish women leading the van in the hour of their country's danger. The victories gained over them resembled the victory of Pyrrhus. The Romans went and the Moors came, and fastened on the heart of the kingdom, populating and flourishing there, sucking out its life. They built their cities and their palaces in the fairest spots in the land. Powerful, warlike, rich, with immense resources, they laughed at the handful of men, kingless, skulking among rocks, and starving for liberty. But that handful will not surrender what is their own while one arm can be raised to defend it. They are true to one another as Spaniards and as Catholics now; for a new element is in them binding them more firmly than the very blood that is common to their veins—religion, the religion of Christ, which they have seized upon with all their passionate nature, never to relinquish. Inch by inch the Moors are driven back over the sea. They were invaded again by a more terrible foe than all—more terrible even than France in her deep distress has lately seen. Bonaparte had drained the country of its armies, had emptied its coffers, and taken away its king, all under the shadow of friendship and alliance. When he held it thus powerless in his hands, he sent in his armies, and impudently set his brother on the throne. Kingless, moneyless, defenceless as they were, the people rose up, the women again leading the van, and the priests inflaming all. Bonaparte was driven out. The priests, for all their hoodwinking, can be good patriots, it seems. The London *Times*, the mouthpiece of the enlightenment of the age, certainly no great friend to Spaniards and Catholics, contrasted the conduct of France during the late invasion with that of Spain. France, in her sorest straits, was never so hard pushed as Spain when the first Napoleon entered; yet a nation of over 30,000,000 could not rid themselves of half a million. There was no Carthage, no Saguntum, no Saragossa—no approach to such. And the *Times* confessed that France failed because she possessed neither the patriotism nor the religious enthusiasm of the Spaniards. Such examples has Spain given to the world of the purest patriotism, the first element of greatness in a nation; of a self-reliance that, when all seems lost, will not look without for aid, but to itself.

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She has not ceased her working here. In no department has she been backward. Science owes her much. Literature is enriched by her authors. The inspirations of Murillo are the embodiment of all that our religion can feel in its deepest moments; before his canvas, the Christian prays, the infidel cannot scoff. She has given soldiers of the noblest type; statesmen the most benevolent and enlightened. The Spanish constitution in itself is from days remote admirable for equipoise and justice. In England they are just approaching the Spanish marriage laws. A Spanish merchant will tell you that for the generality of commercial questions he is his own lawyer, so clear and well-defined is the law.

What do we Catholics owe to Spain?

First of all, that high example of unswerving faith and devotion to the Holy See through ages of evil report and good report. The great heart of the nation is not moved by events that will come

under our notice after. She has not only given a host of theological writers, but, what is still better, a host of theological actors—notably the Order of St. Dominic and the Society of Jesus, the names of which are enough to recall our debt.

To the Old World she opened up a New. Here Spain had a mission that is rarely given to nations. She failed, though the monarch sent priests to accompany the soldiers, to temper the conquest of the sword by that of the cross. How well the warriors of Christ demeaned themselves, our Bancroft and Prescott tell us. [399]

She failed; but who shall cast the first stone at her? That nation only which has subdued another by Christian love and the weapon of the cross—a phenomenon that has not yet appeared even in these blessed days.

We hear much of the cruelty of these Spanish settlers, of their selfishness, of their greed of gold.

We must make a little allowance for the days in which they lived. Men were untutored then; peace congresses (save the mark!) were unknown; an *Alabama* case would either have been let alone or settled by the sword long ere it could have grown into a mere talking difficulty; men did not consult lawyers on the nice distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*. The Spaniards landed, and held their own by cruelty, oppression, and rapine, no doubt. We, with all our enlightenment, have followed their example pretty faithfully; except that, for men like the saintly Las Casas, we despatched an agent that worked a speedy conversion—fire-water. We have taken root here and grown up, and are a great nation, spreading out in all directions, wealthy, prosperous, enlightened, with civilization at our finger-ends, and Bibles willy-nilly in every one of our schools. Yes, we are a decided improvement on the Spaniards. But a hundred years ago there existed a race in this country to whom the land that we tread upon belonged. Where is that race now? A wretched remnant of it scowling and prowling on our outskirts; we are killing them off. We heard of them the other day joining in the great hunt. The most enterprising and powerful of our journals, one that has fitted out a purely benevolent expedition to Africa, sent its correspondent down to record it all. We had an “idyl of the plains”; the course of our great enlightenment and progress was drawn in fanciful colors, with this correspondent for central figure, riding for miles and miles under the stars to tell us at our breakfasts of the exact position of a soldier throwing an ornament round the neck of a savage maiden, and the evident appreciation the savages exhibited of champagne.

Spain failed in her mission, great and glorious as it was. Have we succeeded better? Has England, in India, or Tasmania, or wherever she set her foot?

Gold brought its own curse. When wealth comes unasked, few men will labor. The “Eldorado” filled the dreams and stopped the life of the Spaniards. One by one her rich possessions dropped from the parent nation, till Cuba was the only one left, and Cuba wishes to go also.

She has become a second-rate power in Europe, if so high—the kingdom “on whose dominions the sun never set.”

And here, with this glance at her past history to call to mind what she was, what she has achieved, the truly great elements that were always in her, we turn to look at her as she is; to consider her present bearing on the church, for we Catholics must always look at all things with a Catholic eye, knowing, as we do, that our religion is the one religion upon which the salvation of this world hangs; that, if the world is to be saved by us, we can never put our faith upon the shelf and enter the world as worldlings. The Spirit of God must permeate and pervade all people, all places, all things, at all times; and when that is accomplished, and not before, then will the world be saved. [400]

Spain groaned under the rule of Isabella, or rather under the rule of her rulers. She was a woman far “more sinned against than sinning.” We are apt too often to blame the victim for the circumstances which make the victim. From her infancy a tool in the hands of unprincipled men; forced to marry a man utterly worthless in every respect; almost without one true friend, without a soul for her woman’s heart to cling to. We accuse her of all the evils created, fostered, encouraged by a host of powerful men, who used her as a chess-piece; while she stood, their game was safe. The revolution more than smouldered; but O’Donnell, at once a statesman and a soldier, kept it down. Narvaez, crafty and bold, succeeded him, and in turn went. These men, particularly the latter, in striking at their own foes, left a bitter legacy of hatred and revenge to the queen. What all foresaw came to pass—the last rising which ousted her. Prim came in; the nation’s destiny was at last in its own hands; now for the millennium.

Prim commenced it—a likely man for such a purpose. A bold, unscrupulous adventurer, whose chief virtue was his reckless bravery; no great talker; not a man who would astonish you by the wisdom of his words, but quick to decide, speedy to execute; a very soldier whose “voice was in his sword”—such was Prim. He found himself adored by the soldiers, glorified by the people. He did not care for the latter: when they wished to tear the crown from his cap on his entry into Malaga, he would not let them; he declared himself in plain words for monarchy from the beginning. He found the cortes split up into parties. Many for Don Carlos, a strong body, who if not crushed would have their king; so Prim resolved to crush them. A few for Montpensier; another few for Don Alfonso, the queen’s son; neither worth bothering about, Prim let them alone. A small compact party of republicans, very ably led; nearly all young, enthusiastic, lawyers many of them, excellent speakers, excellent fighters at a pinch, too. This was a dangerous party, who had been most instrumental in putting Prim where he was. He dared not turn round on them at once, the people were still armed. He coquetted with them. They were young, and many unfledged, eager to try their lungs, fond of the sound of their voices. Spain should be governed

only as Spain wished; she should have a model constitution; freedom of the person, freedom of the press, freedom of religion, freedom of everything. No more conscriptions, only a few more thousands just to enable the army to quell those troublesome Carlists. He threw them a constitution, a model indeed in its construction, fit for Utopia, but scarcely for the wild spirits then raging in Spain. He let them wrangle over that, and turned himself to the army. He had always been popular with the soldiers; he moved everybody up a grade; by this means he created all the colonels, and the army was his. With this weapon secure in his grasp he could beat them all, and he did. He played them off, one against the other, in the cortes; he knew, split up as they were, the elements too opposed to coalesce, they would never agree about any single thing or any single person; he suggested this and he suggested that; if they would not take his suggestions, that was their fault. One thing was clear, they must support him, or anarchy would ensue. The Carlists left the chamber to fight. Precisely what Prim wanted; he had encouraged it, in fact; the sooner, the better for him, as he could the more easily crush them. He did so, cruelly and mercilessly. In the meantime, he was all honey to the republicans. But at last they began to see that they had been hoodwinked; that there was no hope of a republic from Prim; that the monarchy they hated would come in again, and all their efforts prove fruitless. Prim demanded the arms of the people—the arms which had been distributed to enable him to crush the monarchy. The republicans in their turn left the chamber to fight; and well they fought, too, against the overwhelming forces that Prim sent to quell them; for no half measures would do for Juan Prim. Those men who rose and fought so tenaciously at Cadiz, at Jerez, at Malaga, Valencia, had been well schooled beforehand by the preachers of the age. "You are poor, and your children will be poor after you. The labor of your hands goes to dress the fine ladies of the rich; to fatten lazy priests, who do nothing for a living; to set those brave gentlemen on horseback, who think themselves made of other flesh and blood than yours. We will change all that when the queen is driven out. We will all be equal, and do equal work or no work. Our men are men as theirs are; our women are women also."

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The queen was driven away; the friars, and the Jesuits, and the nuns banished. The government seized upon their houses and what was in them; of course it was not robbery when the government took them. Still the poor were not a penny the richer. These plausible doctrines had seized upon their simple minds. It was something worth fighting for, and they fought. No Paris barricades were ever defended with half the fury and obstinacy displayed by those Andalusians—the mountaineers and villagers whose fathers and grandfathers had harassed, surrounded, and captured a force of 4000 or more, under one of the First Napoleon's generals. Still, we hear of none of those outrages at which the world sickened lately in Paris. "Aqui nadie se roba caballeros"—"Gentlemen, no one robs here," was the first cry at Cadiz. A commandant of the forces was struck down in the midst of the revolutionists by a shot. They knew him well, and that he was going to fight against them; yet they were the first men to take him from the street and care for his wounds. There is all that is noble, generous, and faithful in the heart of this people, which it only requires a wise government to draw out.

They were beaten on all sides. They dared not rise in Madrid, for Prim kept his forces there, as a centre, menacing the country. In the midst of all this distraction, we see one flash of the old spirit that, however it might split against itself, was one against a common foe. Cuba saw its chance, and, though many concessions had been made, it would have liberty at once. Prim had quite enough to do at home; his hands were full with Carlists and republicans. We lent our sanction to the Cuban claims, with an after-eye to our own interests; and our minister made some representations that never quite came to light. Prim made no answer to them, at least in words. But, notwithstanding the dearth of money and of men, the strain at home requiring every nerve to sustain it, the old Spanish blood was true to itself. Volunteers sprang up in crowds; and force after force was shipped, is shipped still, to the island, ostensibly to quell a rebellion that never held a position from the first. A nation that can act so in such a moment must have something in it.

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Before taking leave of Prim, in turn the hero and the terror of the revolution, much as we deplore that the destinies of such a nation at such a crisis should have fallen into the hands of such a man, we cannot help paying a tribute to his never-flagging energy, dauntless courage, and prompt decision. Men laughed at Prim, at his speeches, and wondered how he ever gained his position. Speaking on the deficiency of the national treasury, and utterly unable to tide over those rocks on which all governments break—figures: "I know we shall be able to meet the deficiency," said Prim, "But how?" asked the deputies. "I do not know exactly how; but I have a *feeling* in my breast which convinces me;" the words are from memory, but they convey the substance. Men laughed, but Prim stood his ground; and gradually the question, "What will Spain do?" merged into that of "What will Prim do?" A better man and a wiser statesman, neither very difficult to obtain, would have availed himself of such an opportunity to heal his country's wounds. Prim could not do this; he did not know how; but he was at least "wise in his generation." He could not save the sick man; he did the next best thing, he kept him from killing himself. The foolhardiness of the man was his destruction. He had often had warnings, but he knew not what fear was, and took no precautions.

"To have the republic is easy," said Castelar, the leader of the republicans, after one of his defeats, to Prim. "We have only to kill one man." "Nothing but a thunderbolt kills me," retorted Prim, "and of those very few fall."

The thunderbolt fell and crushed him, but failed to crush what it was aimed at, the monarchy. Amadeus landed just in time to learn that his right-hand man was gone—a fearful venture for a young king and his queen. But he braved it royally; and though the race of Victor Emanuel can

never find much favor in our eyes, this son of his, we confess, has borne himself through trying scenes like a king and like a gentleman, nobly supported by his brave and Catholic lady. That he was never elected by the people is clear; that, notwithstanding his personal merit, he is not likely to stay long where he is, is the surmise of all. If a telegram, without the slightest foundation in fact, announced his expulsion to-morrow, not a man in the world would disbelieve it. The people can feel no sympathy with a man who has no sort of title to their ancient crown; who is a perfect stranger to them, and almost to the world; who after the hawking of their throne about Europe, was forced upon them against their will. Besides, the Italians, of all European nations, are despised in Spain. They are considered there as good singers, dancers, cooks, and such like, but not the men for anything manly or great: how much less for the throne of Ferdinand the Catholic! "King Macaroni the First" was the burlesque that greeted Amadeus on his arrival in the capital. With him we will not trouble ourselves further, but with the revolution that gave occasion to the accident of his accession, and which will displace him to-morrow or the next day.

Spain undoubtedly was in a bad state under the *régime* of Isabella. The question is, Has she [403] bettered herself by driving out the queen? The new order came in with a grand flourish of trumpets. Progress was the watchword: the "Progressistas" were Prim's party till he broke them up. We have touched already on the blood shed in civil strife for this party and for that, but there are other things to consider. Education is the word of the day; let us see what the revolution effected in this direction.

The Jesuits under great difficulties were organizing colleges and missions; they were straining every nerve to educate and improve the people, and were just beginning to make some headway when the revolution came; and of course the first "abuse" to be abolished was the Order of Jesus—that order that flourishes even in Protestant countries like England, where the government, under such a chancellor as Mr. Lowe, grants them a pension for their observatory at Stonyhurst. They had to fly the country; their establishments were all broken up and seized upon by the government. A case in point:

At Port St. Mary's, between Cadiz and Jerez, the gentlemen of the town, seeing the good effected by the Jesuits in their missions, and feeling it in the improved conduct of the men they employed, as more than one of them assured the writer, united and raised funds sufficient to build a magnificent college which they presented to the society. The government, then of Isabella, had nothing to do with it. When the revolution broke out, there were three hundred students there, many of them from the first families of Spain. In addition to these, forty of the poor children of the district were admitted to the course of studies free. The Jesuits were banished, and escaped with their lives, thanks to the courage of a noble-hearted gentleman of the town and his sons, who at the risk of their own lives and property gave them shelter till Topete himself went and conducted them to the sea. The college was closed and seized by the government. The gentlemen who built it demanded the building to be used at least for educational purposes, no matter under whom. To all their remonstrances a deaf ear was turned; and the college stands tenantless to this day. Those who had the means sent their children out of the country to England, France, or elsewhere. Many could not, and for them there was no remedy. Their children must do without education while the work of enlightenment goes on.

They drove out the friars and the nuns destitute into the world; seized upon their property, and possessed themselves of their treasures, the vessels of the sanctuary, vestments, paintings, gifts given in expiation of sins or propitiation of heaven by men and women long ago resting in their graves. Not a year back the writer, then in London, saw an announcement in the *Times* of the accession of some rare Spanish jewelry to the curiosities of the very interesting Museum at Kensington. He went, and found the ornaments that had decked the images and altars of the Virgen del Pilar at Saragossa, neatly arranged in two large cases, each ornament ticketed off as in a Jew's shop, with the estimated value underneath in sums varying from over a hundred, sometimes over two or three hundred, pounds downwards. This sacrilegious robbery was repeated throughout the country—a dangerous example to the poor, whom they had indoctrinated with the pernicious ideas so prevalent in these times, the climax of which we saw the other day in Paris.

There was to be no state religion, and the clergy no longer to be salaried by the government. We [404] must observe how all these movements strike at the church first; as is right they should do, for, that power destroyed, there is an end to morality, and the rest is easy. After a fierce and prolonged debate, in which the republicans came out in their true colors, and gave utterance, not the greater number happily, to open-mouthed blasphemy not simply against the church, but against the God whom Protestant and Catholic adore in common, the motion was not carried. The Catholic Church continues the church of the state, as it is the church of the whole nation.

"There are three things I hate intensely (*que me odian*): God, the monarchy, and phthisis," said an alcalde in the north. It is a comfort to know that the wretch who said this craved a priest on his dying bed when attacked by the last object of his hatred, and God, ever merciful, allowed him one.

Emilio Castelar, the prime mover in the motion, spoke differently. He is the leader of the republicans: young, gifted beyond measure in all that can give a man influence among his fellows, a marvellous orator, whom the whole cortes, from the prelate to the red-hot republican, listens to spell-bound when he speaks. His attacks on Prim were terrible, unceasing, unsparing; he lashed the cortes into foam; but Prim, conscious of his power, had a dry, sarcastic manner of meeting them that took a good deal of the eloquent edge off. On the religious question Castelar said, "For my own part, if I chose any religion, it would be the Catholic, in which I was born and in which my mother died. A Protestant I could never be: it is too frigid for me."

Liberty of the press, in these days the bulwark of our rights, liberty of public discussion, were proclaimed. The press was free to attack everything and every institution we consider holy. The republican papers poured forth floods of blasphemy unchecked. The Carlist, the Catholic organs alone were suppressed. Villaslada, the editor of the *Pensamiento Español*, the leading Carlist and Catholic newspaper, which bears the Holy Father's blessing on its page, was forced to fly the country, and his papers seized. He has since returned, and has now a seat in the cortes. His offence was attacking the government and advocating the cause of Don Carlos at a time when Prim professed to await the expression of the will of the people to declare the king. So much for free discussion.

It would be tedious as well as profitless to take every item in the catalogue of a nation, and contrast them now with what they were before the overthrow of the Bourbon line. Certain it is that, bad as things were in Spain under Isabella, they are worse at present. Her commerce has deteriorated wofully. "We know not what to expect in Spain at any moment. The men we employ have been so preached to by the apostles of the revolution that they are ready to turn on us we know not when. We dare not keep a large stock on hand. We are trying to sell things off even at a sacrifice, we get our money safe banked in England, and, if the revolution and ruin come, well, at least we shall have some provision for our wives and children." That is how any merchant will speak to-day on Spanish affairs.

"The shortest road to peace is through the revolution," said Villaslada, and that is the opinion of all the thoughtful men the writer has met. They look upon a revolution as inevitable, the passions of the people have been so tampered with. It is hoped for that the people may sicken of their illusions; that the fury may waste itself; that the blood-letting which must follow may allay the fever, may open their eyes to the Utopia which their frenzy pictures.

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It is a sad state for such a nation. It makes us anxious about the question we asked at the beginning, What is its destiny? Its debt is increasing as its credit declines. And yet the nation might be a great nation still.

Its foreign possessions it can do without. To get rid of Cuba would really be a relief. The advantages which the island affords for commerce by no means compensate for the continual anxiety it causes—the support of an army and a fleet. Spain is self-sufficient. With an area similar to that of France, her population is only one-third as large. The country if worked could produce corn enough to feed more than half Europe. Magnificent forests of chestnut and mahogany, soft groves of orange and olive trees, clothe and beautify the soil. Splendid rivers roll through the land, while bays and safe harbors indent the coast. In a little district perhaps not more than ten miles square grows the wine that supplies the whole world with sherry. Spanish wool holds its own in the mart. The people are intelligent, peaceful, and moral by nature. In no country can an inferior talk to a superior as freely without passing beyond the bounds as in Spain. Beautiful, historic cities are scattered through the land. Treasures of art are in their churches and galleries, refining the feelings and quickening the intellect. Their language is music; their climate delicious; their soil fruitful; land and living cheap. Their fleet is a formidable one; the Biscayan mariners for boldness and skill are unsurpassed, tossed as they are from infancy in the cradle of their bay, where the wide-spreading Atlantic is for ever wroth that it can go no further. The bravery and discipline of their army is within our recollection. That the energy of the race has not died out is proved by the war in Morocco, the speedy quelling of the revolution, the readiness of the nation to engage in war with such a power as ourselves, where the final issue could not be for a moment doubtful; but that much derided phrase "national honor" kept them true to themselves and their traditions, and we were wise enough not to provoke a contest with a people ready to sell their lives so dear. Yet with all these advantages, their course to-day is a downward one, and will continue so until one of two governments comes—either a man like the First Napoleon or a Bismarck, who to the iron will of Prim shall add a genius which the latter neither possessed nor pretended to possess; strong enough to grind down if necessary, but great enough to lift up. To such a man both Spain and France to-day present fields ripe with opportunity.

Or, for Spain at least, where there is still great faith and reverence for what is great and true, where happily materialism has not yet seized upon the hearts and the intellect of the people, a government that, instead of striking at the church which still is the church of the nation, and sapping the roots of Catholic, that is, of all morality, should call that church to its aid, and say to the people, "Your God shall be my God"—such a government would have from the start the greatest ally it could hope for in a religious people. Let it tell the people boldly that it shall have liberty, but not license, that it shall march with the age, that its great possessions are gone, never to return; but that at home it has resources that cannot fail, which only require the working to make them produce a hundredfold; a government which shall educate the children in religion, and from their infancy pour into their souls lessons of truth. Such a government might regenerate Spain. Such is partly the programme of Don Carlos. But he is the disciple of another school. Could he unlearn a little the doctrines of his school, Don Carlos holds the best chance to-day not only of occupying the throne, but of occupying the hearts and hopes of the nation.

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And here we close with a remark on the failure of revolutions to work their purpose.

"The driving out of one unclean spirit to make room for seven more unclean," is the history of all movements that have ever upset a throne which tradition has set in the intellect of the people, which custom has rooted in the soil, which has literally "grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength," and even declined with their decline or caused it, which is *of* them. It is a strange fact, but history bears it out. As we have shown, the Spaniards drove out their queen, and for a moment held their destiny in their own hands. The French drove out the Emperor, and held their destiny in their hands. Is either country the better for their action? In

great contrast to these stands out Germany, before the war composed of a number of independent or semi-independent peoples. They united and placed themselves under the yoke, and present to the world a combination so great, so powerful, so irresistible by any single state save Russia or our own, that the world was convulsed by it, and the face of Europe changed in a day. Whether it will last or not is foreign to our present purpose. Men should "count the costs" before they overturn any government. It is a hard thing to change a nation. Even though you present something better, you must combat rooted prejudice, immemorial tradition, every spontaneous feeling that rises, before your idea can hold the popular mind. Look at the slow spread of Christianity. People would not give up their gods of wood and stone. Our Lord cast out devils before their eyes. "It is by Beelzebub you cast them out," they cried. But the agents of revolution generally begin on the other side. They cast in devils. They uproot everything that is stable; they undermine morality; they teach men to scoff at everything; to obey no law. Man is free, and this world is his to do as he likes with. Who says no? The priest? The priest and the monarchy go hand-in-hand to bind free-born nations down in superstition and slavery. So they work, and, when their harvest is ripe, they reap their reward. They hack at everything right and left. But demons are powerful only to destroy, and they have raised those that they cannot lay, save by blood and iron, as Prim did, as Trochu and the rest were compelled to do. "And the last state of these nations is worse than the first."

We were saved from a like fate because the monarchy was never known here; our constitution was not a new one, it was in the intelligence of the people from the first, and its exponent was George Washington.

People with their own destiny thrust upon them can do nothing with it. Men have brooded for years under evil government, and when that falls a thousand quacks are ready, each with his panacea for the cure of the nation's woes, and one is as likely as another. As for the nation at large, it wants to be governed. It cannot sit down and think, the matter out, rejecting this and choosing that. The first that is ready, if it happens to be good, good; if not, so much the worse. They have already knocked one government on the head; why should they stop at a second, or a third, or any number? And so step in cruelty and oppression on the one side, lawlessness in every form on the other. It is better to cure than to kill; better to reform than to overthrow; and if we must overthrow, let us do it like men and not like fiends. If the joint is rotten ere you displace it, see that you can replace it. The monarch is the key-stone of the constitution in lands where monarchy prevails. Remove that, and the whole fabric is shattered. You must build anew. You may build better; at all events, time is lost; most likely you will build worse; strengthen, reform the old—beware how you destroy it.

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# OFFICIAL CHARITY.

## FROM REVUE DU MONDE CATHOLIQUE.

In these times, all is laical—that is to say, in accordance with modern language, everything is bound to bear the stamp of the state. No contract is possible without the intervention of the state; no marriage exists without the ratification of the state; no school can be opened without the sanction of the state. In short, the state puts its iron clasp on all that man possesses, even his personal liberty and right. Henceforth, then, in the name of those immortal principles which consecrated the absolute and illimitable liberty of the human family, are abolished the most sacred rights of man—liberty in the bosom of the family and individual rights. In the name of liberty, the state confiscates all; it proclaims itself, without ceremony, the original author of all its laws. It is the god-state.

It is astonishing that, following a parallel exaggeration, the state has come to proclaim itself alone capable of exercising charity, as it is alone capable of teaching it! Logic ought to forcibly bring about this result. The state which adjudicates to itself the monopoly of direction, can it not also adjudge to itself the monopoly of the charity?

Yes, charity has become a monopoly of the state. What is it, then, other than *official* charity? Give alms if so be, but do not forget to pass them through the hands of the state. It is it alone that can distribute your generous gifts. Found hospitals if you will, but on the express condition that you are to abandon them to the hands of the state, who will administer them as masters. Such is in substance the idea of official charity, centralizing in the hands of the state, and administering through its functionaries, the benefits and alms given in a spirit of self-sacrifice.

Very well! The church has never exercised a similar tyranny. She has crushed the heathenish proposition of the *Syllabus*, "39. The state, from being the source of all good, enjoys a right which is not circumscribed by any limits," and, always free from the errors which she points out, the church has never imposed any act that even appeared as a simple pretext to accuse her of inconsistency. Though divinely commissioned to guide men, enlighten and direct their intelligence, their will, and all their steps, the church has never believed it her right to say to her faithful: "Put your alms into my hands; I alone know how to properly distribute them." No! assiduous in stimulating charity, active in giving it birth, the church contents herself with encouraging the sacrifices that holy love inspires, and to show herself happy in having children who evince in so tender a manner the sentiment of Christian brotherhood. An exquisite sense reveals to her that charity delights in secret and mystery; a marvellous delicacy teaches her that the poor and the unfortunate neither consent to pour out their griefs indiscriminately, nor to have their wants relieved by every hand.

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Thus, in reference to works of charity, the supremacy of the church consists in helping to accomplish that which the spontaneous piety of her faithful confides to her, and to exercise an exact surveillance over the faithful accomplishment of the charitable dispositions shown by her children who are numbered among the dead. Inviting, encouraging, thanking, and supervising—such is the *rôle* of the church. If she welcomes with gratitude the faithful who select their pastors to dispense their bounty or for a go-between in their good works, she does not impose it upon them as a duty to confide alms to the care of bishops or of priests. And all doctrine tending to create a similar obligation is rejected by canon law as tainted with an odious exaggeration. Now, then, we have a right to reject the pretensions of the state over charity. Under what title does it place itself between the man who gives the alms and he who receives it? Is the sanctuary of charity less sacred than the domestic hearth? And if the home is inviolable, should not the secrets of charity be equally so?

We protest against official charity with all the energy of indignation. We proclaim it as an injury alike to the rich who give and to the poor who receive. The demonstration does not appear difficult.

Nevertheless, before undertaking it, we hope to interest our reader in placing before his eyes the sentiments of a judge whose views modern politicians do not ordinarily challenge. Portalis, every one knows, elevated the rights and prerogatives of the state high enough. "The state is nothing if it is not all," said he, one day, before the legislative body. Here is certainly a witness unsuspected of partiality for the theory we are about to defend. Listen, then, to what he said himself to the proposition of official charity.

### I.

Let it be remembered here, that one of the most constant preoccupations of Napoleon I. was to centralize everything into his own hands. The emperor wished to the letter to know all and to govern all. Not content with having created the formidable monopoly of the universities, he had even dared to try his hand at flattery in pretending to treat religious affairs as a simple department of his vast administration. Could it, then, be hoped that his ambition respected the liberty of charity? Napoleon, then, dreamed very seriously of controlling its exercise. Portalis hindered him.

The good sense of this celebrated counsellor of the emperor refused on this occasion to consent to the caprices of his master. Portalis declared fearlessly that official charity was the product of a hollow, weak brain, altogether an Utopia of one's own creation to amuse the leisure hours of some philosopher seeking a distraction.

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"Certain men," wrote he to the emperor, "more jealous of their own attributes than of the public good, believe in finding abuses in all establishments that are not of their own creation. They scorn the good in the hope of finding the better; they imagine that all is resolved by calculation, and that, with two or three general maxims, they could reconstruct the world. With such ideas, states are disorganized. Such minds exhibit a greater power to destroy than an ability to construct.

"It is said with truth that the laws would be nothing without morals. It is, then, in the morals that the power of the laws will be sustained, that is to say, it is necessary to study the direction of the minds of men; that they should know the common affections of the human heart, and not govern by metaphysical abstractions and submit to cold calculation those things which cannot be other than the result of zeal, devotion, and of virtue."<sup>[89]</sup> This was adroitly cautioning the emperor against the deleterious influences of that sad philosophy which sought to control him. Applying these principles to those hospitable communities that irreligious passions wished to banish, Portalis subjoined:

"The associations with which are connected so many touching memories were recommended to the considerate attention of your majesty by the gratitude of the people. Experience speaks loudly in favor of the imperial decrees which have authorized these associations. It is not, then, to balance between the vain theories of an infatuated sophist and the real assistance that charity administers to suffering humanity."<sup>[90]</sup>

"These miserable objections derive their source ... in the vain theories of which experience has demonstrated the illusion."<sup>[91]</sup> It is, then, clear that official charity found no advocate in Portalis. It presented to him the too evident imprints of a lying and anti-Christian philosophy. We will continue our citations.

## II.

Portalis was convinced that religion only could induce charity. He believed that in this case religion only is capable of receiving and executing the mandates of charitable bequests.

"Your majesty," wrote he again, "in your great wisdom has desired to leave the care of the poor under the guard of religion. She has undertaken the service that is accompanied with so many sacrifices and discouragements, which could not be guaranteed but by the most elevated and the most generous sentiments. She has dispersed the false systems of men who would wish to enjoy the benefits of the great work we see in operation under our eyes, in draining with as much imprudence as ingratitude the source from which they are furnished."<sup>[92]</sup>

The experience he had besides superabundantly apprised him of what reason made him sensible. He had seen the works of the state and that of the religious bodies. Doubt, then, was no longer possible. It became manifest to him that, generally speaking, charity could only be duly administered through consecrated hands. Listen to his grave remarks:

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"His majesty, in his travels, has convinced himself that all the hospitals confided to simple civil administration languish; that the poor there are often treated with negligence, and even with cruelty, by mercenary agents. In consequence of this, he has directed me to send the Sisters of Charity to all the departments beyond the Alps, and in all other places where they have not been."<sup>[93]</sup>

Is it properly to Napoleon that the honor of such an initiative reverts? Was it not Portalis who inspired him? He sent very few. It is always the imperial counsellor giving, under his report, absolutely all the confidence to the clergy and to the church.

"It is constantly urged that the ecclesiastics and the bishops have appropriated to their own benefit; but are laic functionaries impeccable? Men, wherever they may be, commit abuses because they are men; but it is clear that there will be less abuse in all things when each kind of administration shall be left to men who by their office and their position have the largest means and the greatest interests for right administration."<sup>[94]</sup>

"It is argued that the needs of the poor are sufficiently guaranteed by the civil administrators of the hospitals. I am not only surprised, but also grieved at this assertion. They overlook, then, all the great good for which humanity is indebted to the Sisters of Charity, to the hospital nurses, and also to many societies of estimable women who, by their tender piety, have consecrated themselves to the service of the poor. The public administrators are forced to depend upon the care of agents, to those mercenaries whose frauds are beyond scrutiny, and who possess no virtues. The spirit of charity cannot be supplied by the spirit of administration. Other management must disburse the revenues, other means must console or help the sick.... One must be possessed of very little philosophy to believe that the cold solicitude of an administrator can replace the generous care of ardent charity.... The service of the poor, as they are attended to in the hospitals and outside of them by religious associations, is not a simple administration or the effect of a simple management. It requires a continual succession of night-watching, privation, danger, nausea, painful and disinterested fatigue. This service demands a great abnegation of self, which could not be sustained save by motives superior to all human considerations. In an association, forces are combined to multiply resources; they encourage each other by example, and are enlightened by counsel; they are directed by rules which call them to duty and guarantee its observance. They receive novices whose health, character, and disposition are tested, and to whom they transmit with the knowledge of the subject the daily lessons of experience. All these

means of recruiting and encouraging, of direction and perpetuity, are wanting when the service of the poor rests upon passing administrations, or with salaried agents who can be arbitrarily replaced at any moment by others. To achieve a permanent good we must have permanent institutions.”<sup>[95]</sup>

This is certainly a complete and beautiful explanation of religious associations. The experience of more than half a century has not lessened the value of these reflections of Portalis; on the contrary, it would be easy to enumerate the frauds, the misrepresentations, and the wastefulness which too often occur in administering to the wants of the poor, but we forbear the recital of the afflicting details. Portalis had but too much reason to condemn. [411]

### III.

In another point of view, Portalis reprovved official charity. It seemed to him irreconcilable with the rights of donors to the poor, who wish to feel free in the distribution of their alms, and also with the rights of the poor, who do not consent at first sight to make acknowledgment of their misery.

“This would be,” said he, “destroying the character of charitable commissions, and perhaps even destroying their usefulness, in transforming them into exclusive institutions. Benevolence breathes as it wishes and where it wishes. If you do not let it respire freely, it stifles or becomes weakened in the midst of those who are disposed to its exercise. I argue that it would show a false estimate of the interests of the poor to isolate them in any way from the religious souls who would protect and assist them. Such people desire to place their alms in a religious organization, which will not dispose of them in any other establishment. Far from prescribing limits and imprudent conditions to benevolence, I would, on the contrary, open all avenues that benevolence might select for itself, and through which it shall choose to extend itself.”<sup>[96]</sup>

“The administration of alms is not and cannot be the exclusive privilege of any establishment whatever. Alms are free and voluntary gifts. He who gives can do no more. He is the one to charge the dispenser of his own liberality. The man who is able to give alms, and has shown his willingness to do so, can ask himself the simple question, To whom belongs their administration? To him or to them whom the donor will have charged to make the distribution? There is not and there cannot be any other rule in a similar matter. To do away with this rule would be to dry up the source of the charity.

“How is it possible to think that religious organizations should be excluded from the right of administering the alms which they receive? Under such a system, they might as well assert that they are not allowed to receive alms, that is to say, they would have to destroy the natural liberty of those men who lay aside a portion of their income to devote to charity, from charging the agents of their own alms and their liberality.”<sup>[97]</sup>

As for the poor themselves, Portalis thought, with reason, that many among them refused to receive assistance from any administration whatever, and this is why he wished that a portion of the accumulated alms might be left to the disposition of the curates of the parishes:

“Because these alms could be profitably disposed of to those poor who from circumstances and misfortunes have met with reverses and change of position, and who, not wishing to acknowledge their misery to the administrators of benevolent institutions, their equals and sometimes their enemies or rivals, go to seek from their pastors the consolations that sustain their courage, and obtain assistance that does not humiliate them. It is to this interesting use that the alms are generally consecrated by the religious organizations and the priests.”<sup>[98]</sup> Thus Portalis reasoned that, even for the interests of the poor, official charity should be energetically repulsed. [412]

### IV.

Meanwhile, if the objection should arise that, after all, these are but opinions, and that simple opinions are not sufficient always to impede the action of the state in what it believes to be its rights, Portalis meets this objection, and in a decided tone he asserts clearly that the state enjoys no right over the exercise of charity. Here are his own words, which we recommend to the minds of modern statesmen:

“The principal office of authority is to dispose of to advantage the gifts that are offered to it, to cause them to prosper in protecting them. It rarely originates them. We have not yet replaced among a multitude of reforms the institutions that have been overturned. Experience brings us back every day to the principles that we have too easily abandoned.”<sup>[99]</sup>

“This would be but imperfectly to understand the human heart, and hinder its free respiration in the things that law can protect indeed, but which sentiment alone commands. The office of a magistrate is to watch over the essential duties of a citizen, but, in works of supererogation, he must allow great latitude to a liberal arbitration.”<sup>[100]</sup>

A remarkable avowal, above all, from a lawyer of the temper of Portalis, who willingly elevated into a dogma the omnipotence of the state. He has, however, said: “No, the omnipotence of the state does not go so far as that; and that for the very simple reason that the state could exact from its citizens only the observance of precepts imposed by the natural and divine laws. It can never compel them to submit to obligations that nature has never created.”

Is it to say that we refuse to the state the right of showing itself benevolent and charitable? God

forbid! If the state would practise boundless liberality, we would bless it. If it would be the protector of all the works destined for the relief of unfortunate humanity, we would exalt it with transport. But never to make this protection a monopoly, otherwise the benefaction would change to tyranny.

Listen to M. Charles Périn, who has treated with as much depth as sincerity the difficult problems of political economy:

“The action of the state in giving assistance will not be free from danger, inasmuch as it would have a purely preventive character... That the state intervenes to assure by its civil existence the duration of those institutions founded by the free inspirations of private charity; that it assures itself that the conditions of the foundations for which it calls its meetings contain nothing which repudiates the rules of public order; that it exercises over the administrations of those foundations a watchfulness that prevents abuses and which secures the observation of the essential rules of the institution, without annulling the free action of those who have received the mission of donators to represent them among the poor, and continue the work of charity which has inspired them—under these conditions, the intervention of the state will become a benefit, because then she does no more than aid liberty.”<sup>[101]</sup>

Here is also the doctrine of the great Bishop of Arras, Mgr. Parisis:

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“That which governments can and ought to do to aid charity is not to disfigure, to dry up, and to destroy it in making it entirely legal, but to reanimate it by all possible means in maintaining it Christian, in preserving the sentiment, and everywhere encouraging efforts in its regard, to make not rulers, but auxiliaries, not oppressors, but friends.”<sup>[102]</sup>

Admirable formula, that the politicians of the present day should study a little more!

We have placed before the reader the sentiments and doctrines of Portalis touching official charity. We do not think that we could give higher authority. We have found in the alleged proofs good and solid reasoning. We record a true demonstration.

We have been reluctant heretofore to discharge this great duty. Why we take up the subject at this late period is to expose the vices and the dangers of official charity.

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# THE CHURCH AND THE PRESS.

The following item of news is clipped from a recent number of a leading New York publication:

“The proposition is under discussion to establish in this city a new anti-Catholic paper, partly devoted to opposing the religious tenets of the Romanists, but still more their supposed attempts to secure political control in the country. It will support the ultra-Protestant position of the Bible in the public schools, and will be backed, it is expected, by a large subscription among the three or four secret anti-Roman Catholic societies that exist in this country.”

We do not know what truth there may be in this report. It is intrinsically probable that the establishment of an “anti-Romanist” periodical is in contemplation, because there is always a large politico-religious party in the United States whose chief principle is bitterness against the Catholic Church, and there are certain reasons why such a party just now should be especially active. The Catholic element in our population is rapidly increasing, and many circumstances have recently combined to bring its numerical strength into prominence. A moderate estimate makes it not less than six or seven millions. The published returns of the census of 1870 have not thus far furnished any statistics of religious belief, but they give some facts from which we can get at least an idea of the rate at which the church in America is growing. There were, for example, in 1870, no fewer than 1,855,779 persons of Irish birth in the United States, and of these the preponderance of Catholics over Protestants was so large that the Protestant element may as well be disregarded. In Ireland, the ratio of Catholics to Protestants is at least as high as four to one, and here the proportion is still greater, because emigration is largely from the Catholic counties; probably the whole number of Irish-born Protestants in the United States does not equal 200,000. The German-born population, according to the same census, is 1,690,533. In Germany, about three-fifths of the inhabitants are Catholics, but emigration takes place rather more from the Protestant than from the Catholic districts, so that competent judges estimate that the Catholic Germans in this country are only two-fifths of the entire number. That would give us, for Catholics of German birth, 676,213. Then there are 193,504 natives of other Catholic countries, including 116,402 Frenchmen, but not counting Swiss, Poles, Canadians, and others of whose religious belief we have no means of making an estimate. A great many of the French and Italian immigrants are either Protestants or people of no religious profession at all; and, upon the whole, we prefer to leave out of consideration these 193,000 settlers of the Latin race, balancing with them the Protestant Irish. Now, the census shows that for every foreigner in the country there are two native-born inhabitants of foreign parentage. According to this rule, we ought to have 3,711,558 descendants in the first generation of Irish immigrants, and 1,352,426 descendants of Germans. Supposing, therefore, that the children are brought up in the faith of their parents, there ought to be the following numbers of foreign-born Catholics and Catholics born in this country of foreign fathers and mothers:

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Irish birth	1,855,779	
Irish parentage	3,711,558	
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Total Irish		5,567,337
German birth	676,213	
German parentage	1,352,426	
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Total German		2,028,639
		-----
Grand total		7,595,976

This, of course, is too high an estimate. Unfortunately, a great many of the descendants of Catholic immigrants are not brought up in the faith. Protestant associations, mixed marriages, the want of priests and churches in a large part of our territory, the general deficiency of schools, the influence of an overpowering Protestant tone in society, politics, and literature, and the inadequacy of the Catholic press thus far to meet the intellectual needs of the day, have robbed us of many of the descendants of the Catholic settlers—how many it is impossible to say. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the figures we have given refer only to immigrants and a single generation of their descendants. Irish and German Catholics, however, have been pouring into the country ever since the Revolution, and their descendants in the second, third, and later generations must be counted by hundreds of thousands. Then we have the offspring of the original Catholic settlers of Maryland and of the French posts along the Mississippi Valley from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and the Spanish Catholics along the Pacific coast; and, finally, we have thousands of converts, whose number is increasing in a constantly growing ratio. All these elements must far outweigh the loss by neglect and perversion.

Then, the movement to extend Catholicism among the colored people of the South has occasioned no little alarm in the Protestant sects. It was thoroughly discussed at the General Council of Baltimore six years ago, and especially attracted, as our readers know, the Christian zeal of the late Archbishop Spalding. The English Church has come to our aid by sending us missionaries for this special work, and there is every reason to believe that in this long-neglected field, now open to us by the abolition of slavery, we shall reap an abundant harvest. Everybody perceives that for a long time to come, if not permanently, the colored people will hold a

preponderance of power in several of the Southern States. As they advance in education and material welfare, their influence will enormously increase. In many districts, they are evidently destined to be the ruling race, for they are improving in culture, and can no longer be overlooked by the social or religious philosopher. Whether they shall be Catholic or Protestant is a momentous question, not only to their own souls, but to the country.

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But not only is the formidable number of the Catholics of the United States a subject of increasing anxiety to the sects, their attitude towards political parties presents some new and perplexing problems. Heretofore they have exerted no special influence as Catholics upon political affairs. As a general rule, at least in large cities, an immense majority of them have adhered to the Democratic organization, but without giving the slightest Catholic tendency to Democratic principles and objects. They have been swallowed up and lost in the party rather than incorporated with it; they have given it votes, and got little or nothing in return. Why this has been so we need not now inquire; for it has become evident that a general reconstruction of parties is close at hand.

The next Presidential election will not be so much a contest of principles as a trial of strength between the personal adherents of the rival nominees; and before the end of another four years we may expect on both sides a new declaration of political faith, a new setting up of standards, a new mustering of opposing camps, so that the fight hereafter shall be not for a candidate, but a cause. Republicans and democrats alike are looking for a new departure, and we cannot help being interested in what the new symbols of party orthodoxy are to be.

Of course, as a religious body our duty is now, as it always has been, to keep aloof from partisanship. We have observed this duty religiously in the past; we shall observe it no less strictly hereafter. But Protestants do not comprehend our position in the matter, and they are watching eagerly for indications of the new alliance which they take it for granted we must contemplate. More than this, certain sections of them are acting upon the assumption that we must naturally rank ourselves as their political enemies, and are striving to give a distinctly anti-Catholic tendency to state and national legislation. What are we to do if they succeed? What must be our attitude if the school question, for example, become a leading topic in state politics, or if the broad question of national education be incorporated with the dogmas of the coming political parties? Leaders on the Republican side have already been trying the temper of the people on this point, and it is not at all impossible that organizations may be made so uncompromisingly hostile to us that we shall have to raise our own standard and define our lines. Protestants see all this more clearly than Catholics, and hence the instinctive gathering together of the sects, the renewed bitterness of some of their leading journals, such as the *New York Times* and *Harper's Weekly*, the attempt to exclude our charities from the state aid to which they are fairly entitled, the attacks upon our schools, and the plans for an anti-Catholic crusade by the establishment of no-Popery organs. A paper of the class indicated in the extract at the head of this article would not, indeed, be a formidable enemy. The people at least have no taste for the violent, old-fashioned style of controversy; but, as one indication among many of the drift of Protestant sentiment, the establishment of a professedly and distinctively anti-Catholic paper as a political engine would be significant.

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If evil times are coming, how are we prepared to meet them? If our schools are to be attacked, our asylums and hospitals starved out, our children led away from the church and the parish school by the strong arm of the government, our young men and young women corrupted by hostile literature, the newspapers given up to falsehood and misrepresentation about our faith and practices, we who are seven millions strong are surely not to sit idle and strike no blow in our own defence. The pulpit cannot be our only guardian. Before the altar we listen to instruction in our religious duties, we learn of the mysteries of our creed, we are roused to penitence, to charity, to the love of God and man; we do not look there for guidance in our duty as citizens, or for the answer to the slanders of our enemies. Our priests have a more sacred function to perform; there is still a work which, from the nature of the case, they cannot do. The Catholic cause must be upheld not only in the shadow of the sanctuary, but in the very midst of the hostile camp. The most eloquent sermon cannot reach a man who will not go to church. The most complete refutation of a slander will do no good if the slanderer and those who believe in him never hear the answer. But newspapers go everywhere. Their readers are not confined to any one sect or any one party; and when disputes arise which affect the relations of Catholics to the secular government and to their Protestant brethren, the heaviest of the fighting must always be done by the daily, weekly, and monthly press.

In an article published over a year ago, we touched upon this subject in connection with the duty of American Catholics towards Catholic literature. Our remarks were generally approved, we believe, but they called forth some little criticism of an unfavorable character which, upon the whole, we were not sorry to see. It is an encouraging sign of development when the religious press shows vitality enough to discuss something else than the commonplaces of controversy which have formed the staple of Catholic and Protestant polemics for generations. It is high time for us to apply to our own publications a little of that free examination which we have bestowed upon others, and to let argument among Catholic writers be something more than the foolish wrangling of ambitious rivals. In the article to which we have alluded, we said that few of the Catholic papers had a circulation of more than 10,000; and some people found fault with us for that. We wish we could give them 25,000 or 50,000 apiece; but it will not mend matters to say that all Catholic papers are powerful organs of public opinion, when we know that they are nothing of the sort. Most of them are doing excellent service within their own sphere; but why affect to deny that their sphere is a narrow one and their means are small? We have tried to

impress upon the Catholic public the duty of supporting the Catholic press to the utmost of their ability. We have shown that where Protestants attack us in a million printed sheets, we give a feeble answer in perhaps ten thousand. We number 8,000,000 souls, yet our newspapers with very few exceptions languish for want of readers, and our colleges are not creating a literary class among the laity. This is one side of the picture, but there is another. If the public is doing little for the papers, are the papers doing much more for the public? We dare say they are doing what they can; but how much is that? What Catholic journal have we capable of meeting *Harper's Weekly*, for instance—we do not mean in argument, but in influence? As we write, the current number of that periodical is laid upon our table. It contains a long article on "Romish Cruelty," telling how in a Pennsylvania town "the Roman Catholics formed a plot to murder" a school-teacher. "The priest aided in encouraging the dangerous spirit of the people, and the assassins seem to have been urged on to their dreadful deed by the open countenance of the Romish Church." The writer comes to the conclusion that "no one's life is any longer safe who ventures to doubt the divinity of Mary or the supreme prerogatives of the Pope." This is only a sample of many similar slanders which the unprincipled publishing firm of the Harpers are spreading all over the country. What are we doing to counteract them? Surely, we cannot afford to let them go unanswered, and we leave it to any Catholic to say whether there is a single publication of our creed in the United States which we can depend upon for a prompt and thorough reply to such falsehoods, in such form and manner as to convince not merely the Catholic, but the Protestant public. We must confront our assailants on their own ground. If they tell us that a priest and his parishioners in an obscure Pennsylvania town have conspired to murder Protestant school-teachers, we must be able to show, and to show at once, that the incidents never occurred, or that the interpretation placed upon them is unwarranted. We ought to have our sources of information as well as our enemies. We need our news-gatherers and investigators, who shall answer falsehood not with indignant invective, but with fact. This is not the work for a monthly magazine, but for a much prompter sort of publication. Long before the true story of such an affair could be told in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, it would have been succeeded by a new slander. The poison would have run through the public veins, and it would be too late for the antidote to overtake it. Newspapers ought to do this work, and we suppose they would do it if they had the money; but investigations are expensive, and when the force of a Catholic organ consists of nobody but the editor, who writes all the fourth page, and the assistant, who makes up the rest of the forms with a paste-pot and a pair of shears, there is of course no reporter who can be sent away on excursions. The *New York Times*, which has long rivalled *Harper's Weekly* in bigotry and anti-Catholic malice, allows a correspondent to take up this story, repeat it as a well-ascertained truth, and enforce the lesson that "a faithful son of the Romish Church cannot be a law-abiding citizen of this free Republic." We dare say scores of Union newspapers will follow the example of the *Times*; and, meanwhile, if a few weekly Catholic papers succeed in getting at the truth of the incident, we may depend upon it their refutation of the falsehood will never reach Protestant ears. It is time for us to understand that calumny cannot be conquered by such means as we now employ, and that practically our enemies are having everything their own way.

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Catholic questions of the most momentous character are now agitating the whole continent of Europe. Germany is shaken by the problems of education; Italy, by the contest between the rights of the Vicar of Christ and the usurpations of the godless Sardinian monarchy. The Döllinger party are encouraged by some of the secular powers to attempt a new heresy. France and Spain are both vexed by infidel and persecuting political factions. England even and Ireland have their Catholic difficulties arising out of the relations between the state and the schools. All the intelligence which reaches us on these important topics comes from the worst sources. The cable reporters who collect European news for transmission through the telegraph are usually not well informed on Catholic subjects, and not always honest. When they touch upon religious matters, they are habitually, even though not intentionally, untruthful. The impression conveyed by their meagre and blundering dispatches is almost always the direct reverse of the right one, and the press telegrams from Rome especially are marvels of ingenious and bold falsification. All the European dispatches printed in American newspapers are sent from London. They are dated at various cities on the Continent, but they all come from one central office in the English metropolis, and they are obtained there from a Jewish news-agency which has relations with the Continental press. Thus, they really give merely the statements of a few French, Italian, Spanish, and German journalists, and these are almost invariably journalists of the anti-Catholic party. In Italy, the mendacity of the anti-Papal press is almost beyond belief; and probably there is no class of persons anywhere so utterly unscrupulous, so wedded to lying, as the radicals of Italy when they speak of the Pope or the Papal Government. The German Liberal and Protestant press is only a little better. It has magnified and misrepresented the Döllinger movement, and distorted, in the grossest manner, the story of the school question in Prussia. Elsewhere, on the Continent, the difficulty is the same. A vigorous press is constantly battling against us, and it is from this press and this press alone that we get our European news. The mail correspondence of American secular newspapers is colored by the same influences which deform the telegraphic summaries. The lie which is insinuated to-day by a cable dispatch will be rubbed in by a letter in due course of the post. Here, again, our enemies have things all their own way. The best of our weekly papers, indeed, do something to correct the falsehoods of the daily journals, but the great difficulty still remains; they cannot reach the general public. Fisher Ames said that "a lie will travel from Maine to Georgia while the truth is putting on its boots." But, if the lie has the advantage of a daily newspaper and a telegraph under the Atlantic Ocean, whilst the truth must trust to steamships, and post-offices, and a small weekly paper or a monthly magazine, what hope is there that the lie can ever be overtaken?

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Secular literature is almost entirely in Protestant hands, and in a thousand unsuspected ways it is

infusing into our intellectual system the poison of indifferentism, or infidelity, or miscalled liberalism, and teaching our young people to divide themselves between two incompatible lives—an active Protestant life, which absorbs all their busy and productive hours, and a sluggish Catholic life, which is confined to Sunday mornings and a few great festivals. What is the Catholic press doing to correct these literary influences? What is it doing to cultivate the art of criticism? If we want to know the characters or the literary merits of a new book, shall we turn to the journals of our own faith, or to the *Tribune* and the *World*? Our periodicals (with a few honorable exceptions) rarely give any notice at all to the productions of secular book-houses, while magazines and books bearing the imprint of a Catholic publisher are generally reviewed in some such style as the following:

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“This sterling periodical has now reached its eleven thousandth number, and has improved with every issue since it was started. The present number alone is worth a year’s subscription. No Catholic family can afford to be without it. Price 25 cents.

“The enterprising publishers, Messrs. Jones & Robinson, have just got out in the elegant style for which they are celebrated a new edition of *Barney O’Toole: a Tale of ’98*. This is a work of great learning, and no Catholic library is complete without it. We are deeply indebted to the liberal publishers for sending us a copy. It is elegantly gotten up. For sale, in this city, by Michael Smith. Price 50 cents.”

This sort of journalism is worse than a waste of ink and paper. It is a direct injury to the cause it is intended to serve. There is no reason why a book that is badly printed and shabbily bound should be described as “elegantly gotten up”; nor why every number of a magazine should be called the best ever printed; nor why everything published at a Catholic house should be declared essential to the spiritual welfare of every Catholic family. But there is a reason why Catholic journalists should tell the plain truth, and sometimes the whole truth, if they expect to obtain influence in an intelligent community.

The time has come when a vigorous, enterprising, well-conducted press is essential to every community in the United States. No man in this country can do without his newspaper. He must keep abreast of the age; he must know what happens in politics, finance, trade, literature, art, and society, and he must know it promptly; otherwise the current of the world flows past him, and he is left idly floating in the pools by the shore. We cannot afford to ignore this imperative want; it is a necessity created by conditions of society far beyond our control; and it is by no means a necessity which we ought to regret. Our task should be not to oppose this demand for newspapers, but to satisfy it more thoroughly than it has ever been satisfied yet. We are numerous and rich enough to create a Catholic periodical literature which shall be the glory of America, and, next to the church and school, the noblest defence of Catholic principles. We are numerous and rich enough to make newspapers which shall meet every demand of the most active and intelligent and best educated citizen; which shall give our own people the most palatable as well as the most nourishing intellectual food, and enforce from our adversaries a respect which is not now paid us. In the providence of God, we believe such a press will some day be built up in America, and then we shall wonder how we lived and kept our faith so long without it.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HOUSE OF YORKE. By M. A. T. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 261. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1872.

A thoroughly good American novel was, we suppose, a literary event which was looked for by nobody who had much knowledge of what had been done in that direction, or who had thought much about the causes which produce the painful thinness of most of our native literature. It is true enough, as Dr. Holmes says, that Protestantism in its last analysis means "none of your business," and what it means at the root it means more or less in every branch and stem, every leaf and flower. And in America especially, which has, so to say, no history and no traditions, and whose vast material resources tempt its children to believe that the world has been started afresh for them on a different basis from that which underlies older civilizations, one of the most patent and most unpleasant results of the theories on which the new civilization was founded has been the barrenness, the hopeless mediocrity, of the literature which it has produced. How was it possible that a people who, as a people, recognized no absolute authority in any matter whatsoever, even in those of fundamental importance, and who had engrained in their minds the conviction that everybody's opinion, especially in matters of taste and of religion, was as likely to be true as his neighbor's, should produce a characteristic and thrifty national art and literature? Lawlessness, a lack of respect for authority, and, in most instances, a provincial ignorance that in these matters there was any recognized authority, were what made the weakness of our efforts in this direction. There were a few writers and a few works of acknowledged ability. In fiction we have had Cooper, and we had also an *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but that the latter owed much of its success to the local evil with which it dealt was evidenced by the inferior merit of the works from the same hand which preceded and which followed it. In the limits of a book-notice it is, of course, not possible to do more than to intimate a conviction that literature and art, like civilization and public morality, rest securely only when they are built upon Catholic truth. Here in America there was ample room and opportunity to prove the opposite proposition if it could be proved, and to show that on a foundation of criticism and negation a strong and sightly structure could be reared. There was no lack of ability in our writers, and there was occasional genius; but, when what they did was not an evident imitation of some foreign model, it generally showed incompleteness, a lack of definite conceptions, and an unpleasant awkwardness and indecision of purpose. We are speaking now only of what is known as light literature—essay-writing, fiction, and poetry.

To find, therefore, a distinctively American novel which one can honestly praise as a work of art, is something at which one may be legitimately surprised as well as pleased; and that we have, at last, in *The House of Yorke*, such a novel, is what nobody who has read it attentively will be at all likely to deny. The true story intertwined with the fictitious one is, as it should be in a work of fiction, so skilfully subordinated to the main current of the novel that it in no way mars the catholicity which is the first element in all genuine art. Pettiness and provinciality are the two rocks on which novels "founded on fact" are most apt to strike; particular facts get such a prominence in them that the larger truth which art demands is lost sight of. Our author shows, however, a thorough mastery of her materials and an accurate perception of what are the proper means to an end. She shows, too, an unusual degree of insight into character and a trained skill in delineating it. All her personages live: not one of them is an imitation of some other novelist's creation. Their individuality is preserved, too, without recourse to tricks of speech and gesture—they are always themselves, because in the mind of their creator there existed a clear and definite image of each of them. That she has studied herself and other people very closely is evident as well when she brings her characters into action as when she analyzes their motives. The book is full of bits of delicate insight, as, for instance, where she says of the impetuous Dick Rowan that "his soul had, indeed, always been more tranquil than his manner." The whole of this character, though, and especially the story of his vocation, may well enough be given as an instance.

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She knows, too, how to be dramatic without becoming sensational, and how to be thoroughly delicate and reserved and yet make an interesting love story. Her style is easy and unembarrassed, and always level with the occasion, whether in dialogue, description, or moralizing, and her book is one to be as well liked by the ordinary novel-reader, purely for the interest of the story, as by those who are more attracted by its lofty purpose and by the skill with which that purpose is carried out.

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DISCUSSIONS AND ARGUMENTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. By John Henry Newman, sometime Fellow of Oriel College. London: Basil Montagu Pickering, 196 Piccadilly. 1872. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

This is another volume of the uniform series of Dr. Newman's works. It contains an essay on the manner of catholicizing the Church of England, one on Anti-Christ, one on the analogy of Creed and Scripture in respect to the difficulties of each, one on Secular Knowledge as a means of moral improvement, one on the Defects and Excellences of the British Constitution, and one on the argument of the *Ecce Homo*—the last two essays only having been written since the conversion of the illustrious author.

The republication of Dr. Newman's Catholic writings is only something which might have been



expected, and which would be considered by all as desirable. The same might be said of his previous works, so far as these contained no heretical or uncatholic statements and opinions. But the entire republication of his Anglican writings was something novel in its way, and rather calculated to startle the mind of one who had not considered the very weighty motives which have induced the author to make this bold stroke. These writings could not have been suppressed. To a very great extent, they are substantially sound, as well as masterly in thought and style, with only an accidental mixture of error. Even those which are in their substance and scope directly anti-Catholic are important documents in the history of polemics. By their incorporation with a complete series of the doctor's works, they are reduced to the category of those arguments and objections against the faith which are incorporated into systems of theology for the purpose of exhibiting both sides of the controversy, and bringing out the truth in its contra-position to error. The work of Dr. Newman's life has been a most remarkable and providential one. He has reasoned himself up from Protestantism, through Anglicanism, to the Catholic Church, speaking aloud, and in tones to command attention, during the whole process. It is impossible to estimate the influence for good which he has exerted as an instrument in the hand of God in bringing back Protestants to the fold of the church. The preservation of the complete history of his intellectual progress is therefore something which tends entirely to advance the cause of truth, and to illustrate the glorious conclusion which he finally drew from his premises and proved with such power of reasoning and charm of rhetoric. The present volume contains many things of the greatest intrinsic value, besides what is valuable for the reasons above given, especially the essay on Creed and Scripture, in which the present downward slide of the English toward infidelity is distinctly predicted.

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CONSTANCE SHERWOOD. An Autobiography of the Sixteenth Century. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 284. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

Our first feeling on reading this book was regret that we have so few similar publications in this country, where the subjects so admirably discussed in it are of such deep and lasting interest. To English-speaking people at least, no matter in what land, the persecution of Catholics during the reign of Elizabeth, the malignant attempts of her able courtiers to destroy utterly the old faith among her subjects, and the heroic struggles and sufferings of the people, particularly of those of the better class, form one of the most interesting, if painful, chapters in the entire modern history of the church. The rebellious and anti-Christian spirit of the Eighth Henry descended with fourfold malice on his not unworthy daughter, and a host of recreant prelates and rapacious nobles had sprung up around the throne whose abject subserviency to royal authority was in proportion as they possessed or expected lucrative church livings and the spoils of dismantled schools, convents, and almshouses. Her penal laws made even the secret observance of the forms of worship an offence punishable by torture, death, and confiscation, while the minister of God was legally proclaimed a traitor, hunted down by professional informers, and, when caught, summarily executed with all the cruelties of the most barbarous ages. But while the fagot and the gallows had no terrors for the devoted priest, the loss of court favor, beggary, imprisonment, and the rack were as persistently disregarded by a large number of the nobility and commoners with a steadfastness and resignation which remind us of the days of the early martyrs.

It is to illustrate this period in English history, this contest between ill-gotten and despotic power on one side, and constancy, zeal, and piety on the other, that *Constance Sherwood* has been written by one who has already done good service in the cause of our holy religion, to the great credit of her sex and country. As a work of art, the book does not exhibit that strong dramatic power or depth of coloring which characterized the efforts of Sir Walter Scott when treating of the same epoch in *Kenilworth*; but it more than compensates us for these deficiencies in the greater truthfulness of its portraiture of historical personages, and its exquisite delineation of those purely fictitious, who, with all their human weaknesses and spiritual strength, are fittingly held up to us as types of Christian excellence. So delicately, indeed, and so nicely defined are some of Lady Fullerton's touches that we have sometimes found ourselves going back over the pages of her tale to be assured that we had caught aright the gentle allusion or implied meaning in all its significance. Constance Sherwood, who is supposed to relate the story of her life and times, appears to us a most attractive creation of the author, but the character of Ann, Countess of Arundel and Surry, we venture to say could only have been drawn by a highly gifted, sympathetic, and virtuous woman, so conformable is it in its leading features to well-authenticated facts and so delicately finished in its imaginary details.

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Though an historical novel, necessarily devoted to grave and often painful matters, and plentifully strewn with moral and theological reflections, there is just enough of romance and feminine gossip in its pages to enlist the attention and excite the sympathies of the more sentimental and less seriously inclined readers. Human passions, hatred, jealousy, and remorse, friendship, love, and all the other concomitants of everyday life, are neither ignored nor obtruded, but are made subservient to the main design of the work, which is to teach us true Christian principles by exhibiting to our view the virtues and constancy of our co-religionists of other times. The style of the autobiography, as the design of the book required, is slightly tinged with the quaint phraseology of the period, which, however, does not lessen, but rather adds to, its attractions, and the illustrations which accompany this edition are excellently designed and executed. As a well-written book, uniting amusement with sound instruction and pure morality, we consider it every way worthy to be placed in the hands of Catholic readers. Particularly

feminine in its tone and healthful in its tendency, it is in every way vastly superior to even the best works of fiction of which the secular press has become so prolific.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. By Henry James Coleridge, S.J. Vol. I. Burns, Oates & Co. 1872. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

Father Coleridge has a happy talent for biographical composition and historical sketching. The letters of St. Francis give to this biography a most decided advantage over all others with which we are acquainted, and the original portion of the *Life* is equal in merit and interest to the best specimens of biography which the English language possesses. We would be greatly obliged to the author if he would collect and publish in a volume the various sketches of distinguished persons, such as Suarez, De Rancé, etc., which he has from time to time printed in *The Month*.

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THE WORKS OF AURELIUS AUGUSTINE, BISHOP OF HIPPO. A New Translation, edited by the Rev. Marcus Dods, M.A. Vol. III.—Writings in Connection with the Donatist Controversy; Vol. IV.—The Anti-Pelagian Works of St. Augustine. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1872. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

The first two volumes of this series containing *The City of God*, received a favorable notice in a former number of this magazine, in so far as an examination which was distinctly said to be only "cursory" warranted us in expressing an opinion. A very opposite criticism, accompanied with some strictures upon THE CATHOLIC WORLD for its favorable notice, from the pen of a learned and acute writer in the *Boston Pilot*, occasioned a considerable stir for the time, and we were requested by several persons to re-examine the work more carefully, and express a more matured and decisive judgment. We took the trouble to make the examination, and take this occasion to reiterate the opinion we at first expressed. A similar judgment was expressed by the *Dublin Review*, and, as there seems to be a general consent among critics on the subject, we think that all those who wish for a good translation of *The City of God* may consider it certain that the one edited by Mr. Dods is not only an elegant but an accurate version of this splendid work. There are one or two mistakes in the translation, and we remember noticing one decidedly anti-Catholic note, but these slight faults may be pardoned in a work of such great excellence and value. We have had no time as yet to collate any portion of the translation of the two new volumes before us with the original text. The quality of the translation of the preceding volumes, however, is a fair guarantee for the fidelity and elegance of the present one. The scholarship and reputation of the editors are a sufficient security that they will spare no pains to do their work well, and the works of St. Augustine afford very little room for any serious mistakes in regard to his real meaning. It is in the interpretation of his meaning and deduction from his principles that there is room for error, and that the grossest heresies have been manufactured by Lutherans, Calvinists, and Jansenists from a perversion of his doctrines on original sin, grace, and free-will. These heresies are now very unpopular and not at all dangerous. In respect to the constitutive principles of the Catholic Church, as opposed to every species of Protestantism, there is no room for mistaking or perverting the doctrine of St. Augustine. We cannot think of any way of convincing educated persons in England and the United States of the identity of the modern with the ancient Catholic Church more efficaciously than that of giving them the chance to read extensively in the works of the great Doctor through the medium of a good translation. We are rejoiced, therefore, that English scholars should engage in this work and in those of a similar kind. The quantity of pure Catholic literature thus disseminated by Protestants and among Protestants in England, and to some extent in America also, is truly inspiring. The republication of choice specimens of old English literature by an antiquarian society in London, the translation of the Venerable Bede's *History*, the abbreviated *Lives of the Saints* from the Bollandists, and other books of the same character which are multiplying with an inconceivable rapidity, show what an avidity the English palate is acquiring for this most wholesome and pleasant medicine. The editors frequently seek to counteract the effect which their inward misgiving warns them these books must produce, by remarks of their own in notes and prefaces, for which their readers will care but little. Sometimes they avoid almost or altogether this futile procedure, and provide the Catholic reader with a valuable book in English which is a considerable accession to his library, and is free from anything which can offend his eyes—a service for which they have our sincere thanks. The volumes which are at present under notice are not, we regret to say, unexceptionable in this respect. The Preface to the anti-Pelagian works speaks in a very inexact and misleading manner upon the supposed differences of the Eastern and Western theology, upon the judgments of the Pope in the case of Pelagius, and the relation of the teaching of St. Augustine to Protestant doctrine. The very meagre sketch of the Donatist schism prefixed to Vol. III. is long enough, nevertheless, to permit the author to indulge in the only amusement which can make an English Protestant perfectly happy, and to get off the little squib he always carries in his pocket, "the despotic intolerance of the Papacy, and the horrors of the Inquisition." A Catholic scholar cares nothing for the flippant and superficial cavils and sneers of theological amateurs who venture to criticise and judge the Fathers, the Popes, and the church of God. But he does not like to have a book in his library which has such blots on it. The editors may say that they consult the tastes and convenience of Protestants and not of Catholics. Very well. It is convenient, however for Catholics to have certain works of standard value in an English

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translation, and it is the interest of *publishers* to provide them with the same. If the publishers could furnish an edition in which the text alone was given, without the disfiguring incumbrance of prefaces and advertisements, for the convenience of Catholic purchasers, their splendid series of patristic works would undoubtedly find a much more ready and extensive sale than it is now likely to have among the clergy and studious laity of the Catholic Church in Great Britain and the United States.

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THE BETROTHED. By Alessandro Manzoni. 1 vol. 12mo. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1872.

"The Catholic Publication Society" has done a good work in publishing a new edition of Alessandro Manzoni's world-renowned *I Promessi Sposi*, which has been for many years before the public. It was first published in 1827. Since then the author has increased the size and interest of the volume by a thrilling description of the devastations of the plague in Milan in 1630.

While the author charms by the ease and simplicity of his style, the story is no less remarkable for originality and vigor.

Above all, the purity of the pages and the religious tone that pervades the narrative give an additional interest to the story of the rustic life of the hero and heroine.

This is the best known of the author's works, and deservedly popular.

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FRENCH EGGS, IN AN ENGLISH BASKET. Translated from Souvestre by Miss Emily Bowles. London: Burns, Oates & Co. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

This book comprises some fifteen short, readable, and well-varied stories, illustrating life and manners among the humbler classes in France, originally written by a very successful *littérateur* of that country, and accurately translated by the English editor. They are not moral tales in the usual acceptation of that much misused term, for the writer neither puts prosy sermons in the mouths of babes nor interlards the discourse of simple peasants with profound theological reflections, but they are natural and healthful in their tone, humorous as well as pathetic in design, and the reader will be dull indeed who is not able to draw his own moral from them. As a gift to young people, this volume would be very appropriate, and, if not exactly suited to the breakfast-table, will no doubt be found worthy a place in the boudoir or drawing-room.

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SERMONS BY FATHERS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS (in England). Vol. II. By the Rev. Thomas Harper. London: Burns, Oates & Co. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.) 1872.

These sermons are very peculiar and original, and are specially adapted for the perusal of the most intelligent and educated persons. The first series, composed of discourses for Christmas-tide, is on "Modern Principles," as contrasted with truly Christian principles deduced from the great fact and doctrine of the Incarnation. The one on "The Last Winter of the World" has especially attracted our attention. The second series is a condensed and yet eloquent *résumé* of a great part of Catholic philosophy and theology respecting the great first truth of the being of God. The volume is a remarkable and an admirable one, most suitable for the times, and we earnestly recommend it to those who desire to find religious reading of the highest intellectual quality, which is at the same time really profitable for the spiritual good.

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MAGGIE'S ROSARY, AND OTHER TALES. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 208. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1872.

We know of no book of this class recently issued from the press which contains more pleasing and useful reading than this. Equally instructive and entertaining, its perusal cannot prove otherwise than acceptable to those for whose especial benefit it is published. It is admirably adapted for a premium, and we hope that in the coming distributions it will occupy that prominent place which its intrinsic merits deserve. It is a handsome volume of over 200 pages, got up in that style which "The Publication Society" was the first to introduce—a style of mechanical excellence and simple elegance.

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VIA CRUCIS; or, The Way of the Cross. Translated from the German of the Rev. Dr. Veith, Preacher of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna. By the Very Rev. Theodore Noethen. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1872.

Did any one ever see a book on the Passion of Christ and not wish to buy it? The very title appeals to the heart. It is because we would go on for ever trying—but in vain—to sound the

depths of that fathomless ocean of divine love and mercy.

We cannot have too many books on this great theme, that there may be some adapted to every cast of mind: now emotional, again embodying every tender legend and the pious imaginings of saintly hearts, or full of profound reflections on the great scheme of salvation through the sufferings of our Lord. Every person should have at least one such book in which to bathe his world-weary soul from time to time. In these days, when ease, luxury, and self-indulgence of every kind seem to be the great aim of life, the image of the Divine Sufferer cannot be too constantly presented to the mind, with its lesson of mortification and self-crucifixion.

Protestants often say the Blessed Virgin has been made by Catholics to supersede our Lord in the economy of grace. Let such read this book, and see on whom we rely for salvation, and how Christ and him crucified is preached in all the purity of the Gospel in the great Catholic centre of Vienna.

This book is the last of a series of works on the Passion which have already been noticed in our columns. The author being now blind, it was dictated to his amanuensis. Under such circumstances, his great familiarity with the Holy Scriptures is the more striking, showing that a knowledge of the sacred volume is not quite a Protestant monopoly.

A calm, dignified, thoughtful tone pervades the whole volume. The piety is not strained; it is elevated, but not *exaltée*; there is no false sentiment, nothing to offend the most fastidious taste. A few quotations will give an idea of the author's style and suggestiveness:

"He who lives within and for himself, who only makes use of others for the sake of adding to his own pleasure, is ignorant of the first principle of charity or of true life, which cannot be obtained without sacrifice and without entering morally into communion with thee.

"It is by no means necessary that true humility must spring forth from the consciousness of guilt, like a flower whose root grows only in the mire; its true foundation is the acknowledgment of the relation in which spiritual beings find themselves to their Creator, Lord, and gracious Ruler.

"Whether or not my bodily life shall one day bloom again in the transfigured state of happiness, will depend upon my moral fidelity, which keeps my spirit, while on earth, in thy holy grace.

"Fall not into the common error of imagining that a negative state of existence is compatible with the duties of a Christian."

"This narrow gate, which alone leads to true life, but which many do not wish to enter because they shun the work of self-denial and privation, what is it but the entrance into the communion of thy death and life—into thy grave!"

This work was intended particularly for Lent, but is suited to any season. As the church, on the most joyful of festivals, never fails to show forth the Lord's death at the altar, so the thought of the Passion should never be absent from the soul. The heroine of *The House of Yorke*, alluding to a picture of St. Ignatius of Loyola, says: "He looks as though he were present when our Lord was crucified, and could not forget the sight." "We were all present," exclaimed Rowan. "How can we forget it?"

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So, too, when three old men came to the Abbot Stephen to ask what would be useful to their souls, he was silent awhile, and then replied: "I will show you all I have: day and night, I behold nothing but our Lord Jesus Christ hanging from the wood."

This ably translated work, with its excellent binding, its soft paper so grateful to the eye, and its clear print, is a credit to our enterprising New England publisher.

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THE POPE OF ROME AND THE POPES OF THE ORIENTAL ORTHODOX CHURCH. An Essay on Monarchy in the Church, with special reference to Russia. From original documents, Russian and Greek. By the Rev. Cæsarius Tondini, Barnabite. London: Longmans & Co. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

The conversion of Count Schouvaloff, a Russian nobleman, and his profession in the Barnabite order, was the occasion of awakening a great interest in the conversion of Russia among his religious brethren. The most conspicuous among them for his zeal and efforts in this direction is F. Tondini. In the present volume he has given a full and accurate account of the organization of the Russian Church, supported by numerous citations, and evincing the thorough knowledge of the author on the subject. The utterly secular character of the Russian state church and the degrading enslavement of its hierarchy under imperial authority are clearly shown. The efforts which have been made to throw dust in the eyes of the American public on this subject make this book quite seasonable, and we recommend it to the attention both of our Catholic readers and of the amateurs of Russo-Greek Christianity.

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THE PASSION PLAY. By the Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

Dr. Molloy, of Maynooth, has described the Ammergau Passion Play with great skill, accuracy, and beauty of language, and has enriched his work with a number of very good photographs, which add much to its interest. The republication has been executed in very pretty style, and the volume is in every sense attractive and interesting, worthy of a place on every table, and most appropriate as a premium or gift book. We trust it may have the wide circulation it deserves.

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THE DIVINE TRAGEDY. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

A most reverently, carefully, and skilfully executed reduction of the evangelical narrative within a small poetical picture. The greater portion is an almost literal translation of the sacred text, and there are also a few passages of exquisite original poetry. Mr. Longfellow has in no way tampered with or marred the beauty of the divine original, and his copy is itself a masterpiece. All Catholics may read this poem without fear of finding anything which is not in perfect consonance with their faith. It is a beautiful offering to Christ from a place where he has received many insults, and we trust that he may give the best of all rewards to the one who has made it.

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A MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: A Text-book for Schools and Colleges. By John S. Hart, LL.D., Professor of Rhetoric and of the English Language and Literature in the College of New Jersey.

The arrangement of this work is simple and adapted to practical use, and one may see at a glance the whole history of the English tongue. The different authors are well grouped in connection with conspicuous public events, which show at once the time in which they flourished, and the influences, political or educational, with which they were surrounded. Living writers have also received their share of attention, and are appropriately classified according to the subjects they have treated. There are a few authors omitted (among others Gerald Griffin, the most *characteristic* of Irish novelists) who deserve mention, and who will no doubt receive attention in another edition. We think that Dr. Hart deserves the thanks of the community for his valuable labors. Among many studies, surely there is none more important than that of our own language. There are many of our public men who would do well to learn better the genius of their mother tongue. It is certainly desirable to know and speak foreign languages, but far more necessary is it to understand the wealth and beauty of our own—so little known and so poorly appreciated by many of our speakers or writers. We are glad to learn also that Dr. Hart has in preparation a book upon American literature.

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HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CALIFORNIA. By W. Gleeson, M.A., Professor in St. Mary's College, San Francisco, Cal. In two volumes. Illustrated. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1872. pp. 446, 351.

A work of this size on the church in California excites astonishment, so recent does the growth of that State seem; but the history of the church in California dates far back, and is full of interest and edification.

The discovery of the country, the strange journey of Cabeza de Vaca, the adventurous exploration of the Italian Franciscan, Mark, of Nice, and of those who followed him, and an account of the Indians, form the opening chapters of Mr. Gleeson's work. He then devotes some space to the question whether St. Thomas ever visited America, a point discussed some years since by the Count Joannes when simple George Jones. Another chapter is devoted to the examination of early Irish missions on the northwest coast of America, the object of the author being to show the possible source of certain Christian traditions found among the California Indians. Garcia in his *Origen de los Indios*, Lafitau in his *Mœurs et Coutumes*, Boudinot in his *Star in the West*, and many other writers, have traced these analogies, but it seems to us were often misled by taking as primitive Indian traditions ideas acquired after missions were established.

The remainder of the first volume is devoted to the great Jesuit mission in Lower California, founded by the German Father Kühn or Kino and the Italian Father Salvatierra, a mission which excited so much interest that a special fund was gradually formed by devoted Catholics for its support, and which, under the title of the Pious Fund of California, long maintained religion there, and will still do its part if a sense of justice prevails with the Mexican Government. Of this mission, which lasted to the suppression of the order, Mr. Gleeson gives a valuable account. Three works exist on it, that of Fr. Venegas in Spanish, of Fr. Begert in German, and of Fr. Clavigero in Italian, and there are also some communications on the *Lettres Edipantes* and other collections.

The second volume is devoted to Upper California, or what is now the State of California. After the fall of the Society of Jesus, the Spanish government sent the Dominicans and Franciscans to continue its labors in California. The Dominicans took Lower California, but our author does not dwell on their labors, apparently not having met the *Tres Cartas* giving an account of them.

The labors of the Franciscans, who, under Father Juniper Serra, peopled Upper California with missions that were the wonder of that age of unbelief, for they began and rose during the latter

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part of the last century, is given in a most interesting manner. No missions ever rose with greater celerity, and, though missionaries laid down their lives in the struggle, the land was christianized and the wild savages became thriving Christian communities, self-supporting and gradually advancing in civilization.

If their rise is one to cheer the heart of the believer, there is nothing in history so sad as the utter destruction of missions and people in a few short years. The happy Indians who by thousands filled the missions in peace and plenty are represented by a handful of debased and fast vanishing outcasts. The civilization of the nineteenth century may be a very fine thing, but it is only necessary to read the history of the California mission to accept the Syllabus heartily.

If we find any fault with this portion of Mr. Gleeson's work, it is that he has not given place enough to the linguistic labors of the missionaries amid the perfect Babel of languages in California. Several of their grammars and dictionaries have been printed by one of the first Catholic writers who treated in English of this mission, and it cannot be that the great California libraries do not contain the works of Father Sitjar, Cuesta, and others, or of the distinguished living missionary of California, Father Mengarini, whose philosophical study of the Selish language makes him the highest authority with American and European scholars.

The sad state of the church both as to its white and red children during the Mexican rule, and the erection of the See of California, are next treated of by our author.

The annexation to the United States and the discovery of gold brought in an entirely new element. The Mexicans were but few; the incoming tide of emigration was both Protestant and Catholic, the new government Protestant. Of this, the actual church of California, the reverend author gives an account full of edifying details, although he has allowed himself too little space to give such sketches of some of the various institutions as we should desire.

The Appendix is a partial review of the accounts of the American mounds and an attempt to show a similarity between the mound-builders and the *Tuatha de Danaans* in Ireland; but such theories have been too often raised and fallen to accept this. Our Indian is the type of primitive man; as he was found by our first explorers, he used stone arrow and spear heads and knives; made his shell-beads; boiled and cooked by heated stones, just as the earlier races on the Eastern continent did, if we are to believe the lessons from the tombs of that part of the world. Side by side, you cannot distinguish the stone arrowheads and implements of America, Ireland, France, Denmark, and Germany, and we can only conclude that all men were of one family, and ascended the scale of civilization by similar steps.

This work is enriched with many illustrations, a portrait of Father Salvatierra, many views of the missions as Duflot de Mofras found them, the quasi-portrait of the venerable Father Juniper Serra in Palou's life of that great missionary, and diagrams of some Western mounds.

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HISTORY OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD UNDER THE OLD TESTAMENT. Translated from the German of E. W. Hengstenberg. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. (For sale in New York by Scribner & Co., 664 Broadway.) Vol. I.

The highest encomium we can pass upon the works of Hengstenberg is to mention the fact that they are several times referred to in terms of great praise in the *Theology* of the illustrious Jesuit, F. Perrone. He is certainly equal to any Protestant theologian of this century in learning and critical ability. In regard to soundness of doctrine and the actual value of the results of study contained in his works, we consider him to be far superior to any of those Protestant authors with whose writings we are acquainted. Indeed, we may say that his works are almost indispensable to the student of those departments of theology concerning which they treat. The great and praiseworthy end of Hengstenberg was to destroy German neology with its own weapons, and he has effectually accomplished the task.

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LECTURES ON THE CHURCH. Delivered in St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York. By Rev. D. A. Merrick, S.J. New York: P. O'Shea.

Fr. Merrick's *Lectures* are logical, solid, and, at the same time, easy to be understood. He refutes the Protestant doctrine on the Rule of Faith, and establishes the Catholic rule, ending with the culminating point of the supremacy of the Pope in government and doctrine. The proofs of the latter from English history are remarkably appropriate and well put. The style of the reverend author is pure and pleasing, and the book, which is of very moderate size, is tastefully printed. It is therefore admirably suited for general use, and we bespeak for it a wide circulation.

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THE RELATION AND DUTY OF THE LAWYER TO THE STATE: A Lecture delivered before the Law School of the University of the City of New York, February 9, 1872, by Henry D. Sedgwick.

This is an eloquent and philosophical contribution to the question of questions in this city: Are we

advancing or retrograding in legal and judicial probity and learning? The author speaks like an honest lawyer jealous for the high name of his profession; but proclaiming the follies of men or corporations in the lecture-room never has nor ever will put an end to them. The lawyers on and off the bench are no more corrupt than other classes of the community, but they are more conspicuous, and more reprehensible in consequence. Corruption, like all *catching* diseases, when it finds shelter among legislators, will soon find its way to the lawyer's library and to the bench of the judge.

We cordially endorse the admonition and compliment contained in the following:

"Set before you, rather, if you need an example, those who, with an earnestness and a determination never surpassed, have grappled with and overthrown the band of thieves who had seized the public coffers. No future enemy of the commonwealth can be more wily, nor can be entrenched in his lair with greater cunning, than the men who lately possessed our municipal government. Whoever that future enemy shall be, however warily he spring, however secretly he strike or stab, O'Conor can exclaim, 'Contempsi gladios Catilinæ, non pertimescam tuos.'"

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PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SOUL, etc. By Martyn Paine, A.M., M.D., LL.D., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Paine is a very venerable gentleman who is a remarkable instance of intellectual activity and industry continued into a very advanced age. We sincerely admire the boldness with which he denounces materialism and professes his belief in the Bible. We do not agree with him in his opinion that the Holy Scripture requires us to reject the common theories of modern geologists, and therefore regard his attempt at a scientific refutation of those theories as something which we may leave to the consideration of experts in geological science. That part of his work which has most value in our eyes is the one which treats of the distinct existence and spiritual nature of the soul, a subject which is handled in an able and ingenious manner. [431]

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SPECTRUM ANALYSIS. Three Lectures by Profs. Roscoe, Huggins, and Lockyer. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. 1872.

These lectures are very interesting, and give an excellent account of what is perhaps the greatest real discovery of modern science; also of its application to the determination of the chemical and physical constitution of the sun and other celestial bodies. Their authors are men eminent in the scientific world, who have specially distinguished themselves by their researches in this particular department of investigation.

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REPORTS ON OBSERVATIONS OF THE TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE OF DECEMBER 22, 1870. Conducted under the Direction of Rear-Admiral B. F. Sands, U.S.N., Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1871.

These reports, like those on the eclipse of the preceding year in the United States, noticed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of April, 1870, form a valuable contribution to the literature of solar science. They are by Profs. Newcomb, Hall, Harkness, and Eastman, the first of whom was stationed at Gibraltar, the rest at Syracuse. The observations were in all cases somewhat interfered with by clouds, which, however, broke away sufficiently at the moment of totality to allow the skilful and practised observers to obtain many interesting results. It is on such occasions that the qualities required for a good practical astronomer are put to the most severe test; a moment of nervousness may lose that for which he has spent months in preparing. It hardly needs to be said that, in this instance, the test was well sustained. Prof. Harkness considers his conclusions as to the composition of the corona, spoken of in our previous notice, to be borne out by his observations on this occasion. The sun really seems to be the wearer of an iron crown. The descriptions of the general appearance and effects of the eclipse are of course the most interesting to unscientific readers.

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HALF-HOUR RECREATIONS IN POPULAR SCIENCE. No. 1. Strange Discoveries Respecting the Aurora, and Recent Solar Researches. By Richard A. Proctor, B.A., F.R.A.S., author of *The Sun, Other Worlds than Ours*, etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham.

This, as implied in the title, is the first of a series of papers on subjects of modern science by various well-known writers in that department. It is expected to publish one such "recreation" every month, at the price of twenty-five cents, which would seem to be enough, or \$2 50 a year. Enough, at least, it will be for the speculations of such men as Mill, Spencer, Huxley, and Darwin, who are promised among the "eminent European scientists" in the prospectus. The present number, however, is a very good one, having in it a great deal of information, some valuable suggestions, and no humbug; and the next will be, perhaps, even better, as it will contain an

explanation of the wonderful modern discovery known as "Spectrum Analysis."

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HALF-HOURS WITH MODERN SCIENTISTS—Huxley, Barker, Stirling, Cope, Tyndall. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. 1871.

We have in this a publication somewhat similar to the *Half-Hour Recreations* noticed above; there are, however, five numbers instead of one bound up together. It might be said of them, as of other such, that their facts and strictly physical theories are interesting, and their philosophical ones rather otherwise. Professors Barker and Tyndall furnish the best papers of the five, particularly the latter, who is a thoroughly scientific man, having, besides his talent, the great advantage of prudence.

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LEGENDS OF THE PATRIARCHS AND PROPHETS. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. New York: Holt & Williams.

This collation of Rabbinical and Mohammedan legends has been made with great judgment and taste. The legends are very curious and interesting, some of them very poetic and beautiful. The book is one of very great value to the scholar, and most entertaining and amusing for the general reader.

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CHRISTIAN FREE SCHOOLS. The Subject Discussed by the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, D.D., Bishop of Rochester. At Rochester, N. Y. (New York: For sale by the Catholic Publication Society.)

We can only call attention to this important pamphlet at present, hoping to take up the subject in earnest at a future time. The pamphlet is replete with important testimonies of statesmen and Protestant ministers, which make it very serviceable to those who wish to write or speak on the same subject.

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WALKS IN ROME. By Augustus J. C. Hare. New York: George Routledge & Sons, 416 Broome Street. 1871.

This, in a qualified sense, is a readable and valuable guide to the Eternal City. It contains a great deal of information about the historic sites of old Rome, a good deal about the galleries in which the intelligent Protestant visitor is supposed to be interested, and something also about the restaurants, livery stables, etc., to which it would be rash to assume that he is indifferent. It likewise contains a good deal about the churches and holy places, giving some interesting facts, together with various remarks and stories characterized by the usual dense ignorance and stupidity as to the dogmas and practices of the Catholic Church which may be said to be the special glory of the "reformed" Anglo-Saxon. The principal value of such commonplace productions is that they suggest the necessity of having a good manual on a somewhat similar plan for the use of people who really want to see and understand Rome when they visit it.

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TRAVELS IN ARABIA. Compiled and arranged by Bayard Taylor. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872.

This is another volume of the *Illustrated Library of Travel and Exploration* series, and is nearly all taken up with Palgrave's narrative of his travels in Arabia. It is well illustrated.

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LITTLE JAKEY. By Mrs. S. H. De Kroyft. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A simple story and a sad one of the short yet not uneventful life of a little German, an inmate of the New York Institution for the Blind. It is written in a pleasing and unaffected style.

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AUNT FANNY'S PRESENT; or, The Book of Fairy Tales.

WOODLAND COTTAGE, and Other Tales. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham.

We recommend these neat little volumes with pleasure to those about to select books for their children.



P. F. CUNNINGHAM announces as in press: *Marian Howard; or, Trials and Triumphs. The Divine Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary*: Being an Abridgment of the *Mystical City of God. Life of St. Augustin, Doctor of the Universal Church.*

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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# THE PROGRESSIONISTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CONRAD VON BOLANDEN.

## CHAPTER I. THE WAGER

The balcony of the *palais* Greifmann contains three persons who together represent four million florins. It is not often that one sees a group of this kind. The youthful landholder, Seraphin Gerlach, is possessor of two millions. His is a quiet disposition; very calm, and habitually thoughtful; innocence looks from his clear eye upon the world; physically, he is a man of twenty-three; morally, he is a child in purity; a profusion of rich brown hair clusters about his head; his cheeks are ruddy, and an attractive sweetness plays round his mouth.

The third million belongs to Carl Greifmann, the oldest member of the group, head *pro tem.* of the banking-house of the same name. This gentleman is tall, slender, animated; his cheeks wear no bloom; they are pale. His carriage is easy and smooth. Some levity is visible in his features, which are delicate, but his keen, glancing eye is disagreeable beside Seraphin's pure soul-mirror. Greifmann's sister Louise, not an ordinary beauty, owns the fourth million. She is seated between the young gentlemen; the folds of her costly dress lie heaped around her; her hands are engaged with a fan, and her eyes are sending electric glances into Gerlach's quick depths. But these flashing beams fail to kindle; they expire before they penetrate far into those depths. His eyes are bright, but they refuse to gleam with intenser fire. Strange, too, for a twofold reason; first, because glances from the eyes of beautiful women seldom suffer young men to remain cool; secondly, because a paternal scheme designs that Louise shall be engaged and married to the fire-proof hero.

Millions of money are rare; and should millions strive to form an alliance, it is in conformity with the genius of every solid banking establishment to view this as quite a natural tendency. [434]

For eight days Mr. Seraphin has been on a visit at the *palais* Greifmann, but as yet he has yielded no positive evidence of intending to join his own couple of millions with the million of Miss Louise.

Whilst Seraphin converses with the beautiful young lady, Carl Greifmann cursorily examines a newspaper which a servant has just brought him on a silver salver.

"Every age has its folly," suddenly exclaims the banker. "In the seventeenth century people were busy during thirty years cutting one another's throats for religion's sake—or rather, in deference to the pious hero of the faith from Sweden and his fugleman Oxenstiern. In the eighteenth century, they decorated their heads with periwigs and pigtails, making it a matter of conjecture whether both ladies and gentlemen were not in the act of developing themselves from monkeydom into manhood.

"Elections are the folly of our century. See here, my good fellow, look what is written here: In three days the municipal elections will come off throughout the country—in eighteen days the election of delegates. For eighteen days the whole country is to labor in election throes. Every man twenty-one years of age, having a wife and a homestead, is to be employed in rooting from out the soil of party councilmen, mayors, and deputies.

"And during the period these rooters not unfrequently get at loggerheads. Some are in favor of Streichein the miller, because Streichein has lavishly greased their palms; others insist upon re-electing Leimer the manufacturer, because Leimer threatens a reduction of wages if they refuse to keep him in the honorable position. In the heat of dispute, quite a storm of oaths and ugly epithets, yes, and of blows too, rages, and many is the voter who retires from the scene of action with a bloody head. The beer-shops are the chief battle-fields for this sort of skirmishing. Here, zealous voters swill down hogsheads of beer: brewers drive a brisk trade during elections. But you must not think, Seraphin, that these absurd election scenes are confined to cities. In rural districts the game is conducted with no less interest and fury. There is a village not far away, where a corpulent ploughman set his mind on becoming mayor. What does he, to get the reins of village government into his great fat fist? Two days previous to the election he butchers three fatted hogs, has several hundred ringlets of sausage made, gets ready his pots and pans for cooking and roasting, and then advertises: eating and drinking *ad libitum* and *gratis* for every voter wiping to aid him to ascend the mayor's throne. He obtained his object.

"Now, I put the question to you Seraphin, is not this sort of election jugglery far more ridiculous and disgusting than the most preposterous periwigs of the last century?"

"Ignorance and passion may occasion the abuse of the best institutions," answered the double millionaire. "However, if beer and pork determine the choice of councilmen and mayors, voters have no right to complain of misrule. It would be most disastrous to the state, I should think, were such corrupt means to decide also the election of the deputies of our legislative assembly."

The banker smiled.

"The self-same manœuvring, only on a larger scale," replied he. "Of course, in this instance, petty jealousies disappear. Streichein the miller and Leimer the manufacturer make concessions in the interest of the common party. All stand shoulder to shoulder in the cause of *progress* against Ultramontanes and democrats, who in these days have begun to be troublesome. [435]

"Whilst at municipal elections office-seekers employed money and position for furthering their

personal aims, at deputy elections *progress* men cast their means into a common cauldron, from which the mob are fed and made to drink in order to stimulate them with the spirit of *progress* for the coming election. At bottom it amounts to the same—the stupefaction of the multitude, the rule of a minority, in which, however, all consider themselves as having part, the folly of the nineteenth century.”

“This is an unhealthy condition of things, which gives reason to fear the corruption of the whole body politic,” remarked the landholder with seriousness. “The seats of the legislative chamber should be filled not through bribery and deception of the masses, nor through party passion, but through a right appreciation of the qualifications that fit a man for the office of deputy.”

“I ask your pardon, my dear friend,” interposed the banker with a laugh. “Being reared by a mother having a rigorous faith has prompted you to speak thus, not acquaintance with the spirit of the age. Right appreciation! Heavens, what *naïveté*! Are you not aware that *progress*, the autocrat of our times, follows a fixed, unchanging programme? It matters not whether Tom or Dick occupies the cushions of the legislative hall; the main point is to wear the color of *progress*, and for this no special qualifications are needed. I will give you an illustration of the way in which these things work. Let us suppose that every member is provided with a trumpet which he takes with him to the assembly. To blow this trumpet neither skill, nor quick perception, nor experience, nor knowledge—neither of these qualifications is necessary. Now, we will suppose these gentlemen assembled in the great hall where the destinies of the country are decided; should abuses need correction, should legislation for church or state be required, they have only to blow the trumpet of *progress*. The trumpet’s tone invariably accords with the spirit of *progress*, for it has been attuned to it. Should it happen that at a final vote upon a measure the trumpets bray loudly enough to drown the opposition of democrats and Ultramontanes, the matter is settled, the law is passed, the question is decided.”

“Evidently you exaggerate!” said Seraphin with a shake of the head. “Your illustration beats the enchanted horn of the fable. Do not you think so, Miss Louise?”

“Brother’s trumpet story is rather odd, ’tis true, yet I believe that at bottom such is really the state of things.” [436]

“The instrument in question is objectionable in your opinion, my friend, only because you still bear about you the narrow conscience of an age long since buried. As you never spend more than two short winter months in the city, where alone the life-pulse of our century can be felt beating, you remain unacquainted with the present and its spirit. The rest of the year you pass in riding about on your lands, suffering yourself to be impressed by the stern rigor of nature’s laws, and concluding that human society harmonizes in the same manner with the behests of fixed principles. I shall have to brush you up a little. I shall have to let you into the mysteries of *progress*, so that you may cease groping like a blind man in the noonday of enlightenment. Above all, let us have no narrow-mindedness, no scrupulosity, I beg of you. Whosoever nowadays walks the grass-grown paths of rigorism is a doomed man.”

Whilst he was saying this, a smile was on the banker’s countenance. Seraphin mused in silence on the meaning and purpose of his extraordinary language.

“Look down the street, if you please,” continued Carl Greifmann. “Do you observe yon dark mass just passing under the gas-lamp?”

“I notice a pretty corpulent gentleman,” answered Seraphin.

“The corpulent gentleman is Mr. Hans Shund, formerly treasurer of this city,” explained Greifmann. “Many years ago, Mr. Shund put his hand into the public treasury, was detected, removed for dishonesty, and imprisoned for five years. When set at liberty, the ex-treasurer made the loaning of money on interest a source of revenue. He conducted this business with shrewdness, ruined many a family that needed money and in its necessity applied to him, and became rich. Shund the usurer is known to all the town, despised and hated by everybody. Even the dogs cannot endure the odor of usury that hangs about him; just see—all the dogs bark at him. Shund is moreover an extravagant admirer of the gentler sex. All the town is aware that this Jack Falstaff contributes largely to the scandal that is afloat. The pious go so far as to declare that the gallant Shund will be burned and roasted in hell for all eternity for not respecting the sixth commandment. Considered in the light of the time honored morality of Old Franconia, Shund, the thief, the usurer and adulterer, is a low, good-for-nothing scoundrel, no question about it. But in the light of the indulgent spirit of the times, no more can be said than that he has his foibles. He is about to pass by on the other side, and, as a well-bred man, will salute us.”

Seraphin had attentively observed the man thus characterized, but with the feelings with which one views an ugly blotch, a dirty page in the record of humanity.

Mr. Shund lowered his hat, his neck and back, with oriental ceremoniousness in presence of the millions on the balcony. Carl acknowledged the salute, and even Louise returned it with a friendly inclination of the head.

The landholder, on the contrary, was cold, and felt hurt at Greifmann’s bowing to a fellow whom he had just described as a scoundrel. That Louise, too, should condescend to smile to a thief, swindler, usurer, and immoral wretch! In his opinion, Louise should have followed the dictates of a noble womanhood, and have looked with honest pity on the scapegrace. She, on the contrary, greeted the bad man as though he were respectable, and this conduct wounded the young man’s feelings.

“Apropos of Hans Shund, I will take occasion to convince you of the correctness of my

statements," said Carl Greifmann. "Three days hence, the municipal election is to come off. Mr. Shund is to be elected mayor. And when the election of deputies takes place, this same Shund will command enough of the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens to be elected to the legislative assembly, thief and usurer though he be. You will then, I trust, learn to understand that the might of progress is far removed from the bigotry that would subject a man's qualifications to a microscopic examination. The enlarged and liberal principles prevailing in secular concerns are opposed to the intolerance that would insist on knowing something of an able man's antecedents before consenting to make use of him. All that Shund will have to do will be to fall in under the glorious banner of the spirit of the age; his voting trumpet will be given him; and forthwith he will turn out a finished mayor and deputy. Do you not admire the power and stretch of *liberalism*?"

"I certainly do admire your faculty for making up plausible stories," answered Seraphin.

"Plausible stories? Not at all! Downright earnest, every word of it. Hans Shund, take my word for it, will be elected mayor and member of the assembly."

"In that event," replied the landholder, "Shund's disreputable antecedents and disgusting conduct at present must be altogether a secret to his constituents."

"Again you are mistaken, my dear friend. This remark proceeds from your want of acquaintance with the genius of our times. This city has thirty thousand inhabitants. Every adult among them has heard of Hans Shund the thief, usurer, and companion of harlots. And I assure you that not a voter, not a progressive member of our community, thinks himself doing what is at all reprehensible by conferring dignity and trust on Hans Shund. You have no idea how comprehensive is the soul of liberalism."

"Let us quit a subject that appears to me impossible, nay, even unnatural," said Gerlach.

"No, no; for this very reason you need to be convinced," insisted the banker with earnestness. "My prospective—but hold—I was almost guilty of a want of delicacy. No matter, my *actual* friend, landholder and millionaire, must be made see with his eyes and touch with his fingers what marvels *progress* can effect. Let us make a bet: Eighteen days from now Hans Shund will be mayor and member for this city. I shall stake ten thousand florins. You may put in the pair of bays that won the best prizes at the last races."

Seraphin hesitated.

"Come on!" urged the banker. "Since you refuse to believe my assertions, let us make a bet. May be you consider my stakes too small against yours? Very well, I will say twenty thousand florins."

"You will be the loser, Greifmann! Your statements are too unreasonable."

"Never mind; if I lose, you will be the winner. Do you take me up?"

"Pshaw, Carl! you are too sure," said Louise reproachfully.

"My feeling so sure is what makes me eager to win the finest pair of horses I ever saw. Is it possible that you are a coward?"

The landholder's face reddened. He put his right hand in the banker's. "My dear fellow," exclaimed he jubilantly, "I have just driven a splendid bargain. To convince you of the entire fairness of the transaction, you are to be present at the manipulation that is to decide. Even though you lose the horses, your gain is incalculable, for it consists in nothing less than being convinced of the wonderful nature and of the omnipotence of progress. I repeat, then, that, wherever progress reigns, the elections are the supreme folly of the nineteenth century; for in reality there is no electing; but what progress decrees, that is fulfilled."

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## CHAPTER II. THE LEADERS.

The banker was seated at his office table working for his chance in the wager with the industry of a thorough business man. Whilst he was engaged in writing notes, a smile indicative of certainty of success lit up his countenance; for he was thoroughly familiar with the figures that entered into his calculations, and, withal, Hans Shund invested with offices and dignity could not but strike him as a comical anomaly. "Happy thought! My father travels half of the globe; many wonderful things come under his observation, no doubt, but the greatest of all prodigies is to be witnessed right here: Hans Shund, the thief, swindler, usurer, wanton—mayor and law-maker! And it is the venerable sire *Progress* that alone could have begotten the prodigy of a Hans Shund invested with honors. My Lord Progress is therefore himself a prodigy—a very extraordinary offspring of the human mind, the culminating point of enlightenment. Admitting humanity to be ten thousand million years old, or even more, as the most learned of scientific men have accurately calculated it, during this rather long series of years nature never produced a marvel that might presume to claim rank with progress. Progress is the acme of human culture—about this there can be no question. Yes, indeed, *the acme*." And he finished the last word in the last note. "Humanity will therefore have to face about and begin again at the beginning; for after progress nothing else is possible." He rang his bell.

"Take these three notes to their respective addresses immediately," said he to the servant who had answered the ring. Greifmann stepped into the front office, and gave an order to the cashier. Returning to his own cabinet, he locked the door that opened into the front office. He then examined several iron safes, the modest and smooth polish of which suggested neither the

hardness of their iron nature nor the splendor of their treasures.

"Gold or paper?" said the banker to himself. After some indecision, he opened the second of the safes. This he effected by touching several concealed springs, using various keys, and finally shoving back a huge bolt by means of a very small blade. He drew out twenty packages of paper, and laid them in two rows on the table. He undid the tape encircling the packages, and then it appeared that every leaf of both rows was a five-hundred florin banknote. The banker had exposed a considerable sum on the table. A sudden thought caused him to smile, and he shoved the banknotes where they came more prominently into view.

The blooming double millionaire entered.

"Sit down a moment, friend Seraphin, and listen to a short account of my scheme. I have said before that our city is prospering and growing under the benign sceptre of progress. The powers and honors of the sceptre are portioned among three leaders. Everything is directed and conducted by them—of course, in harmony with the spirit of the times. I have summoned the aforesaid magnates to appear. That the business may be despatched with a comfortable degree of expedition, the time when the visit is expected has been designated in each note; and those gentlemen are punctual in all matters connected with money and the bank. You can enter this little apartment next to us, and by leaving the door open hear the conversation. The mightiest of the corypheuses is Schwefel, the straw-hat manufacturer. This potentate resides at a three-minutes walk from here, and can put in an appearance at any time."

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"I am on tiptoe!" said Gerlach. "You promise what is so utterly incredible, that the things you are preparing to reveal appear to me like adventures belonging to another world."

"To another world!—quite right, my dear fellow! I am indeed about to display to your astounded eyes some wonders of the world of progress that hitherto have been entirely unknown to you. Within eighteen days you shall, under my tutorship, receive useful and thorough instruction. This promise I can make you, as we are just in face of the elections, a time when minds put aside their disguises, when they not unfrequently shock one another, and when many secrets come to light!"

"You put me under many obligations!"

"Only doing my duty, my most esteemed! We are both aware that, according to the wishes of parents and the desired inclinations of parties known, our respective millions are to approach each other in closer relationship. To do a relative of mine *in spe* a favor, gives me unspeakable satisfaction. I shall proceed with my course of instruction. See here! Every one of these twenty packages contains twenty five-hundred florin banknotes. Consequently, both rows contain just two hundred thousand florins—an imposing sum assuredly, and, for the purpose of being imposing, the two hundred thousand have been laid upon this table. Explanation: the mightiest of the spirits of progress is—Money.

"All forces, all sympathies, revolve about money as the heavenly bodies revolve about the sun. For this reason the mere proximity of a considerable sum of money acts upon every man of progress like a current of electricity: it carries him away, it intoxicates his senses. The leaders whom I have invited will at once notice the collection of five-hundred florin notes: in the rapidity of calculating, they will overestimate the amount, and obtain impressions in proportion, somewhat like the Jews that prostrated themselves in the dust in adoration of the golden calf. As for me, my dear fellow, I shall carry on my operations in the auspicious presence of this power of two hundred thousands. Such a display of power will produce in the leaders a frame of mind made up of veneration, worship, and unconditional submissiveness. Every word of mine will proceed authoritatively from the golden mouth of the two hundred thousands, and my proposals it will be impossible for them to reject. But listen! The door of the ante-room is being opened. The mightiest is approaching. Go in quick." He pressed the spring of a concealed door, and Seraphin disappeared.

When the straw-hat manufacturer entered, the banker was sitting before the banknotes apparently absorbed in intricate calculations.

"Ah Mr. Schwefel! pardon the liberty I have taken of sending for you. The pressure of business," motioning significantly towards the banknotes, "has made it impossible for me to call upon you."

"No trouble, Mr. Greifmann, no trouble whatever!" rejoined the manufacturer with profound bows.

"Have the goodness to take a seat!" And he drew an arm-chair quite near to where the money lay displayed. Schwefel perceived they were five-hundreds, estimated the amount of the pile in a few rapid glances, and felt secret shudderings of awe passing through his person.

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"The cause of my asking you in is a business matter of some magnitude," began the banker. "There is a house in Vienna with which we stand in friendly relations, and which has very extensive connections in Hungary. The gentlemen of this house have contracts for furnishing large orders of straw hats destined mostly for Hungary, and they wish to know whether they can obtain favorable terms of purchase at the manufactories of this country. It is a business matter involving a great deal of money. Their confidence in the friendly interest of our firm, and in our thorough acquaintance with local circumstances, has encouraged them to apply to us for an accurate report upon this subject. They intimate, moreover, that they desire to enter into negotiations with none but solid establishments, and for this reason are supposed to be guided by our judgment. As you are aware, this country has a goodly number of straw-hat manufactories. I would feel inclined, however, as far as it may be in my power, to give your establishment the advantage of our recommendation, and would therefore like to get from you a written list of fixed

prices of all the various sorts."

"I am, indeed, under many obligations to you, Mr. Greifmann, for your kind consideration," said the manufacturer, nodding repeatedly. "Your own experience can testify to the durability of my work, and I shall give the most favorable rates possible."

"No doubt," rejoined the banker with haughty reserve. "You must not forget that the straw-hat business is out of our line. It is incumbent on us, however, to oblige a friendly house. I shall therefore make a similar proposal to two other large manufactories, and, after consulting with men of experience in this branch, shall give the house in Vienna the advice we consider most to its interest, that is, shall recommend the establishment most worthy of recommendation."

Mr. Schwefel's excited countenance became somewhat lengthy.

"You should not fail of an acceptable acknowledgment from me, were you to do me the favor of recommending my goods," explained the manufacturer.

The banker's coldness was not in the slightest degree altered by the implied bribe. He appeared not even to have noticed it. "It is also my desire to be able to recommend you," said he curtly, carelessly taking up a package of the banknotes and playing with ten thousand florins as if they were so many valueless scraps of paper. "Well, we are on the eve of the election," remarked he ingenuously. "Have you fixed upon a magistrate and mayor?"

"All in order, thank you, Mr. Greifmann!"

"And are you quite sure of the order?"

"Yes; for we are well organized, Mr. Greifmann. If it interests you, I will consider it as an honor to be allowed to send you a list of the candidates."

"I hope you have not passed over ex-treasurer Shund?"

This question took Mr. Schwefel by surprise, and a peculiar smile played on his features.

"The world is and ever will be ungrateful," continued the banker, as though he did not notice the astonishment of the manufacturer. "I could hardly think of an abler and more sterling character for the office of mayor of the city than Mr. Shund. Our corporation is considerably in debt. Mr. Shund is known to be an accurate financier, and an economical householder. We just now need for the administration of our city household a mayor that understands reckoning closely, and that will curtail unnecessary expenses, so as to do away with the yearly increasing deficit in the budget. Moreover, Mr. Shund is a noble character; for he is always ready to aid those who are in want of money—on interest, of course. Then, again, he knows law, and we very much want a lawyer at the head of our city government. In short, the interests of this corporation require that Mr. Shund be chosen chief magistrate. It is a subject of wonder to me that progress, usually so clear-sighted, has heretofore passed Mr. Shund by, despite his numerous qualifications. Abilities should be called into requisition for the public weal. To be candid, Mr. Schwefel, nothing disgusts me so much as the slighting of great ability," concluded the banker contemptuously.

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"Are you acquainted with Shund's past career?" asked the leader diffidently.

"Why, yes! Mr. Shund once put his hand in the wrong drawer, but that was a long time ago. Whosoever amongst you is innocent, let him cast the first stone at him. Besides, Shund has made good his fault by restoring what he filched. He has even atoned for the momentary weakness by five years of imprisonment."

"'Tis true; but Shund's theft and imprisonment are still very fresh in people's memory," said Schwefel. "Shund is notorious, moreover, as a hard-hearted usurer. He has gotten rich through shrewd money speculations, but he has also brought several families to utter ruin. The indignation of the whole city is excited against the usurer; and, finally, Shund indulges a certain filthy passion with such effrontery and barefacedness that every respectable female cannot but blush at being near him. These characteristics were unknown to you, Mr. Greifmann; for you too will not hesitate an instant to admit that a man of such low practices must never fill a public office."

"I do not understand you, and I am surprised!" said the millionaire. "You call Shund a usurer, and you say that the indignation of the whole town is upon him. Might I request from you the definition of a usurer?"

"They are commonly called usurers who put out money at exorbitant, illegal interest."

"You forget, my dear Mr. Schwefel, that speculation is no longer confined to the five per cent. rate. A correct insight into the circumstances of the times has induced our legislature to leave the rate of interest altogether free. Consequently, a usurer has gotten to be an impossibility. Were Shund to ask fifty per cent. and more, he would be entitled to it."

"That is so; for the moment I had overlooked the existence of the law," said the manufacturer, somewhat humiliated. "Yet I have not told you all concerning the usurer. Beasts of prey and vampires inspire an involuntary disgust or fear. Nobody could find pleasure in meeting a hungry wolf, or in having his blood sucked by a vampire. The usurer is both vampire and wolf. He hankers to suck the very marrow from the bones of those who in financial straits have recourse to him. When an embarrassed person borrows from him, that person is obliged to mortgage twice the amount that he actually receives. The usurer is a heartless strangler, an insatiable glutton. He is perpetually goaded on by covetousness to work the material ruin of others, only so that the ruin of his neighbor may benefit himself. In short, the usurer is a monster so frightful, a brute so devoid of conscience, that the very sight of him excites horror and disgust. Just such a monster is

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Shund in the eyes of all who know him—and the whole city knows him. Hence the man is the object of general aversion.”

“Why, this is still worse, still more astonishing!” rejoined the millionaire with animation. “I thought our city enlightened. I should have expected from the intelligence and judgment of our citizens that they would have deferred neither to the sickly sentimentalism of a bigoted morality nor to the absurdity of obsolete dogmas. If your description of the usurer, which might at least be styled poetico-religious, is an expression of the prevailing spirit of this city, I shall certainly have to lower my estimate of its intelligence and culture.”

The leader hastened to correct the misunderstanding.

“I beg your pardon, Mr. Greifmann! You may rest assured that we can boast all the various conquests made by modern advancement. Religious enthusiasm and foolish credulity are poisonous plants that superannuated devotees are perhaps still continuing to cultivate here and there in pots, but which the soil will no longer produce in the open air. The sort of education prevailing hereabout is that which has freed itself from hereditary religious prejudices. Our town is blessed with all the benefits of progress, with liberty of thought, and freedom from the thralldom of a dark, designing priesthood.”

“How comes it, then, that a man is an object of contempt for acting in accordance with the principles of this much lauded progress?” asked the millionaire, with unexpected sarcasm. “We are indebted to progress for the abolition of a legal rate of interest. Shund takes advantage of this conquest, and for doing so citizens who boast of being progressive look upon him with aversion. A further triumph secured by progress is freedom from the tyranny of dogmas and the tortures of a conscience created by a contracted morality. This beautiful fruit of the tree of enlightened knowledge Shund partakes of and enjoys; and for this he has the distinction of passing for a vampire. And because he displays the spirit of an energetic business man, because his capacity for speculating occasionally overwhelms blockheads and dunces, he is decried as a ravenous wolf. It is sad! If your statements are correct, Mr. Schwefel, our city ought not to boast of being progressive. Its citizens are still groping in the midnight darkness of religious superstition, scarcely even united with modern intellectual advancement. And to me the consciousness is most uncomfortable of breathing an atmosphere poisoned by the decaying remnants of an age long since buried.”

“My own personal views accord with yours,” protested Schwefel candidly. “The subversion of the antiquated, absurd articles of faith and moral precept necessarily entails the abrogation of the consequences that flow from them for public life. For centuries the cross was a symbol of dignity, and the doctrine of the Crucified resulted in holiness. Paganism, on the contrary, looked upon the gospel as foolishness, as a hallucination, and upon the cross as a sign of shame. I belong to the classic ranks, and so do millions like myself—among them Mr. Shund. Viewed in the light of progress, Shund is neither a vampire nor a wolf; at the worst, he is merely an ill-used business man. They who suffer themselves to be humbugged and fleeced by him have their own stupidity to thank for it. This exposition will convince you that I stand on a level with yourself in the matter of advanced enlightenment. Nevertheless, you overlook, Mr. Greifmann, that, so far as the masses of the people are concerned, reverence for the cross and the holiness of its doctrines continue to prevail. The acquisitions of progress are not yet generally diffused. The mines of modern intellectual culture are being provisionally worked by a select number of independent, bold natures. The multitude, on the other hand, still continue folding about them the winding-sheet of Christianity. The views, customs, principles, and judgments of men are as yet widely controlled by Christian elements. Our city does homage to progress, pretty nearly, however, in the manner of a blind man that discourses of colors.”

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TO BE CONTINUED.

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We purpose giving in this article a sketch, as far as our limited space will allow, of a costly and beautiful work published in London under the above title. Many of our readers will perhaps turn willingly to the history of a movement which is not without its echo in America, and which the future bids fair to foster and popularize wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue and spirit have sway. A work treating of such very modern and recent events in the history of art is not easily reducible to salient divisions; yet, having to be brief, we must necessarily endeavor to be clear, and we will, therefore, pick out a few prominent ideas, which, we hope, will be more interesting to the general reader than the mass of technical detail in which Eastlake's book naturally (and very properly) abounds. We have also to promise that we wish only to state and quote facts, or such anecdotes and professional opinions as give our history an individual interest, not to drag up the vexed questions which have made the venerable words "Gothic" and "mediæval" signs of warfare and contradiction. This is a pure chronicle of accomplished facts, and addresses itself only to such as already lean to the æsthetic principles of those "dark ages" of spiritual light which gave us along with Monasticism the great conservative power. Feudalism—the progressive power, the check on royal autocracy, the guardian of Magna Charta, the parent of constitutional liberty.

Passing by the history and literature of Gothic art since its decay in the sixteenth to its full revival in the nineteenth century, we are attracted by the subject of its symbolism, over which such fierce and sometimes ludicrous battles have been fought; but, even before the symbolism of the art, its very origin was made a subject of curious dispute. For instance, the author of this work [444] says: "In the beginning of this century, various arguments were rife. The style was Gothic; it was Saracenic; it had been brought to England by the crusaders; it had been invented by the Moors in Spain; it might be traced to the pyramids of Egypt. One ingenious theorist endeavored to reconcile all opinions in his comprehensive hypothesis that the style of architecture which we call cathedral or monastic Gothic was manifestly a corruption of the sacred architecture of the Greeks and Romans, by a mixture of the Moorish or Saracenesque, which is formed out of a combination of Egyptian, Persian, and Hindoo!"

Of symbolism, and the intimate union of the religious and artistic spirit, Eastlake says: "In modern days, we have unconsciously drawn a distinction between religious art and popular art. In the middle ages, they were thoroughly blended;" but he goes on to infer from this blending that, according to the old adage, "Familiarity breeds contempt," there was no reverential and spiritual idea whatever embodied in the work of the mediæval carvers and architects. We, by the light of our faith, the heirloom of the very times we speak of, believe him to be either unconsciously prejudiced or mistaken. He seems to scout the idea of the deviation of the line of the chancel from the line of the nave, an occasional feature in some old churches (for instance, the Abbey of St. Denys, near Paris), being a symbol of the inclination of Our Lord's head upon the cross. It is but a tradition, a pious belief, it is true; but why throw doubt upon it? If it really was meant as a symbol, he asks why was it not so in all churches? And if the triplet window typified the Trinity, why were two or five light windows used? Simply because the symbol was optional, yet none the less a symbol. From the old symbolism of the forgotten artists of past days, we come to the miscalled "Pre-Raphaelite" naturalism of modern architects. Ruskin with all his merits, of which we will speak more fully further on, had an exaggerated tendency to find in carving an exact copy from nature, and to condemn anything in that line that did not absolutely reproduce some organic form. Eastlake himself expresses his own views on the subject in the following words: "In the gable [of St. Finbar's, Cork], ... a seated figure of Christ is to occupy a vesica-shaped panel, with angels censing on each side. Of these works, executed by Mr. Thomas Nicholls from Mr. Burges' design, it is not too much to say that no finer examples of decorative sculpture have been produced during the Revival. They exactly represent that intermediate condition between natural form and abstract idealism which is the essence of mediæval, and indeed of all noble art." From this subject we are led to the kindred one of the contrast between old work and new. Our author repeatedly returns to this point. Here are some amusing sayings about the deplorable 'tameness' of modern sculpture: "The Roman Catholic churches erected at this period (1850) had one decided advantage over those designed for the Establishment, viz., the richness of their interiors.... A tamely carved reredos, generally arranged in panels to hold the Ten Commandments (!), a group of sedilia and a piscina, with perhaps a few empty inches in the clerestory, were, as a rule, all the internal features which distinguished an Anglican church from a meeting-house." So that wherever art is concerned, an unconscious tribute is naturally offered [445] to the church! Again and again, our author vigorously denounces the dead imitation of living and forcible models, which is in the spirit of a "Chinese engraver who should undertake to imitate, line for line and spot for spot, a damaged print." "Every one," he says, "who has studied the principles of mediæval art, knows how much its character and *vitality* depend upon the essential element of decorative sculpture, of the spirit of what Ruskin has called 'noble grotesque,' in its nervous types of animal life and vigorous conventionalism of vegetable form.... To copy line for line, even when sound and fresh from the chisel, and yet preserve the spirit of the original, would have been difficult in the best ages of art. The mediæval sculptors never—to use an artistic phrase—repeated themselves. If the conditions of their work required a certain degree of uniformity in design, they took care to aim at the spirit, but not the letter, of symmetry.... They took the birds of the air and the flowers of the field for their study, but seemed to know instinctively the true secret of all decorative art, which lies in the suggestion and symbolism, rather than the presumptuous illustration of natural form." "Since," continues Eastlake, "we cannot 'restore' the thoughts and stamp of the artists of old, we should the more sedulously watch what we have left of such traces, and prop up and secure that which a little common care



might long preserve to us." Of an unfortunate modern carver, he says: "Impartial critics who compare the mediæval carving with its modern substitute will probably consider the neat finish and anatomical correctness of Westmacott's groups a poor exchange for the earnest and vigorous, though somewhat rude, treatment of the old design. King George's loyal subjects thought they knew better than those of King Edward; ... their work was not clever; it was not interesting; it was not lifelike; it was not humorous; it was not even ugly after a good honest fashion—it was deplorably and hopelessly *mean*.... All these accidents combine not only to deprive the building of scale, but to give it a cold and *machine-made* look. In a far different spirit the mediæval designers worked.... Fifty years ago, ... there was naturalistic carving and there was ornamental carving, but the noble *abstractive* treatment which should find a middle place between them, and which was one of the glories of ancient art, had still to be revived." In whimsical pursuance of his subject, he says elsewhere that before Pugin's days "an architect would no more have thought of introducing a porch on the south aisle which had not its counterpart on the north, than he would have dared to wear a coat of which the right sleeve was longer than the left." Ruskin, too, seems to have thought a *coat* a very effective instrument of illustration: here is his version of the likeness between the tailor's and the modern architect's occupations. "A day never passes," he says in his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, "without our hearing our English architects called upon to be original, and to invent a new style; about as sensible and necessary an exhortation as to ask of a man who has never had rags enough on his back to keep out the cold to invent a new mode of cutting a coat. Give him a whole coat first, and let him concern himself about the fashion afterwards. We want no new style of architecture. Who wants a new style of painting or of sculpture? But we want *some* style." To return to Eastlake's strongly accentuated views of mediæval carving: he has summed them up in one sentence, as terse and vigorous as the old sculptural handiwork itself. "During the Revival," he says, "it took a decade of years to teach workmen to carve carefully. It took another to get them to carve simply. We may expect more than a third to elapse before they have learnt to carve nobly." With one more quotation which is too humorous to miss, we will close this part of the history of the Revival: "There is no want of manipulative skill or of imitative ability, but from some cause or another there is a great want of spirit in the present carver's work. The mediæval sculptor, with half the care and less than half the finish now bestowed on such details, managed to throw life and vigor into the capitals and panel subjects that grew beneath his chisel. The 'angel choir' at Lincoln is rudely executed compared with many a modern bas-relief, but the features of the winged minstrels are radiant with celestial happiness. There are figures of kings crumbling into dust in the niches of Exeter Cathedral which retain even now a dignity of attitude and lordly grace which no 'restoration' is likely to revive. Our nineteenth century angels look like *demure Bible-readers, somewhat too conscious of their piety to be interesting*. Our nineteenth century monarchs seem (in stone, at least) *very well-to-do pleasant gentlemen*, but are scarcely of a heroic type. The roses and lilies, the maple foliage and forked spleenwort, with which we crown our pillars or deck our cornices, are cut with wonderful precision and neatness, but somehow they miss the charm of old-world handicraft.... The truth is, that in the apparent imperfections of some arts lies the real secret of their excellence. For instance, the superior *quality* of color which long distinguished old (stained) glass from new was due in a great measure to its streakiness and irregularity of tint." We would here submit to the talented and enthusiastic author that the *spirit* of ancient art, the loss of which he so vehemently deplores, is intimately connected with that Catholic symbolism he so cavalierly dismisses. The Reformation took away the reality of faith from the souls of modern Christians; it could not but weaken likewise the realization of faith which for so many ages had inspired the hands of Christian artists. A noble orator, who is as much an artist in soul as he is a priest in fact, and in whom Ireland and Irish America claim equal pride, said from the pulpit very recently, and in a church of New York, that animal painting, the lowest of the products of brush or pencil, was hardly known in its present development before the famous Reformation. The first painter who took to this earthy style was a German Lutheran in Naples, an emissary of the growing intellectual "disfranchisement" of the sixteenth century; and his fellow-artists, who hitherto had never looked lower than heaven itself for their models, would not speak to him, nor recognize him as one of themselves, saying in a tone of contempt, "There goes the man who paints cows and horses!" As the old spirit died away, the forms of art grew downwards more and more till we were reduced to roots and herbs, onions and cabbages, and foaming tankards of beer, and were expected to find for these some words of praise on account of their fidelity (shall we not rather say *servility*?) to nature. Even now, the correct texture and pattern of a bed-quilt or a woman's dress is a thing strained after by modern painters of supposed merit. In the face of this three hundred years old debasement of art, who could expect to revive the spirit of mediæval carving without first reviving that of mediæval faith? And here we are naturally led to speak of Pugin, the great apostle of the Gothic Revival, the most mediæval-spirited of all its known leaders; the man whose art, in fact, was the instrument of his conversion. Although Eastlake tends towards depreciating the part and influence of our religion in this artistic crisis, and although, as he most truly and fairly says, our ceremonial, like our faith, can associate itself indifferently to any style, and therefore is sovereignly independent of any, yet it remains no less true that the Catholic Church is so exclusively the real patroness of art that no artist-soul can fail to be attracted and won by her. Overbeck, the great German painter, who established in Rome a school that revives and rivals the glories of Perugino, Giotto, Mantegna, and Fra Angelico, was an artist before he became a Catholic, but he found himself unable to teach his art-ideal without the spirit which of old had created that ideal. So it was with Pugin.

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France and England have an equal claim to the honor of being the mother of the noblest, most earnest, truest artist, who has shared the vicissitudes and anxieties of our modern (and more beneficial) Renaissance. His father was a French refugee, an architect of great merit, who had

been associated in the early part of this century with Nash, the reigning architect of that time. Pugin's youth seems to have been very adventurous; at all events, it shows the irrepressible energy of his nature. He was an enthusiast of the noblest type; his life was influenced by the purest motives. So, with all his genius and, as far as the educated public was concerned, his popularity, he was not overburdened with this world's goods. His work on *Contrasts* (of which we have had the privilege of seeing some of the original illustrations in etching) is thus noticed by Eastlake:

"In 1836, Pugin published his celebrated *Contrasts*—a pungent satire on modern architecture as compared with that of the middle ages. The illustrations by himself afford evidence not only of great artistic power, but of a keen sense of humor. To the circulation of this work, we may attribute the care and jealousy with which our ancient churches and cathedrals have since been protected and kept in repair. In estimating the effect which Pugin's efforts, both as an artist and as an author, produced on the Gothic Revival, the only danger lies in the possibility of overrating their worth. The man whose name was for at least a quarter of a century a household word in every house where ancient art was loved and appreciated—who fanned into a flame the smouldering fire of ecclesiastical sentiment—whose very faith was pledged to mediæval tradition—such a writer and such an architect will not easily be forgotten so long as the æsthetic principles which he advocated are recognized and maintained.... Notwithstanding the size and importance of some of his buildings, it must be confessed that in his house and the church at Ramsgate one recognizes more thorough and genuine examples of Pugin's genius ... than elsewhere."

The list of his works is really so extensive that we must confine ourselves by preference to one or two whose beauties we have had personal opportunities of admiring.

Of these, happily, that of Ramsgate is one. "The whole church," says our author, "is lined with stone of a warm color, the woodwork of the screens, stalls, etc., being of dark oak. The general *tone* of the interior, lighted as it is by stained glass, is most agreeable, and wonderfully suggestive of old work.... The church of St. Augustine may be regarded as one of Pugin's most successful achievements. Its plan is singularly ingenious and unconventional in arrangement. The exterior is simple but picturesque in outline. No student of old English architecture can examine this interesting little church without perceiving the thoughtful, earnest care with which it has been designed and executed down to the minutest detail."

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Omitting the technical description, which would be unintelligible to the non-professional reader, we will merely remark upon one or two interesting circumstances which combine to make St. Augustine's Priory doubly dear to the Catholic and artist heart. The founder lies buried in one of its side chapels, beneath a lovely mediæval tomb, his figure carved in the monumental repose which characterizes the shrines of former days. And truly before these calm effigies of death, which modern taste calls *stiff*, and for which it has substituted the nude and affected statues of weeping nymphs and cupids, no Christian can fail to be reminded of the solemnly triumphant question, "O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" The church that Pugin loved is now served by the old monastic order, whose history is identified in England with most of the wonderful productions of the art he followed—the Benedictines. The plain chant, so intimately associated with that ancient art, is alone used at all the services of the church; and near the Pugin Chantry is an image of Our Lady, before which, on an iron stand of exquisite design, are constantly burned the tapers of the faithful. Were it not for the modern dress of the worshippers, nothing in the church would indicate the change between the fourteenth and the nineteenth century. Close to it stands the architect's own house, a gem of domestic Gothic architecture, now occupied by Pugin's widow and son, himself an enthusiastic artist. It is impossible to describe the house, save by a comprehensive expression. It has a *sympathetic* and *Catholic* air: one is reminded of the days when artists loved their faith and their art in themselves, without after-thoughts and without interest; when they saw God in their work instead of a patron or a human encourager; when they would no more sell their principles and compromise their æsthetic beliefs, than they would sell their soul to the Evil One. We have had the pleasure of experiencing familiar intercourse with this truly Christian household, and of partaking of its graceful hospitality. We have seen the very dining-room etherealized into a fane of art, as the table appeared laden with silver flagons of antique design, and decked in the centre with the virginal blossoms of lily and jessamine. This purity of taste and absence of vulgar redundancy or vanity in ornament produced upon us a most indelible and quaint impression. If it be true that the surroundings of home refine the mind and open it to the most perfect sense of the beautiful, these neighbors of St. Augustine's Priory should consider themselves among the most favored in this age of almost hopeless utilitarianism.

St. George's Catholic Cathedral at Southwark, London, is also one of Pugin's great works. The ceremonies of the church are performed with more precision in this cathedral than in almost any modern one in England, and the building wonderfully lends itself to their performance. During Holy Week, all the Protestant world of art and fashion crowd its aisles, and admire equally its architectural solemnity and suggestiveness, and the impressive ritual to which it forms so noble a frame. The Church of St. Michael's Priory, near Hereford, also a Benedictine foundation, is most beautiful and most "Puginesque" (to quote the appropriate word-coin of our author, Eastlake). The simplicity of its nave and aisles contrasts well with the richness of its choir; the stone reredos, a true "carven dream of angels," represents the adoration of the Divine Host by the

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winged inhabitants of heaven; the altar is rich with marble columns and small sculptured capitals of most ingenious workmanship; the stalls rival those in the old Flemish churches (and Flanders was the birthland of perfect carving); and the peculiar arrangement which leaves a free space between choir and nave, separated from each by a vaulted arch, has a very happy effect. There are fully thirty monks in the monastery, and the plain chant is heard in all its glory at the prescribed hours of the divine office.

We have lingered too long over these reminiscences, and will now hasten on to the few other points of interest, which our limited space has allowed us to make note of, in Mr. Eastlake's book.

A few quotations that carry one from the consideration of the dry, technical aspect of the Revival to that of its spirit and vitality will not be unacceptable, we believe, to the general reader. Here are two contrasting portraits of modern and mediæval life: "Seen in their present state, some half-modernized, some damaged by time and wilful neglect, others spoilt by injudicious restoration, many of these ancient mansions are but dimly suggestive of their former magnificence. It was Nash's aim to represent them as they were in the days when country life was enjoyed by their owners, not for a brief interval in the year, but all the year round; in days when there were feasting in the hall and tilting in the court-yard; when the yule-log cracked on the hearth, and mummers beguiled the dulness of a winter's evening; when the bowling-green was filled by lusty youths, and gentle dames sat spinning in their boudoirs; when the deep window recesses were filled with family groups, and gallant cavaliers rode a-hawking; when, in short, all the adjuncts and incidents of social life, dress, pastimes, manners, and whatnot formed part of a picturesque whole, of which we, in these prosaic and lack-lustre days, except by the artist's aid, can form no conception." On the other hand, here is what the shocked vision of a modern artist has suggested to the author of the *Gothic Revival*:

"Mr. Ruskin looked around him at the modern architecture of England ... and saw public buildings copied from those of a nobler age, but starved and vulgarized in the copying. He saw private houses, some modelled on what was supposed to be an Italian pattern, and others modelled on what was supposed to be a mediæval pattern, and he found too often neither grandeur in the one nor grace in the other. He saw palaces which looked mean, and cottages which looked tawdry. He saw masonry without interest, ornament without beauty, and sculpture without life. He walked through the streets of London, and found that they consisted for the most part of flaunting shop-fronts, stuccoed porticoes, and plaster cornices. It is true there were fine clubs and theatres and public institutions scattered here and there; but, after making due allowance for their size, for the beauty of materials used, and for the neatness (!) of the workmanship, how far could they be considered as genuine works of art?" [450]

And here let us stop to point out how it has been invariably the aim of the Revival to banish the false and the meretricious from art; how it has waged relentless war against shams, against the aping in perishable clay of that which the ancients, Greek as well as mediæval, always carved in indestructible stone or marble. Unfortunately, the only residue of mediævalism that has as yet filtered its way down to the masses of the population is strongly tinged with a taste for showiness at the expense of intrinsic worth, and the flimsiness of "Gothic" sea-side lodges and Cockney villas has become a by-word. Eastlake deplures the rigid adoption in such hybrid edifices of the bands of colored brick (chiefly red and yellow), which should be used with great discretion, but which obtained a too quick popularity when Ruskin first pointed out their prominent part in Italian decorative Gothic. In a foot-note, he says: "In the suburbs this mode of decoration rose rapidly into favor for Cockney villas and *public taverns*, and laid the foundation of that peculiar order of Victorian architecture which has since been distinguished by the familiar but not altogether inappropriate name of the Streaky Bacon Style."

With how many such buildings are we unhappily acquainted! In this city, we have seen counterparts to the villas here mentioned—nay, churches and public halls, with iron-work that calls itself Gothic, and does not know that it is but modern "Franco-Assyrian!" But let us not do injustice to the more enlightened disciples of Pugin and of Ruskin, who are covering this new land with buildings which, if they last two or three hundred years, will rival those of the lands from whose cathedrals they were copied. A sister to the marble cathedral of Milan will soon be finished for the Catholics of New York, not so elaborate, perhaps, but purer in style and spirit. Others are eagerly competing in this new race of art, and the city of the Dutch emigrants will one day hold fanes that will remind their children of Flanders and of Holland.

Although the Catholic Church can afford to dispense with outward ceremonial, or adapt herself to a different arrangement of church architecture, and yet remain, in custom, in doctrine, essentially immutable, such is not the privilege of the dominant church in England. Therefore it will not be surprising to any one to know how much the revived taste for art contributed some time ago to the revived sense of decorum in the services of the Episcopalian denomination. Eastlake gives us a graphic description of spiritual desolation in the ante-Gothic days in the country parishes of England:

"In country districts, a bad road or a rainy day sufficed to keep half the congregation away even from Sunday services. Of those who attended, two-thirds left the responses to the parish clerk.... Cracked fiddles and grunting violoncellos frequently supplied the place of the church organ. The village choir—of male and female performers—assembled in the western *gallery* (!). When they began to sing, the whole congregation faced about to look at them; but to turn towards the east during the recitation of the creed, or to rise when the clergy entered the church, would have been considered an instance of abject superstition. No one thought of kneeling during the longer prayers.

Sometimes the Litany was interrupted by thwacks from the beadle's cane as it descended on the shoulders of parish schoolboys, who devoted themselves to clandestine amusement during that portion of the service. When the sermon began, all, except the very devout, settled themselves comfortably to sleep. The parson preached in a black gown, and not unfrequently read the communion service from his pulpit."

We have seen in a country church in Rutland—one of the midland counties of England—some lingering tokens of this curious state of things. Most of the other churches of that neighborhood have been magnificently restored, and very much Catholicized, at least in externals. This exception to the rule is in a small parish, and is noticeable for a very curious ancient monument, half sunk in the earth, and covered by a recess of the church wall itself. It is supposed to be that of the founder, who chose this position as typical of his having been a *support* to the building: at least this was the suggestion of a friend of ours, an architect of the type of Pugin—a Christian artist in the true sense of the word. The interior of the church was a sad contrast to its beautiful outward proportions: high whitewashed pews filled it, hiding the base of the columns, thrusting their wooden cornices into and over the *piscinæ*, and covering from view the old brasses and monumental slabs on the stone floor. A row of hat-pegs (will it be believed?) ran round the whole church at a convenient height, and rare must have been the decoration appended to them on a Sunday. The "altar plate"—pewter pots hardly a stage better, and certainly a degree duller, than those highly-polished vessels which were no doubt in more constant use in the neighboring tavern—was kept in a worm-eaten old oak chest at the bottom of the church. The communion table was a table; and indeed Cromwell himself might have walked in and felt satisfied that there lurked no "Popery" there. By the bye, why does ignorance always call beautiful art "Popery"? Is it not through some higher and unconscious knowledge which forces itself into expression, like the sibyl's prophecies, upon reluctant and unbelieving lips? [451]

Eastlake speaks of Westminster Abbey as liable to many of the abuses which he deplores in country churches. "Westminster," he says, "was not then (1826) as now guarded by circumspect vergers, who are stimulated to additional vigilance by the sixpences of the faithful. There was scarce a monument in the place which had not suffered from ruthless violence, for at that time or not long before, the choristers made a playground of the venerable abbey, and the Westminster scholars played at hockey in the cloisters."

It is time to mention a few of the architects of the more modern phase of the Revival, and of some of their works, those especially which find a place among the fine engravings of Eastlake's valuable book. Butterfield is selected as one of the foremost, and as the only leader after Pugin whose influence is yet appreciably felt. He is thus eulogized by our author. "It is especially characteristic of Mr. Butterfield's design that he aims at originality, not only in form, but in the relative proportion of parts.... This indeed is the secret of the striking and picturesque character which distinguishes his works from others which are less daring in conception and therefore less liable to mistakes. Mr. Butterfield has been the leader of a school, and it is necessary for a leader to be bold." Of the church of All Saints, in London, built by the same architect, Eastlake says: "The truth is that the design was a bold and magnificent endeavor to shake off the trammels of antiquarian precedent, which had long fettered the progress of the Revival, to create not a new style, but a development of previous styles; to carry the enrichment of ecclesiastical Gothic to an extent which even in the middle ages had been rare in England; to adorn the walls with surface ornament of a durable kind; to spare, in short, neither skill, nor pains, nor cost in making this church the model church of its day—such a building as should take a notable position in the history of modern architecture." Further on he says of him that there is "a sober earnestness in his work widely different from that of some designers, who seem to be tossed about on the sea of popular taste.... He does not care to produce showy buildings at a sacrifice of constructive strength. To a pretty, superficial school of Gothic and fussy carving, he never condescended.... His work gives one the idea of a man who has designed it not so much to please his clients as to please himself. In estimating the value of his skill, posterity may find something to smile at as eccentric and much that will astonish as daring, but they will find nothing to despise as commonplace or mean." Several engravings are given of details of his work on the church of St. Alban's (a high ritualistic stronghold in London) and at All Saints' and Balliol Chapel (Oxford). Of Carpenter, an architect who died in his prime, we find the following flattering notice: "No practitioner of his day (1840-50) understood so thoroughly the *grammar* of his art.... As a pupil he appears to have given remarkable attention to the character and application of mouldings.... A knowledge of the laws of proportion, of the conditions of light and shade, and the effective employment of decorative features are arrived at by most architects gradually and after a series of tentative experiments. Carpenter seems to have acquired this knowledge very early in his career, so that even his first works possess an artistic quality far in advance of their state, while those he executed in later years are regarded even now with admiration by all who have endeavored to maintain the integrity of our old national styles." Mr. Beresford Hope was a true and enthusiastic patron of Carpenter's artistic career. Of the many works of this talented man, whose life was unfortunately so short, our author chooses a large college in Sussex as the one most worthy of an engraving. Its proportions truly denote a mediæval spirit. Eastlake places Goldie among the later revivalists of note, and gives a fine engraving of his Abbey of St. Scholastica at Teignmouth. The building certainly looks massive and extensive enough for an ancient monastic structure, though the use of the before-mentioned bands of colored brick seems too profuse for that chasteness of design which is surely the highest standard of taste. Goldie is the architect of St. Mary's Cathedral at Kensington, London, the Pro-Cathedral of the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster. Although we have heard many criticisms passed upon this [452]

specimen of his skill, we are by no means capable of giving any opinion, especially as we have not had the opportunity of seeing it. Eastlake gives a view of its western doorway, and goes on to say that the "interior is remarkable for the height of its nave," a detail which receives but too little attention in many modern buildings. "The roof," he says, "is ceiled, and follows the outline of a trefoil-headed arch—a form not often adopted, but here peculiarly effective. There are many incidents in the design of this church which are very ingenious and original.... Every detail throughout the work, even to the novel gas-standard, bears evidence of artistic care."

We fear that, beyond naming these few artists, the richness of our remaining material will not allow us to go deeper into their merits. Yet there are many others, as well or less known, whose conscientious, enthusiastic carrying out of their beautiful principles lends powerful aid to their theory. Hanson and Hadfield, among Catholic architects, and Street and Scott among Anglicans, are well worthy of mention, and since Barry was the ostensible restorer of the Houses of Parliament, we must of course give him a place in this short review. But there is one name which from intimate and pleasant acquaintance we would fain single out, and which is honorably mentioned by Eastlake as belonging to one who with several of his Catholic brethren "have done their best, each in their several ways, to secure honest and substantial work, and to keep clear of that tawdry, superficial style of design which brings discredit on the Gothic cause."

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This is Charles Buckler, the son and successor of John Chessel Buckler, a most finished artist and wonderful draughtsman, who, it may be said with peculiar significance, has let his mantle fall on the heir to his name and art. If any one would see in modern days that oneness of being between faith and art, let him look for it in the life and works of this gifted architect. The most rigorous purist could find no fault in a man who takes for his model the simplicity of the thirteenth century, and in whose manner and address a corresponding simplicity and sweetness are ever manifest. A priest by the vocation of art, as his two brothers are by the vocation of faith and by union with one of the most art-loving orders in the church, he works more willingly for churches and other ecclesiastical buildings than for the houses of the great, and finds his highest gratification in offering to each church he designs some spontaneous gift of his genius, the carving of a *piscina* or the pedestal of a font. His little church of St. Thomas à Becket, at Exton in the county of Rutland, is a specimen of his design which we believe he himself would not be unwilling to call a representative one. It is the only Catholic Church in the county, and so may claim to interest those who otherwise might not care to examine it. The foundress, as devoted a lover and patroness of art as she was a holy and noble-minded Christian matron, lies buried near the high altar. The church is built in the traditional cross-shape, and has an absidal end pierced by several beautiful windows, the stone tracery of which is in the style of the thirteenth century. The rose-window at the west end is copied from one in the (now Protestant) cathedral of Lausanne, where the writer saw the sketch of it made at the foundress' desire, by the architect to whom the future building of the church was to be entrusted. The beautiful and simple porch to the north of the church, the little belfry where an old bell found among the ruins of the old manor-house of Exton rings the daily Angelus of restored Catholic belief, the spacious and massive vault, where a plain stone altar is erected for Masses for the dead; the side chapel of St. Ida, the patron saint of the foundress; the Lady chapel, with its more elaborate yet chastely traceried window; the soft surroundings of garden, plantation, and terrace, with the view on the opposite hill of the old church, once Catholic, which three hundred years of false belief have only surrounded with a more touching pathos, as of a noble captive chained to a meaner rival's car—all this, and the knowledge that within the Tudor mansion which has replaced the ruined manor

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dwelt the family of the foundress, and especially the one destined to finish her church and enshrine her memory therein, makes this personal recollection of St. Thomas' fane and its charming architect very hallowed and sweet to think on. Many pray in this church, of which the stone interior with its carven and arched tribune, and its broad oak-panelled western recess, is as lovely as its exterior with its high roof and broken outline—many pray there to whom this recollection is as dear and as holy. May those who have prayed with us remember us in their prayers, both he who has borne the burden of the day and its heat, and they to whom he has taught the way of taking up the same cross and bearing it to the same fruitful and happy end!

John Chessel Buckler, the father of our friend, was the second of the three designers chosen out of the hosts of competitors on the occasion of the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament. Eastlake says of him: "The especial merit of Buckler's design—second only to that of Barry *in the opinion of the judges*—was that it avoided the multiplication of detail.... The plan in general arrangement was considered picturesque.... Mr. Buckler obtained credit for the purity of his ornamental details." He also built Cossey Hall for Lord Stafford, and his son is now continuing his work. No wonder that the spirit of mediæval days should have descended on this favored family, since their dwelling-place for a long time was the matchless old city of Oxford. There is a magic in that name that has a creative artistic suggestion in its very sound.

The late controversy as to Pugin's part in the Houses of Parliament must be too well known to be revived here. Suffice it to say that the volume published by Barry's sons as a vindication of their father's genius was of itself conclusive, and proved too much for his reputation. Hardly a single engraving illustrative of his unassisted efforts was such as could commend itself to a purist in Gothic art, while the one part of the Houses of Parliament which was entirely his own (the unbroken front on the Thames River), though imposing at first sight, was the weakest point of the work as regards the true principles of art. Still, as Eastlake observes, it was a great victory for the Revivalists, and an important fact in the history of the Revival, that such a characteristically national work should have been confided to Gothic architects. It gave the cause both weight and popularity, and threw more in the way of the masses what before had been too much of a luxury and fancy of privileged intellectual orders. And yet, before the old style could be really

popularized, it was necessary that the taste for it should be carefully educated by the firm hand of uncompromising art. Eastlake descants thus on the liberty left in the architect's hands: "He may make an art of his calling, or he may make it a mere business; and in proportion as he inclines to one or the other of these two extremes, he will generally achieve present profit or posthumous renown." Further on he stigmatizes one of the earlier Gothic Revivalists in these terms: "In instances where he ought to have led, or at least to have tempered and corrected the vitiated taste of his day, he simply pandered to it." Let the reader pause to apply this to the great majority of modern artists, and to deplore the interested and debased motives which have robbed God of so much glory and the moral world of so much support. And without travelling into the region of other arts, we find among the adjuncts of architecture sufficient proof of degeneracy. Eastlake very justly remarks that the interior of houses is given up to upholsterers and decorators who too frequently are allowed to execute their work independently of the architect's control. "We enter," he says, "a Renaissance palace or a Gothic mansion, and find them respectively fitted up in the style of the nineteenth century, which is in point of fact no style at all, but the embodiment of a taste as empirical, as empty, and as fleeting as that which finds expression in a milliner's fashion-book." And again: "There is perhaps no feature in the interior of even an ordinary dwelling which is capable of more artistic treatment than the fire-place of its most frequented sitting-room, and yet how long it was neglected! The Englishman's sacred 'hearth,' the Scotchman's 'ain fireside,' the grandsire's 'chimney-corner,' have become mere verbal expressions, of which it is difficult to recall the original significance as we stand before those cold, formal slabs of gray or white marble enclosing the sprucely polished but utterly heartless grate of a modern drawing-room."

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Of course, like all arts, especially those of a more directly spiritual tendency, architecture has suffered from caricatures, sometimes hostile, sometimes blunderingly friendly. The ancient Gregorian chant and the real "Pre-Raphaelite" school of Christian painting have likewise suffered in this way. One might quote the well-known saying, "Defend me from my friends!" Eastlake puts the same thought into these words: "The barbarous and absurd specimens of modern architecture which have been erected in this generation under the general name of Gothic, have done more to damage the cause of the Revival than all that has been said or written in disparagement of the style."

Of the many buildings of merit hidden away in poor and remote localities, Eastlake makes cheering mention. He says:

"There are, perhaps, few professions, and certainly none within the realm of art, exposed to such unequal chances of that notoriety which should attend success, as the profession of architecture.... One man's practice may take him for years of his life into remote rural parishes where, except by the squire or parson, his work may long remain unappreciated.... There are districts in London in which, if a new building is raised, it stands no more chance of being visited by people of taste than if it had been erected in Kamschatka. Yet those outlying regions ... contain some of the most remarkable and largest churches which have been built during the Revival.... It was required to make those structures the headquarters of mission-work in poor and populous localities. Mr. James Brooks had no easy task before him; there was but little money to spend on them, yet they were to be of ample size, and, for obvious reasons, dignified and impressive in their general effect.... It must be admitted that the effect in each case is extremely fine. There is much in the character of Mr. Brooks' work which reminds one of Butterfield. An utter absence of conventionality, ... a studied simplicity of details, ... a tendency to quaint outlines and unusual subdivisions of parts—such are the chief characteristics which distinguish the design of both these architects, who manage to attain originality without condescending to extravagance, and to secure for their works a quiet grace, in which there is less of elegance than of dignity."

A view of the interior of St. Chad's, in one of the London suburbs, is given, in which one can trace even a certain richness of altar decoration allied to the noble proportions of the massive pillars and tall arches. This church seems to bear a monastic look about it.

The church of St. Columba, in the same neighborhood, presents many of the same characteristics, and Eastlake says of it that the "real excellence of this work consists in grand masses of roof and wall, planned and proportioned with true artistic ability." It is curious—and ridiculously realistic—to see in the engraving given of this church the contrast of the grand abbey-like pile with the wooden walls of an enclosed but unoccupied piece of ground, covered with the obstreperous advertisements of popular London papers, of Horniman's "best black tea," of theatres and bill-posters, and contemplated by a few shabbily-dressed women, a mason carrying a hod of mortar, and a very old cart-horse standing with his ungainly vehicle at the door of the vestry.

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These hidden churches have their touching meaning for Christian minds—a twofold meaning indeed—and one which is often overlooked in this utilitarian age. There they stand, beautiful and unvisited, built for the glory of God more than for the admiration of men, and no less solid, no less symbolical, no less perfect in proportion and distribution because the silent God is their only visitor. How much does this all-absorbing reference to the great Master of all art govern the work of the success-hunting generations of our day? Again, these beautiful churches stand as representatives of God's sacraments, God's graces, God's invitations, unheeded by those to whom

they are offered, unfelt even by many who live in their very shadow, and coldly received at best by those who grudgingly take advantage of them. Or, again, they are the symbol of the hidden soul, beauties scattered in seemingly desert places in the spiritual world, of the hearts that watch with God in the midst of the turmoil of earth, of hearts whose unbroken hymn of love is never silent, because of the babel of tongues that, to all but the ear of God, seems so resolutely to drown it.

There are two more remarks to be made, with which we will close this sketch, which we have perhaps prolonged beyond the bounds of the kind reader's patience. It has been said—we know not with what technical truth, but certainly with a beautiful suggestiveness of truth—that one of the great principles in Gothic architecture is that every curve should be the perfect segment of a circle—that is, that every curve, if continued, should inevitably describe a perfect circle. If this be so—and we have always assumed that it is—is not this meaning deducible from it, that it is the mission of art to tend to the highest perfection, and the mission of grace—the heavenly art—to fashion every single insignificant action in such a mould that it should visibly be but a part in one grand perfect whole of heroic sanctity?

And the second remark is this:

The Gothic revivalists have been accused of retrogression towards so-called barbaric forms of art. Exactly the same reproach was once made to an eminent convert—we believe a German. "My dear friend," said an anxious companion to him, "how could you abandon the religion of your fathers?" "Simply, my dear fellow," was the quick and humorous response, "that I might embrace that of my grandfathers."

We leave the application to the public, pointing out to them at the same time that to denounce the civil and ecclesiastical architecture handed down to them by the founders of civic liberty in Flanders and Germany, and the founders of Christian morality in France and England, Spain and Lombardy, would be to lay themselves open to the reproach of another witty convert, who said to his father, when the latter was lamenting his son's change of faith: "Take care, or you will make out that three hundred years ago our ancestors were nobodies." The reply silenced the proud bearer of a proud—and Catholic—name.

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# THE LAST DAYS BEFORE THE SIEGE.

## PART I. AWAKENING.

Berthe was holding a council about bonnets with her maid and Mme. Augustine when I went in. The complexion of the sky, it would seem, was a grave complication of the question at issue; it was of a dull leaden color, for, though the heat was intense, the sun was not shining outright, but sulking under a heavy veil of cloud that looked as if it might explode in a thunder-storm before the day was over.

"What a blunderer you are, Antoinette!" exclaimed Berthe impatiently. "The idea of putting me into pearl-color under a sky like that! Where are your eyes?"

Antoinette looked out of the window, saw the folly of her conduct, and proposed a pink bonnet to relieve the unbecoming sky and the gray costume. The amendment was approved of; so she left the room to fetch the bonnet.

"She is a good creature, Antoinette; but she is wonderfully absent-minded," remarked Berthe.

Mme. Augustine sighed, smiled, and shrugged her shoulders.

"What will you, Madame la Comtesse? Every one is not born an artist."

"Every one who is born with eyes in their head can use them if they have any sense," said Berthe; and she took up the ivory puff on her dressing-table, and began very deliberately shaking out delicate white clouds of *poudre à la violette* over her forehead and cheeks.

We were going together to a marriage at St. Roch, and we were to be there at *midi précis*, the *faire-part* said, so I had to remind Berthe that, if the business of powdering and puffing proceeded at this rate, we might save ourselves the trouble of the drive. With the sudden impulse that carried her so swiftly from one object to another, she dropped the puff, snatched her pink bonnet from Antoinette, put it on, fastened it herself, seized her gloves and prayer-book, and we hurried down-stairs and were off.

On turning into the Faubourg St. Honoré, we found a crowd collected in front of the *mairie*. Berthe pulled the check-string.

"It's news from the *frontière!*" she exclaimed eagerly. "If we were to miss the wedding, we must know what it is!"

She sprang out of the brougham, and I after her. The crowd was so deep that we could not get near enough to read the placards; but, judging by the exclamations and commentaries that accompanied the perusal by the foremost readers, the news was both exciting and agreeable. [458]

"*Fallait pas nous effrayer, mes petites dames,*" said a *blouse*, who had seen us alight, and saw by our faces that we were alarmed. "We've beaten one-half of the Prussians to a jelly, and driven the rest across the Rhine."

"The *canaille!* I always said they would run like rabbits the first taste they got of our chassepots," exclaimed a lad of fourteen, who halted with arms akimbo and a basket of vegetables on his head to hear the news.

"And these are the chaps that marched out of Berlin to the cry of *Nach Paris! nach Paris!* The beggars! They were glad enough to clean our streets—aye, and would have cleaned our boots in their moustachios, and thankful, just to turn a penny that they couldn't make at home," cried the first speaker.

"*Nach Paris* indeed!" cried the lad with the vegetables. "Let them come; let them try it!"

"Let them!" echoed several voices. "We'll give them a warm welcome."

"Aye, that we will," declared a pastry-cook from the other end of the *trottoir*; "and we'll treat them well; we'll serve them up *aspic à la bayonnette et petits-pois à la mitrailleuse.*"

This keen joke was received with hilarity and immense applause, and the pastry-cook, with his *bonnet de coton* perched on one side, strode off with an air of commanding insolence, like a man who has done his duty and knows it.

The remarks of the crowd, if not very lucid, were sufficiently conclusive as to the character of the placard that held them gaping before the *mairie*. The news was clearly good news: so, satisfied with this broad fact, Berthe and I jumped into the brougham and continued our way to St. Roch.

But it seemed as if there was a conspiracy against our getting there. Before we came to the Rue Royale, we were blocked in front by a troop of recruits, marching down from the boulevards to the Rue de Rivoli. Flags, and banners, and bunches of tricolored ribbons hoisted on sticks floated at intervals above the moving mass, and the stirring chant of the "Marseillaise" kept time to the roll of drums and the broken tramp of undrilled feet. The shops emptied themselves into the street; buyers and sellers rushed out to see the recruits and greet them with cheers and embraces, while many joined in the chorus, and shouted enthusiastically, "*Marchons, marchons, pour la patrie!*" the recruits every now and then, with an utter neglect of all choral harmony, relieving their pent-up patriotism by hurraing and *Vive-la-France*-ing with frantic energy.

"Poor devils!" exclaimed a tradesman, who stood near us watching the stream flow past. "How many among them will ever set eyes on Paris again, I wonder!"



"Ah, indeed," said his wife; "but, all the same, it's a proud day for them this, whatever may come of it. If our *gamin* were but a few years older, he would be stepping out with the best of them, and, who knows? he might come home with a pair of gold epaulets to his coat."

"Tut, woman," retorted the man sharply; "there is plenty of food for powder without him." And he went back to his shop.

"What a horrible thing war is when one comes to think of it!" said Berthe, turning suddenly round with a flushed face. "Every man going by there is the centre of another life—some, perhaps, of many lives—that will never know happiness again if he is killed. It is a dreadful scourge. Thank God, I have no brothers!"

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The way was cleared at last, and the carriages were able to move on. The noise and clamor that rose on all sides of us grew louder and wilder as we proceeded. One would have fancied the entire population had been seized with *delirium tremens*. The news of a victory coming unexpectedly after the first disasters of the campaign had elated the popular depression to frenzy, and, as usual with Paris, there was but one bound from the depths of despair to the wildest heights of exultation. Flags were thrust out of windows and chimney-pots, an eruption of tricolor broke out on the fronts of the houses, and the blank walls were variegated with red, white, and blue, as if by magic. Innumerable *gamins* cropped up from those mysterious regions where *gamins* dwell, and whence they are ready to emerge and improve the opportunity at a moment's notice; the bright-faced ragged young vagabonds mustered in force on the pavement, formed themselves into an impromptu procession, and marched along the middle of the street, bawling out the "Marseillaise" at the top of their voice; older *gamins* caught the infection, and bawled in response, and turned and marched with them. At the corner of the Place Vendôme, a citizen, unable to restrain the ardor of his patriotism, stopped a *fiacre*, and jumped up beside the driver, and bade him stand while he poured out his soul to the *patrie*. The cabman reined in his steed, and stood while the patriot spouted his improvisation, stretching out his arms to the column—the "immortal column"—and pointing his periods with the talismanic words, "*Invincible! Enfants de la France! Terreur de l'ennemi!*" and so forth. No speaker in the forum of old Rome ever elicited more inspiring response from his hearers than the citizen patriot from the motley audience round his cab. Again and again his voice was drowned in vociferous cheers and bravos, and when he was done and about to descend from the rostrum, the cabman, altogether carried away by the emotions of the hour, flung his arms round the orator, and pressed him to his heart, and then, addressing himself to the assembled citizens, defiantly demanded if their fellow-citizen had not deserved well of them; if there was any danger for the *patrie* while she could boast such sons as that! The appeal was rapturously responded to by all, but most notably by a native of the Vosges, who tossed his cap into the air, and caught it again, and cried vehemently: "*Prafo! prafo! Fife le pourgeois! fife la padrie!*"

If the words had been a shell scattering death among the listeners, their effect could not have been more startling. Like lightning the spirit of the crowd was changed; its joy went out like the snuff of a candle; for one second it swayed to and fro, hesitating, then a yell, a hiss, and a scream shot up in quick succession.

"A spy! a traitor! a Prussian! *A l'eau! à la lanterne!*" And away they flew in hot pursuit of the luckless Alsatian, whose German accent had raised the devil in them. The orator stood by the column alone in his glory, pelted by the jargon of cries that shot across him on every side from the boulevards and the many streets running out of the Place. "*Marchons! à l'eau! à Berlin! un espion!*" It was like the clash of contending tongues from Babel.

This was our last adventure till we reached St. Roch. As might have been expected, we were late. The wedding was over, and the bride was undergoing the ceremony of congratulations in the sacristy. We elbowed our way through the throng of guests, and were in due time admitted to embrace the Marquise de Chassedot, *née* Hélène de Karodel, and to shake hands with the bridegroom, and sprinkle our compliments in proper proportion over the friends and relatives on both sides.

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At the wedding breakfast, the conversation naturally turned, to the exclusion of all other topics, on the happy event which had brought us all together; but as soon as the bride left the table, to change her bridal dress for a travelling one, everybody, as if by common consent, burst out into talk about the war and the news that had thrown the city into such commotion. The cautious incredulity with which the bulletin was discussed contrasted strangely with the tumult of enthusiasm which we had just witnessed outside. It was quite clear no one believed in the "famous victory." Some went so far as to declare that it was only a blind to hide some more shameful disaster that had yet befallen us; others, less perverse, thought it might be only a highly colored statement of a slight success. As to the authorities, it was who would throw most stones at them. The government was a rotten machine that ought to have been broken up long ago; it was like a ship that was no longer seaworthy, and just held together while she lay at anchor in the port, but must inevitably fall to pieces the first time she put out to sea, and go down before the wind with all her crew. The only exceptions to the rule were those government officials who happened to be present, and these were, of course, the life-boats that had been left behind by the stupidity of the captain. But this had always been the way. In the downfall of every government, we see the same short-sighted jealousy—the men who might have saved it shoved aside by the selfish intriguers who sacrifice the country to their own aims and interests. Some allusion was made to the threatened siege of Paris; but it was cut short by the irrepressible merriment of the company. The most sober among them could not speak of such an absurdity without losing their gravity. It was, in fact, a heavy joke worthy of those beer-drinking, German braggarts, and no sane Frenchman could speak of it as anything else without being laughed at. As a joke, however,

it was discussed, and gave rise to many minor pleasantries that provoked a good deal of fun. An interesting young mother wished the city might be invested and starved, because it would be so delightful to starve one's self to death for one's baby; to store up one's scanty food for the innocent little darling, and see it grow fat on its mother's *dénouement*. A young girl declared she quite longed for the opportunity of proving her love to her father. The Grecian daughter would be a pale myth compared to her, and the daughter of Paris would go down to posterity as a type of filial duty such as the world had never seen before. The kind and quantity of provisions to be laid in for the contingency gave rise to a vast deal of fun. One young *crévé* hoped his steward would provide a good stock of cigars; he could live on smoke by itself, rather than without smoke and with every other sort of nourishment; but it should be unlimited smoke, and of the best quality. His sister thought of buying a monster box of chocolate bonbons, and contemplated herself, with great satisfaction, arrived at her last *praline*, which she heroically insisted on her brother's accepting, while she embraced him and expired of inanition at his feet.

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"Do you intend to stay for the tragedy, madame?" said the gentleman who was to live on smoke, addressing himself to Berthe.

"If I believed in the tragedy, certainly not," she replied; "but I don't. Paris is not going to be so obliging as to furnish us with an opportunity for displaying our heroism."

"Not of the melodramatic sort," observed her Austrian friend, with a touch of sarcasm in his habitually serene manner; "but those who have any prosaic heroism to dispose of can take it to the ambulances, and it will be accepted and gratefully acknowledged. I went yesterday to see a poor fellow who is lying in great agony at Beayon. His mother and sisters are watching him day and night. They dare not move him to their own home, lest he should die on the way. He lost both arms at Gravelotte."

Berthe shuddered.

"Thank God, I have no brothers!" she murmured, under her breath.

"What is to be the end of it all?" I said. "Admitting that the siege of Paris is an utter impossibility, half Europe must be overhauled before peace is definitely re-established."

"So it will be," asserted the Austrian, coolly. "Wait a little, and you will see all the powers trotted out. First, Russia will put her finger in the *mêlée*, and then England's turn will come."

"I hope England will have the sense to keep out of it," said Berthe; "she would be sure to get the worst of it, fighting single-handed, as she would do now."

"That's precisely why Russia will take care that she does not keep out of it," remarked the Austrian.

"And what would Russia gain by England's being worsted?"

"She would gain the satisfaction of paying off old scores that have rankled in her side these fifteen years. Do you fancy that she has forgotten that little episode in the Crimea, or that she is less bent on revenge because she doesn't blast and blow and wake her enemy's suspicions by threatening to annihilate her and so forth? Not a bit of it! Russia doesn't boast and brag and put her victim on the *qui vive*; but quietly holds her tongue, and keeps her temper, and bides her time. When she is ready—and the day is not, perhaps, very remote—she will pick a fight with England; and the day the war is proclaimed, every pope and peasant in Holy Russia will light a candle to his holy images; and when the news comes in that England is thrashed, they will light as many as will illuminate the whole of Europe."

"Après?" I said.

"Après what, madame?"

"When they have thrashed her, as you say, what will they do with her?"

"Do with her? Annex her."

He looked me straight in the face without a smile on his; but I could not believe he was speaking seriously, and I burst out laughing.

"The position of the conquered territory might offer some difficulties in the way of annexation," I said, presently; "but we will assume that the obliging Providence of pious King William interferes in behalf of his Muscovite brother, and overcomes all obstacles by land or by sea, and that the doughty little island is constituted a colony of the czar's dominion: what would he do with it? What earthly use would it be to him?"

"Use!" echoed the Austrian, elevating his eyebrows with a supercilious smile. "In the first place, he might make it a little *succursale* of Siberia. There is a whole generation of those unmanageable, half-mad Poles safely walking about this side of Europe, plotting and dreaming and rhapsodizing. Only think what a convenience it would be to their father, the czar, if he had a centre of action so near to them! He could catch them like rabbits; and then, instead of hawking them over the world to Nerchintz and Irkoutsk, he could sentence them to perpetual sciatica, or chronic lumbago, or a mild term of ten years' rheumatism, in the isle of fogs, *versus* the mines, and the knout, and all the rest of the paternal chastisements administered in Siberia. Then, over and above this immense accommodation, he might have his docks in England; he might make the naughty Poles learn of his English subjects how to build ships, till by-and-by the navy of Holy Russia would be the finest in the world, and big, top-heavy Prussia would shake in her shoes, and hot-headed France would keep still on her knees, and all Europe would bow down before the empire of Peter the Great. Use, indeed! Let Russia catch England, and she'll find plenty of use for

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her.”

“Yes,” I said; “just so; let her catch her.”

It was near three when the wedding-party broke up and Berthe and I drove away. We found the excitement abroad still unabated. At many street corners, patriots were perorating to animated crowds; tongues innumerable were running up and down the gamut of noise with the most extraordinary variations. There is always something stirring in the sight of great popular emotion; but this present instance of it was more threatening than exhilarating. You felt that it was dangerous, that there were terrible elements of destruction boiling up under the surface-foam, and that the chattering and shouting and good fellowship might, in a flash of lightning, be changed to murderous hate and a madness beyond control. It was madness already; but it was a harmless madness so far. Was it nothing more? was there no method in it? I wondered, as we beheld the people haranguing or being harangued, rushing and gesticulating, and all showing, in their faces and gestures, the same feverish excitement. Were they all no better than a cityful of apes, chattering and screaming from mere impulse? Was it all quackery and cant, without any redeeming note of sacrifice and truth and valor; and would all this fiery twaddle die out presently in smoke and dumbness?

We had turned down to the Rue de Richelieu, and were coming back, when our attention was arrested by a body of volunteers marching past the Place de la Bourse. They were in spruce new uniforms, and they were singing something that was not the “Marseillaise,” or “La Casquette au Père Bugeaud,” or any other of the many chants we had been listening to; altogether, their appearance and voices roused our curiosity, and Berthe desired the man to follow in their wake, that we might find out what kind of troops they were, and what they were singing. They turned up the Rue de la Baupie to the Place des Petits Pères, and there they entered the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, as many of them as could find room, for they numbered several thousand, and nearly half had to remain outside. The great front doors were thrown up, and remained open, so that those who were in the Place could see all that went on within. The soldiers were upon their knees, bare-headed, and a venerable old priest was speaking to them; but his voice was so feeble that what he said was only audible to those close to the altar-steps where he stood. There was no need to ask now who these men were, or whence they came. None but the men of Brittany, the sons of the men who went out to death against the ruthless soldiers of Robespierre, to the cry of *Dieu et le Roi!* were likely to traverse Paris, bearing the cross at their head, and make the ex-votos of Notre Dame des Victoires shake on the walls to the stirring old Vendean hymns. None but the descendants of the men “whose strength was as the strength of ten, because their hearts were pure,” would dare in these days of sneaking, shamefaced Christianity to commit such a brazen act of faith. The volunteers were accompanied by a great concourse of people, mostly relatives and friends, but they all remained outside, leaving the church quite to the soldiers. It was a strange and beautiful sight to see all these brave, proud Bretons kneeling down with the simplicity of little children before the shrine of the Virgin Mother, and singing their hymns to the God of Hosts, and asking his blessing on themselves and their arms before they went out to battle. When they came out of the church, with the curé at their head, all the people of a common impulse fell upon their knees in the Place to get his blessing; the men received it with bare heads and in silence; the women weeping, most of them, while some lifted up their hands with the old priest and prayed out loud a blessing on the soldiers. Then he spoke a few words to them, not to the soldiers only or chiefly, but to all, and especially to the women. He bade them remember that they too had their part in the national struggle, and that they might be a noble help or a guilty hindrance, as they chose. Those who had husbands, or sons, or brothers in the ranks would understand this without any explanation from him. But there were very many amongst them who had no near relatives in danger, and who fancied that this would exempt them from sharing the common burthen, and that they could stand aloof from the general anxiety and pain. It was a selfish, pagan feeling, unworthy of a daughter of France, and still more of a Christian. There could be no isolation at a time like this. All should suffer, and all should serve. Those who happily had no kindred of their own at the frontier should adopt in spirit the brave fellows who had left none behind. They should care for them from a distance like true sisters, helping them in the battle-field with their prayers, and in the camp and the hospital by their active and loving ministrations; let such among them as were fit and free to do it, go and learn of that other sisterhood of the diviner sort how to serve as they do who serve with the strong, pure love of charity; let those who could not do this give abundantly wherewith the stricken soldier might be healed and comforted on his bed of pain; if they could not give their hands, let them give their hearts and their money; let them help by sacrifice—sacrifice of some sort was within the reach of all. He blessed them again at the close of his little exhortation, and then every one got up. The Bretons fell into rank, and, rending the welkin with one loud cry of *Dieu et la France!* set out to the Northern Railway. Berthe and I had been kneeling with the crowd.

“Let us follow and see the last of them,” she said, and we got into the brougham and went on at a foot-pace.

The scene at the station was one that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The pathos of those rough farewells, the lamentations of some of the women, the Machabean courage of others, the shrill crying of little children, the tears of strong men, who tore out their hearts, feeling it like men, but bearing it with the courage of soldiers and the exulting hope of Christians: it was a sight to make one’s heart glad to rapture or sad to despair. Some of the volunteers were of the noblest families in Brittany, others were workingmen, farmers, and peasants; there was the same mixture of classes in the throng of people that accompanied them; the pure accent of the most cultivated French, crossed here and there with the coarser tones of the Vendean patois;

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side by side with the suppressed agony of the chatelaine, who strove to hide her tenderness and tears from the gaze of bystanders, you saw the wretched sorrow of the peasant wife, who sobbed on her husband's neck and clung to him in a last embrace. There was something more heart-rending in these humbler farewells, because one felt the sacrifice was more complete. If this was a last parting, there was nothing for either to fall back upon.

I lost sight of Berthe as soon as we alighted, and indeed I forgot her. My whole thoughts were absorbed in the scene going on around me. It was only when the bell rang, and the soldiers passed out to the platform, leaving the space comparatively empty, that I looked about for her, and saw her in the middle of the sidewalk with her arms round a young girl, who was sobbing as if her heart would break. It appeared that she was just a fortnight married to a Breton lad of her own age, nineteen; they had worked hard and saved all their little earnings these five years past in order to get married; and now, just as they were so happy, he had gone away from her, and she would never see him again; he was certain to be killed, because he was so good and loving and clever. Berthe pressed the poor child to her heart, and committed herself to the wildest pledges for the safe return of the young hero, and finally, after evoking a burst of passionate gratitude from the girl, who half-believed her to be a beneficial fairy sent to comfort her, Berthe exacted a promise that she was to come and see her the next day, and we set our faces towards home.

We drove on for a little while in silence, looking each out of our separate window, our hearts too full for conversation. I saw by Berthe's eyes that she had been crying. I felt instinctively that there was a great struggle going on within her, but, though my whole heart was vibrating in sympathy with it, I could not say so. Presently she turned towards me, and exclaimed:

"And I was thanking God that I had no brothers! Blind, selfish fool that I was!"

She burst into tears, sobbing passionately, and hid her face in her hands. The change in her bright and volatile spirit seemed to make a change in all the world. I could not accuse the people, as I had done an hour ago, of being mere puppets, dancing to a tune and throwing themselves into attitudes that meant no more than a sick man's raving. It seemed to me as if the aspect of the city and the sound of its voice had quite altered, and I all at once began to hope wonders of and for the Parisians. One could not but believe that they were striving to be in earnest, that the mother-pulse of patriotism, so long gagged and still, was now waking up, and beating with strong, hot throbs in the hearts of the people, and that, once alive and working, it would break out like a fire and burn away the unreality and the false glitter and the tragic comedy of their lives, and serve to purify them for a free and noble future. No; it was not all cant and tinkle and false echo. There was substance under the symbolizing. There were men amongst them who worshipped God, and were proud to proclaim it. There were hearts that seemed dead, but were only sleeping. Paris was dancing in mad mirth like a harlequin to-day, but to-morrow it would be different—the smoke and the flame would go out, leaving behind them the elements of a great nation burnt pure of the corroding dross that had choked and held them captive so long. [465]

On arriving at home, Berthe found a costume which had just come from M. Grandhomme's laid out on her bed. At any other moment, the sight would have claimed her delighted attention, but she turned from it with a feeling of indifference now, almost of disgust. Antoinette, who had been puzzling over some new trick in the tunic, took it up in a flurry and was for trying it on at once, to see how it fitted and whether the novelty became her mistress, but Berthe, with a movement of impatience, told her to put it away, that she was in no mood for attending to *bétises* just then. The girl opened her eyes in astonishment. A costume of Grandhomme's, that cost eleven hundred francs, to be called a *bétise*! It was flat profanity. She left the room with a painful presentiment that something very serious was amiss with Madame la Comtesse.

As soon as Berthe was alone, she began to think. It was a new experience in her life, this process of thinking, and she was hard pressed by it, for it was no vacant reverie that she was indulging in, but a sharp, compulsory review of her past and present existence—and the result was anything but soothing. Her life up to this day had been the life of a human butterfly, gay, airy, amusing, very enjoyable as regarded herself, and harmless enough as regarded her fellow-creatures. She had drunk her fill of the good things of life, enjoying herself in every possible way, but legitimately; she was incapable of wronging or hurting any one; she was extravagant in her dress and other luxuries, but her fortune allowed this, and she made no debts. So far, her life was blameless, and indeed, if she compared it with that of many of those around her, it was a very respectable one. But suddenly all her theories had collapsed, and her comfortable standard been upset. It turned out that she had a soul somewhere, though she had forgotten all about it, and been living, as if happily free from that incumbrance, in selfishness and folly, that were counted by this newly revealed standard little short of guilt. It was an unexpected discovery, and a most unpleasant one. That exclamation which had escaped her twice, and the thought of the great general sorrow, kept ringing in her ears like a warning and a reproach—"Thank God, I have no brother!" Who, then, were these men that she had just seen going forth in voluntary self-devotion to fight for her, and those who, like her, could not depend on themselves? Was there such a thing in Christendom as a woman or a man who had no brothers? Yet Berthe had believed herself to be this impossibility; she had been living up to it in utter forgetfulness of her brethren, ignoring them as a heathen might, or using them coldly for her own selfish purposes, to work for her and minister to her interests or her pleasures. There were some people whom she loved, but it was a love that narrowed to self; those who were disagreeable, or stupid, or bad she disliked, and, unknown to herself perhaps, despised. There were no wide sympathies in this discarded soul of hers for the great family of mankind; for the publicans and sinners and the lepers and the blind and the lame; she was kind-hearted, but suffering, to touch her, must be seen through some [466]

aesthetic coloring; the miseries and follies and infirmities of a prosaic kind that abounded on all sides of her she turned from in disgust, she avoided them like noisome things that belonged to creatures of an inferior clay and had no kinship with her more refined and privileged individuality. "Sacrifice is within the reach of all of you; you must help by sacrifice," that old man had said. What a strange sound the words had! What did he mean? Sacrifice! Was there any place in her life for such a thing? She looked round at the azure hangings of her room, at the bright mirrors that reflected her figure in a dozen varying aspects, at the costly goods and trinkets that littered her dressing-table, at the couches and chairs of every modern contrivance inviting the body to luxurious repose, and she saw that her nest was fair to look at, but too full for this unbidden guest called sacrifice to find a place in it. Her eye wandered absently from one object to another till it fell upon a pale ivory figure on a velvet background, fastened to the wall, and half-shrouded by the curtains of the bed.

"I am young; it is not too late; I will begin life afresh," said Berthe, rising and moving restlessly across the room; "I will begin to-morrow, no, to-day—now."

She went close up to the bed, and stood for a moment with clasped hands, her lips moving in quick, low utterances, and then fell upon her knees before the pale, thorn-crowned head looking down upon her.

They never knew it, but this conquest of a noble woman's life was perhaps the first victory won by the Breton soldiers who set out to battle that day!

[TO BE CONTINUED.](#)

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## **AFTER READING MR. TUPPER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.**

On wisdom's steed sit Solomon and Tupper,  
The saddle one bestrides, and one the crupper.

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## AN ESSAY ON EPIGRAMS.

Who nowadays writes epigrams? The species *epigrammatist* seems to be well-nigh extinct. Now and then some Herr Professor, whose learning is less ponderous than common, after due incubation hatches what he calls a *Sinngedicht*. But his achievement is too often a paraphrase, if not a literal translation, of some Latin original. At intervals, too, Thorold Rogers, clergyman and social reformer, flings into London journals some explosive squib couched in verse, but the missile is tolerably harmless, and draws far less attention than a telegram. No doubt before the invention of the newspaper the epigram, so easy to remember and so incisive in its effect, was no mean engine of cajolery, or calumny. But the days are gone when such weapons were effective in the political arena, and either conquered a pension or provoked a *lettre de cachet*. Byron, who worshipped Pope, and deemed everything his master had done worth doing, sometimes ventured into Martial's province, but rarely successfully, except in *Don Juan*. A score of epigrams might be culled from that poem which would answer all the conditions of a rigorous definition. Since Byron, no poet of eminence has condescended to this form of art. Tennyson indeed is terse and telling, as is proved by the facility with which we quote him; yet he seems as incapable of epigrams as Morris, of whom most of us, much as we like him, can with difficulty remember a line. Browning might write them if he chose, but he does not choose, and so it is that the old epigrammatist lingers only in some isolated representative, as the dodo did in Madagascar, or like that Tasmanian survivor whose present existence is clouded with a doubt.

Epigrammatists may perish from the face of the earth, but the epigram is immortal. It well deserves to be so. What form of wit imparts so much pleasure to so many persons? If the world could be fairly polled, it might be found that some tiny epigram has yielded more genuine delight than the most ambitious works of genius, as, for instance, the *Paradise Lost*. If there is one Latin author who is still read for hearty amusement, it is Martial, and even the candid schoolboy who declines to be charmed by the *Iliad* can see some fun in the *Anthology*.

It would probably pose most persons to be suddenly called on to define an epigram. And no wonder, for every great scholar since the manuscripts of Martial were recovered in Western Europe has tried his hand at a definition, and none except Lessing has grasped it. The literal meaning is, of course, *inscription*, and the word was originally applied to the writing on a monument or tomb. But in later times the word obtained in Greek rhetoric and poetry the peculiar significance which in English distinguishes the epigram from an epitaph, and in German the *Sinngedicht* from a mere *Aufschrift* or *Ueberschrift*. We shall at once lay our finger on this peculiar significance by answering the question, why the Greeks had but one word where the Germans have two?

We need hardly say that it could be neither a poverty of language nor a contempt for precision which led the former to content themselves with the original term. If there is anything notorious, it is that the Athenian never suffered a new idea, or the finest shade of deviation from an old idea, to shiver in the cold of paraphrase, but straightway clothed it with a snug, warm word, cut and fitted to the shape. We may be sure that a sense of some nice propriety, the recognition, perhaps, of some just and suggestive metaphor, induced him to attach the name of *epigram* to a particular class of little poems, without any direct reference to their fitness for inscription on memorial stones.

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The fact is, that every genuine epigram is divisible into two distinct parts, of which the first answers precisely to the monument or tomb on which the primitive *epigram* was written, and the second to the inscription proper which the monument bore. To *surprise*, and thereupon to *explain*, to secure the twofold delight which springs in curiosity and ripens in gratification, was the purpose of the inscribed monument, and is still the aim of the true epigram. Let us apply this to some faultless type, like that stanza by Sir William Jones:

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;  
So live that, sinking to thy last long sleep,  
Thou then may'st smile when all around thee weep.

It is plain that the first two lines awaken *curiosity*, excite *interest*. They answer to the graceful shaft which arrests the eye and allures the step. They win us to approach and investigate, to look for some further revelation, to ponder on the lesson which the last two lines convey. In a word, attention is first secured, and then rewarded. Let the reader test this analysis in other instances, and he will find it essential to the epigram that both these feelings, the *longing* of expectation and the *satisfaction* of it, should be evoked, and in this order. All the other qualities which have been supposed to be peculiar to the epigram, but are really common to many sorts of short and witty poems, may be easily deduced from this definition. Thus, the more terse and vigorous are the lines which introduce the subject, the more potent will be their appeal to curiosity, and the more tenacious their hold upon our interest. Architecturally, the monument will be more impressive. On the other hand, the more novel and delightful is the concluding thought, or the more felicitous and pointed the expression of it, the more complete is our satisfaction, the more amply do we feel repaid for our pains in deciphering the inscription. It follows likewise that the second half, or *thought*, of the epigram must interpret the *fact* embodied in the first, otherwise the inscription, instead of explaining the particular monument which bears it, serves merely to point us to another. So much for the veritable *Sinngedicht*. Of the pseudo-epigram there are many varieties, but the two commonest are those which awaken curiosity without appeasing it, or else instruct without enlisting attention. Without stopping to point out the flaws in many little

poems, more or less witty, more or less compact, which are falsely called epigrams, we shall perceive the accuracy and value of the above definition by glancing at some famous models of the true form. In all the examples we may cite, we will give the originals, that they who do not like our version may make a better for themselves.

Let us begin with a couplet from Wenicke, who has written so much and so well in this way as to merit the name of the German Martial: [469]

Du liebtest Geld und Gut, noch so, dass dein Erbarmen  
Der Armen fühlt. Du fliehst die Armuth, nicht die Armen.

We have not been able in this instance to preserve both the rhyme and the metre, and prefer to keep the latter. The lines convey a noble eulogy.

Thou lovest gold and goods, yet so that thy compassion  
Feels for the needy still, shunning need, and not the needy.

Here are two more from German sources. We have forgotten who wrote them, but our readers may remember. The turn of the thought in the second is novel and rather pretty:

Ihr sagt, die Zeit vergeht!  
Weil Ihr das falsch versteht.  
Die Zeit ist ewig: Ihr vergeht!

We say. Time passes! Is it so?  
Time waits! 'Tis only we who go.

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Schon vier Mal kam ich, deine Diener sprachen  
Du seist nicht da, man liess mich nicht herein.  
Mein Kind! um eine Göttin mir zu sein  
Brauchst du dich ja nicht unsichtbar zu machen.

Four times I called, the servant said,  
"She's out!"—I might not see my maid.  
To seem a goddess, dear, to me,  
Invisible thou needst not be!

The greatest of German poets are not ashamed to stoop to epigram, and sometimes aim to reproduce the metre which Martial preferred. Of the following essays in elegiacs the first three are by Schiller, the others by Emanuel Geibel:

Glaubt mir, es ist kein Märchen, die Quelle von Jugend sie rinnet  
Wirklich und immer! Ihr fragt, wo? In der dichtenden Kunst!

Trust me, 'tis more than a fable; the Fountain of Youth springeth ever  
Jocund and fresh as of old! Where? In the art of the bard!

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Glücklicher Säuglung! Dir ist ein unendlicher Raum noch die Wiege!  
Werde Mann, und dir wird eng die unendliche Welt.

Happy the soul of a babe, finding infinite room in the cradle!  
Grown to be man, he will find narrow the infinite world.

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Willst du dich selber erkennen, so sieh wie die Ander'n es treiben!  
Willst du die Ander'n versteh'n, blick' in dein eigenes Herz!

Man, wilt thou study thyself, scan keenly the conduct of others!  
Aiming to know other men, turn the eye in on thy heart!

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Doppelte Schwing hat die Zeit. Mit der Einen entführt sie die Freuden,  
Doch mit der Anderen sanft kühite den thränenden Blick.

Time in a dream I beheld twi-winged, with one silently stealing  
Joy, with the other he fanned kindly the tear-swollen eye.

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Darin gleicht der Dichter dem Kind. Es erscheint das Bekannte  
Ihm wie ein Wunder: Bekannt' blickt das Geheimniss ihn an!



Dwells in a poet the child, who still with a feeling of wonder  
Eyes the familiar; to him still looks familiar the strange.

The grand-master of epigrammatists, Martial, with the proud humility of conscious power, confessed himself a pupil of Catullus. But it was rather his purity of diction and naïve simplicity which Martial borrowed from the elder poet, not the point and sparkle of his epigrams, which are of right his own. The minor poems of Catullus include few which are strictly epigrams, and of these only two or three admit of distillation into a modern language. We give one which is addressed, like most of his amatory verse, to Lesbia. In this instance we abandon the attempt to reproduce the Latin elegiacs.

Lesbia mi dicit semper male, nec tacet unquam  
De me. Lesbia me, dispeream, nisi amat!  
Quo signo? Quasi non totidem mox deprecor illi  
Assiduē, verum dispeream, nisi amo.

Always my Lesbia treats me ill,  
By this I'll swear she loves me well!  
How so? I'm rude to her, but still  
I'll swear I love my Lesbia well!

While we are on the subject of lover's whims and inconsistencies, we venture to give an experiment of our own. At least we may claim the expression, although the thought, if we remember rightly, belongs to Moore: [470]

Love halts, you said, but will not stay,  
And soon fares on his pilgrim's way.  
A pilgrim, yes! O'er wave and sand,  
His eye still sought the Holy Land,  
Welcomed each altar, as he passed,  
Until he found the Shrine at last.

Before we come to Martial, let us pause a moment over the Greek *Anthology*, of which some parts, no doubt, were written later than his day, but others must share with Catullus the honor of suggesting to the brilliant Spaniard the right conception of the epigram, as well as the appropriate treatment. Unlike Horace, however, Martial rarely condescended to borrow either thought or expression from a foreign source. We may say of him, and more truthfully, what Denham said of Cowley, that he "melted not the ancient gold." Perhaps the most famous epigram in the *Anthology* is that on a picture of Pythagoras. It has been a dozen times translated into Latin or expanded in Greek, but generally with indifferent success:

Αὐτὸν Πυθαγόρην ὁ ζωγράφος ὄν μετὰ φωνῆς  
Εἶδες ἂν εἶγε λαλεῖν ἤθελε Πυθαγόρης.

Most of the versions require four lines, and some eight, to project the idea, and only two that we have seen matches the original in compression; here is one of them, by Hugo Grotius:

Ipsum Pythagoram dat cernere pictor et ipsum  
Audies sed enim non cupit ipse loqui.

The objection to this is—and it lies to the Greek as well—we are asked to imagine that Pythagoras expressly desired to be depicted silent, in other words, requested the painter *not* to perform an impossibility—which is very like an absurdity. The true idea, and one that gives point and beauty to the compliment, is rather this, that since a prime tenet of the Pythagoreans was the maintenance of a thoughtful silence and a wise reserve, it would have been false to the mental posture of the man, and therefore bad art (supposing it to have been possible) to have represented him otherwise than in speechless meditation. We have attempted to give some such turn to the thought in English elegiacs.

There Pythagoras stands to the life! Be sure we should hear him  
Speak—but Pythagoras taught wisdom in silence to muse.

It is no mean honor to be indisputably the first in any line of art, and certainly within the field of the epigram Martial is prince of poets. He conceived the form of poetry to which he devoted his life to possess much more of dignity and importance than we incline to allow it, and he did much to make good his claim. He held towards previous epigrammatists the same commanding position which Dante holds towards Sicilian and Provençal poets, or Marot towards the Trouvères, and he wrought the epigram to that climax of perfection from which progress means nothing but decline. He filed and fitted his lines with a punctilious care which we should expect to betray itself, yet his verse flows with a limpid ease through which the eye seeks in vain the labor that smoothed the channel. We may call him in simple justice what Bulwer called Addison:

Exquisite genius, to whose chiselled line  
The ivory's polish lends the ivory's shine!

To hope to reflect in a translation the gleam and edge of Martial would be absurd. We shall

merely aim in a general way, while preserving the metre, to sketch the outlines of the central thought. If our readers miss the bloom on the rose, we at least cannot help them. They must seek the garden where it grew, and pluck it for themselves. [471]

In the course of a long residence in Rome, Martial seems to have suffered the usual vicissitudes of authors, and sometimes in moments of eclipse found his friends more willing to reproach than to relieve him. He fancies he detects a reason for it:

Genus, Aucte, lucri divites habent iram.  
Odisse quam donasse vilis constat.

Auctus, the rich count wrath a gain:  
That to hate costs less than to give is plain.

In the time of Domitian a round portion was as essential to the marriage of a Roman virgin as it is now with French ladies of condition, who must either endow or derogate. The Latin prototype of the Belgravian mother must have had grievous cause of complaint when the state bestowed prizes on such as were at once husbands and fathers. The following epigram, however, takes a more elevated view, and strikes the key-note of Tennyson's rhapsody in the well-known lines of *The Princess*:

Uxorem quare locupletem ducere nolim  
Quæritis. Uxori nubere nolo meæ!  
Inferior matrona suo sit, Prisce, marito!  
Non aliter fuerint femina virque pares.

Why so reluctant, you ask, to wed with a woman of fortune?  
Friend, I would marry a wife, not have a wife marry me!  
Trust me, the rule is sound, let the woman owe all to her husband,  
Thus shall they, man and wife, each owe the other nothing.

Here is a playful innuendo which has often been copied. Marot's version is exceedingly neat, but somewhat coarse, so our readers must take ours in place of it:

Nubere vis Prisco, non miror, Paula, sapisti!  
Ducere te non vult Priscus, et ille sapit!

Jill fancies Jack for a husband—truly a sensible woman!  
Jack has no fancy for Jill—truly a sensible man!

No epigram of Martial's is more admired, and none seems to us more admirable, than that which chronicles the magnanimous act of Arria, who showed her husband the way to death. She lived in the time of Messalina, but the deed was worthy of Lucrece. Perhaps the traditional fortitude and fashionable stoicism of Rome might have paused contented with the historical fact, but modern sentiment cannot fail to welcome the touch of tenderness in the concluding line. We place beside it *The Death of Portia* because the two poems are pitched in the same key. The latter, however, is a mere *historiette*, told with rare force and fervor, but without the point and turn which distinguish a true epigram. To recur to our metaphor, the monument is a noble one, but the superscription is wanting. Our readers will observe that Martial's Portia follows her husband to the grave, while she precedes him in Shakespeare's play.

Casta suo gladium cum traderet Arria Paeto,  
Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis;  
Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci non dolet, inquit.  
Sed quod tu facies hoc mihi, Paete, dolet!

Paetus reluctant to die wavered; him Arria marking  
Brued in her bosom the sword, which to her husband she gave;  
Think not, she cried, that my wound bears with it aught that is painful!  
That which thou dealest thyself, *that* will be painful to me!

Conjugis audisset fatum cum Porcia Bruti,  
Et subtracta sibi quæreret arma dolor,  
Nondum scitis, ait, mortem non posse negari  
Credideram satis hoc vos docuisse patrem  
Dixit et ardentem avido bibit ore favillas,  
I nunc, et ferrum, turba molesta, nega!

Portia, thy Brutus is dead! they told her. She in her anguish  
Silently sought for a sword—kindness had hid it from her.  
Dream ye, officious, she cried, that death will admit of denial!  
Truly I trusted my sire, Cato, had taught ye better!  
Pausing she thrust in her mouth live coals, and eagerly swallowed;  
Go, ye officious, refuse Portia a useless weapon!

In so far as the modern epigram is modelled upon Martial, we should expect it to flourish with especial luxuriance in the classic literature of France. Modern French, of all the daughters of Latin, inherits the most terseness and precision, and adapts herself with peculiar ease to a compact and pregnant style. The burst of admiration for the ancients which deserved the name of Renaissance, and rose in Ronsard and Du Bellay to a fervent and naïve enthusiasm, was tempered by Malherbe and Boileau to a cautious study of principles and the elaborate finish of expression. It is a significant fact that Malherbe during the most fruitful period of his life, from twenty to forty-five, composed on the average but thirty-three lines a year. Waller had such examples in his mind when he urged his countrymen to prune their style: [472]

Our lines reformed and not composed in haste,  
Like marble polished, would like marble last.

Malherbe himself made but few epigrams, and none comparable to the familiar stanza in the elegy which he wrote to console a friend. Translating it is like handling a butterfly:

She bloomed in a world where the sweetest that blows  
Is the first to decay;  
And rosebud, her life was the life of a rose,  
The space of a day.

Of French epigrammatists, the most voluminous are Clement Marot and Jean Baptiste Rousseau. The latter has left four books of epigrams which are rarely deficient in point, but often diffuse and cold. Here is one:

They burn my books, you say, they give  
Death to the child who only asked to live:  
Your own in peace will draw their breath,  
They're sure to die a natural death.

We have seen that French and German are rich in epigrams, but we incline to think our own literature richer still. From Sir John Harrington downwards the line of epigrammatists was unbroken, until it succumbed to the contempt with which the Lake poets regarded a style so repugnant to their own. It might be not uninteresting to trace the growth of this modest flower in our English soil, but we have already overrun the limit we had set ourselves, and the English epigram must wait another opportunity. But one word more. The initial lines of an epigram, which are addressed to curiosity, whether from ignorance or a mistaken love of conciseness, are often omitted, and a clumsy substitute is provided in the *lemma*, or explanatory title. Should this happen to be changed or lost, the poem becomes absurd or unintelligible. Take, for instance, this from the German:

Prythee lend, little Lycon, thine eye to Agathē!  
Blind, shalt thou then be Cupid, thy sister Venus be!

This would seem sheer nonsense if we did not know that it was written on two children, who, otherwise lovely, had but one eye apiece. The Greek quatrain from which this couplet was extracted is a perfect epigram, and, needing no introduction, contains in itself both the fact and the thought. Even in the case of an epitaph, honestly designed to be graven on a tomb, the best models require no lemma. It is so, for instance, with Ben Jonson's lines on the Countess of Pembroke:

Underneath this marble hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:  
Death, ere thou hast slain another  
Half so good and fair as she,  
Time will fling a dart at thee.

# FLEURANGE.

BY MRS. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, WITH PERMISSION.

## PART SECOND. THE TRIAL.

### XX.

Notwithstanding the princess' apparent indifference, she was not so inexperienced as to imagine that Fleurange's presence in the same house could be wholly exempt from danger to her son at his age and with his temperament. At the same time, anything that would change the actual current of her life would have annoyed her, and what was opposed to her wishes was seldom looked upon as possible. Nevertheless, she carefully watched George for two or three days, and soon felt reassured, and the more so because he was seldom disposed to secrecy with her. Without allowing himself to be directed by his mother, he did not try to conceal his opinions from her, and, even at the risk of sometimes greatly displeasing her, he suffered her to read the depths of his heart without any special effort to baffle her penetration. But this time the result of the princess' observation was of a nature to reassure her completely.

George spoke to Fleurange without affectation, and with no appearance of eagerness. He never showed her any attentions excepting acts of politeness he would have shown any one else. He never sought her society, and, if he looked at her and sometimes spoke of her beauty, as every one else did, it was with more reserve and coldness than others. Hence the princess concluded with double satisfaction that George's thoughts were otherwise absorbed, and, as this accorded with her wishes, she allowed herself the comfort of not doubting it, and returned to the repose of her indolent life.

As to Fleurange, the effect of Count George's manner was singular. Naturally frank, honest, and courageous, she had an invincible repugnance for all kinds of dissimulation, and for some days, by the very fact of his manifesting two different aspects, he lost in her eyes a part of his dangerous prestige. Which of these two aspects was genuine? Was he acting a part now, or was he acting on the day of his arrival? This very doubt brought pride to the aid of reason, and helped her regain her customary self-control. By degrees the impression of the first day grew fainter, and she almost succeeded in effacing from her memory the scene Count George himself seemed to have so completely forgotten.

Whether it was so or not, the princess, as we have said, ceased following her with anxious eyes, and the young girl, freed from the restraint she felt at first, ventured by degrees to take some part in the general conversation, even when he was present. She soon abandoned herself to the pleasure of intercourse with a mind which inspired her with fresh interest on every subject—to which nothing seemed indifferent or unknown. In this respect he resembled the Marquis Adelardi, but he was more ardent and less sarcastic, and could not, like him, leave an interesting subject to dwell on the backbitings of a clique or the gossip of a salon. They were very intimate, nevertheless, and, without actual similarity, they were sufficiently in harmony to enjoy being always together and never to clash.

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They were, however, equally enthusiastic on one subject—that of politics. Elsewhere this would probably have greatly wearied Fleurange, but here it interested her in spite of herself. Count George expressed his sentiments with a certain elevation of tone, and, without always perfectly understanding all that was discussed, she felt excited by the lofty independence of his opinions, his love of liberty, and his tendency to take, everywhere and always, the part of the weak and the oppressed. These are prominent political features which women at once catch without difficulty, and which win their sympathy in every cause or discussion into which they enter. Therefore Fleurange, while listening with silent interest, sometimes felt carried away by ardent sympathy with the charm of his captivating eloquence, the effect of which was as powerful as it was new.

The marquis was no less interested in contemporary history than his friend, and discussed it quite as willingly, unless it was a question concerning his own country. In that case he became silent, and it was almost impossible to sustain the conversation.

Fleurange seldom took any part in the conversation, which in fact was not often directed to her. From the time of Count George's arrival she had never found herself alone with him. But one evening the princess' salon was as usual filled with company. Fleurange, seated at a table, was pouring out the tea. This was one of her customary duties. Each one came to ask for a cup, and but few occupied the seats around the table. Among these was the Marquis Adelardi, who, on this occasion, began discoursing with the young artist Livio and Dom Pomponio on ancient and modern art in Italy. Count George drew near and listened for some time in silence, then joined in the conversation. A chair near Fleurange was vacant. He took it, and for some time the discussion was carried on with animation. Fleurange was listening with her elbow on the table and her eyes cast down. She did not say a word, nor did she lose one that was uttered beside her. The conversation passed from Italy to Germany, and they spoke of the school of art there, now beginning to produce some great paintings. Count George suddenly pronounced the name of Julian Steinberg, saying that this artist's most remarkable production was to be found in Professor Ludwig Dornthal's gallery at Frankfort.

Fleurange, of course, was aware he knew her friends, but there had never been any occasion for speaking of them, and these names suddenly mentioned before her gave her a thrill. She hastily looked up, and with difficulty repressed the exclamation already on her lips. This movement did not escape the notice of him who caused it. He allowed the conversation to die away. After some moments the others left the table. He alone remained an instant.

“Mademoiselle Gabrielle,” said he, “tell me if I involuntarily vexed you or wounded your feelings just now.—It was by no means intentional—” [475]

Fleurange eagerly interrupted him: “Oh! no, assuredly not”; and these words were followed by an explanation which the young girl gave as fully as she did frankly. Count George thus learned for the first time her relationship to the Dornthals. The subject once commenced soon led to a new and more important revelation. Since the first day, for more than one reason easy to understand, the picture of Cordelia had not been recalled by either. Now, becoming more confidential and rendered more expansive by the charm of awakened remembrances, Fleurange ventured to tell him what an influence on her life his becoming the owner of her father’s last painting had had, and in a tone of emotion she thanked him for the happiness of which he had been the involuntary cause.—

But she soon stopped suddenly: her heart, as on that first day, beat with agitation mingled with alarm; for, while she was speaking, Count George’s eyes, fixed on hers, resumed the expression she had not seen since that day, and once more, as then, she heard him pronounce her name in a tone she had striven to forget.

“Fleurange!—Oh! is not what you have told me wonderful? What! this Cordelia has transformed your life as it has mine? Tell me if this is not a proof of the destiny we should not seek to avoid?”

Such were the words he articulated in a low tone; but he stopped in his turn. Fleurange’s deep blush changed into a frightful paleness.

We have remarked that the word duty resounded in this young girl’s soul in a tone singularly correct and powerful. The words she had just heard caused rather the striking of a signal of alarm than the dangerous emotion they were calculated to produce. She remained silent an instant, during which George gazed at her motionless and incapable of uttering a word.—At length she succeeded in calming the involuntary agitation of her heart, and, raising her beautiful eyes, calm and grave, she looked at him with an air of proud dignity which would have suited a queen had the most obscure of her subjects forgotten the distance that separated them.

“Monsieur le Comte,” said she, “I appeal to your better self: is this the language you should address a poor orphan who is under your mother’s protection and in her *service*?”

The profound respect in the eyes that lowered before hers was a sufficient reparation for Fleurange. But the tenderness and sorrow mingled with this respect made his mute response perhaps more dangerous for her to whom it was addressed than the ardent words that preceded it. She rose immediately, nevertheless, without adding another word, and left the salon to appear no more that evening.

## XXI.

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Count George remained longer than he was aware of in the place where Fleurange left him. At last he felt a light touch on his shoulder. It was Adelardi who thus disturbed his reverie.

“What are you thinking about, George?” said he. “You could not be more absorbed in contemplating that tea-cup, if it were one of the magic vases you told us about, the other day, from which your countrymen turn out prophetic symbols.”<sup>[104]</sup>

The count looked up, smiling: “Your comparison is not inapplicable,” said he, “for it was precisely of the future I was thinking. Yes, I would like to know my fortune, and, if I had any faith in the charm to which you allude, I would immediately have recourse to it.”

He rose as he spoke and glanced around the room. The salon was brilliant and full of company. His mother, even more elegantly attired than usual, seemed to be regarding with satisfaction the numerous groups of stylish ladies, men of all ages, and notabilities from all lands gathered around her. Nothing justified the wearied look of him who should have aided in doing the honors of the evening, still less the following words:

“What an insupportable crowd! If you have had enough of it, Adelardi, as I have, let us go to my room and smoke a cigar in peace.”

“Agreed on the last point. As to the other, it is your humor for divination that makes you regard things in such a light.—Come,” he continued when they were established, one in an arm-chair and the other on a *dormeuse*, in the apartment where we once accompanied Fleurange—“come, George, without being a fortune-teller, shall I try to predict the future you are seeking to know?”

George lighted his cigar, and, after smoking a few moments in silence, he said: “You are no fortune-teller, Adelardi, I am aware, but you would not be an Italian without a certain talent for divination. Come, I am willing: try your skill. You know you have long had the right of saying anything to me.”

“Well, to begin—but first allow me to ask why you have kept a curtain over that picture since your return?”

“Do you remember what that painting represents?”

"Certainly, it represents Cordelia at the feet of King Lear, who is asleep."

"Did you ever examine it carefully?"

"Yes, George, very carefully, so that—here, I can spare you the trouble of answering the question I just asked. I know now why you conceal it."

"Let us hear."

"You cover it for fear people will be struck with the resemblance of Cordelia to the original."

George did not immediately reply. "If you have guessed aright," said he at length, "should I be obliged to acknowledge it?"

"Yes, in the game we are playing. There must be mutual frankness, or we must give it up."

"Well, Adelardi, let us go on, since we have commenced."

"I am willing and, even at the risk of offending you, I shall now go to the bottom of the subject. I acknowledge that till now you have succeeded in concealing the feelings that for the time control you. I think I am the only one who has discovered them, unless perhaps the one who has inspired them.—But I am not certain on this point. I cannot fully read that young girl's character."

"It is, in fact, a character which men like us, Adelardi, seldom have an opportunity of studying."

"I acknowledge it, and that is why your impressible nature has been taken by surprise and received a lasting impression. Moreover, in spite of the conclusions that might be drawn from that painting, your meeting here was accidental. You had not the least idea in the world of finding your Cordelia under your roof otherwise than on canvas." [477]

"Now you are no longer divining, for you learned that from me."

"Yes, but I believed you, which another of less experience perhaps would not have done. And then, this unforeseen and surprising meeting lent to your previous fascination somewhat of an aspect of fatality."

George blushed a little as he recalled what he had said to Fleurange some minutes before, but did not interrupt him.

"Fatality," pursued Adelardi, "signifies something irresistible; irresistible means that, without hesitation, without scruple, without remorse, you are going to abuse the ascendancy you only know too well how to exercise."

"Go on," said Count George.

"Well, George, sermons from me would be quite out of place, and I would not venture on one to you; but, at the risk of your finding it strange from my lips, I must tell you that, to ensnare a noble creature like her, or even blemish by a word the halo of goodness and purity that surrounds her, would be infamy in my eyes."

"And you think me capable of such infamy, Adelardi? I have reason to thank you."

"Come, George, swear that you are not thinking of it."

"Of what?"

"Of her."

"Of her? I cannot swear that. But I am astonished that the respect you feel for her in spite of yourself—an unusual thing, indeed—you think me incapable of."

"Then what are you thinking of, George?"

George made no reply, and, after a moment's silence, the marquis resumed in a graver tone:

"My dear friend, being forty years old—that is, nearly fifteen years older than you—I think I may be allowed to say that, if in a choice between infamy and folly, folly is preferable, it would be well to reflect that the least follies are the shortest, and the worst of all are those which are irreparable."

"We are forgetting our rôles, Adelardi. I have no avowals or revelations to make you. You undertook not to tell me what I ought to do, but to predict what I shall do."

"Well, here is my horoscope, dictated, I acknowledge, as much by what I desire as by my penetration. You will escape from this folly, and keep the promise you have made."

George's brow grew dark. "A promise my mother doubtless commissioned you to remind me of?"

"No; I speak to you as a friend, and quite spontaneously. If it were at your mother's request, I should certainly have no hesitation about acknowledging it."

"She certainly reminds me often enough of it herself. This supposed promise has long been a settled fact with her."

"Supposed?"

"Yes, supposed, for it is a subject on which I never said anything positive."

"Nothing? Come, George, be honest, or let us stop." [478]

"No, let us go on. I sometimes feel the need of opening my heart. Well, I acknowledge that, when I met Vera de Lingen for the first time two years ago, I was struck with her beauty and still more charmed with her wit, and had I then remained in her neighborhood I might have found it difficult to give her up. In that case my fate would doubtless have been decided by this time. I

should have submitted to the yoke, and not only be married, but perhaps have the honor of a position at court, clothed in some of those dignities to which the husband of a favorite maid of honor might aspire."

"Well, my dear friend, considering that this maid of honor is rich, noble, and one of the fairest ladies at court, and that you were then somewhat dazzled, and she made no secret of her preference for you, I do not see that this result would have been a very fearful one."

"No, I acknowledge it. If I had never left St. Petersburg, perhaps I should have found happiness there on these terms. Now, whether fortunate or unfortunate, I do not know, but, having breathed a different atmosphere, I could no longer live in that. A thousand feelings, a thousand sympathies, a thousand opinions, which I have insensibly acquired would make me regard the gilded chain of a court life as the worst of slaveries. This alone would have sufficed to check the words on my lips which Vera perhaps expected to hear, but which she knows well I never uttered. As to the conjectures of the world, what do I care for them?"

"You acknowledge, however, that that is not the only cause of the rupture?"

"No, if there has been a rupture: that motive was not indeed, or is not, the only one."

"I really suspected it, and I could not tell you which of the two motives I deplore the most."

"Truly, Adelardi," said George impatiently, "I cannot help thinking your great solicitude very singular. You once told me the manner of contracting marriage in Italy made you decide to remain a bachelor, and now you are as scandalized at seeing me choose the lady of my taste with some disregard of received notions, as the Marquis Trombelli himself could be!"

Adelardi smiled.

"That is not all, and what I have to say is still stronger. I am neither pleased nor satisfied with the political *régime* under which it has pleased Providence to give me birth, and it is you, Adelardi, you! who are astonished at this and annoyed!—I might ask you, in my turn, why you do not return to Milan, like a loyal subject, to enjoy the paternal government under which you would be permitted to live?"

The expression of sprightly good-humor that characterized the marquis' physiognomy suddenly changed to one grave and almost sombre.

"Stop, George," said he in an agitated voice.

"Pardon me, Adelardi, but truly there are subjects on which I cannot conceive why we should not agree."

Adelardi remained some minutes without speaking, then with an apparent effort resumed:

"Listen, George. I have a most sincere friendship for you, and you would not doubt it if you knew what it costs me to prolong the subject to which our conversation has led, but perhaps it will not be unprofitable for you to listen to me. Allow me to say a few words on a subject you know I generally avoid, having sufficient control over myself to be silent on certain points, but not enough to speak of them with coolness. When I was young, younger than you now are, I was carried away with an enthusiasm only known to those whose country is enslaved. Yes," he continued with an emotion quite unusual with him, "a country, prosperous, glorious, honored, and powerful, doubtless merits a devotion no noble heart can refuse; but to feel this devotion transformed into a wild and painful passion, one must see his country crushed and humiliated. It must be trodden under foot in the dust, and its name effaced from every memory—refused the very right of bearing a name, and even of existence!"

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"Ah! I easily comprehend such a sorrow, Adelardi," cried George with an accent of earnest sympathy.—"I understand it but too well. But Italy is not the only down-trodden country in Europe, and the chance which binds a man to such a land does not oblige him to participate in its excesses, nor forbid him, I imagine, from deploring them!"

"I will reply to that presently, George. But let me finish what I was saying, for this conversation will never be renewed. Under the influence of this passion, as well as others, alas! of my age, rank, and country, I yielded to the folly of a culpable course, or at least I gave reason for suspicion, and, like many others of more worth than I, and a great many whom I surpass, I suffered, as you know, imprisonment, confiscation, and exile, one after the other. I do not regret these trials, for when we cannot serve our country there is a certain pleasure in suffering for it, but what I regret is having merited them."

"Merited?"

"Yes, certainly, for I belonged for a time to one of those secret societies which are our ruin. Like many others, I naturally thought myself excusable—the impulse to which I yielded seemed so powerful! the aim proposed, so noble! Well, George—" The marquis stopped a moment, and then continued with evident pain, but earnestly: "Well, I tell you there is neither courage, nor honor, nor virtue, nor loyalty, nor probity, nor anything that can render a man worthy of respect, or even of esteem—nothing, I say, that can resist the empoisoned atmosphere of those accursed places. My punishment was tardy, for my denunciation only took place after I left, but I was justly punished for entering them!"

George, affected and surprised, made no attempt to interrupt him.

"The most satisfactory act of my life," pursued Adelardi, "an act that required more courage than to confront death in any other way, was to leave openly, with contempt and horror, those with whom I found myself for a moment thus connected!"

While he was talking, he traversed the room in an agitated manner.

"Since that time," he continued more calmly, "I have incurred several dangers unnecessary to mention, and suffered in various ways you are aware of. Now, I live here away from my native city, separated from my relatives, and convinced that the day which will change the fate of Italy will never dawn in my time, though I am certain the day will come, and especially certain its most dangerous enemies are not its rulers—not even its most rigid rulers—but those false and perfidious men who are called its friends, its heroes, and sometimes its martyrs!"

The marquis now took his seat beside George, and, pressing his hand, said: "This is quite enough concerning myself. Let us come back to you, whose position, you will acknowledge, it would be absurd to compare with mine."

"I do acknowledge it; and yet, Adelardi, you would regenerate your country, and I would transform mine." [480]

"Yes; but in spite of all the defects you say tarnish his reign, history will represent your sovereign, you may be sure, as one of the most noble and most sympathetic representatives of that supreme power so difficult to wield."

"Well, that is precisely what discourages me. To realize my dreams, the successor of Alexander I. must have all his virtues and not one of his defects. You will acknowledge this is not what the future seems to promise."

"Let us not begin to draw up his horoscope, but rather listen to my final counsel. In spite of your dreams, your aspirations, your opinions, and your lofty sympathies, I am persuaded nothing will ever induce you to take part in any culpable enterprise in your country. Yes, George, believe a reformed conspirator: avoid all contact with those who, less scrupulous than you in their deeds, make use of nearly the same language, and be sure that, when we come to suffer condemnation, it is infinitely disagreeable to feel it is merited by foolish imprudence, and that we are the victims of no one but ourselves."

Their long conversation had widely digressed from the point they started from. It was now too late to resume it. But the Marquis Adelardi resolved to return to it another time, and obtain George's entire confidence. He fully comprehended his present danger, and regarded it as a duty imposed by friendship to aid him in resisting it. But, in spite of the acuteness of his discernment, he did not foresee that she who was the source of this danger would know better than any one else how to dispel it.

## XXII.

While this conversation was taking place, Fleurange was in her well-known seat at the top of the stone steps, looking out on the moonlit court and the long shadows of the pillars under the portico, listening to the murmur of the fountain, the only noise that disturbed the silence of the night, and breathing the vague odor of orange blossoms that embalmed the air.

Several months had elapsed since the day of George's arrival—the day when the vague dreams in the depths of her soul seemed for a moment transformed into reality, but only to vanish, however, as quickly as they appeared. Now she was agitated and troubled anew, but differently and more profoundly than the first time.

What was she thinking of under the influence of this agitation and trouble?—Why did her eyes wander so pensively around when the night was so brilliant, and in her ears still vibrated the words which, in spite of herself, made her heart beat with triumphant joy?—Shall we tell what she was thinking of? And the place to which, by one of the inexplicable caprices of the imagination not under the control of the will, her thoughts had now flown? Was it to the Cascine where, the evening before, Count George on horseback lingered so long beside his mother's *calèche*? Was it to one of the galleries where more than once he had pointed out beauties concealed from superficial observers, but so well understood by her to whom they were revealed? Or was it to the very salon they had just left, and was she now thinking of that last glance from which she turned away her own? No; the place to which her memory now reverted was the garden of the Old Mansion—the hour she recalled was the last she passed there! The moonlight was as brilliant that night, the air as mild, and the flowers as odorous, but the word 'farewell' seemed everywhere, written and changed the beauty of the evening into sadness. Farewell, without hope and for ever! echoed the transcendent splendor of this night in Italy in sadder accents—Farewell!—once more, farewell! yes, farewell! [481]

She must tear herself away from this spot only too dear! and break the charm only too dangerous! This was clearly evident.

An instant, only an instant, she allowed her thoughts to dwell on the happiness she must for ever renounce. She allowed her imagination to depict it—such as it might be were it not forbidden—and then, with a clearness and sincerity in which no exultation mingled, she acknowledged she would purchase it at the price of every sacrifice except that which her conscience forbade her make. Yes, to live near George without remorse to become his wife with the consent of his mother, seemingly so impossible—to purchase such a destiny, she felt nothing would seem formidable—she would joyfully welcome poverty, the severest labor, even death itself!

Many people of experience will smile at such language, and declare these are imaginary sacrifices that, under the influence of passion, the young are very willing to make, but which, luckily, are but rarely put to the test. We admit it, and, without stopping any longer to consider



the improbable future which Fleurange thus invoked, we can also bear witness that in view of these imaginary trials she bravely prepared herself to make the sacrifice actually before her. And these same people of experience will acknowledge this was the most difficult of all. First, because it was real and not imaginary, and also because it is always easier to make great sacrifices for the sake of love than to renounce love itself, which renders them so light and sometimes so sweet!

Yes, she must no longer hesitate; she must once more break the rejoined thread of her life—and what a painful rending of the heartstrings this time! She must go away, and never to return. After what had just occurred, there was no longer any possible illusion or security. By remaining, she would be false to every obligation, gratitude, and her position with regard to the princess, imposed upon her. Yes, she must go, but how—on what pretext? Alas! and her *brothers*—must she renounce the sweet satisfaction of aiding them, a joy the generosity of the princess had so kindly promoted? This last remembrance confirmed her resolution. Certainly, after so many benefits, she must not in return cause her any mortification and grief, no, not even displeasure and anxiety. She must leave at whatever cost, and without allowing the princess to suspect the motive of her departure; and yet she must obtain her consent. This was the great difficulty, for she foresaw a lively resistance.

“What shall I do?—what shall I do?” repeated poor Fleurange with perplexity. “O my God, my God! thou wilt aid me, for what I seek is the means of accomplishing thy will: what I desire is to know it.”

While the young girl was thus thinking, struggling, and praying, the hours flew. Once she left her seat in the window, but, feeling unable to sleep, only exchanged her evening dress for a morning one, then, without observing the lateness of the hour, returned to her seat, and again took up the thread of her reflections. Suddenly she heard steps in the corridor leading to the private staircase, and in a moment there was a sharp knock at her door. It instantly opened. It was Barbara.

“What!” she said with an air of surprise. “You still up at this late hour?”

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“Yes,” said Fleurange, “I was not sleepy, and—”

Barbara interrupted her:

“So much the better, for the princess is ill and wants you immediately. Come, quick, quick, mademoiselle, for you know I am so frightened when she has these attacks that I lose my wits.”

Fleurange was at the head of the stairs before Barbara finished speaking, and, in a minute more, at the princess’ bedside. It was evidently one of the severe and painful attacks to which she was subject—and the first since her return. Fleurange at once bethought herself of Dr. Leblanc’s minute directions, and her whole manner was transformed. Instead of waiting and obeying, she at once resumed the direction: every one obeyed her, and her quiet firmness soon calmed the fright which prevailed among all the servants of the house when illness, and illness under so frightful a form, invaded the luxurious rooms to which they were accustomed. George himself was not exempt. He was the first to hasten to his mother’s bedside, and now he was supporting her head, which was thrown back, and endeavoring to hold her hands, which quivered convulsively, but, unaccustomed to such a spectacle, he was trembling in spite of himself. His habitual courage seemed here of no avail.

Fleurange perceived it, and motioned for him to give her his place, or rather, she took it without his being able to prevent her. He remained motionless beside her, while with wonderful courage and skill she was mastering the fearful paroxysm.

“Speak to her again,” said George. “When she hears your voice, or you place your hand on hers, she grows calmer at once.”

“Be quiet,” replied Fleurange, “and leave her to me. Do not remain here, I beg of you.”

At this injunction, George left the bedside, but not the chamber. He remained in an obscure corner, leaning against the wall, watching his mother’s altered face by the light of the shaded lamp. All traces of remaining beauty, preserved by the most skilful arts of the toilet, had suddenly disappeared. In an hour she had grown ten years older. Frightful convulsions contracted her features, and her eyes, staring wildly around, seemed to be regarding with an air of reproach all the objects accumulated for her comfort, but now so powerless to aid her.

This spectacle made George shudder. He was regarded not only as a man of acknowledged bravery, but as one whose courage was almost rash. He had braved death a thousand times without sufficient motive, and confronted perils from the very love of danger itself. But this kind of courage has nothing in common with that which enables the eye to look calmly on suffering and death—not of an heroic kind which rouses our enthusiasm, but such as we witness on all beds of sickness, and which awaits us!

Thus beheld, the spectacle excited George’s horror. He turned away with the repugnance of a nature delicate and noble, but perverted by selfish indulgence, and which at all times was more capable of brilliant proofs of devotedness than of obscure sacrifices. Notwithstanding his tender affection for his mother, it is very probable he would not long have endured the painful impression he received, if the dim light which obscured everything had not enabled him to discern the movements and features of her who so efficaciously replaced him at the bedside. He therefore remained where he was, contemplating Fleurange’s calm and simple attitude with admiration. She had already dismissed several women whose services were superfluous, and by degrees re-established order and tranquillity around her. Barbara was still going to and fro, bustling about and giving proofs of her good-will, but unable to disguise the terror she could

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never overcome when she saw her mistress a prey to these severe attacks. On this account, she did not feel in the least displeased at Fleurange's intervention, and it was with secret joy she now heard the order for her to retire.

"It is nearly four o'clock," said Fleurange, looking at the magnificent clock opposite. "She is a little calmer: go and lie down, Barbara."

"And you, mademoiselle?"

"I? I shall remain here. I shall not stir till seven o'clock. Then the physician will return. After his visit I shall go to bed, and you can take my place."

This calm and precise order was not one which Barbara wished to hear the second time. She hastened to place an arm-chair near the young girl, and a table with the remedies she might need, and went out without suspecting Fleurange was not entirely alone with her sick mistress.

George hesitated for an instant: to leave Fleurange to watch alone seemed almost cruel; to remain unbeknown to her, almost treacherous. He therefore decided to leave the obscure corner he occupied, and softly approached the bed.

Fleurange, hearing his footsteps, turned quickly around, and began to tremble. The slight noise he made was sufficient to awaken the patient, which caused a renewal of her sufferings, and the spasm from which she had but just rallied became more violent than ever. For some moments George's presence and aid were not useless, but while she preserved her coolness he lost his, and seemed unable to endure the sight of the suffering he could not lessen.

"Mother! my poor mother!" he cried with anguish, "look at me! give me one look!"

"Try to be calm," whispered Fleurange, and she added, almost in his ear: "Do not say a word, not one—there must be calmness, and absolute silence."

"Gabrielle! Gabrielle!" murmured the sick woman with agitation.

Fleurange put her arm under her mistress' head, and supported it with one hand, while she pressed her icy hands with the other.

"O Gabrielle! do not leave me! never leave me," continued the princess in an unnatural tone.

Fleurange buried her face in the pillow against which she was leaning, while another voice whispered beside her: "Oh! no, never."

After a moment she raised her head. "Leave us now, Monsieur le Comte. I beg you to go."

There was an irresistible authority in her tone, but George hesitated an instant. She repeated, "I beg you to go," and he obeyed without reply as if she had uttered a command.

When he left the sick-room, he felt relieved like one to whom restraint—even the most trifling—is insupportable. Feeling the need of fresh air, he passed through the salon and went out on the terrace.

It was already daylight. He walked a few steps, inhaling the perfume of the flowers with which the terrace was filled, then stopped a long time, leaning on the balustrade with his arms folded, looking at the clear sky growing radiant under the first touches of Aurora. Without asking himself the reason, he was eager to shake off the effects of the spectacle he had just witnessed.

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And yet George had a great deal of heart, whether this word signifies tenderness or courage. It would have been extremely unjust to doubt it, but he felt a constant need of finding in exterior objects the gratification of his faculty of enjoyment—developed to the utmost degree of delicacy, which made him equally susceptible of contrary impressions. This faculty was neither low nor vulgar in its tendency. What attracted George was genuine beauty, which alone gave a charm to the interests of the world. Vice under an ignoble aspect was as repugnant to him as ugliness. In his eyes, the aspect, the only aspect, of sickness, pain, and death was repulsive. He was absolutely ignorant of the mysterious and divine power which sometimes transforms them to the spiritual eye and makes it look beyond the exterior circumstances of life. Such freedom, such independence of external influences, were unknown to him who attached so much importance to liberty and independence! And when it is thus, there is in the soul, however generous, a hidden germ of weakness and egoism which we are surprised to see suddenly manifested at a later period, even in those who display the most lofty sentiments and give proofs of the most impetuous courage.

### XXIII.

The following days were marked by the progress, the crisis, and finally by the decline of the princess' malady. The effect of care and suitable remedies was soon manifest and convalescence established. But this was the most trying time for those in attendance, and a time when Fleurange's presence was more necessary than ever. She had directed everything from the first with intelligent devotedness. They had all yielded without any difficulty to her authority—even the invalid herself, incapable of resisting her. But the latter now resumed, with her strength, the exercise of an obstinate and whimsical disposition. It was precisely during a similar phase of her previous illness that her young companion acquired the favor she enjoyed. Fleurange felt it would have been a thousand times easier to have left her when she was nearly unconscious, than at a time when she was so indispensable that her services were in constant requisition. She alone could relieve her from the exertion of writing a letter or receiving a visit. She alone knew how to arrange her books and flowers, and the thousand trifles that surrounded her, in a way to please

her critical eye and capricious taste. And, above all, it was owing to her that the evenings passed away without *ennui* while the princess was forbidden by the physician to receive any company except her most intimate friends. This was the time Fleurange was called upon to read. There was a charm in her voice and accent which the cultivated taste of the princess never wearied of.

"Really, Gabrielle," said she, one evening, after the young girl had ended one of the passages she had selected—"really, it is an exquisite pleasure to hear you read. Come, George, attend to what we are doing, if you please. Lay aside that review in which you are so absorbed, and come nearer. She has just read me Dante's sonnet,

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'Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare  
La Donna mia,'<sup>[105]</sup>

in a way really worth listening to."

There was a moment's silence. A large screen veiled the light from the princess' eyes, which were still weak. Fleurange was seated on the other side of this rampart. She blushed, for she was quite well aware it was not on the book, in which he pretended to be absorbed, the young man's eyes were fastened while she was reading the sonnet she had just finished.

"I have not been as inattentive as you suppose, mother," said George at length. "Besides, these lines would attract my attention under any circumstances:

'E da per gli occhi una dolcezza al core  
Ch' intender non la puo chi non la prova.'"<sup>[106]</sup>

George had approached the table, and the expression of his eyes did not allow Fleurange to mistake the application of these lines.

Alas! for a month she had been forced to accept—let us use the right word—to enjoy the presence of him whom she had resolved to fly from, and been obliged for the time to lay aside all consideration of her own position in view of the duties which had devolved on her towards the princess. But her resolution had not for an instant faltered. Every day the sacrifice would doubtless be more painful, but consequently the more necessary. What she only waited for now was the propitious moment, and the means of accomplishing it.

The Princess Catherine was now really convalescent, and able to bear the displeasure Fleurange felt obliged to cause her. Therefore, the same evening the little scene we have just related took place, she resolved not to yield another day to the considerations that had hitherto restrained her. To remain any longer where she was would henceforth be deliberate treachery.

What she had nearly decided upon was to confide everything to Dr. Leblanc, who was now fulfilling a promise made the year before at the Old Mansion and visiting her friends at Heidelberg. He understood her position with respect to the princess better than any one else, and would know how to aid her in giving it up. He, better than any one, could arrange everything for her return among her relatives without betraying the motive she was so anxious to conceal. But it was painful to decide on speaking of George even to him. The letter was commenced but not yet finished, and the hour of delay was passing.

She laid the book on the table and was absorbed in silent reflection. The princess was dwelling on the thoughts suggested by the reading, and her son, as he answered her at random, sought to read the expression of the downcast eyes that so carefully avoided his.

At that moment an unexpected message surprised them all. The princess' valet de chambre, who was the porter, wished to inform Mademoiselle Gabrielle there was a young gentleman in the hall who requested to see her.

"A young gentleman?" exclaimed the princess and her son at the same time, and with no less astonishment than Fleurange.

"A young gentleman?" repeated she. "Did you ask his name?" Yes, the valet de chambre had asked, but had forgotten, and stammered out some name as unintelligible as unknown to Fleurange. She rose. "I will see who it can be," said she.

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George had already arisen, and the princess exclaimed: "Gabrielle must not go down alone at this hour. Rogues often find their way in, in this manner, at night.—Last evening, before dark, an unknown person entered a shop, and while the owner's back was turned—" The princess became unnecessarily nervous over this slight incident.

"If you will allow me," said George, "I will ascertain who it is. Trust to me, and await here the information I will bring you."

Fleurange made no objection. She knew no one and expected no one, and was sure there was some mistake.

George was not gone more than ten minutes from the room. When he reappeared, his face was lit up with an expression of joy.

"It is really a young gentleman," he said, "and it was really you he asked for, mademoiselle. And I, for my part, was also happy to shake hands with Julian Steinberg. It was he. He has just arrived at Florence with his wife."

"Julian!—Julian and Clara!" cried Fleurange, overjoyed. She sprang up at once, forgetting the princess and George, and everything except the unexpected pleasure of seeing these beloved

faces again.

Count George stopped her: "I beg your pardon, mademoiselle, Steinberg only wished to know when his wife could see you. I took the liberty of telling him that my carriage, which is at the door, would take you at once to the hotel where they are stopping, and he has gone to tell her she will have the pleasure of seeing you this very evening."

"Oh! how kind you are," cried Fleurange, beside herself. "How many thanks I owe you!"

But she bethought herself that the princess did not like anything of which she did not take the initiative, and under no circumstances did she ever forget herself. Before the shade that began to gather on her brow could be perceived, Fleurange approached her.

"Monsieur le Comte is very kind," said she; "but I should do better to wait till morning, should I not, princess? It is only nine o'clock, and you need me at least an hour longer."

The princess was already partly mollified by these words, and completely so by the grace with which her son protested he should be angry if she did not clearly prove to him that she thought him capable of replacing Mademoiselle Gabrielle at least for an hour.

"Come, mother, you can endure to hear me read in my turn, can you not? I readily acknowledge my powers are not equal to what we have just had. But, if the contrast is disagreeable to you, it will not be the first time we have passed an hour together to our mutual satisfaction, and that I have been able to make my conversation acceptable to you."

These words, uttered with a caressing grace as he knelt at his mother's side, appealed directly to the weakest point in her maternal heart. The princess idolized her son. He was the joy and pride of her life. But though full of deference and affection, he was constantly eluding her. This woman, so imperious towards all others, felt she had scarcely any authority over her son, and endeavored to acquire an ascendancy over him by all the persuasiveness and skill she possessed, as if this ascendancy were not her natural right. Since George returned last he had been more reserved than usual. Hitherto he had been able to frustrate all her efforts to obtain his entire confidence, to which he sometimes yielded, and which amply atoned for the long intervals of reserve so painful to her.

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On this occasion she caressingly passed her hand over her son's beautiful hair, and smilingly replied: "Naughty boy, you know well what to depend upon." Then turning to Fleurange: "Go. I am quite willing you should go and welcome your cousin. I can for the present do without you. Go, but come back in an hour. I shall expect you at ten," she added, looking at the clock.

The permission was not very graciously accorded, but Fleurange did not profit by it the less eagerly. She did not leave the room, however, without an involuntary look of gratitude at him who had so well divined her wish, and so successfully seconded it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.](#)

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# HOW THE CHURCH UNDERSTANDS AND UPHOLDS THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

## FOURTH AND LAST ARTICLE. THE MIDDLE AGES.

It has been asserted by women in the present day that the state needs salvation and reform, and that through their use of the political franchise this end will be mainly accomplished. Perhaps they think that no state was ever in such danger before, and that they themselves are the pioneers of an order of things entirely new, under unprecedented circumstances. They should study history to see whether they really are without predecessors. What would they say to Genevieve, the shepherdess of Nanterre, the heroine of the sixth century, the woman of whom St. Germanus said, while giving her the veil of virginity and the honorary title of deaconess, "This woman will one day be a joy and an example even to men"? What would they say to her bravery and daring when, during the siege of Paris by the barbarian and heathen Franks (it was before their conversion by Queen Clotildis), Genevieve alone encouraged the affrighted peasantry, and promised relief to the threatened city? She had supplies transported by means of river-boats to the besieged, and for ten years, while the ever-renewed alarms of desultory attacks from the Franks continued, she succeeded in sparing Paris the horrors of a famine. When the barbarian chief, Childeric, at last entered the town, Genevieve interceded so successfully in behalf of the inhabitants that none of them were molested.

Every one knows the history of Joan of Arc, over whom more passionate recriminations have been flung at each other by rival historians than any other woman, save Mary, Queen of Scots, has provoked. The general and unbiassed verdict of the greater portion of the public in general has coincided with the national decision of patriotic Frenchmen. As a heroine, her name will go down to all ages, and she has earned her fame well, but how? Do any of her biographers say she was bold and unwomanly, a fast and dashing beauty, or a reckless adventuress? No; for they tell us she was modest in her demeanor, fond of being with and talking to little children, very sparing of her own comfort, but lavish of her poor means for others, ready and willing to keep the flocks, and to help her family in tilling the soil. Divinely warned of her coming mission, she was yet most reluctant to put herself forward, and required much pressing from her spiritual superiors to induce her to act upon the heaven-sent suggestions. It would take us too long to follow her through her unparalleled career; but one thing strikes us as foremost in all the vicissitudes of her successful military life—her extreme gravity and majesty, shielding her love of chastity. All the doctors of the University of Poitiers concurred, at the express desire of King Charles VII. of France, in a strict examination of her previous life and character, and it was chiefly her spotless reputation of virtue that inclined them to believe in her mission. During her camp life she never neglected her daily religious duties; the oldest and gravest veterans were her only companions and advisers, and after nightfall she never, on any pretext, consented to converse with a man. Before she had taken command of the army the French had been invariably beaten by the English in every encounter; after her accession to the supreme command, her countrymen were as invariably victorious. Her enemies laughed at the girl-general, but, strong in her faith, Joan of Arc overcame the scoffers. When she had taken Orleans, her first order was that all immoral women who had surreptitiously followed in the ranks of her soldiers should be summarily dismissed, as it was only to punish such licentiousness that God had allowed those great misfortunes to come upon France. Between Orleans and Rheims there were several towns and forts to be wrested from the English; Joan intrepidly attacked and reduced them, while Rheims itself surrendered without a blow. The young virgin follows the king to the cathedral, where he is crowned and anointed, and in a few days, so great is the moral influence of her undaunted and triumphant patriotism, that many other towns, and Paris itself, submit to the legitimate authority of Charles VII., and France is saved. On the principles of modern strategists, a patent of nobility, an alliance with the crown, a grant of broad estates, would have been hardly sufficient for the ambitious saviour of her country; but Joan of Arc, hardly was the king reinstated in his realm, begged leave to retire into her former solitude, insisting with mournful eagerness that "her mission was over." She neither coveted nor asked any reward; such as were offered she refused. Against her own better judgment, but according to the king's command, she continued to lead his armies, though she was no longer buoyed up by her former joyous confidence in the promises divinely made to her. God has tried her by the severe test of adversity, and she showed herself as eagle-spirited under her reverses as she had been in her prosperity. Betrayed by her own countrymen into the hands of her enemies, she suffered incredible indignities, but never raised her voice in self-defense, save when her honor was questioned or attacked. Solicitous only for her precious treasure of consecrated virginity, she looked death fearlessly in the face, and mounted the scaffold calling in a firm voice on God and his saints. She would be called by no title save "La Pucelle," that is, "Joan the Virgin." An aide-de-camp, John of Aulon, who was constantly near her during her campaigns, often said that he believed no purer woman breathed than Joan of Arc. Ventura draws attention to her extraordinary activity and bodily endurance, her long fasts and severe abnegation. He says that she was a phenomenon, but that, although her rare combination of qualities seemed almost a miracle in any single human being, yet such qualities are quite reconcilable in perfect womanhood. He says she was "brave as a warrior, and tender as a mother; wise as an old man, learned as a doctor, and simple as a child; pure as an angel, and redoubtable as a great conqueror."<sup>[107]</sup>

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Many historians thought it worth their while to treat in detail of her life and career: Fleury and

Rohrbacher, in their *Ecclesiastical History*; Lebrun Charmette, in his *Life of Joan of Arc*; Jules Quicherat, in his work on her trial, condemnation, and rehabilitation; Guido Görres, in his German life of her; Voltaire, in his cowardly *Maid of Orleans*. She has been made into a representative character, and stood in Voltaire's eyes for the Catholic Church and the Catholic tradition concerning woman. Görres mentions the eulogium pronounced upon her by an envoy of the Bishop of Spire, who plainly calls her the messenger of heaven and saviour of France.

It has been noticed that France during the middle ages was the most civilized of nations. It was because the spirit of chivalry had made greater progress among the French, and the spirit of chivalry sprang from the deeper source of religious enthusiasm. The spirit that dictated the crusades was the same that exalted woman; the respect for woman and the duty of a knight to protect the sex, even those of it who were unknown to him or those whom the fortune of war had placed in his power, were lessons learned in childhood and inculcated at the same time as fidelity to his religion and loyalty to his sovereign. In every woman a knight recognized a queen: the elder were to him the image of his mother, the younger of his sister; in every female form he reverently saw the similitude of the great Virgin, "whose Son shall be called Emanuel—God with us." And in order that such should be the attitude of man towards woman, woman was educated in a manner that should make her *deserve* such homage.

Think not, sisters of our utilitarian age, that our ancestresses were ignorant and foolish women, swayed by the dictates of cunning priests, and kept as toys to beguile the idle hours of rough warriors. Their education, unlike our modern uniform regulations, was varied and suited to their talents; some cultivated learning, others the arts, many were skilful in medicine, especially in the use of herbs, and the treatment of wounds. The fairy embroidery that we hear so much extolled was not their only accomplishment: they could spin for all useful household purposes, and work for the poor of their neighborhood, which home manufacture was a great saving of both time and money. They were often elegant poets, and indeed frequently carried off prizes in rhyming contests. The "Jeux Floraux" of Toulouse, one of the great mediæval institutions of Provence, were established by a learned and accomplished lady of noble lineage, Clémence Isaure, herself a poetess of no little merit. The prize, we believe, was generally a golden violet, and was awarded every year to the successful competitor, whether man or woman. Tournaments owe all their romance to the presence and influence of woman, without which they would have fallen to the level of the brutal Roman games of old. The beneficial influence exerted by the women of the old feudal families, who always remained on their own estates and cultivated relations of mutual kindness with their poorer neighbors and vassals, resulted in the unique spectacle of the Vendean insurrection, in which peasants and nobles were leagued together against the misguided satellites of "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality." Elsewhere, throughout France, women had become court puppets, and lived in Paris as absentees from their property, where iniquitous agents oppressed their tenants in their name; court favor and patronage, a rivalry of frivolous gossip and scandalous adventures, had displaced in their imaginations the noble but obscure triumphs of the Lady of the Manor surrounded by her "children," as she terms her dependants; corruption, first sown by the influence of the German Reformation, then fostered by the growing infidelity of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, had insinuated itself into the world of women, and through them had spread to the whole system of society. The last spark of the spirit of chivalry shone out in the determined stand made by the Breton peasantry against the invasion of principles that held nothing sacred and taught no authority save that of force. But what a grand testimony to the influence of woman was the downfall and disorganization that followed the French Revolution, and under the ruins of which they are still half-buried! When woman wishes to take up again her ancient crown, her true, "divine right," she has but to stretch her hand across the chasm of '89 and the great breach of the sixteenth century, and resume, with the sacred respect of home duties and the reverence towards consecrated and voluntary chastity, the sceptre of undisputed sway so triumphantly wielded by Joan of Arc, Catharine of Sienna, Hedwige of Poland, and Mathilda of Tuscany.

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Among the religious of various orders to whom the Christian world looks up with well-merited veneration is the Blessed Juliana, a Hospitaller nun of the diocese of Liege. It was through the revelations made to her in prayer, and through her repeated entreaties, that the feast of Corpus Christi was first instituted, one of the most essentially Catholic feasts of the calendar. In 1266, it was first celebrated at Liege, but its observance was discontinued in consequence of the machinations of a hostile clique. In 1264, Pope Urban IV. solemnly approved and instituted it, and commanded the great doctor Thomas Aquinas to compose an office for it. This office is the same used by the church to-day. Juliana herself was dead, but her friend and companion, Eva, had not failed to continue her work, and the Pope himself did not disdain to send her a special copy of the Bull of Institution, with a letter in which he refers the accomplishment of the great work to her and her deceased friend. Ventura gives us lists of holy prelates whose mothers formed and educated them to virtue and sanctity, but mentions especially the aid afforded Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, by his female co-laborers. Lioba, the chief of these, was a noble Saxon lady, and was educated at Winburn, in England. Eadburge, an abbess, sent Boniface many presents of clothes and other necessaries for his expedition to Germany, and also, says Ventura, many manuscript copies of the Bible to distribute them among his neophytes. Lioba was well versed in Latin, and could write verses in that language. Boniface begged her superiors to let her go to Germany, to establish, says Butler, "sanctuaries and nurseries of religion for persons of her sex in the infant Church of Germany." Prudent, zealous, and learned, she soon founded house after house of fervent nuns, and spread the blessings of education over the hitherto barbarian lands she visited. "Kings and princes," continues Butler, "respected and honored her.... Charlemagne often sent for her to his court of Aix-la-Chapelle, and treated her with the highest veneration. His

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queen, Hildegardis, took her advice in the most weighty concerns.... St. Boniface, a little before his mission into Friesland and his martyrdom there, recommended her in the most earnest manner to St. Lullus and his monks at Fulda, entreating them to have care of her with respect and honor." She died in extreme old age in the year 779. "Her education," says Ventura, "embraced civil and canon law, theology and philosophy, natural sciences and literature, and, in some measure, the art of government." Rohrbacher says "that it would have been desirable had all the clergy of Germany possessed the knowledge of St. Lioba, for many of them were ignorant to the point of not knowing how to administer the sacrament of baptism." Three centuries later, Hildegardis, a noble German lady, vindicated the claims of her sex to the most sublime of gifts. Intellectually endowed and gifted with great firmness of character, she became the mother and foundress of the monastery of St. Rupert, in the Rhine provinces, where kings and statesmen repaired to her for advice and instruction. The revelations received by her, after being most rigorously examined by a council assembled at Treves, were solemnly approved by Pope Eugene III., assisted by St. Bernard. Rohrbacher calls her "the St. Bernard among women." Her correspondence was immense, and her writings have been collected and published with care. In the thirteenth century, Gertrude and Mechtildis, of noble Saxon descent, claim our attention. They were sisters, and both governed immense monasteries. Alban Butler says of the former: "In her youth she studied Latin, as it was then customary for all nuns to do; she wrote and conversed in that language, and was versed in sacred literature.... How much soever she gave herself up to contemplation, she neglected not the duties of Martha, and was very solicitous in attending to the necessities of every one.... Her short book of *Divine Insinuations* is perhaps the most useful production, next to the writings of St. Teresa, with which any female saint *ever enriched* the church." Her prayers to the Sacred Heart show how this characteristic devotion, afterwards perfected and made public by another holy woman, Mary Margaret Alacocque, first presented itself to a woman's mind, and found a home in a woman's heart.

It may be gratifying to many women to learn that the city and University of Oxford have for patroness, and in mediæval times honored as such, the Saxon maiden, Frideswide, whose church and monastery, after having undergone many vicissitudes, are now known as Christ Church College. Ursula, the virgin martyr of Cologne, is, according to Butler, "patroness of the famous College of Sorbonne, and titular saint of that church. Several religious establishments have been erected, under her name and patronage, for the virtuous education of young ladies. St. Ursula, who was the mistress and guide to heaven to many holy maidens whom she animated to the heroic practice of virtue, is regarded as a model and patroness by those who undertake to train up youth in the sentiments and practice of piety and religion." The Ursuline institutes for the education of girls are renowned throughout Europe, and even to this day are powerful auxiliaries of the church in the training of youth. Later ages have not been behind in emulating the sixteenth century, which, seven hundred years after the death of Ursula, so nobly commemorated her triumphs in the institution of the Ursuline Order. The Nuns of the Visitation, and still later those of the Sacred Heart, have continued the work of Christian education up to the present day.

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The beginning of the twelfth century leads us to Delphina and her husband Elzear, both of Provençal descent, and holding high office at the court of Naples and Sicily. Butler says of them that "no coldness for so much as one moment ever interrupted the harmony or damped the affections of this holy couple. The countess [Delphina] was sensible that the devotions of a married woman ought to be ordered in a different manner from those of a religious person.... The care with which she looked into the economy of her house was a sensible proof of the interior order in which she kept her own soul. Nothing was more admirable than her attention to all her domestics, and her prudent application to the preservation of domestic peace."<sup>[108]</sup> These two devoted followers of Christ were always ready to assist and protect the poor; they lived together in perpetual virginity, and gave themselves up entirely to their self-imposed duties of charity. King Robert of Sicily showed his esteem of Elzear by making him his son's governor. In this office he exercised his influence as irreproachably as he had done in other positions, and the counsels of his wife were ever at hand to assist and cheer him. At his death his widow retired into a monastery.

Another remarkable woman of the middle ages was Catharine of Genoa, who towards the latter end of the fifteenth century became a model for her sex in each of the states of life to which women are called. As a virgin, a wife, and a widow, her life was perfect in its sincere subordination to the will of God. Her marriage was unhappy, and she suffered much from her husband's brutality, his extravagance and licentiousness. She trusted to a higher power than the civil courts for her vindication and reward, and after her husband's death gave herself up to active works of mercy. She devoted herself to the care of the sick in the great hospital of Genoa. Of this house, says Butler, she lived many years the mother superior. Her charity could not be confined to the bounds of her own hospital; she extended her care and solicitude to all distressed sick persons over the whole city, and employed proper persons with indefatigable industry to discover, visit, and relieve such objects. Here we see a woman governing and managing a most important national institution, guarding its temporal interests, and watching over its spiritual relations with the utmost care and most delicate discrimination; showing a talent for government which would do good credit to the best men, and preserving withal the greatest humility and modesty both of thought and demeanor. Does the church deny the sex any legitimate opening for its energies? Judge for yourselves, sisters, and answer impartially. Does she not, on the contrary, enable it to do that which, outside her, is next to impossible? Cannot a woman wearing the distinctive badge of one of her orders pass unmolested where no other woman however pure, however earnest, could go without at least risk of insult; and does she not invest with the dignity of an organized association efforts which, made singly, would be barely removed from Quixotism?

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We have long delayed speaking of Catharine of Sienna, the St. Teresa of mediæval times, one of the most energetic and wonderful women the world ever produced. Ventura calls her a "missionary and apostle," and Butler says that her influence was so great that no one ever approached her who went not away better. She was only eighteen, when, after suffering the hardships of her humble home during her childhood, she took the veil in the Third Order of St. Dominic. The most hardened sinners could not withstand the force of her exhortations; thousands flocked from distant places to hear or only see her, and were converted by her words or example. At the earnest suit of the citizens of Pisa, she went to their town, and it is related that the confessions of those she reclaimed from evil courses were so numerous that the priests of the town had much trouble to attend to them. The Florentines and Perugians having, in 1375, leagued together against the Holy See, the Pope, Gregory XI., who at that time was living at Avignon, sent an army into Italy and interdicted the rebellious principalities. The country fell into such intolerable confusion that, to end the chaotic state of things, the Florentines submitted to the Pope. They first sent for St. Catharine, who was met at the city gates by the chiefs of the magistrates. The negotiations were entrusted to her, and the ambassadors who followed her to Avignon received orders to sign and confirm whatever decision she should make. The Pope and cardinals received her at Avignon with great marks of distinction; and the Pontiff said after his conference with her: "I put the affair entirely into your hands, only I recommend you the honor of the church." The heads of the church were seemingly not afraid to trust the gravest issues in a *woman's* hands!

Catharine exerted all her powers of persuasion to induce Gregory XI. to return to Rome, and after her departure wrote urgent letters to him on this subject. Twice, both at Avignon and at Sienna, learned prelates and doctors disputed with her, vainly trying to find her wanting either in learning, in sincerity, or in humility. They were obliged to confess themselves in the wrong. She had many disciples, both men and women, one of whom, Stephen, the son of a senator of Sienna, became her secretary and afterwards a Carthusian monk. The Pope commissioned her to go to Florence, and try once more to pacify the troubles which the insincerity of the government of that state was always rekindling. "She lived some time in that factious place," says Butler, "... and showed herself always most undaunted, even when swords were drawn against her." At length she effected the long-wished-for reconciliation, though not under Gregory, but his successor, Urban VI. Some of his discourses have been collected, and compose the treatise *On Providence*. When Urban VI. had been elected, there followed a great schism, during which anti-popes usurped the chair of Peter, and the whole Italian peninsula was violently distracted. She wrote to several countries and princes in Urban's favor, and also to the Pope himself, entreating him to restrain his somewhat hasty disposition for the sake of the peace of the church. Many treatises and other writings of hers are still extant. She died at the early age of thirty-three in 1380, in Rome, where Urban had called her to help and advise him. She predicted the schism and other calamities, and whether this gift be ascribed, as reverent believers would wish, to the favor of God who allowed her a prophetic vision of the future, or, as the hard-headed philosophy of modern times would dictate, to the superior discrimination of an extraordinary woman, it is equally an honor to her and a title to especial and enthusiastic remembrance. Another woman concurred in the work of St. Catharine of Sienna, Bridget of Sweden, to whom we have already referred. She too prophesied the coming disasters of the church; she too pressed Gregory XI. to go back to Rome. Catharine was once commanded to harangue the Sacred College, in order to procure peace and unity among them. "This unique example," says Ventura, "showed the powers of eloquence and the depth of the wisdom of this young Christian heroine." As a means to reunite Christendom and perhaps avert what she prophetically foresaw, she urged upon Gregory XI. the advisability of inaugurating a new crusade, and, when told in amazement that first the Christians themselves would have to be reconciled, answered with consummate tact and prudence: "Holy Father, the expedition will be so popular that in itself it will unite them. Few men are so depraved as to be unwilling to serve God by means to which they are passionately attached. To separate the burning brands is virtually to quench the fire."

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She traced a plan of pacification as the basis of the policy she wished the Pope to adopt, urging the necessity of peace, and adds, "Let it not be a supine, weakling peace, but, on the contrary, an active, organizing state of things, in which bad and mercenary pastors will be summarily punished and all scandals swept away." The vigorous foresight of this woman is a greater marvel than her holiness. In her we have a noble example of the heights of intellect to which the grace of God can lead a woman's nature, and we might almost close our argument with this crowning figure of the moral Joan of Arc of Italy. Yet, lest we be met with the objection that all this greatness is part of a lost system, and that a new dispensation has superseded the church's championship of the sex, we must, in justice to our own times, recall a few of those facts which since the Renaissance have repeatedly testified to the recognized influence of woman in political and social spheres.

Take, for instance, Isabella of Castile, the protectress and friend of Christopher Columbus, the great queen to whom Spain first owed the proud position of mistress of the seas and queen of the New World.

Columbus had offered his services to several kings and governments; it was a *woman* who alone treated his projects as sublime realities and had faith in the future he prophesied. When he returned from his first expedition, it was she who received him with greater honors than those rendered to the old Spanish nobility; it was she who upheld him in his new speculations and furnished him the means to prosecute further discoveries. Long before he had gained her favor, it was again a woman whose intelligent appreciation had encouraged him in weary labors, his mother-in-law, Madame Peristiello, herself the widow of a famous navigator, the discoverer of the

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Islands of Madeira and Porto Santo.

Isabella governed her hereditary dominions of Castile herself, while her husband, Ferdinand of Aragon, administered his own; but not long after their marriage, so persuaded was he of her superior talents for government, that he gave up his kingdom to her care. The final expulsion of the Moors from Catholic Spain was her conception, was carried out by her personal influence, and owed its success mainly to her inspiring presence among the Christian besiegers of Granada. The great Captain Gonsalvus of Cordova, who seconded her most admirably in her gigantic undertaking, was sought out and patronized by her on account of the genius she discovered in him; the great legislator, Cardinal Ximenes, owed his elevation to her, and was forced by her to accept the great dignities which were to enable him to reform and aggrandize the country. Fernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, was likewise her special *protégé*, and indeed no better proof could be had of the omnipotence of her personal influence in Spain than the fact that after her death these great men were either forgotten or, worse still, persecuted. Without the queen's knowledge, Ferdinand had listened to the detractors of Columbus, and degraded him from his post of viceroy over the newly discovered lands in America. Isabella indignantly interfered and had him reinstated in his dignities, but when, shortly after, his protectress died, he was again imprisoned, and fell the victim to Ferdinand's ingratitude. As to Gonsalvus of Cordova, he then, after the queen's death, was disgraced, and sent, under a pretext of hypocritical regard, to occupy the post of a viceroy at Naples.

One of Isabella's biographers, Desormeaux, says that "to the graces of her sex the queen of Castile added the greatness of a *hero*, the profound and able policy of a *minister*, the views of a *legislator*, the brilliant qualities of a *conqueror*, the honesty of a *good citizen*, and the uprightness of a perfect *magistrate*." Ventura quotes this with these italics. Rohrbacher calls her a *true king*, drawing attention to her indefatigable zeal in seeing to all affairs herself, and in constantly encouraging her troops by her presence on horseback among them. He repeats her praises in almost the same words as Desormeaux. Innocent VIII. granted her the formal title of "Most Catholic Majesty"; Cardinal Ximenes said that the world would never see again a sovereign so inflexibly just; Peter of Anghiera, the professor of the palace-school for the youth of the nobility, lamented her as "the refuge of the good, the sword raised against the guilty, the mirror of rigid virtue."

Placed at the beginning of modern times, on the threshold of the church's momentary eclipse, and of the decadence of public morality all over Europe, she stands out in bold relief a champion of the church, which, in proud gratitude to her sex, has been her champion in return.

St. Teresa, whom all ages and creeds agree in accepting as an extraordinarily gifted woman, was another of the shining lights of Spain at this time. She too was a Castilian; her influence was no less widely spread than that of Isabella, and, if anything, it has lasted longer and more visibly. One of the greatest orders of the church acknowledges her as its reformation, and, for all practical purposes, even as its foundress. The Carmelite Friars speak of her as "our holy mother," as the ancient Benedictines speak of Benedict as "our father." The writings of St. Teresa are among the most important spiritual treasures of the church. Her health was for many years a grievous trial to her, and her temptations, as recounted by herself, seem to have been neither light nor few. In the reform so urgently needed among the lax followers of the Order of Carmel, she was systematically opposed by many influential persons and superiors of her own as well as of the opposite sex. After a sort of novitiate of twenty years of unceasing efforts to attune her soul to the practice of mental prayer, she began her agitation in favor of reform under disappointing circumstances, but, triumphing with time over many of her opponents, at last procured the assistance of powerful colleagues. Many of these were women. In 1562, she was established in a convent where the reform was first practised. Butler says, "The perfection and discretion of her rule eclipsed all former reformations of her order." She next founded two monasteries for men according to the reform. At Medina del Campo, at Pastrana, at Durveo, she founded communities of men; at Valladolid, Avila, Salamanca, Alva, of women. It is impossible to enumerate her many other foundations. When her co-laborers, the priests Gratian, Marian, and others, gave up all for lost on account of the ceaseless opposition they encountered, she alone remained firm and hopeful, saying, "We shall suffer, but the order will stand." She also said that the cross was "the secure and beaten road" to lead their souls to God. Women are proverbially called weak, and said to be unwilling to forego luxuries or court trials; yet how Teresa vindicated her sex in her heroic resolve to "let justice be done, though the heavens fall"! Her contemporary, Bishop Yeppez, tells us that her deportment was not less agreeable than edifying, that her prudence and address were admirable, and speaks no less of her gracefulness, dignity, and charms than of the gravity, modesty, and discretion of her conversation and carriage. Truly a most *womanly* woman, who could take upon her man's responsibility without forfeiting the beautiful attributes of her sex. Like in this to the Catholic Church, Catholic womanhood has *all* that is claimed by women outside the church, and not only that, but she adds far more, just as the church holds whatever truth is held by the different sects, and infinitely more beside. Teresa died in 1582, having lived to see sixteen convents of Carmelite nuns, and fourteen of friars, founded and successfully organized. The impress of her noble work is undying; she had the talents of the unhappy Luther, but dedicated them to a worthier cause, and, now that the same number of centuries have passed over their respective graves, the woman's name is universally honored even by her conscientious opponents, while the man's is execrated in many a community whose original constitution was derived from his teachings.

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In the same century as Teresa lived another great reformer and Christian agitator, St. Cajetan, of Thienna, who owed to his admirable mother his enthusiasm and ardent zeal for holy things. He

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showed by his foundations how highly he esteemed woman's virtue and integrity; one of his chief aims being to establish refuges for fallen women, and asylums for those whose honor was endangered through poverty and destitution. But one of his greatest works would never have been accomplished if a noble and wealthy woman had not generously taken its fulfilment upon herself: namely, what is called in Catholic Europe the "*Mont de Piété*," an untranslatable and most touching synonym for our more repulsive pawn-shops. These institutions were established to counterbalance the shameful system of usury in vogue at the time, and were so controlled by the state that the needy masses should be benefited by them instead of being duped. To the Countess of Porto is Italy indebted for these much-needed reforms. Mother Ursula Benincasa, the foundress of an order called the Theatine Hermits, was, according to Ventura, the bulwark of orthodoxy in the kingdom of Naples. She was the first to unmask the heresiarchs Bernardin Ochino and Peter Vermillo, who had begun to preach Protestantism under the cloak of reform. St. Philip Neri examined her and encouraged her in her labors, and the city of Naples reveres her as its protectress.

One of the best known and best loved saints of modern times is St. Francis of Sales. One of his most popular works is his *Introduction to a Devout Life*—the most useful, readable, and intelligible manual of devotion ever written for persons living in the world. Yet this would never have been written save for a woman, to whom were addressed the letters from which it was subsequently compiled. He treats in this work almost exclusively of the duties of women, and chiefly of women of the higher classes—those of whom it is said by too many, in their excessive severity, that they are debarred by the circumstances of their life from real Christian work. St. Francis' *Treatise on Divine Love*, a longer work, is modelled much on the same plan. The woman whose soul he thought worthy of inspiring these efforts was Madame Jeanne Françoise de Chantal, the grandmother of another gifted and well-known woman, the charming Madame de Sévigné. Her domestic life, during the years of her happy and holy marriage, was a model of severity and order. Regular hours were assigned for everything in her household, every duty and employment discharged with, great order, and the spiritual and moral welfare of her servants attended to with the minutest solicitude. Butler says that order is an indispensable part of virtue; and what is more worshipped (in theory!) among our modern women-reformers than this very quality! But here we have it exhibited in a saint: is it the less attractive for that? When her husband was absent, she refrained from visiting and entertainments, and was at all times conspicuous for shunning, as far as the duties of her position would allow, all useless and frivolous occupations. Again, we have Butler commending her for this, and adding that "to make a round of amusements and idle visits the business of life, is to degrade the dignity of a rational being and to sink beneath the very brutes." Is this not the language held by the modern advocates of a reform among women? Thus we see that, in everything to which reason points, the church not only stands up for the rights of woman, but also that her ministers and exponents have even forestalled the "newly discovered movement," both by word and example, many centuries ago. Jeanne Françoise de Chantal lost her husband after several years of marriage, and gave herself up to the care and education of her children. To this task, which she superintended with the gravest diligence, she applied herself for several years, until her eldest daughter's marriage. Then she entered the religious life, leaving her son under the guardianship of her father, but retaining herself the privilege of still superintending his studies. Her Congregation of the Visitation soon after became a regularly constituted order, and she and some companions, under the auspices of St. Francis of Sales, took their solemn vows at Annecy, in 1610. In the same year, she stayed for several months at Dijon, arranging family affairs and watching over her son's studies. She also founded convents in nine or ten prominent towns in France, and, between 1619 and 1622, governed the convent in Paris, where she at first met with and overcame serious difficulties. Her son, whose marriage had been her special care and work, was killed in 1627, in the religious wars then desolating France, and her daughter-in-law and son-in-law (the husband of her eldest daughter) died not long after. Her fortitude under these trials was worthy of the Roman and Spartan matrons of old, and her tenderness for those more bereaved than herself, a model of Christian grace. Her aptitude for directing souls was very remarkable, and her bravery in tending the body in sickness no less so. During the pestilence at Annecy her efforts were ceaseless, and her prayers for its cessation full of fervent belief. In 1638, the Duchess of Savoy sent for her to Turin to found a Convent of the Visitation, and treated her (to her great mortification) with the greatest honor. The same happened in Paris, where a royal mandate had also summoned her. It is impossible to calculate the influence this energetic woman has had upon the modern destinies of Catholic Europe, both during her busy and fruitful life and since her death, when the houses of her order have multiplied to an enormous extent, and for some time monopolized almost entirely the education of the upper classes of women. If they no longer hold the first place among such institutions, another order, no less useful and especially designed for this one end, has successfully taken up their work, the Congregation of the Sacred Heart.

The seventeenth century gave birth to another institution even more perfect than that inaugurated by the Baroness de Chantal, that of the Sisters of Charity. This is perhaps the only Catholic foundation against which the malice of the church's opponents—of all shades of belief and unbelief—has never dared to raise its voice. Not the most improbable tale of scandal has been hurled at these women; not the remotest trace of a sneer has ever been pointed at them; infidels on their death-bed, philanthropists who scouted the Catholic ideal, soldiers on the field of battle, physicians whom they outdo in zeal in the worst hospitals—all are agreed on the unimaginable and gigantic heroism of the Sisters of Charity. They alone, of all nuns, are allowed to walk the streets of London without the least concealment of their distinctive dress, and all over the world there is not a queen whose royal robes are more respected than the simple peasant-like costume of the daughters of St. Vincent of Paul. Louise de Marillac was the saint's first great

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helper in this noble work. Their rule is one that might serve women of the world, so entirely spiritual and interior is its nature. "Let them have," it says, "the houses of the sick for their monastery, the rooms of the poor for their cell, the parish church for their conventual chapel, for grating the fear of God, and holy modesty for their veil." The Countess of Soigny, who assisted St. Vincent in his missions among the agricultural poor in 1616; Madame de Goussault, who suggested to him the formation of an organized body of ladies to attend regularly on the sick of the present hospital in Paris, the Hôtel Dieu; Madame de Polaillon, who herself supplemented his labors by visiting the sick, and teaching the ignorant country population herself, under the disguise of a peasant woman, and who finally took upon herself to found, under his direction, the Institute of Mercy for the reformation of abandoned women; the Queen-Regent, Anne of Austria, who nominated him to a post of great moral influence, and consulted him in all ecclesiastical affairs; Mesdames de Marillac, de Traversai, and de Miramion, who were the life and soul of his immortal Foundling Institution—these and many others, of all classes and all ages, were the real and earnest fellow-laborers to whose zeal, under God, he owed the success of his many admirable enterprises. Whatever amelioration the lot of man has undergone has always been traceable either to a woman's suggestion or at least her practical co-operation. One woman, whose name should not be forgotten in the catalogue of Vincent of Paul's spiritual lieutenants, is that of Marie de Gournay, the wife of a small wine-seller, a most holy and discreet woman. M. Olier, a priest of that age, has left us her panegyric in glowing terms: "All the good which is done at this time passes, so to speak, through her hands; all the great undertakings of our day are somehow referable to her. Although her birth and position are obscure, yet she is the counsel and the light of the most illustrious persons in Paris." He then names the great ladies of the court who ask her advice in spiritual matters, and adds: "There are no apostolic men, no missionaries, who fail to go to her for instruction. Father Eudes, a famous preacher, consults her frequently. The General of the Oratorians does the same. Mademoiselle Manse, whom God has inspired to go out to Canada to help in the propagation of the faith there, undertook this work only after receiving Marie de Gournay's approbation. She it is who directs M. de Coudray, who is working for the Levant missions and the defence of the church against the Turks.... A certain counsellor of state takes her advice in all things, and has worked in consequence much to the benefit of the church. The chancellor of the kingdom, according to her persuasions, is very zealous in the extirpation of heresy and the defence of the church. I pass over many names as illustrious as these, the position of their bearers precluding me from mentioning them." M. Olier's own conversion was due to her predictions and timely warnings, and through his vocation her influence was greatly spread in the work of reforming the ecclesiastical seminaries of France. The historian Rohrbacher only mentions her as a power on the side of religious reform. The College of Vaugirard and the Seminary of St. Sulpice, now the two foremost educational institutes of Paris, were the fruits of her prayers and counsels.

The end of the reign of Louis XIV. was remarkable for the happy and beneficial rule of a woman, his wife, Madame de Maintenon, whose rigid virtue and wise influence were boons no less prized by the nation than by the sovereign. Before her marriage with the king, she was the queen's true and loyal friend, and exercised the influence she even then possessed over Louis XIV. wholly in his consort's favor. She never would accept gifts from him, and indeed told him plainly that he had not the right to give her anything. The great institution in which she was interested, and which owed its foundation to her, was the Free School of St. Cyr, for the daughters of poor gentlemen. It was in this school that many of the heroines of the French Revolution were educated. Fénelon avowed that he looked to her as the king's conscience. Racine wrote at her suggestion his masterpiece, *Athalie*, and broke through the senseless tradition which deified and consecrated in poetry crimes which, told in prose, would have made any modest *man* or woman blush. Fénelon's determined stand against the king's encroachments on religious liberties left him without a friend in the fickle court of Versailles; Madame de Maintenon boldly ranged herself on his side and exerted all her influence in his favor.

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We have come so near to the days of our fathers that we must stop, as on the confines of well-known and well-worn subjects. The heroic and *manly* character of Maria Theresa, the fortitude of Louise de France, the Carmelite nun, the calm bravery of Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth, are facts too well known to need repetition. Perhaps it may not be so with the origin of the Propagation of the Faith, which was begun at Lyons in 1822 by a few humble working-women, instinct with the spirit of Martha, and undeterred by the first obscurity of their good works. We might mention women who have influenced literature and made a name that will never be forgotten—Eugénie de Guérin, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, and many others; especially of late the charming authoress of the *Récit d'une Sœur*. Is it necessary to speak of the numberless convents where girls of all classes are thoroughly educated, and in which the teachers, were they men, would shine as college tutors and holders of professional chairs? In fact, if we had time and space to go through the modern world, as we have explored the ages of our ancestors, we should find no less vitality among women, no less determined championship of the sex on the part of the church. Let us end by a tribute to one of the noblest works of charity ever undertaken, that of the Little Sisters of the Poor, the earthly guardian angels who live in such evangelical poverty that, when they have *begged* the *remains* of rich men's tables to feed their infirm and aged charges, they humbly and cheerfully make their own scanty meal from the *refuse* of these very remains. In days when luxury has *created* wants destructive to human strength and health, let us honor above all these heroines of charity who live as the angels, and almost make us forget that their bodies are still under the law of the flesh and require fleshly sustenance.

With this picture of the very *ne plus ultra* of charity, let us close our catalogue of woman's

perfections in the kingdom of grace, knowing well that we leave many an act of heroism unrecorded, many a sacrifice "hidden with Christ in God."

We have seen what the church has done for woman: we have seen what woman has done for and in the church. It is at the sex's option to continue this mission. The cultivation of its highest faculties is a duty it owes to the church and society. Mothers will be doubly mothers if they develop their sons' moral nature, as they are bound to do, through the education of their own; the wife is solemnly bound to become truly her husband's "helper, like unto himself"; daughters and sisters have a work to do in their homes far above the preparation of a meal or the smoothing over of domestic troubles; all women, of whatever age, class, or mental calibre, have their *vote* to give in the great election that will decide the victory of the church or the world. If women vote for vice, the world of men will be bad; if for virtue, society may be regenerated: theirs is the casting vote, the decisive move. Let it be upward, sisters—let it be God-ward! [501]

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## MISS ETHERIDGE.

While I was spending a summer in a pleasant town in Connecticut, I became very much interested in an invalid lady, who used to be drawn past my window in one of those small vehicles which seem both chair and carriage. The lady did not look ill by any means. She sat erect, and gazed about her with a lively air, betokening good health and spirits. She was always richly dressed, and wore her silks, velvets, and laces with the air of one well used to such raiment. Many of those meeting her bowed with deference, which she returned with courteous grace and a high-bred manner. Sometimes she would stop her little carriage while a friend chatted with her, and seemed always to make herself very agreeable, as I judged from the pleased faces of her listeners. Frequently I would see ladies and gentlemen walking by the side of her carriage as her maid slowly pushed it along. I met her very often in my walks, and sometimes I strolled a little way behind, observing this stately dame, so afflicted and yet so favored apparently by fortune and misfortune.

She was a very handsome woman of about fifty years of age. Her silver-gray hair was abundant and beautiful, crowning her with a dignity beyond the power of any artificial adornment to bestow. The carriage of her head was proud and erect. Her features were clear cut and handsome, and the delicate tint of her complexion seemed almost to belong to youth. She appeared to me like a fine picture of a court dame in some bygone time, because, with all the air of style investing her, she was not dressed in the fashion of the day. In this was shown a fine, nice taste; whatever was her infirmity, it seemed to place her so removed from the frivolity of her sex that an affectation of fashion in her attire would have been unbecoming.

Being so much interested in this lady, I made inquiries, and soon learned much of her former history. She was a Miss Etheridge, afflicted with incurable rheumatism, of that kind which renders the victim almost helpless. She could not stand on her feet or change her position without the help of others. She could only imperfectly use her hands, and yet her health was good and her intellect vigorous. She had been, only a few years before, an active, energetic woman, remarkably self-reliant and helpful to others. She had been a beauty and belle in her girlhood, and always a woman commanding the homage and respect of all who knew her.

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But now, what a sad ending of a favored life! "Bound with chains," she said to me, for, waving ceremony in view of her great affliction, I called upon her and cultivated an acquaintance which I never regretted. Debarred as she was from all occupation, she was very fond of society. Her hands, once very beautiful, as former portraits showed, were now so distorted and weakened as to be unable to hold any but the lightest books or pamphlets for reading, and that not very long at a time. So, in her luxurious apartments, surrounded by every alleviation that wealth could bestow, this lady passed many lonely hours and days—hours of intense weariness of both body and mind. Sitting in her massive, high-backed chair, she looked like a fine picture and showed no sign of her infirmity; yet how her poor limbs ached from the mere lack of change of posture, only those similarly affected can tell. An intimacy sprang up between us so easily that I was often present at times when her attendants moved and dressed her; and then it was that I became aware of the extent of torture to which she was subjected by the mere moving of a limb. Much of her time she passed lying in her bed, from an intense dread of the severe ordeal of being moved. I have passed hours sitting by her bedside, reading to her and in conversation with her, and by this means came to know much of her state of mind and religious feeling.

I admired the fortitude and patience with which she bore her burden, yet it did seem to me quite as much Spartan endurance as Christian meekness or acceptance of the will of God. Hers was a heroic nature, with some pious yearnings uncultivated. She chafed like a caged lioness, but was too proud to whine or repine in any cowardly fashion. She was an Episcopalian of the firm, old-fashioned type that eschews both Ritualism and Evangelicalism. To be as the bishops and clergymen of her family, who had supplied the church of her affections for generations with clerical stock, seemed to her just the right medium, and in clinging to this standard she simply starved her soul. She knew me to be a Catholic, a "Roman Catholic"—for she also claimed to be a Catholic, an "Anglican Catholic," as I also had once done. I, being a recent convert, felt enthusiastic even while timid on this subject. I had passed through the ordeal of estrangement from friends, been exposed to misunderstanding of my motives and all the whips and stings to which those who take this step are subjected, too recently not to be very sensitive about laying myself open to the charge of endeavoring to proselyte another. I loved Miss Etheridge and her society too well to risk her displeasure, or by speaking overmuch of my own faith to give any handle for her relatives to turn against us. She, on her part, was too truly polite to ever make any unpleasant allusions to the subject. And yet how much I longed for her to know what a sure trust and support she *could* have if she only *would*! When I heard her involuntary moans, my prayers went up for the intercession of the Mother of Sorrows, again, and yet again. And I knew all the time that *that* intercession she rejected with scorn. Nothing I could have said to her would have been so unwelcome as a prayer to the Blessed Virgin in her behalf. Yet I did ask that tender intercession, and I believe the All-Pitying Woman above was touched with compassion for the proud, suffering woman who would not ask her aid.

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On one occasion, when our conversation had drifted along to the subject of the next life, she remarked that to *her* the bliss to be desired was to be "unchained—'delivered from the body of this death.'"

"My dear friend," said I, "if you die before I do, my regrets will be tempered by the thought that your 'earthly clogs' are cast off."

"Ah! if there is a purgatory," she often said, "I am enduring mine here. What has been my sin more than another's, that this should be thrust upon me!" And at these times the tone of her voice and the expression of her face showed the impatient, unchastened fire of the haughty, rebellious spirit.

But had she none of the consolations of religion? Protestants are not pagans. No, indeed. This lady had her books of devotion in profusion. Her elegant Book of Common Prayer and her Bible lay always at hand. Other books also were on her table—"Counsel for the Sick-Room," and kindred works, of which she contemptuously remarked that they were written by persons in good health, who found it very easy to bear patiently the pains and crosses of other people, but who might possibly not be such fine Christian philosophers if they had to endure all this themselves.

In her palmy days of health and strength she had been a communicant in the Episcopal Church, and now, when, according to the teaching of that church, she needed still more the nourishment for her soul's health, she declined availing herself of the privilege. This always seemed to me very strange, knowing full well as I did what her church taught her, and what in all consistency she should do. But on this topic my lips were closed. Her pastor was a timid young man, who visited her at intervals, but who was afraid to urge anything upon her which she seemed not to wish. I found from her own and others' conversation concerning him that he regarded his highest duty to his flock to be that of preaching to them, and their highest duty to come to church and listen to him. To give him as little trouble as possible, and leave him as much time to himself as they could, was to make themselves agreeable parishioners. He delighted in having certain enthusiastic and well-disposed ladies conduct Sunday-schools, societies, charities, visiting of the sick, and all other troublesome matters; thereby relieving him of all need to bother himself and take his thoughts from the fine sermons which he delighted to elaborate in his study. His wife and children claimed much of his attention, and through them society had its demands on him. In short, he liked to be very comfortable, and much money "donated" by good and kind people went to put him and his family in the enjoyment of ease and refinement, which money might, I often thought, have helped to build schools and charities. I, however, cared for the success of this reverend gentleman's ministrations only as they affected my friend Miss Etheridge. I think he regarded me with distrust and disfavor. He always spoke of me as a *pervert* and *Romanist*, but as he was a thorough gentleman, and as Miss Etheridge was a lady who always had her own way accorded her, no unpleasant collision ever occurred between us. I was one who never listened to his preaching, and therefore was uninteresting to him, except as I might influence one of his fold. Seeing no signs of this dire result of my intimacy, he accepted it passively as one of the circumstances which he must submit to, if not approve. [504]

One day I was returning from Miss Etheridge's house, when I met two Sisters of Charity, just about entering a poor, low dwelling not far from the rich one I had just left. Having a slight acquaintance with the sisters, I stopped to exchange a few words with them, and to ask what was their mission of mercy in this abode.

"Oh! we are going in to see poor Mrs. McGowan," said one of them. "Her time passes very tediously at the best, and she likes to have us come and read to her. Will you go in and see her?"

"What is the matter with her, sister?" I asked, as I turned in at the gate, responding to the invitation.

"Chronic rheumatism," said Sister Francina—"the saddest case! so helpless and so lonely as she is! She has had it five years, growing worse all the time."

And now we were at the door of this victim of the terrible tyrant whose power I had witnessed in the house of her rich neighbor. I need not say how interested I was at once.

Poor, ignorant, Irish, and childless was Mrs. McGowan—but a Catholic. Very mean were all her surroundings, but very decent and cleanly. She was a woman but little older than Miss Etheridge, and in some respects not unlike her. Education and high breeding and polish were lacking, but some look in her face and complexion, and especially in the poor twisted hands, constantly reminded me of my friend. Here the silver-gray hair was almost covered by the hideous wide-frilled cap which elderly Irish women consider so decorous. Her plain dark cotton gown presented a contrast to the rich massive folds of Miss Etheridge's heavy silk robe. No high, carved, cushioned chair supported her, but she sat on the side of her bed, with her hands patiently folded in her lap. Miss Etheridge always had her maid within call.

Bright-eyed, rosy Maggie Maloney I see her now, tenderly brushing a fly from her mistress' forehead, or fanning her, or handing her books, a handkerchief, glass of water, or whatever else was required. But here, from morning till night sat poor Mrs. McGowan, depending for all such little offices on the kindness of her humble neighbors and their children. Her husband was a poor mechanic, who left her every morning after assisting her to dress, and lifting her from her bed to the seat by the bedside. After this, a kind woman, her nearest neighbor, performed all the services necessary for her.

And so her weary hours passed. Equally helpless with Miss Etheridge, how very different were her surroundings! No fine pictures upon which to rest her weary eyes hung upon these walls. Here only a low ceiling and bare walls, with one small window from which she gazed, seeing what she might of the passers-by. No maid to obey her slightest demand; no exquisite music-boxes, to the low, sweet tinkling notes of which she might listen; no birds, pictures, books, flowers, fine furniture, hangings, and carpets contributed what they might to soften *her* hard lot. Poor Mrs. McGowan had none of these. Bare, cold, hard, and pitiless seemed her position, and yet she appeared to me the happier woman of the two. A serene contentment and cheerful

acceptance of God's will seemed to sustain her. Miss Etheridge was surrounded by relatives who vied with each other in their attentions to her, and were devoured by jealousy of each other as her favor inclined capriciously, sometimes to one, sometimes to another. Indeed, I often thought this lady could not really tell between them all what was done for love of her and what for interested motives, she having a fortune to bestow as she pleased. Mrs. McGowan also had her relatives, but they were hard-working people, nieces and cousins who lived at service, and who came to see her at intervals of time and stayed as long as they could be spared. Stout men would lend their strong arms occasionally to carry her to some other part of her little dwelling. This was all the change of scene she had been able to obtain for years.

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The similarity and dissimilarity in the lot of these two women chained my attention. My interest in the one increased my interest in the other, and I was thus led to compare their different ways of bearing their sufferings.

I could not help seeing that Mrs. McGowan was the happier of the two, despite her poverty. Why was this? I could not think it entirely proceeded from a more cheerful temperament, because Miss Etheridge was far from being a morose or despondent woman. But Mrs. McGowan performed to the best of her ability all her religious duties. Regularly her parish priest came to her to hear her confession and administer to her the Blessed Sacrament. To all of us comes a time in our lives when we feel the need of something more than our own or any human support, and such aid from above this humble sufferer accepted in simple, childlike faith and trust, while her proud sister-in-need disdained to receive it. No wonder that one was stronger to bear her heavy affliction than the other. Of what avail was Miss Etheridge's superior education and cultivation to loosen or lighten her "chains"? They clasped her quite as closely and pitilessly as those of her ignorant neighbor. And while Christ himself was the soul's health of the one, only a cold, bare formula of religious observance was offered to the other.

I longed to bring Miss Etheridge to the sense of this, so plain to myself. But hesitating always in my sensitiveness as to how my motives might be construed, I mused long upon the best way of introducing the subject. I at last concluded to get her to pass Mrs. McGowan's door in my company. This was very naturally and easily accomplished, and I, walking by her side, told her of Mrs. McGowan, and pointed out her little dwelling. Mrs. Etheridge was interested at once, and, stopping her carriage by the gate, I went in, and told Mrs. McGowan to look out of the window at her guest. She already knew of Miss Etheridge and her affliction, and, with the keen, quick sympathy of her race, responded at once to the demand upon her. I felt the tears come up to my eyes so involuntarily and uncontrollably, that I stepped back so that Miss Etheridge might not perceive my agitation. It was touching to see these two, so far removed in social position, so near in a common suffering, talking of their feelings to each other. Miss Etheridge never forgot her dignity for an instant, and Mrs. McGowan, who had been a servant in her youth, did not presume, but acknowledged by her manner her appreciation of the superiority of her visitor, and yet with delicate tact tendered her pity and sympathy. Through the open window her voice came kindly, and her face looked cheerfully to Miss Etheridge, who was able to perceive also how homely and mean were all the surroundings of her fellow-sufferer.

"You are better cared for than I am, ma'am, and likely you will last longer; but sure, my pains would be as great in a palace as they are here. It is the Lord's will, and I must be content."

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"May the good Lord help you, and me too," said Miss Etheridge. Her proud face softened with a tender pity, and her voice had a tremulous vibration in it, as of some hidden chord in her heart stirred now, perhaps, for the first time. She seemed very thoughtful and silent on our way back, and I thought she was more patient with her attendants as she was lifted out of her carriage and placed in her usual chair.

After this she sent or carried to Mrs. McGowan many presents of little delicacies and comforts, and the gratitude which the poor woman freely expressed seemed to please Miss Etheridge more than anything else. It became a hobby with her to contrive some new comfort and pleasure for Mrs. McGowan.

"Ah! ma'am," said the poor soul, "an' what can the likes of me do for you? I have nothing to give you but my prayers," which I doubt not she did give in no scant measure. I often thought that she enlisted powerful intercessions in behalf of Miss Etheridge which that lady would not have secured for herself.

One day, as we stopped by the little window, the sweet face of Sister Francina looked out at us. I glanced quickly at Miss Etheridge, but that high-bred lady showed no prejudice, whatever she might feel. She was looking kindly and courteously, bowing her head to the sister, even before I could speak the words of introduction. The sister, led on by Miss Etheridge's cordial manner, and her sincere interest in one of whom she had heard so much, held quite a sprightly conversation with us. She spoke of the frequency of her visits to Mrs. McGowan, and praised the poor woman's uniform patience and cheerfulness and piety.

A few days after this, I was astonished by Miss Etheridge asking me if it would be against rule for Sister Francina to visit her. I replied, "As you are an invalid, I think not." Then Miss Etheridge asked me if I thought I could not induce her to come. "I will try," I replied.

"I wish it," she said—"I wish it very much. I think I may have the few comforts I can enjoy, and I *will*."

This was uttered in a tone of such decision and defiance that I almost felt that I myself was supposed to oppose her in the matter. But the tone was really against the bitter opposition she knew she was courting, both for herself and me, from her anxious and affectionate relatives. The

having of her own way and asserting herself on any subject, only added a spice to her enjoyment of what she attained, but it placed me in an awkward position toward her family. I knew that it would seem to them that I had urged this visit of Sister Francina, or at least brought it about by more direct means than was really the case. True, I was the instrument, but Miss Etheridge used me more voluntarily than they would believe. I did not like to be regarded in the light in which I was sure I would be viewed—as an undermining and scheming emissary of Rome. But, on the other hand, I did not like to be cowardly in refusing to procure for Miss Etheridge so very innocent a pleasure. If she were merely whimsical in her wish to have the sister visit her, still, why not let her be indulged? It was the sister's mission to visit the afflicted, and here was an appeal to her charity, and to mine too. So I plucked up my courage, which was backed up by my affection for Miss Etheridge, and soon brought Sister Francina to her. It was as we anticipated. The family were up in arms about this visit. One would have supposed that I had brought a wolf, or "roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour," to Miss Etheridge, instead of meek, gentle, innocent Sister Francina, strong only in her holy faith. But if no one else was brave, Miss Etheridge certainly was. She expressed herself so pleased at the sister's visit, that she asked it as a personal favor and charity to herself that the sister would come often. With great delicacy, the sister was urged to accept a generous gift for the mission in which she was engaged. And Sister Francina did come; not very often—Miss Etheridge and her family could not think she presumed upon the encouragement she received—but still often enough to endear herself to Miss Etheridge more and more. The family were rampant, but powerless. Still Miss Etheridge chose to have me walk by her carriage. Still she would go and talk to Mrs. McGowan, and, doing so, she met at last Father B——. He was going in at the gate just as we, from an opposite direction, came around the corner of the house. I knew him at once, and told Miss Etheridge, asking if we should go on, which I supposed she would prefer. I was surprised at her expressing her intention to stop. She had in her lap a basket of fruit which she wished to leave for Mrs. McGowan, and, "if the priest would not object to her, she certainly would not shun him."

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Father B—— was a convert himself from the Anglican ranks. He bore about him all the genial *bonhomie*, the polished bearing, and gentle dignity which is characteristic of that class of Protestant clergy. Miss Etheridge had never been personally acquainted with him, but, having heard him preach in the bygone days when she went to church and his eloquence charmed Protestant audiences, she retained still a curiosity, if nothing more, concerning him. This at least was no stern-browed ascetic with the odor of a sanctity she could not appreciate about him, but a kindly, social gentleman, with many little points of sympathy whereon to begin an acquaintance. Father B——, seeing no repulse, readily responded to Miss Etheridge's overtures of good-will. She certainly found her mind disabused of many previous notions of this priest at least. On the whole, I felt glad of the meeting. It thawed some remaining reserve on our part in discussing the differences between us in faith. I told her frankly how I had been led, step by step, into the fold wherein I now rejoiced to be. How my first dissatisfaction in the Episcopal Church had arisen from witnessing the utter inability of the pastor to withstand lay interference in matters which belonged exclusively to the clergy. How two wardens in open enmity still partook of the sacrament, in defiance of the rubric which bears upon the case, and which the rector never dared to enforce. How I had heard such various teaching and explaining of the creed, services, articles of religion, and everything appertaining to the whole system, that it seemed to me like the confusion of tongues "worse confounded." That the desire to embrace in the Anglican fold such opposing elements as Calvinism on the one hand, and pure, "primitive," and mediæval Christianity on the other—to be Ritualistic and Evangelical at the same time, worked such mischief and rebellion that I had longed for some authority, some utterance which had the ring of the true metal, and some fold wherein I might be *at rest*.

Miss Etheridge listened very patiently, very thoughtfully. I hardly expected so little opposition to all I said. She granted the force of my objections, but wondered at my being able to acquiesce in all which I had now accepted. I replied that perhaps what I had accepted would not seem to her so very unreasonable if she came to examine and understand it as I did; that nothing dispelled prejudice like an acquaintance with and analysis of the objectionable subjects; that the effect was frequently like that produced by examining some supposed spectre which has frightened us in the dark, and which we find to be only an innocent optical illusion.

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After this, I refrained from obtruding any more of my religious views upon Miss Etheridge, until one day when she asked me to read *Morte d'Arthur* to her, and I came upon the passage:

"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

I remarked that Tennyson had, with a poet's insight, spoken like a true Catholic. Miss Etheridge denied that it was Tennyson's own belief advanced, but only that of King Arthur, the words being put into his mouth by the poet as fitting for him, the same as any writer would make any Catholic speak, or as he might put very evil words into the mouth of a blasphemer.

"True," I said; "but while an author must make his characters speak according to their supposed



faith, he is not obliged to give such forcible words to them in opposition to his own private belief. He is hardly likely to do so. He may screen himself behind his characters, or he may betray himself through them. We may guess at his own leanings more or less accurately, and he may contradict himself. Here certainly the poet seems in favor of prayers for the dead."

"But is it prayer for the *dead* Arthur, after all?" said she. "Was he not only going away 'to the island-valley of Avilion?'"

"Tennyson has named the poem *Morte d'Arthur*, and it is so accepted and understood," I replied.

She acquiesced in this, but still opposed with true Protestant unbelief and persistency the idea that any good could come from prayers for the dead.

I told her that, even while I had been a Protestant, this had always seemed to me a tender and affectionate practice of Catholics to try to reach and help those on the other side of the grave, and that, even if it were unavailing, it was at least harmless, and I could never understand why it should be denounced as wicked. That it benefited the souls of those who prayed, at least, if not those for whom they prayed.

"My dear Miss Etheridge," said I, "is the thought that I might pray for the repose of your soul after your death offensive to you now in life?"

She was silent only a moment. That she could be the object of such prayer was probably then presented to her mind for the first time, and startled her somewhat. Then she said:

"Why, no; certainly not. I cannot but regard it as a kind and loving thing to do, even if a useless one."

"But you would not do as much for me," I rejoined.

"Ah," she said evasively, "you will not be neglected; be sure of that."

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Only about a week after this we heard that Mrs. McGowan was ill. The blinds were closed at her window, and Father B—— and the sisters went oftener than usual to see her. I too went back and forth, and brought Miss Etheridge tidings of how Mrs. McGowan bore her sufferings; of all that was done for her spiritual and bodily comfort, of all that was hoped and all that was feared, and at last of her death.

This affected Miss Etheridge more than one could have supposed possible. It was touching to witness her sadness. That this proud lady, so widely separated in everything but the same infirmity from this poor Irishwoman, should truly grieve for her awakened in me a greater admiration for Miss Etheridge's noble heart than I had before entertained. She seemed restless and anxious to be doing something still for the poor woman. She asked me if I did not think it could be managed that she could see Mrs. McGowan once more before her burial.

I told her it could without difficulty, and so it was done. Respectfully the crowd parted for her little carriage as it made its way through the humble assemblage which is sure to be around the house of death among the Irish. Willing arms carried her to the side of the coffin, whereon her own gifts—a cross and crown of beautiful flowers—had been placed.

In silent dignity she gazed at the face and hands of the dead—curiously at the lighted candles and emblems of the faith of the departed, and at the habit which covered the body, now straightened in the rigidity of death.

She was very composed, and soon signified her desire to be conveyed to her carriage, and in silence she returned to her home. I thought Miss Etheridge showed, in this act of going to pay the last mark of respect to her humble friend, true heroism and charity. She was a mark of curious observation to a crowd of people with whom she had no sympathy, and her helplessness and peculiar infirmity made her more sensitive to the notice and notoriety which she knew her going would bring upon her; and yet she had the courage to brave such results. Only a true lady, lifted above all vulgar fears and considerations, would have done this. No *mean* soul would have desired so to do.

"The chains have fallen off her now," she said to me. "I wonder if she remembers and thinks of me. You think of her as being in a different state from that which I have been taught to believe as that of the departed; but we will not argue about it now. I only want to do for her yet—something which I do believe she would, poor soul, have done for me, had I gone first. It pleases me to do what she would in life have liked to think would be done for her, whether availing or unavailing."

And with this apologetic remark, Miss Etheridge actually placed in my hand a large sum of money to convey to Father B—— for Masses to be said for the repose of the soul of Mrs. McGowan. I was truly astonished. Was this the fruit of our reading of *Morte d'Arthur*? If so, I blessed the day we did it. But I was afraid of being hopeful overmuch, Miss Etheridge might never advance beyond this liberal yielding of a stubborn prejudice. It was the last thing she could do for her poor friend, and her generous soul took pleasure in doing it. I was afraid that this was all; and for a time it seemed to be all.

The summer passed into autumn, and I was recalled to my city home. I parted with Miss Etheridge with great regret, and the more so because she could not write to me, save by the hand of another. I promised to write to her, and she said that I should get tidings of her from time to time in some way. "According to my message shall my scribe be," she said, and so we parted.

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I did write from time to time, and I had a brief note now and then, written by Miss Etheridge's business agent, telling me of her continued good health, but increasing infirmity. But during Easter-tide I received a longer missive, written in the delicate penmanship of Sister Francina.

“According to my message shall my scribe be,” she had said to me, and now I knew her meaning, for the message was that she was a Catholic.

As I folded up the letter, the words came to my mind:

“These through great affliction came.”

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# DUTIES OF THE RICH IN CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

## NO. VI. PRIVATE DUTIES—CONTINUED.

The life of that class which in fashionable parlance is called "society" in the capitals and great towns of Europe, and especially in Paris, the capital of the *beau monde*, is the most opposite to the ideal of the Christian life that can exist without being essentially criminal. The same remark applies, of course, to the imitation of it among ourselves. We have implied that it is not essentially criminal. Not that it is possible to doubt the vast amount of moral evil existing in its bosom, but that this evil is not in the very nature of the mode of life intended, in such a way that all those who are engaged in it must necessarily live in sin. The nature or essence of this mode of life consists in making the pursuit of social and other pleasures, in themselves innocent and lawful, a regular and habitual occupation, instead of an occasional relaxation. It is possible to do this, without grievously neglecting those duties which are of positive obligation in one's state of life, and without neglecting the precepts of religion. It is, nevertheless, difficult to do it for a long time. It is a dangerous kind of life to lead. And precisely because it is dangerous, the church is indulgent to those who are involved in it, allows them to receive the sacraments with the greatest liberality, and encourages them to approach these sources of grace frequently, in order that they may be preserved from sin. Some, especially women under the authority of parents or husbands who are worldly minded and imperious, are involved in such a life against their own inclination, others are kept in it by their own levity and weakness of character and the force of habit and fashion. The former ought to receive the sacraments as frequently as possible, in order that they may triumph over the obstacles in the way of attaining that degree of perfection to which they aspire. The latter ought to do the same, in order that they may live in the state of grace and save their souls. This is a doctrine which gives scandal to rigorists and Pharisees, and frequently the persons who are inwardly the most corrupt are the most rigoristic in their opinions. But the Catholic Church, which has cast out the Jansenistic leaven as a detestable and deadly poison, cares not for Pharisaic scandal, and does care for the soul of the imperfect and the sinner, whom she acknowledges for her children.

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Indulgent as the church is to those who are weak and imperfect Christians, or who even fall often into sin, provided they are always trying to rise out of it again, she never ceases to hold up her ideal of the Christian life in all its perfection before her children, and to admonish and persuade them by the most powerful motives to copy it in their actions. All those who really aim at being good Christians are uneasy in a worldly life, and generally withdraw from it, to a great extent, when they become sobered by age and experience. Those who are fervent have a great dislike for it, and have always done their utmost to emancipate themselves from its servitude and frivolity. It is a dangerous kind of life, and one which becomes wearisome and insipid after a time even to those who have no taste for anything better. To pass all the months which are spent in town, with the exception of a few weeks in Lent, in a round of balls, parties, visits, and theatre-going, and to dawdle away the summer in the inanities and *ennui* of a fashionable watering-place, is to make existence as flat and unprofitable as it can well be—to exhaust its flavor as well as waste its substance. The satire of Thackeray is only simple truth, and it is enough to direct to the page of the novelist for a full illustration of the moral we wish to point, without referring the jaded votaries of fashion to any more tedious species of literature. It is necessary to distinguish among the fashions and pleasures of the world those which are positively immoral from those which are innocent in themselves, and only noxious when they are inordinate and excessive. It is a matter of strict obligation to shun the former altogether. Immodest dances and fashions of dress, licentious plays, excess in eating and drinking, are sinful in themselves, and lead to the grossest sins. It is a simple matter of fact that society among the higher classes, in the nations of Christendom, has been for a long time, and still is, deeply affected by the moral corruption into which the pursuit of pleasure as the occupation of life always tends to resolve itself. Paris, the modern Babylon, has led the way, and the world has followed Paris. This corruption is the chief cause of the miseries with which society has been scourged and is now threatened. From the court of Louis XV. the first step was to the Place de Grève, the second to the burning Tuileries. Petroleum, which will one day burn up the world, is the oil which bubbles up in the bosom of a corrupt Christian aristocracy, the product of the wickedness of the higher classes in Christian society, who have turned away from a true Catholic life to the life of pagans, or a life for this world only. A *beau monde*, indeed, it is! It is against such a *beau monde* as this, with its whole complex of heresy and immorality, infidelity and licentiousness, intellectual pride and low materialism, outward splendor and inward contempt of all dignity or authority, superficial gaiety and real, haggard misery, all closely affianced and affiliated together, that Pius IX. has been perpetually fulminating his condemnation. But we may go further back and higher up than Pius IX. to St. Peter himself, and find the same denunciation of heresy, revolt, and luxury, as allied vices, expressed in much severer language than that of his successor. In his second Encyclical Epistle, the Prince of the Apostles writes as follows:

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"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation; but to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be tormented. And especially those who *walk after the flesh* in the lust of uncleanness, and *despise governments*, audacious, pleasing themselves, they *fear not to bring in sects*, blaspheming, ... *as irrational beasts*, naturally tending to the snare, and to destruction, blaspheming those things which they know not, they shall perish in their corruption, receiving the reward of injustice, *counting pleasure the delights*

*of a day, stains and blemishes, flowing in delicacies, rioting in their feasts with you, having eyes full of adultery, and of never-ceasing sin: alluring unstable souls, having their heart exercised with covetousness, sons of malediction; ... these are fountains without water, and clouds tossed with whirlwinds, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved. For, speaking swelling words of vanity, they allure in desires of the flesh of riotousness those who had escaped a little from them who converse in error: promising them liberty, when they themselves are slaves of corruption; for by whom a man is overcome, of the same also he is the slave. For, if having fled from the pollution of the world through the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, being again entangled in them, they are overcome; their latter state is become unto them worse than the former."*<sup>[109]</sup>

We may see this exemplified in Rome at the present moment, in Victor Emanuel, Hyacinthe, Gavazzi, the Jews Arbib and Jacob Dina, the venders of infidel and licentious prints, sectarian preachers, chiefs of the Garibaldian faction, and courtesans, all knotted together like a pyramid of rattlesnakes, to hiss against the Holy Father, the representative on earth of Christ and God. And this is the modern world, as opposed to the true Christian society, the church. It is an apostasy worse than heathenism; "for it had been better not to have known the way of justice, than, after having known it, to have turned back from that holy commandment." This apostasy shows itself more glaringly in the Rome of Victor Emanuel and his *buzzurri* than elsewhere, but it is the same throughout the modern world. And in this world Catholics must live, and live either superior to it, or its slaves. If they are contaminated by it, their moral corruption leads them directly to the loss of faith as well as the loss of grace. The infidelity into which numbers of the higher classes on the Continent of Europe have fallen during the past century is notorious. We have had some of these degenerate Catholics among ourselves, retaining the name of Catholic as a kind of national and family heirloom, but denying and mocking at all the mysteries of faith, resisting and thwarting the bishops and priests who founded our American churches, and generally crying out for a priest in their last moments, while their relatives are chiefly anxious for the pomp of a requiem, a solemn funeral procession, and a monument in consecrated ground. Love of the world has made others, who have had a better education in their youth, become apathetic and alienated from their fellow-Catholics and the church, as they have grown rich. And some have openly apostatized, in order to profess a *more genteel religion*. The inordinate love of wealth, pleasure, and honor, brings the will into collision with the practical, moral law of the church, and thus implants an aversion to the Catholic religion and the spirit of revolt against it. These dispositions prepare the way for the revolt of the will, and through the will of the mind, against the doctrine and authority of the church, and eventually for a total abjuration of allegiance to God. The sinner is always called in the ancient Scriptures *a fool*, because he prefers this world to the next, creatures to the Creator; and "*the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.*" The only consistent alternative is, therefore, the total abjuration of folly, complete subjection to the law of wisdom, and the regulation of the whole life in conformity to its dictates. The fashions and customs of the world, when they are contrary to Catholic principles, must be wholly renounced and despised. Nay, more. When they are absurd, ridiculous, contrary to reason and good sense, one who has a proper respect for himself and a just independence of character ought to neglect and disregard them, unless doing so involves a greater inconvenience than that caused by conformity. Those who profess to be governed by the law of Christ ought to regulate their table, their household order, their dress, their social customs, their pleasures and amusements, and all the minor morals of life, by a Christian standard, and not by the standard of a corrupt world. To be ashamed and afraid to do this is disgraceful cowardice. It is for Christians to subdue the world and compel it to conform, at least outwardly, to their standard; not to submit to its galling and degrading servitude. If this cannot be done, let them cut the world, in so far as their relative duties and necessary obligations towards it will permit, and form their own separate society; as they have frequently been forced to do since Christianity was founded. It is necessary to keep the law of Christ, it is necessary to be wholly conformed in mind and conduct to the doctrine and spirit of the church, it is necessary to merit the kingdom of heaven; but it is not necessary to be fashionable or to please the world. Moreover, to be truly honorable, it is necessary that one should esteem his Catholic profession as his greatest glory, and not tarnish it by sentiments or conduct unworthy of a Christian. Most of those Catholics in this country who are now living in ease and affluence are descended from ancestors who sacrificed everything and suffered untold hardships for their faith; and what do they deserve if they dishonor the blood of the martyrs by becoming the slaves of the wicked power which persecuted them?

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We desire now to apply all that we have said in a special manner to the education of children—the most important of all the private duties of heads of families. What we have to say on this head applies in general to all parents in comparatively easy circumstances, but in some particulars to those only who are wealthy in the strict sense of the term. The weighty obligation rests on all Catholic parents of bringing up their children in the faith and in virtue, in view of the great end of life, which is to glorify God here and to enjoy him hereafter in heaven. This is a difficult task in itself, especially so in the present age and in this country, and in some respects more difficult for those who are rich than for any others, excepting, perhaps, the very poor. The children of the rich in this country are generally brought up in great self-indulgence, excessive liberty, and according to a precocious method. They are prepared for a kind of life which requires great wealth, and, at the same time, their prospects of possessing it with permanent security are very precarious. We might adduce many considerations going to show that it is almost to be regarded as a calamity rather than an advantage to be born of rich parents in this country. If we had accurate statistics, they would, in our opinion, show that very few of the children and

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descendants of wealthy families have remained in affluent or even easy circumstances. The majority of those who are rich are children of parents who were poor, or, at least, dependent on their own exertions for a living. A great number of the children who have been brought up with the expectation of inheriting a fortune have become poor, and far too many have gone altogether to ruin. The sons of the rich are exposed to the danger of being ruined by the vices into which they easily fall, and by the indolent and inefficient character they too frequently form, together with the reverses of fortune which are not fatal to energetic men, yet are ordinarily fatal to those whose habits are effeminate. Their daughters are exposed to the same reverses of fortune, to the miseries resulting from unhappy marriages, and to the consequences which follow from personal habits of extravagance and self-indulgence. Most of these miseries flow from a bad education, and those which proceed from no such cause and are among the inevitable evils of this earthly life, are made unbearable and desperate by the effects of a bad education.

So far as temporal well-being is concerned, parents ought to aim at preparing their children to take care of themselves after they are grown up. All boys, no matter how rich their fathers may be, ought to be prepared for some profession or business in which they can make their own fortune, or, at least, a living, and they should be compelled to take care of themselves when they become men, without any more help from their fathers than is sufficient to place them in the way of doing so. This is the only way to perpetuate wealth in families, for, if children are trained up to live in leisure on the fortunes which they are to inherit, the largest fortunes will soon be lost by division and subdivision, even if they are not scattered by dissipation or mismanagement. Daughters should be educated in such a way that they can be their own housekeepers, or even earn their living by their education and accomplishments, if the reverses of their parents or the disasters of married life bring them into straits and difficulties.

This result can only be secured by keeping children in the state and under the discipline of childhood so long as they are children in age. Obedience, industry, self-denial, simplicity of dress and diet, moderation in amusements, and a strictly and purely Catholic education—such are the only means of preparing children either for a condition of wealth or for one of poverty. Our American children who are reared in the families of the rich are generally brought out of the nursery and the school-room too young: they are too highly fed, too much indulged, have too many amusements, and are *blasé* before they are fully grown. Is it judicious for Christian mothers to dress their little daughters like ballet-dancers for their children's parties? To send their sons with billets of excuse from their lessons to school after taking them overnight to the opera or theatre? What can be expected of children who are allowed to sleep late, to eat daintily and excessively, to read all kinds of trash, to dress extravagantly, spend money, go about with liberty, and indulge in pleasures which keep them up late at night? Such a life has a worse effect than merely to make the character effeminate. It directly fosters the most morbid and destructive propensities of the weak and fragile human nature, and leads to vice and death. We do not speak of those cases where parents lead their children to ruin by the direct influence of impious or immoral conversation, or an example which is flagrantly bad. There are some such who would seem to set to work with an express purpose of corrupting and ruining their children. But our present purpose is with those who may be supposed to read our articles attentively and seriously, and who cannot, therefore, be suspected of anything worse than weakness, or error of judgment. It is against this weak following of the common fashion, the common maxims, the common current of the world, that we warn those parents who wish to be good Christians and to bring up their children well.

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The highest and ultimate end of education is the attainment of the chief good to which the soul is destined, and to which it has received the right in baptism. The principal obligation of Catholic parents is, therefore, the education of their children in the principles and practices of the faith and law of the church. And this leads us to speak of the obligation of the rich, the educated, and all the influential laymen of the Catholic Church in this country, to bestir themselves in the work of Catholic education. Schools and colleges, purely and thoroughly Catholic, and fully sufficient to give all the requisite kinds and degrees of instruction which are needed by our youth, must be multiplied and sustained. It is a fixed and settled doctrine of the church that education is by divine right under the care and jurisdiction of the hierarchy. Those who teach the contrary are unsound in doctrine, and good Catholics are bound in conscience to give no heed to their opinions on this point. It is, moreover, a point also settled by the highest authority in the church, viz., that of the bishops of those countries where mixed education is a subject of practical moment, and of the Holy See, that mixed education is dangerous. This is the judgment of the bishops of Germany, Ireland, England, and the United States. As an instance, we cite the language of the Irish bishops in a resolution passed unanimously at Maynooth, August 18, 1869, in which they say:

“They reiterate their condemnation of the mixed system of education, whether primary, intermediate, or university, as grievously and intrinsically dangerous to the faith and morals of Catholic youth; and they declare that to Catholics only, and under the supreme control of the church in all things appertaining to faith and morals, can the teaching of Catholics be safely entrusted.”

The decrees of the Councils of Baltimore are of the same tenor, as is likewise the official action of the bishops of England.

Pius IX., in his *Syllabus* of Dec. 8, 1864, condemned the proposition (No. 48):

“Catholics may approve that mode of education of youth which is disjoined from the Catholic faith and the power of the church, and which concerns itself

exclusively, or at least primarily, with the knowledge of natural things and the ends of earthly social life.”

In accordance with this decree, the Holy See has repeatedly sent instructions to the Irish and English bishops, directing them to oppose mixed education, and has prohibited ecclesiastics from holding any office in the Queen’s colleges of Ireland. We are warranted, therefore in reiterating the declaration made by F. O’Reilly, of whom the *Dublin Review* says, “hardly a theologian can be named in these islands whose name carries with it so much weight”—that the view which Catholics do take or ought to take of mixed schools is, that they are “objectionable, dangerous, ineligible.”<sup>[110]</sup> In fact, nearly all the Catholics of rank and wealth in England, the Duke of Norfolk included, have foregone the advantages of the universities in obedience to this teaching. The same is true in Ireland, and F. O’Reilly says that “the Catholics of Ireland *as a body* (including the upper and middle classes) repudiate and condemn mixed education as at variance with their religious principles, views, and opinions.”

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We cannot carry out any further, at present, the topic we have here briefly introduced, but must confine our remarks to the duty which is devolved on the wealthy Catholics of the United States by these decisions of the rulers of the church, which, we take for granted, they most cordially desire to have fully carried out in practice. We said just now that they must bestir themselves in the work of Catholic education. This applies to education in all its various degrees, but we wish to speak more especially of colleges for the higher grades of instruction. It is not enough for the opulent parents whose sons are sent to college, to send them to a Catholic college and pay a high price for their instruction. There is a great difficulty in the way of maintaining and improving our colleges which cannot be met in this manner. If our colleges are to rely on a revenue derived from the pupils, the tuition fees must be placed so high that all but the sons of the wealthy are practically excluded from them. Officers of the army and navy, lawyers, physicians, and others in similar positions, are frequently embarrassed by the inadequacy of their incomes to meet the expenses of a mode of life suited to their social rank. The great cost of education makes it very nearly impossible for them to send even one boy, much more several, to the schools and colleges which are the most eligible. Besides, there are many other parents in still more moderate circumstances, who have sons desiring, and fitted for profiting by, the best education. The sons of the rich are not ordinarily the most eager and diligent students, and, if a college is exclusively or chiefly composed of youths of this class, they themselves will degenerate into the most superficial scholarship, and the college will fail of accomplishing the chief part of the end for which it is established. Education ought to be made cheap and accessible to boys and youths of all classes. This cannot be done without large endowments and revenues. If the task of earning the money necessary for the vast outlay which must be made, is left on the shoulders of the clergy and religious orders, they must necessarily demand a very high price for their instruction, and thus become the teachers of the sons of the rich almost exclusively. It follows from this, by strict logical sequence, that the laity must bestir themselves to active efforts, and take the burden off the shoulders of the clergy. It is unjust that a body of men who have sacrificed their lives to the good of the laity, and who give them the fruit of their talents, their learning, and their labors, for no compensation beyond their modest and single livelihood, should be forced to furnish or to beg the means of buying the grounds, erecting the buildings, and carrying on the operations of colleges and schools for the convenience of the rich and leisured classes; and paying, besides, the expenses of those youths who are without resources, that they may fill their own places when they are worn out by work. It is the interest of the laity to provide education for their children, and to provide for filling up the ranks of the priesthood. The opulent and influential laity are therefore bound to take an active part in the work. And, as things are at present, we see no way of doing this after an organized method, except by associations like that of the “Catholic Union” of New York. We trust that this respectable body will take up this matter in earnest, and we urge upon all those who care for their posterity, their country, and their religion, to co-operate generously and zealously with it in whatever enterprises it may undertake, which will certainly be under the highest ecclesiastical sanction, and managed by men of the greatest ability and worth.

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The topics so briefly discussed in the series of short articles which we now bring to a close require, as we have already remarked, volumes and not pages. We are glad to see that one volume, written with the ability for which its author has already become renowned, has already been published, which handles some of these topics and others kindred to them. We allude to the *Sermons* of F. Harper, already briefly noticed in this magazine, and now strongly recommended once more to all who have read our remarks on “The Duties of the Rich” with interest. We trust that other writers will follow F. Harper’s example, and that some of the valuable books on the same class of subjects which exist in other languages will be translated. It is not, however, by books and essays alone that the minds and hearts of Catholics of the educated and leisured classes in society can be sufficiently imbued with Catholic principles and the Catholic spirit. It is by the living and divinely commissioned teaching of the preachers of the Word of God, in their parochial instructions, in the addresses which they have the opportunity of making on extraordinary occasions, and in the sermons and conferences of general missions and special retreats, that the higher as well as the humbler members of the fold are most efficaciously taught. Pius IX. has given the example and the model of the preaching most necessary and useful for our times to all who bear his commission, thus fulfilling in a most extraordinary way the divine commandment to St. Peter—*Pasce oves meas, pasce agnos meos*. By his personal teaching he has formed the *élite* of the Catholic laity of Europe on the model of their glorious ancestors of the ages of faith, and not a few of our own countrymen have gone to drink the pure water of life at the same fountain-head. Imbued at the fountain-head or at the rill, it is the only water that can

give health to nations or individuals. We can scarcely hope that F. Burke's fine apostrophe,<sup>[111]</sup> "Be it thine, O Columbia! to place again the golden circlet of his temporal royalty on the brow of the Vicar of Christ!" will be literally fulfilled. But we trust that the spirit of it will not lack that accomplishment which will prove that the eloquent son of St. Dominic has a sparkle of the prophetic gift. It requires no inspiration, but only ordinary foresight, to see the prospect of a rapid and almost measureless increase of wealth, and of all that belongs to the splendor of a nation, in the next half century of the United States. The Catholic Church will largely share in it. And may those who enjoy this prosperity be as true and loyal to the church and to God as their humble and persecuted ancestors! [518]

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# FAITH THE LIFE OF ART.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY CESARE CANTU BEFORE "THE ARCADIA."

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

There is in man the memory of a perfection with which he was sent forth from the hands of his Creator; and, sick of the tameness, coarseness, and unseemliness which surround him, he feels a craving to fashion himself after a picture of his imagination conformable to the idea he possesses of the beautiful—a type which combines the first and last excellence of being; which it is his to enjoy, since he has a conception of it, and to which he ought to be able to arrive, since he aspires towards it. Thus from remembrance and the feeling of a hereafter is born poetry; is born art: the realization of the ideal under sensible forms, wherein intellectual beauty takes precedence over the physical beauty of nature. Both speak a language which lifts us up to the absolute beauty—God; of whom creation is an image and symbol. And, moreover, religion discloses an ideal world which is not contained under external phenomena.

Man in his fallen state built a wretched hut or scooped out a cave, wherein to shelter his wife and little ones; but, when he wished to give worship to the Deity, he erected an altar and decked it with festoons: he roofed it in, and strengthened it with beams, which he hastened to adorn, forming cupola, shaft, and capital. History bears witness that the fine arts were born in the temple, not in the hut of Vitruvius; that they owe their origin to the aspiration of a faith, not to the mere fulfilment of a want.

The temple wherein is offered the perpetual sacrifice of the victim of expiation is a visible profession of faith. The most grand and characteristic expression of the architecture is displayed in the imitation which man fabricates of that temple of the universe which was built by the hands of God. And as its solidity typifies the duration which every one attributes to true religion, so it outlives the hands which raised it up. How much of what antiquity has bequeathed us consists of temples, such as the pile of Salsetta, the pagodas of Coromandel and Ellora, the Propylæi, the colossi of granite and porphyry, the obelisks and pyramids of Egypt—for sepulchres are religious—and the shrines which were discovered in the millennial forests of America. This great Rome, the capital of the universe, was a city of fanes and altars, when Horace reproached it, as a cause of its decay, with having neglected the worship of the gods. The more fully the idea of a religion is capable of adapting to itself the forms of the organic world, the more artistic will that religion become.<sup>[112]</sup> The symbol, which is an outward and material exposition of an idea, and the mystic representation of the divine essence, by means of external objects to which it is linked by ties that are arbitrary and remote analogies, ill accords with the beauty which is the representation of a specific idea to which it corresponds.

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Among the Hindoos, the Egyptians, and the Hebrews, the beauty of form gave place to the requirements of the emblem. Thus art stood still, being forced to reproduce fixed types; its object was not to copy nature, but to inscribe ideas. The three-eyed Siva, the four-headed Brama, the elephant-headed Ganesa, the hundred-armed giants and hundred-breasted goddesses, can scarcely be called beautiful. In the religion of the Greeks, where the life of the deity was confused with the natural, and found its perfection in man, art holds the first place. The symbol vanished before the beautiful ideal, which was wrought after a rational measurement. They cut down those colossi of other peoples to the due proportions, and shaped their monstrous divinities into a human likeness. Extricating themselves from hieroglyphics, the choice of expression and attitude was left to the inspired imagination.

Corruption, ever widening since sin first broke the harmony between the intellect, the will, and the power of action, created a heaven of false gods, differing in form and in worship, and filled the earth with their temples. This variety favored art, and to it we owe those wonders of the Parthenon, the temple of Theseus, Pallas Athene, Olympian Zeus, the Didimeon. And though antiquity has handed down to us very few paintings, the greatest part of the statues which enrich the museums are those of the gods. Surely Phidias much have believed in "Zeus thundering in heaven" when he wrought that statue before which Greece was struck with wonder.<sup>[113]</sup> Hence with reason did Emericus David say that archæology might be defined as the recognition of religion in its connection with art.

Though the form grew more refined, the idea hidden beneath it grew more and more corrupt, until it became a worship of force, animate and animating, which had turned its back upon the Author of being, and wasted that spiritual breath which is the soul of the statue. Art materialized, like life itself, called down the mercy of an unknown God to appease offended justice.

In the fullness of time, humanity was lifted up from its lowliness by God taking it to himself. Faith grew clear; hope, strong; charity lived again. Christendom became civilized even by means of its worship, when art and poetry united in rousing it to faith and enthusiasm. No longer, as in a religion that allured the senses, did art debase itself by flattering the passions and fanning the instincts; its aim now was to curb and purify them; not to multiply the enjoyments of the fortunate, but to comfort the unhappy; to lift up to heaven eyes weighed down by suffering, or dazzled by wealth, or wavering with doubt; to point out that sublime eternity which hides itself under seeming dissolution or waning beauty; to turn mind and action to that after-life wherein alone the present finds its significance.

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This regeneration of art began in the Catacombs, where the persecuted children of Christ expressed, somewhat rudely perhaps, their dogmas and their hopes; the exploits of the martyrs,



whose agony of shame and death they prepared themselves to imitate. There the vermilion with which they painted the throne of God triumphant signified "new conquests, and glory won after still greater trials."

When from darkness it was able to step forth into the light of day, art, restored to the temple of its birth, set the feeling which produced above the mere beauty of the production. It lost in harmony, but gained in expression, in lifting up human nature even to the type of moral perfection, to the supreme ideal—God made man.

Then from every side, whatsoever had life came in answer to the call to play its part in the grand drama of Christianity. And art, aiming not merely at the beautiful, but at the true and the good, united with the whole of civilization in expressing that aspiration after perfection whose desire is never-failing but ever unfulfilled.

In the earliest artistic records which have reached us from the Catacombs, such as mosaics, miniature paintings, and certain pieces of sculpture, the idea is set above the form. There is a celestial purity in them, as though, producing the beautiful instinctively, they cared not to portray an enticing elegance of the members, the force and posture of outward life, but rather the expression of the soul, holiness of thought and deed, and

"That sweet light  
Pointing the road which leads to heaven's height."<sup>[114]</sup>

Hence certain images of the saints and of Mary, rude in shape and coloring, have won the veneration of the people, and inspired that calm content which comes from God and lifts to God.

A bolder fancy produced the edifices, constructed at first on the style of the basilicas, and then modified into that order of architecture which from its planes or arches was called Roman or Lombard, and finally Gothic.

He who can only admire the Greek and the Roman styles finds in the Gothic merely ignorance of caprice; with its shafts tapering aloft in slender grace, or short and heavy, or in clusters; its capitals where the crude cabbage-leaf creeps in side by side with the graceful acanthus; its members incoherent, and made out of proportion; a crowd of small obelisks and tabernacles, buttresses and enormous water-spouts; bracketed statues and windows of a dizzy height, sometimes parted into two, sometimes curved into a rose or twisted into a trefoil; and its figures of uneducated fancy, an eyesore to the lover of classic harmony.

But in its variety reigns a system far above the order of the Greeks; derived in part from the basilicas, in part from mystic allegory. Its ornaments are the productions of our climate, the strawberry, the parsley, the fig, the oak-tree; as the Arab uses his palm, the Chinese his inverted coral. Its forms are symbolic. The number three regulates even those portions of the structure which are secondary. On the plan of a cross rises the triangulation of the edifice; and a hundred obelisks, lifted up equally to heaven, express the concordant homage of love and of faith. In its dedication everything was allegoric of the origin of true worship; of the mystic destiny of the church; of the fact that it is not a building of stones but a living edifice, whose corner-stone is Christ, whose members are the faithful, whose space is filled by God, like the universe of which it is an image.

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In this association of the real with the symbolic world, of the fitness of parts in themselves foreign with the united expression of Christianity, the middle ages produced what those of Leo X., of Louis XIV., of Napoleon, could not produce: they created a novelty. Architecture was sacred as in its opening, and those wonders of a beauty most sublime and spiritual were not wrought at the decrees of princes, but at the inspiration of faith and charity.

The Gothic made its first grand essay in the holy time of St. Francis of Assisi, and this became the chosen order of the Franciscans, as the Basilican was of the Benedictines, and the mixed architecture of a later date of the Jesuits. St. Francis and his children, with that greatness which inheres in simplicity, accompanied by an ascetic spirit, came to imitate nature and true men rather than to copy types or antique art. But in those days, the whole of society was animated by faith, and built upon the dogma of the expiation. The laical body was in harmony with the ecclesiastical; prayer mingled with warlike exploits; the home was at peace with the church; the banner bore the same device as the altar. The plastic art, side by side with poetry, penetrated every turn of life. Religion was the universal and, as it were, only inspirer of the artist. Theophilus dedicated his "Lombard Tract" to holy pictures, missals, vases, the window-panes of the church, and, step by step, he elevated the mind of the artist to the God from whom *art emanates*. The artistic confraternity proposed in their constitutions the purity and independence of art. That of the Siennese painters, of 1355, said: "By the grace of God, we are to rude men, who know not letters, manifestors of the miraculous things worked by the virtue and in the virtue of the holy faith, and our faith is founded principally in adoring and believing one God in the Trinity, and in God infinite power and infinite wisdom, and infinite love and mercy." In a like sense says Bufalmacca: "We aim at naught else than to make saints by our frescoes and pictures, and by so doing, in spite of the devils, to make men more devout and better." Philarete designed a city on the conception of the "Nisi Dominus Ædificaverit," wherein the church founded on the cross should be superior to the palace of the prince, rich with pictures, religious, symbolic, allegorical, and historic. There was a portico devoted to sacred history; close by were memorial monuments of heroic Christians, namely, the churches of St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Augustine, St. Benedict. There was a gymnasium wherein to educate the youth, chiefly with prayer, fasting, and the holy sacraments. Without the fortifications, the city had an advanced guard, to wit, holy

hermits, who should watch it with the mightiest of arms—prayer. And Brunelleschi said of Santa Maria del Fiore: "Recollecting that this temple is sacred to God and the Virgin, I trust that in erecting it in memory of them it will not cease to infuse knowledge where there is need of it, and to aid by power and wisdom and wit whoever shall accomplish such work." In like manner, Giovanni Villani inscribed his *Chronicles* "to the reverence of God and of Blessed St. John, in commendation of our city of Florence." How often has the painter given us his own portrait on his knees, or with some verse recommended himself to God and the saints! Beneath a picture in the Venetian gallery we read:

"Gentile Bellino, with filial love of the most holy cross, painted this."

And beneath another picture of Gian Bellino:

"Sure Gate of Heaven, lead my mind, guide my life:  
All the works which I perform are committed to thy care."

We may perceive a like inspiration in Giotto, Mino da Fiesole, Benedetto da Majano, Boninsegna da Siena, Simon Memmi, L'Orgagna, the Pisani, Franco Bolognese, and other spiritual artists, who attained a perfection to which the moderns in vain aspire. On the tomb of Blessed Angelico was written:

"Let me not be honored because I was a second Apelles,  
But because I distributed all my gains among thy poor, O Christ!"

I leave it to others to decide with what justice that period styled itself the Renaissance when men passed from originality to an imitation of the classic schools—not by divining and catching their inspiration, but by following in their footsteps. And so we find in passing from Dante to Poliziano and Sannazzaro, from Giotto to Dello, the metamorphoses of Ovid accomplished! In this study of the classics, what they gained in form they lost in conception. The Medici mixed up portraits with Venuses and Pallases, mythological subjects with scenes drawn from nature. Lorenzo the Magnificent caused Pollajolo to represent the strong limbs of Hercules, Signorelli to paint nude divinities, and public beauties were taken as the models of saints. At such profanation, Fra Girolamo Savonarola was struck with grief and horror; and, as well to mend manners as to disinfect literature, he sought to regenerate art by restoring it to the bosom of God.

The spirit that he inspired outlived his funeral pyre: and Luca della Robbia, Lorenzo di Credi, Verocchio, Cronaca, Baccio della Porta, painted from chaste images and devout subjects. Ghirlandajo, Pinturicchio, the renowned Masaccio, held faith in the religious mission of art, as did that Umbrian school which spake to the heart rather than the senses, beneath the wing of the neighboring Assisi. From Gentile di Fabriano came Perugino and Raphael, and the first Venetians, among whom it is no longer a scandal to say that Gentile Bellino was not inferior to Titian.

Raphael has been called the most marvellous union of all the qualities which make the others severally great: design, color, power of chiaroscuro, perspective effect, imagination, style; above all, expression, and that grace which is the beautiful of beauties. Not only were his first essays, when still a faithful disciple of the Umbrian school, works of faith; but also those which he wrought in his zenith, such as the Attila, Heliodorus, and the miracle of Bolsena. His delight was in symbolic subjects, theology, jurisprudence, philosophy, poetry, representing ideas in his figures. When he preferred to follow his imagination and models to tradition, he strayed away, as in the commissions of Chigi, and the beautiful story of Psyche; but later on, when he fled from Rome, he turned himself to the grand Transfiguration, from the midst of which he passed to behold it in heaven.

And Michael Angelo? Others have been loud in their praises of the strength of his joints, the relief and play of his muscles, the foreshortening, the anatomic fidelity, the expression diffused through the whole person; but I can never cease wondering how in the Sistine Chapel he has portrayed the two extreme points of the life of the human race—the creation and the last judgment; and that indefinable of melancholy and veneration in the Moses which sought no model and has found no rival. It is natural; for, from the Bible, the *Divine Comedy*, and ascetic meditation, he drank in the inspiration wherewith to ennoble human nature.

Their school passed away in the conceits of the licentious age which came after—in the figures caught in the very act of standing to be copied; in flimsy drapery, substituted for the old garments majestically simple; the infinity of shallow conceptions, frivolous allegories, and wanderings from the practical road of Vasari; in the immense pictures of Cortona, Arpino, Lanfranco, the frenzies of Luca Giordano, and convulsed attitudes of Fiammingo, Spinazzi, and the genius, erratically great, of Lorenzo Bernini—such things as these they preferred, I will not say to nature, to which they shut their eyes, but to so many noble exemplars. They were seized with the mania of novelty, of surprises, with the idolatry of the form at the cost of the conception. So they turned from poetic beauty to what is so inferior—the merely symmetrical.

The most renowned works of the great masters were inspired by religion: the delicate cherubini of Angelico, the gates of Ghiberti, the Moses and the Pietà of Buonarroti, the Last Supper of Leonardo, the Assumption of Titian, the marvellous improvisations of Tintoretto. From religion Raphael drew those epics which compose the Vatican galleries and the library at Sienna. To it Correggio devoted his cupolas, with all their grace and force of chiaroscuro. Therein Annibale Caracci found his Communion of St. Jerome, and Domenichino his, which is one of the three great paintings in Rome, and that Madonna del Rosario where he more clearly displays his intention of

contrasting the sorrows of earth with the joys of heaven. The Christ of Carlo Dolce and the Madonnas of Sassoferrato and Murillo are in every household. Maratta was called Carlo of the Madonnas. And in my own province<sup>[115]</sup> particularly, the paintings of Luino, Cesare da Sesto, Gaudenzio Ferrari, Andrea Solaro, Salaino, Marco d'Oggiono Moretto, the Procaccini, the Campi, and that Borgagnone, as great as he is little known, are marked by a religious unction and devout simplicity.

The churches are indeed galleries, or rather harbors from the vandalism of would-be restorers and the robbery which is according to law. In them we find the best models of architecture; and since the unknown authors of the greater cathedrals, and the whole families of the Campiani at Milan, Bregno and Lombardi at Venice, Pedoni at Cremona, Rodari at Coma, Pellegrini of Tibaldo, we have no design better than the sanctuaries of Rho and Caravaggio, the Fontana in the chapel of the Presepio, the Sanmicheli in the cathedral of Montefiascone, the Palladio in the Church of the Redeemer at Venice.

But besides the finish of the sculpture, the glass was stained with historic subjects, the pulpits and windows marvellously adorned, the goldsmith's art was displayed in the ornamentation of candlesticks, lamps, busts, and canopies, which brought into play the art of engraving.

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The care of recording on tombs the nothingness of human greatness makes them the truest portraits of the character of each age. In those of the middle ages the figures are austere, with hands crossed on the breast, awaiting the trumpet-call of the resurrection; in the sixteenth century they are pompous, inappropriate, even immodest.

The cloisters were built upon the most beautiful heights, where the soul, absorbed in the admiration of nature, was of itself lifted up to chant the praises of the God who created it. The porticos were vast tableaux worked by the greatest artists. And here, while you would suggest to me the John Baptists of the Discalced Friars, and the Filippo Benizzi in the Annunciation at Florence by Andrea the faultless, the Holy Solitude, the Camaldoli, Carthusian monasteries, Alvernia, Vallombrosa, and the sublimity of Grottaferrata, let me call to your minds our own Lombardy the sanctuaries of Saronno by Luini, of Varallo by Gaudenzio, the Holy Mount by Mancalvo, the Carthusian monastery of Garignano by the great Daniel Crespi, before which Byron was struck with wonder and with fear. In fine, even in the delirium of art in the sixteenth century, which are the greatest monuments of sculpture? The St. Bibiana of Bernini, the St. Cecilia of Maderno, the Susanna of Fiammingo, the St. Bruno of Houton, from which number we must not omit the Attila of Algardi. The Assumption of Forli by Cignani still remains the noblest work of the past age. Since it is a far easier thing to copy a form than to create a conception, many have reduced art to imitation. And we see it said that the type of the Eternal Father is taken from Jove, the Saviour from Antinous, from Niobe the Mother of Sorrows, and from the Farnese Flora and the terra cotta Faun, St. Cecilia and St. Joachim; and it appears equally ridiculous to call one of these imitators a new Phidias or new Apelles, as for Angelo Mazza to entitle himself Homer Redivivus. Winckelmann praised Raphael for a head of Christ "which set forth the beauty of a heroic youth without beard," while he criticises Michael Angelo "for having taken his figures of the Saviour from the barbarous productions of the middle ages." With equal discrimination Vasari, of all the wonders of Giotto at Assisi, can only admire "the very great and truly marvellous effect of one who drinks standing, but bent down to the earth, at a fountain." Very little have these advanced the theories of Cicognara and Giuseppe Bossi, and the icy grandeur of David, Gerard, Girodet, and the other imperialists, followed here by Benvenuti, Cammuccini, Bossi, Diotti, and their like. Fabre, the French painter, was discussing with Alfieri on a crucifixion which he was about to paint. After speaking for some time on the type he ought to choose, he concluded: "Do you know what? I will paint the head of the Belvedere Apollo, give him a beard, and behold it done." Alfieri had the good sense to reply: "If you would succeed in that, paint a dying Apollo, but not a God who redeemed us."

After Battoni, the last painter of note of the mixed school, Mengs, went back to the antique with a mediocrity at once pedantic and fastidious. But Traballeschi and certain artists of second name, such as De Maria, Franchi, Ferrari, Torretti, and of higher mark, Andrea Appiani in the cupola of San Celso at Milan, were the men who paved the way for the regeneration. Canova<sup>[116]</sup> undertook to regenerate art chiefly with classic models, but at least with enthusiasm. But how far do his Venus, Perseus, Theseus, and even Psyche, fall behind the Magdalen, and the mausoleums of Maria Christina, Ganganelli, Rezzonico, and Pius VI.?

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Bartolini, a more careful observer of nature, gave an impulse to the new art, nor is the fault his if he plunged from the conventionalities of the academy into a prosaic realism. But, restricting myself among a multitude of sculptors, to the notice of one or two, who has not admired the Dolorosa and Triumph of the Cross of Duprè, the Archangel of Finelli, the Deposition from the Cross, and the tomb at Castelfidardo of Tenerani? These men opened up a new era, where the worship of ideas prevailed over that of mere form, combating the servility of the past and the materialism of the present, aiming at a beauty not at variance with morality—a beauty perceptible to the reason. I confine myself to the Italians, but what a pleasure it would be to me to touch upon Munich and the school of Düsseldorf, and that of Berlin; and Cornelius, Schadow, the Bohemian Fuhrich, and the Frenchmen Lehmann, Pradier, Flandrin, and a noble band of others like to them.

So likewise I confine myself to the plastic arts; but were we to treat of poetry, we could say something of Tasso, crowned in death, of Perfetti, the laureate of Benedict XII., and Corilla of Pius VI. Or of music, born also in the church and there perfected before it went to amuse the court and theatre, whence it returned with profanity into the church; so that there was nothing

left but to abandon it, if Palestrina had not shown how to wed reverence of speech with harmony, and reconcile devotion with art. Do you know of aught more wonderful than the Moses and Stabat of Rossini, the Crucifixus of Bellini, or the Ave Maria of Donizetti?

And hence you will conclude that where art has ever been welcomed and cherished, was under the care of the Popes, in this Rome of ours, which, in the words of Petrarch, is

“The symbol of the heavens and the earth,  
The Saviour’s image, by all men revered.”

Perhaps there has not been a Pope who has not raised some edifice or given rise to some sculpture or painting.

Eugenius IV. wished to consecrate Fra Angelico bishop; Julius II., who secured his splendid dominions from the Po to the Garigliano, was ever in the company of Bramante, Michael Angelo, Perugino, Giulio Romano, and commenced the Vatican Museum by placing there the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Ariadne and the Torso. What shall I say of Leo X., who seemed to wish by the triumph of art to “give the lie” to Germany, which accuses Catholics of ignorance and dearth of civilization? The German reformer on his arrival in the midst of the artistic wealth of Rome, only perceived therein profanity, idols, and as it were an absence of reason, and a Pope making an ostentatious pomp of religion and pretending to the austerity of Paul and Hilarion in the time of the Farnese and the Medici. Adrian VI. seemed like a prodigy, a monstrosity, so accustomed were the minds of men to connect the idea of a pope with that of a Mecænas of the arts.

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They have ever made their palaces a sanctuary of the arts, and as it were a harbor from the wrecks of time and the greed of speculators and kings, who paused at the threshold of the Vatican, resounding with the prayers of all the ages and the blasphemy of this.

With still greater intelligence, the pontiffs of the past age collected together the masterpieces, and the Museo Pio Clementino, and the illustrations of it executed by Winckelmann and Ennius Quirinus Visconti, became the envy and the model of all foreigners.

Rome, relying on the veneration which the nations entertained for her, and which kings felt they owed her as the fount of all authority, set her face against a new age, wherein might alone is right, and reason speaks on the side of vast battalions and by the mouth of artillery. What was the outrage which most of all grieved the Romans? The spoliation of the museums; for the people were disgusted with kings, nobles, and prelates, but not with the arts.

But the end of injustice is never far removed, and, as victory had borne them away, victory restored to Rome her popes and her monuments. Pius VII. who had filled the post left bare by spoliation, after his return, among other works, built the new wing across the Belvedere gallery. He left to us the Museo Chiaramonti, a gallery of paintings, few in number, but each a masterpiece, and the long gallery of antique inscriptions, arranged after the manner of the great Morcelli. Gregory XVI. gave us the Christian, Egyptian, and Etruscan museums, filled with the contents of the mysterious vaults of Latium, and the numerous vases, so wondrous, of Etruria and the Campagna, which had just come to light. He commenced the rebuilding of St. Paul’s, restored the Coliseum, excavated the Basilica Julia, refitted the Lateran Palace. Poletti the architect assisted him, aided by Agricola, Paoletti, Finelli, Tadolini, Botti, Tajetti, Sabatelli, Serani, Minardi, Coghetti, Bengoni. And as at first, Poussin, Mignard, Ponget, Claude Lorraine, Le Gros, Valedier, Quesnoy, Laboureur, Monot, Brill, Agincourt, etc., so afterward came the illustrious foreigners, Ingres, Thorwaldsen, Gibson, Pettrich, Frederick Overbeck, Voigt the engraver. From here were taken the statues of Hiram Powers for the Capitol of Washington, not to mention the objects of art carried away by the 80,000 foreigners who flock hither from all parts every year to gaze on the wonders of Rome. A Prussian society took up its quarters here, to illustrate the new and antique relics, in rivalry with our Archæological Academy. And the names of Fea, Nibby, Canina, Bartolomeo Borghese, Visconti, win reverence from the whole scientific world.

What can I say of Pius IX. that is not known to the whole world? Let me call to your minds what took place in the midst of the acclamations which greeted his accession. A deputation from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith being presented to him, when among the deputies he found the name of Overbeck, the most faithful representative of Christian art, he called him to himself, and gave him his special benediction, accompanied by words of holy affection. At his wish the court of the Quirinal, where Pius VII. was arrested, was painted; there is Overbeck’s Christ at the moment when the Jews thought to cast him from the mountain, and he escaped from their midst: thus representing at once the perils which are past and those which are to come.<sup>[117]</sup> Nor can I forget the emotion with which the Holy Father lamented to me the deaths, so close upon each other, of Poletti, Tenerani, Overbeck, and Minardi; nor the pleasure with which I recall the rearrangement he effected in the entire museum of the Vatican, and the marvellous statue of Augustus from the Villa of Livy with which he endowed it, and the metal colossus of Hercules, purchased with his own money, the Claudius of Lanuvius, and the Apoxiomenos in Parian marble, restored by Tenerani, and placed in the Vatican in 1851. There he placed also the Pomponia Azzia, found in the Appian Way, and the Ceres disinterred at Ostia, which he substituted for a poor Diana.

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It was the time when at his simple summons all the bishops of the world hastened to the Vatican council. Magnificent spectacle!—which Rome alone can offer to the world, of all the representatives of the church united to discuss freely the truth which the Pontiff should proclaim infallibly. Those prelates, in the moments of their repose, were wont to admire on all sides the care which Pius IX. had lavished upon art. Here the circus of Caracalla restored, and the portico

of Octavia disinterred; there, in the Roman forum, the portico of the *Dii Majores* and the apsis of the Basilica of Constantine. In another spot the Basilica of St. Paul is restored, the arena of the greatest artists in painting, sculpture, stained glass, and mosaics. He opened the confessions with their wealth of marbles and metals, in the two patriarchal basilicas, the Lateran and Liberian. He restored the mausoleums of St. Constantia, St. Clement on the side of Celio, St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, Santa Maria in Trastevere, St. Lorenzo without the walls, with the paintings of Fracassini, Mariani, and Grandi. Mariani painted St. Lucy of the Banner and Santa Maria in Aquiro, and Gugliari St. Augustine. Podesti and Consoni drew for the Vatican Palace the portraits of the most famous ecclesiastics of ancient or modern times; among which stand out the Martyrs of Fracassini, who has painted but too little. All these works gave rise not only to the ancient use of medals, but also to public monuments, such as the column of the Immacolata, the works of Poletti, and the statue cast from cannon by De Rossi.

In 1852 was formed a commission of archæology to chiefly examine the Christian monuments, [118] and explore the Catacombs, the theatre of those scenes of sacrifice, love, and resignation wherein society was regenerated, and where now De Rossi convinces us that scholarship and wit are not enough for speech, but that piety has a secret of its own to touch on things which are better felt than described.

The Egyptian Museum was increased by the monuments collected by Clot Bey. To the Etruscan were added statues, candelabra, sarcophagi from Bolsena, Tarquinia, and Viterbo. The Christian Museum of the Lateran was founded, to which the reopened Ostia sent mosaics, sarcophagi, and epigraphs. The Nomentian and Appian Ways were excavated still further, as far as Bovilla. And the emporium of marbles, the site of the seven cohorts of Virgil at Monte Fiore, and the ruins of the Palatine—which the Pontiff himself visited suddenly, giving an unexpected joy to the workmen, in the month of the celebration of Rome's birth—attest how inexhaustible are the riches of this city, which, not to mention the seven great galleries, is indeed one vast gallery. And these excavations, whether designed or accidental, disclose a wealth ever beyond expectation, as is seen in the piazza of the Holy Apostles, the grove of the brothers Arvali, especially in the Church Della Pace, the piazza Navona, on the Monte Luziale, and in the new cemetery of the Jews. [528]

That the Pontiff has not been behindhand in works of practical utility, we see in the Acqua Pia, in the palace of the house of reform, the military and civil hospitals, and that of peace, the tobacco manufactory, the adornments of the Pincio, the penitentiary, the bridges over the Tiber, the Piazza Pia and elementary school, and a new city commenced on the Viminal and Esquiline.

And while on this point, we see in the Exposition of the Baths of Diocletian, which Michael Angelo repaired with a respect not always shown by his followers, an example of a character which Rome alone of all the world can produce; and this collection of the objects of Catholic worship was the most beautiful hymn which the Pontiff raised against the blasphemy which precedes violence. This was a thought of the Pontiff's. It was executed by his command, and at his own expense. He inaugurated it, closed it in person, and with his own hand distributed the prizes. Just indeed was the homage which the artists of every nation then represented in Rome paid to Pius IX., in the jubilee of his pontificate, the expression of which he left exposed for many days in the gallery of Raphael, where Mantovani, Consoni, and Galli at this day emulate the wondrous decorations of Sanzio and Giovanni da Udine.

The popes and ministers of the church have watched over art with special care, lest this chosen daughter of God should be sacrificed to his enemy. And now, what is left? In the face of these glories, how much misery saddens us! All the manifestations of the supremacy of materialism over what is spiritual are multiplied, and hence so many edifices purely industrial. The fever of making and unmaking on the spur of the moment, the race for life without the enjoyment of the least repose, have reduced art, which at first was an enthusiasm, afterwards a taste, now to a fashion and a luxury, bereft of the mighty force of our ancient community and the great-minded and holy faith of our fathers. What the romance is to history, the novel to the epic poem, the drama to the tragedy, the portrait and its kind are to the great artistic works and historic paintings, lost in common and epigrammatic subjects, and tortured with minutiae.

And this is not the end. He who preserves a sense of shame, of charity, of faith, must either behold with loathing, or close his eyes, when he sees the pencil of the lithographer and even the pure light of heaven prostituted to dishonor whatever he has held most holy in faith and life, to tempt the senses with foulness that Sodom would have denounced. As they have made poison distil from their inkstands, so, with vile ignorance or hateful forethought, they have made art a pander for impurity and a school for the barricades and petroleum. From such frenzy, which terrifies the most daring and causes the most thoughtless to reflect, we hope that men will return to conscience; and in a world which, in order to cherish a better faith in its own greatness will believe no longer in God, this hope is sustained by seeing the Martyrs, of Giovanni Ferrari; the Angels above the Dead Christ, of Tabacchi; the Christian Martyr, of Argenti; the Assumption, of Morelli and Grigioletti; the Saint Joseph, of Bertini; the Saint Clair, of Mancinelli; the Saint Lucian in Prison, of Ceccarini; the Ecce Ancilla Domini, of Brioschi. [529]

And you, as many of you as have authority and dignity, labor hard with the pen, the voice, example, and precept to prevent the youth not yet contaminated with this new licentiousness, nor yet drunk with that perfume which lulls before it suffocates, from turning renegades to the spirituality of art. Make them improve the feeling rather than the style of their productions. Make them disavow the causes whose effects we groan under, and which Providence has allowed so long to afflict us. Make them rise above the prejudices of the journals and the abjectness of

officials, as well as the mercenary motives of a utilitarian world and from practices which make a trade of art. Let them never forget the lofty mission of art, and that the form is merely a garb and outfit to clothe the moral idea. For beauty is the perfection of being, perceived by the spirit, felt in the heart, and its handmaid is truth, represented with love. And, without doubt, for him whose aim is truth, the best way of finding it is in subjects and deeds of religion. Let us banish, then, indifference, which slays love and genius alike, and that cold calculation which smothers trustful faith. The time, the people, the man best fitted for the culture of art, will be those whose life, at once profound and active, shall not be bound down, but indeed lifted up by beliefs that are fixed and by customs that are right; who combine fidelity to nature with the impulse of enthusiasm; retaining power over matter, with due regard to historical and moral proprieties; exciting that emotion which is not unaccompanied by pleasure, but pleasure mingled with admiration.

Restore, I entreat you, art to its great principles! Fill life again with those sweet illusions and great delights, making a language of the deepest thoughts of a civilization ever more refined, and so accustom us to realize the ideal, to ennoble humanity! Give it back to its great office, to bear witness to right belief, and to give joy to the little ones, who are our brethren in Christ!

Mr. Max Müller, the learned German professor, and Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, wrote, and in 1868 published, a collection of essays on the science of religion which he calls *Chips from a German Workshop*. He tells us this title was given him by the late Chevalier Bunsen, who, on advising him to undertake the translation of the Sacred Book of the Brahmins, the *Rig-Veda*, bade him give, from time to time, to the public some chips from his workshop. The intensely absorbing and delightful nature of his studies is to be seen very clearly by these specimens. They embrace two of the most important and most attractive branches of human science—that of the varied forms of human thought in its relations to God; and that of the multifold languages of the earth, and their mutual relations. Prof. Müller's philological investigations are confined chiefly to the Indo-Germanic family, and confirm beyond possibility of cavil the intimate connection between the many branches of that family—the Sanskrit, the Brahmanic language in use at present, the Persian, the Greek, the Latin with its offshoots, the Italian, the French, and the Spanish, the Celtic and the English. In exemplifying what he says on this subject, he speaks of the meaning of the word *Veda*. *Rig-Veda*, he tells us, means praise of knowledge or wisdom—*Rig* or *Rich* signifying *praise* or *hymn*, and *Veda* *knowledge* or *wisdom*. He calls our attention to this word *Veda* in support of the theory of the connection of the Aryan or Indo-Germanic group of languages. The root of it, or the word deprived of its final vowel—*Ved*—is to be seen by substituting the interchanging consonants in the English words *wit*, *wot*, the German *weiss*, Gothic *vait*, Anglo-Saxon *wat*, Greek οἶδα, to which may be added the Latin word *video*, *to see*, evidently closely connected with this Sanskrit word signifying to know, for knowledge is intellectual vision.

What impresses us most, at first sight, is the practical conclusion to be drawn from the advanced state of philological studies. We have here a striking proof of the unity of the race of man. Max Müller speaks of this proof in favor of the unity of the Aryan races as beyond gainsaying; words are there to establish the truth. Now, if we see such differently constituted peoples—such as the English and the Hindoo, the French and the Persian, the Celt and the Italian—all members of one family, can any one be so rash as to wish to exclude from fellowship with that family the tawny Arab, the swarthy Malay, or the dark son of Africa, simply because they are to be classed under the heads of Semitic and Turanian? It is well known among physiologists that the differences of facial angles and cranial thickness constitute nothing essential; while the investigations of national thought and customs, hitherto veiled by unintelligible languages, tend continually to demonstrate and confirm the unity of man, to show that all men are of one common stock, of one man and of one woman, all made after the one type—that which exists, as the Bible tells us, in God. So far, in fact, is real science from doing harm to revelation, that when it attains its perfection it confirms the truths that have been revealed. Whence we may draw this conclusion: that men who are wise will take care to have revelation for their guide, even in science; they will, it is clear, be saved from going astray, since their ultimate examinations confirm its truth. It is not unfrequently the case that the eager scientific man, by a logical process, draws his conclusion without the slightest suspicion of error in his premises. It is no wonder he is tenacious of his conclusion; but how often are his ideas overthrown by "chance," that strange discoverer of more than one great treasure of the human race! And how often sober, thoughtful men, meeting to determine the basis on which they stand, have to say, as did the Geological Congress of Paris in 1867: "*The state of the science is not such as to enable us to make deductions wholly free from danger of error*"! or, certainly it is most just that we should love science and follow it faithfully, but always with an eye to that old and familiar adage, "It is human to err." There is really nothing after all that saves a man from mistakes and confusion so much as a proper estimate of his own conclusions, and a readiness to have them corrected by others. It is a habit of mind that distinguishes really great men, like the sounder portion of the Prehistorical Congress of Bologna, in the autumn of 1871: "There is nothing in prehistorical discoveries that is in contradiction with revelation." Bacon has bid us all put aside the *idola*, and thus free our minds from prejudice. We should begin by banishing the idol of *self*, the reliance on our own judgment, so as to be ready at once to abandon cherished ideas, and to look on the principles of science as more or less liable to be one day, by further investigation, shown to be other than we think them. This is all the more important because *false* principles always do practical harm, and, if nothing else, they retard the attainment of what we are searching for, in putting us on the wrong path. We do not wish to be thought to condemn all scientific principles as one day liable to be proven false. There are some, the essential agreement of whose subject and predicate absolutely excludes all danger of error, others which the constant experience of the human race has shown to be true, such as, for instance, the mathematical, and many of those that form the basis of natural science. These do not contradict revelation, and will never be proven false. The history of the past, however, is too full of the *débris* of systems of every kind that any one of solid information should not take warning from them, and be on his guard against looking on any proposition in natural science as irrefragable which the concordant testimony of men since the enunciation of it has not shown to be so. The Ptolemean system, after an undisputed sway, yielded before the assaults of Copernicus and Galileo, and its solid spheres, whose music filled the poet's mind with delight, and charmed the privileged spirits to whom it was given to hear it, came down in awful ruin, and their sounds were hushed for ever. Then those whose years did not begin with the century can recall how eagerly they drank in the doctrine of the imponderable principles; and lo! what has become of them? The progress of the age has substituted for it the teaching of the unity of forces, and motion answers for them all. The solidity of the sun and its dark spots, under the telescope and the combined investigations of astronomers, have disappeared, and gaseous substance and

interruption in its continuity have taken the place of both. And in the recent brilliant discoveries in regard to the constituent gases of the sun, who is to make us sure that the lines in the spectrum, by which we profess to know the existence in the sun of certain determinate objects, may not be produced by other causes of which we know nothing? All these theories, we grant, have great probability in their favor, and we do not cite them with any intent to discredit the labors of the gifted men who have formed them; but it is wise not to look on them as the end of all investigation and beyond all controversy. As we think of these vicissitudes of science, there occur to us, though not in a spirit of disregard for true science, the words written long ago: "I have seen the trouble which God hath given the sons of men to be exercised in it. He hath made all things good in their time, and hath delivered the world to their consideration, so that man cannot find out the work which God hath made from the beginning to the end." (Eccles. iii. 10, 11.) This, however, is a digression; let us return to our *Chips*. [532]

By far the most important topic treated of by Prof. Müller is the knowledge of God existing among the varied nations of men. He gives great weight, and deservedly, to the result of his observation in this respect, and we can readily understand why he should lay so much stress on the importance of the study of the "science of religion," or the comparative study of the different religions of the earth. As a matter of erudition, it must always be a subject of the greatest interest, not only in itself, but also because it serves to illustrate the words of the Apostle to the Romans, ch. i. 18-20: "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and injustice of those men that detain the truth of God in injustice: because that which is capable of being known<sup>[120]</sup> of God is manifest in them: for God hath manifested it unto them. For the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; his eternal power also, and divinity, so that they are inexcusable." We shall have occasion to return to these words. Here we may remark that this knowledge of God that transpires in all the citations the learned Orientalist has laid before us, is nothing more than what as Christians we expected to hear. But in this connection we have to say that the contrary effect is produced to that intended by Prof. Müller. This corroboration of the words of St. Paul, uttered more than eighteen centuries ago, and proclaimed long before by the author of the Book of Wisdom, ch. xiii., proves that, so far from the religions of the earth meriting praise for their reference to a Supreme Being, they deserve to be censured because they detained the truth in darkness—in injustice. The words of the Professor are: "We shall learn [from this comparative study] that there is hardly one religion which does not contain some important truth; truth sufficient to enable those who seek the Lord, and feel after him, to find him in the hour of their need." The first portion of this assertion is true; the second is incorrect in its expression, and dangerous in its tendency. It is incorrect in its expression, inasmuch as it attributes to these religions, as such, the possession of truth—not all, to be sure, but some truth. We say, on the contrary, that the truth contained in these various religious systems is the common inheritance of the human mind. [533]

The light of Almighty God's countenance shines on us all, no matter who we are. The Psalmist asks: "*Quis ostendet nobis bona?*" and he answers: "*Signatum est super nos lumen vultus tui Domine!*" It is wrong, therefore, to give credit to a false system for the truth it has enveloped in darkness. And the reason of this is palpable. If we turn to the words of the apostle, as given above, do we find him giving credit to the false religions of mankind for the truth they contain? Anything but this. He says: "The invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; his eternal power also, and divinity, so that they are inexcusable. Because, when they knew God, they did not glorify him as God.... And they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man, and of birds and four-footed beasts, and of creeping things." Here we have a sentence pronounced against these very religions our author speaks of as containing sufficient truth to enable those who seek the Lord and feel after him, to find him in the hour of their need. The apostle condemns them because "they detained the truth of God in injustice."

This is to be said of these false religions even at their best. But what is to be said of them when we take into consideration the immense majority of those among the heathen do not attain to any refined spirituality, but are engrossed in the material, sensual forms of idolatry, like the conservative Parsees, so graphically described in the book before us? We must therefore conclude that, granting Prof. Müller intended to refer to man's natural knowledge or his reason as a means of knowing God, to which the apostle bears witness, he has used an incorrect form of speech in attributing to these religions efficacy in finding God. It would have been in every way better to write that, in spite of the errors of these various systems, there was still light enough left to man, through his reason, to lead him to God—a truth not only substantiated by the teaching of theologians, but, as we have seen, expressly laid down in Holy Writ.

We have said the assertion of our author is not only incorrect in its form, but dangerous in its tendency. That tendency, with all respect to Prof. Müller's expressed opinions, is latitudinarian; it would lead one to think that, after all, the heathen and all professing a false religion are in a comparatively safe state. If this be so, why do we find the apostle assaulting those systems so uncompromisingly, and asserting that the heathen are inexcusable? And how do we reconcile with this theory the words of the Gospel, "Unless ye be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven"? True, there is the *baptisma flaminis*, the resource of those who have not the blessing of the actual sacrament; but even this requires a rejection, absolute or implied, of the false system, and the act of faith in the true God, accompanied by a firm will of doing whatever it may be known he asks of a sincere soul. The language of the great theologians is certainly not in any way favorable to the safety of those who follow a false religion. They tell us that those who among the pagans of old were saved, were justified by their faith in a



true God and in the Redeemer to come. The doctor of grace, the great St. Augustine, whose intellect was one of the most remarkable of any age, says in *Serm. 3 on the 36th Ps.*, "All who were just, from the beginning of the world, have Christ as their head. For they believed he was to come, whom we believe to have come already; by faith in him they were saved, as we are." Then, in the *Comm. on the 128th Ps.*, he writes: "Has the church only existed now? The church is of old; from the time the saints were called the church is on earth. Once it existed only in Abel, and was warred against by a wicked and perfidious brother, Cain. Once the church was only in Enoch, and he was taken away from the wicked. Once the church was only in Noah's house, and it suffered from all those who perished by the flood, and only the ark floated on the waters and escaped to the dry land. Once the church was only in Abraham, and we know how much he suffered from the wicked. The church existed only in Lot, and in his house in Sodom, and he bore with the iniquity and perversity of the Sodomites, until the Lord freed him from them. The church began to exist in the people of Israel, and it suffered at the hands of Pharaoh and the Egyptians. And in the very church itself, amid the people of Israel, there began to flourish a number of holy souls: Moses and other saints suffered from the wicked Jews. We come at last to our Lord Jesus Christ; the Gospel has been preached, and he has said in the Psalms: 'I have brought the tidings, and I have spoken, and they are multiplied beyond number.'" (See also the writings of the same father against the Donatists.) The same idea of the necessity of faith in Christ is found constantly in the teaching of the church and in the writings of the fathers. [534]

We ask after this, who deserve most credit as exponents of the essential requisites of salvation—the early fathers of the church, who explain the words of the apostle, "Without faith it is impossible to please God," in the sense we have here in St. Augustine, and which too is had in the ancient Athanasian Creed; or gentlemen like our author, whose ideas of Christianity, even when they express them clearly, differ so widely from what was once held as revealed truth, and who moreover cannot come to an understanding among themselves as to what the truth of Christ is? And if we must give the preference to the former, what are we to say of an *opinion* that serves to lull people into a false security regarding that which is, of all things, the most vital in its importance and consequences?

Prof. Müller rightly says that the knowledge of the false religions of the world makes us appreciate more the Christian religion. Had he taken the view we have given, he would have had a vastly greater appreciation of it. He would not have put it in comparison with other religions, as differing from them by a superior degree of excellence, but would have shown that they differed essentially, as right differs from wrong, as truth from error, and therefore he would, while speaking charitably of individuals and leaving them to the judgment of God, infinitely just, have condemned and rejected these false systems of worship as the curse of the unhappy race of Adam. As we have said before, we are not inclined to charge Prof. Müller with the full consequences of his assertions, since in several places of his work he gives his unqualified acknowledgment of the claims of Christianity. Still we cannot but look on his loose assertions as the result of the rationalistic spirit that has begun so rapidly to pervade the most conservative of English universities. Only a few years ago, when called to give his testimony before the Board of Inquiry of the House of Lords regarding the state of the universities, Canon Liddon said that this tendency to rationalism had come in with the change in the system of studies and the introduction of the higher philosophical branches, and that it was making headway among the students in a marked manner. Nor, when we see those at the head of the university decide, as they did lately, that the Thirty-nine Articles are not to be insisted on for examination except in case of those who are candidates for the honorary degrees, and when we hear in our own country a board of Anglican bishops declare that the word "regeneration" in the formula of infant baptism does not imply any moral change in the one baptized—it does not seem to us that we are doing Prof. Müller injustice in thinking that he, a lay professor in the university directed by the Anglican Church, has, it may be unconsciously, taken in not a little of the leaven of rationalism. [535]

To this may be referred his translation of the text of St. Justin, *Ap. i.*, § 46, when he makes this Christian philosopher say, "Christ is the first begotten of God, and we have already proved him to be the very Logos (or *universal Reason*) of which mankind are all partakers." In the Edit. of the Congr. of St. Maurus of the *Works of St. Justin*, this word universal does not occur; the Greek text has simply the accusative "Logon," and the Latin simply "Rationem." Certainly all Catholic theologians hold this doctrine of St. Justin, and teach that the *Logos* or *Verbum* or *Ratio* is the definite wisdom of the Godhead, by which God understands himself and all things in himself, and that all created wisdom or reason is but a participation of that Infinite Reason or Word. But in these days, when the locutions, *universal soul*, *universal intellect*, *universal being*, are used so much in a pantheistical sense, we think an author can hardly find fault with those who very probably misunderstand him when he uses expressions so liable to be misinterpreted, and charge him with some tendency which he seems in other places to disclaim. It seems to us the learned professor should have taken all the greater care in his translation, as St. Justin (in his *Ap. ii.* § 7) disclaims expressly all pantheistic teaching, which he declares to be "foreign to all sound thought, reason and mind."

To show we do not wish to be unfair to this distinguished scholar, we will do him the justice to cite his condemnation of the pantheistic spirit of the times. He is speaking of Barthélemy St. Hilaire's *History of Buddhism*, and he quotes the words of the preface of that writer:

"This book may offer one other advantage, and I regret to say that at present it may seem to come opportunely. It is the misfortune of our times that the same doctrines which form the foundation of Buddhism meet at the hands of some of our philosophers with a favor which they ill deserve. For some years [536]

we have seen systems arising in which metempsychosis and transmigration are highly spoken of, and attempts are made to explain the world and man without either a God or a Providence, exactly as Buddha did. A future life is refused to the yearnings of mankind, and the immortality of the soul is replaced by the immortality of works. God is dethroned, and in his place they substitute man, the only being, we are told, in which the Infinite becomes conscious of itself. These theories are recommended to us sometimes in the name of science, or of history, or philology, or even of metaphysics; and though they are neither new nor very original, yet they can do much injury to feeble hearts."

And a few lines further on:

"It would be useful, however, if the authors of these modern systems would just cast a glance at the theories and destinies of Buddhism. It is not philosophy in the sense in which we understand this great name, nor is it religion in the sense of ancient paganism, of Christianity, or of Mohammedanism; but it contains elements of all worked up into a perfectly independent doctrine; acknowledges nothing in the universe but man, and obstinately refuses to recognize anything else, though confounding man with nature in the midst of which he lives. Hence all those aberrations of Buddhism, which ought to be a warning to others." (P. 203, vol. i.)

We have one other charge against the learned professor for what, though savoring a little of rationalism, more particularly regards the Catholic Church. He says that "as the Oriental creeds degenerated into grosser forms, so Christianity degenerates into Jesuitism and Mormonism" (p. 185). We grant that the author is striving to be fair to the pagans, and shows an unwillingness to condemn them as a whole on account of the corrupt practices of a portion of them. But in doing so he has shown himself most unjust to a distinguished Order in the Catholic Church, whose piety, virtue, and learning claim for them everywhere from Christians a tribute of respect and gratitude, and nowhere more so than in our own free land. It is really lamentable to see what we must call a total want of knowledge in a person of such extensive information and real ability as Prof. Müller. 'Tis strange that it did not occur to him that there was a great incongruity in coupling the Society of Jesus with the corrupt and sensual community of the Mormons, and it is only another lesson to put us on our guard against prejudice, which has so wonderful a power in perverting the judgments of men so worthy of respect for their zeal in the cause of truth.

This undeserved condemnation of the Jesuit Fathers is not the only error into which Prof. Müller's dislike of Catholicity has betrayed him. On page 190, he speaks of the Buddhist ceremonies, and in a foot-note refers to the work of the Abbé Huc in which he describes his travels in China and Thibet, and remarks the curious coincidence between the rites of the religion of the Grand Lama and the forms of Catholic worship. Our author tells us that the Abbé Huc pointed out the similarities between the Buddhist and Roman Catholic ceremonials with such *naïveté* that, to his surprise, he found his delightful *Travels in Thibet* placed on the *Index*. We confess our surprise at this information. We never heard of the abbé's work having been signed with "the black mark of Peter," but we have heard the book very highly praised by persons who would hardly have praised it had there been anything in it to merit the censures of the church. We have too at hand a copy of the *Index* coming down to six years after the publication of the *Travels in Thibet*, but after a careful search have not been able to find in it the name either of Abbé Huc or of this work. Moreover, it strikes us as very unlikely that this writer should have suffered for what has been stated pointedly by authors of the church from the first ages down to our time. Had Prof. Müller turned his attention to Tertullian's book, *De Præscriptione Hæreticorum*, he would have found at § 40 the following passage:

"Who is to interpret the sense of what may further heresy? The devil, forsooth, whose office it is to distort the truth; who rivals by the mysteries of the idols the very actions of the divine sacraments. He too baptizes some as believers and faithful; he promises the putting off of sin by the laver; and, if I remember aright, Mithras there signs his soldiers on the forehead, celebrates the offering of bread, and uses the image of the resurrection, and gains the crown through the sword (martyrdom). What shall I say more? that he destines his high-priest for the nuptials of but one (wife)? that he has his virgins? that he has his celibates? But if we consider the superstitions of Numa Pompilius, if the priestly duties, emblems, and privileges, the sacrificial service and instruments, and the vessels of sacrifice, and the strangeness of their expiations and votive gifts, has not the devil manifestly imitated the observances of the Jewish law?"

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In the seventeenth century Natalis Alexander, in his *Ecclesiastical History* (vol. ii. diss. iii. art. 3, § 3, No. vii.) replying to the objections of Spencer, in his Dissertation No. 3 on the *Ritual Laws of the Hebrews*, says: "It is far more probable that the devil, the rival of God, inspired the heathen to use in the rites of their divinities, or to carry about with solemn pomp, arks or mystic vases containing something hidden (arcanum)," than that the Israelites took their idea from them; and further on: "Who does not see that the conclusion can be drawn by just and better right? Therefore, the beaten vases had their origin in the rivalry of the evil spirit seizing on all that was splendid in the worship of God, and turning it to his own worship." There are besides several rites well known to have existed among the heathen after the coming of Christ that bear so close a resemblance to Christian and Jewish forms, that we are warranted in following those

archæologists who attribute them to imitation of the usages of revealed religion. Take, for instance, the taurobolium or criobolium, or baptism by the blood of a bull or goat. In this ceremony the person undergoing it was placed in a pit with a kind of sieve over his head, through which the fresh blood of the animal was made to fall upon his whole body. What is this but the corruption of baptism, the idea of redemption through blood, and of the sprinkling with blood that took place by divine command in the old law? It stands to reason that as the Christian religion gained influence, paganism would, by seizing on what was marked in it and perverting it to its own uses, strive to regain its credit by an imitation which in some way would deceive the ignorant. Prof. Müller can see from this that Catholics are not unaccustomed to making such contrasts, and that they are far from fearing them. And as for the case in point, history tells us that St. Thomas evangelized India and very probably the countries adjacent to it, while we know that St. Francis Xavier, as narrated in his life, found decided traces of Christianity among some of the Indians, though they had not the priesthood. This being the case, we can readily comprehend how the followers of Buddha should have adopted many of the forms in use among Christians, even the recitation of psalms, which we know from the New Testament to have been in use among the apostles, who, we are told, "went out from the supper-room after reciting a hymn with their Master."

Such are the remarks we have thought well to make in the interest of truth in regard to these volumes of Prof. Müller, which, aside from these objectionable features, are full of learning and of interesting information, imparted in an easy and elegant style. They will be of value to the scholar, especially to those whose occupations do not allow them to consecrate much time to researches such as those in which the professor is engaged. They will have the effect of confirming the believer in the truth of Christianity, and of making him thankful for the gift of a faith that has saved him from such fearful enthrallment of mind and body as he beholds his fellow-men condemned to in the many forms of Eastern paganism. It is true those who are not favorable to positive religious teaching will wrest not a little of what is said to their own damage—a danger we have tried to point out. Still, the learned author will, after all, be justified in remarking that, if such be the case, it is but another exemplification of the fact that the serpent draws poison from the same plant from which the bee sips its honey.

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## TO WORDSWORTH.

Great poet, I have tasted and admired  
These many years, but *known* thee only now—  
With nine-and-twenty winters on my brow,  
And much beside that oft thy page inspired.  
I find in thee a freshness long desired:  
And take thy song as migrant bird a lake,  
Which first she shunn'd, yet could not all forsake,  
Till, last, she nests there—never to be tired.  
To nature I have ever turn'd with love,  
But now more fondly, from the world of men.  
'Twas erst for sympathy: with Byron then:  
But now, with thee, religiously—to prove  
The sweets of contemplation, and emove  
In other minds high thought and holy ken.

MAY, 1872.

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## TRUE GREATNESS.

There is a singular power in that pithy summons of the exordium to the preface of the Mass—"Sursum Corda." It stirs the deepest feelings of the human heart. Human nature is keenly sensitive to every appeal addressed to her true instincts. Man needs not to be told that he possesses the *power* of fixing his thoughts on things superhuman, educing from them principles of action, and shaping thereby his manifold relations with society. It is in stimulating this latent energy, and lovingly decoying it up to its most congenial atmosphere, that we experience the tender force of "Sursum Corda" as a touching address to our innermost self.

Axioms are beyond demonstration. But man, no less than science, has his own living first principles, and their evidence is of such a clearness as to be but obscured by ratiocination. For instance, it is always agreeable to our better nature to give praise where praise is due. Heathen wisdom has beautifully witnessed to this homely truth: "Palnam qui meruit ferat."<sup>[121]</sup> The inspired son of Sirach makes it an imperative duty: "Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation.... Let the people show forth their wisdom, and the church declare their praise."<sup>[122]</sup> If we should be asked to expound the philosophy of this noble instinct, we should be obliged, we apprehend, either to mystify what is self-evident, or super-illustrate it by the equally undemonstrable fact that greatness of character challenges universal admiration. It is like the golden sunset of Italy, or the many-tinted beauty of the rainbow. We feel, one and all, impelled to do it unsolicited homage.

Further, we secretly covet and thirst after it. For, by a cardinal law of our being, we fain would appropriate and monopolize whatsoever we deem worthy of admiration. Concerning the particular qualities of which true greatness is made up, there may be some difference of opinion. What is indisputable is that its attainment is the result of sustained effort; that that effort is itself a fertile source of pleasure; and that in proportion as we loiter in listless indolence, and shrink from making it, our life is retrogressive and self-condemned.

Artists, in aiming at eminence copy the great masters. They seek to touch their lips to the primal fount of inspiration. Now, it is rather matter of history than abstract speculation or ascetic predilection, that the very best models of greatness of character have been the saints. With their deep piety, lengthened vigils, and extraordinary ecstasies, we are not now concerned. It is as simple men and women we view them. We are dealing rather with effects than with causes. Aside from the supernatural aims whereupon they ever bent and concentrated all their energies, and whereby they daily renewed their youth, and whereat they ceaselessly imbibed fresh draughts of vitalizing nectar, they are the highest types on record of individual excellence. Those fine traits of character which men are agreed in admiring shine out more conspicuously in the saints than in any other class of men. On the other hand, human frailties, social incongruities, personal imperfections, find little or no place in their history.

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Only true men love solitude. Not that anybody positively hates it, but that most people prefer, instead of soaring alone with the eagle, to fly low with the herd of the feathered tribe. Hence they hold, with Aristotle, that he who loves solitude must be either a wild beast or a god. It is indeed a godlike love, but it was the cherished heritage of the saints. They were "never less alone than when alone."

Independence wins the respect of all. Not that reckless thrusting of ourselves against all established usages which borders on silliness, nor yet that waspish spirit of antagonism by which littleness would, in distinguishing and gainsaying anything, fain assume the garb of greatness. Christian independence, which is ever both manly and modest, lies between rashness and sycophancy, but partakes of the nature of neither. The harebrained truant is but little further removed from the saint than the fawning parasite. The kingly prophet of Israel makes frequent and beautiful allusions to independence, as: "Dominus illuminatis mea et salus mea: quem timebo?" And again: "Expecta Dominum, viriliter age, confortetur cor tuum, et sustine Dominum."<sup>[123]</sup> If a moral chemist were to analyze independence, he would most likely discover that its seed and stem is love of principle. Men have at all times been found who smiled upon the frowns of fortune, and cheerfully welcomed adversity, simply because principle still survived in unimpaired integrity, though all else had perished. There was yet one rich germ of abiding felicity. Of such it has been well said that "they need not flatter the vain, nor be tried with the impertinent, nor stand to the courtesy of knavery and folly. They need not dance after the caprice of a humorist, nor take part in the extravagance of another." Perhaps no one sentence in the writings of the illustrious Archbishop Hughes furnishes a true key-note to his character better than this: "I have never had a patron in church or state." Few are able to pen such words, and, in doing so, defy any impeachment of their veracity. A wholesome disregard for the opinions of others or indifference to human respect is the synonym of independence. It is, indeed, under the latter name we find independence mentioned in hagiology and ascetic theology; and it is one of the insidious poisons which the saints seem most to have feared. They considered the world so whimsical that, do what they might, they never could satisfy it. They everywhere saw good reason for pondering the old argument: "John came neither eating nor drinking, and you say: He hath a devil. The Son of Man is come both eating and drinking, and you say: Behold a man that is a glutton and a drinker of wine."<sup>[124]</sup> There is a remarkable instance of independence in the life of St. Thomas à Becket, and it shows how utterly irreconcilable are human respect and love of principle. It was clear to the chancellor that one of two things needs must come to pass. Either he should be allowed to remain chancellor, and continue in kindly relations with Henry, or he should be constrained to accept the archbishopric, and, by denouncing Henry's conduct, cease to be the

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friend of the king. The latter would have saints for friends at the cost of principle; he would have precedence given to the crown over conscience; he would have a courtier prelate with elastic convictions; he would have reconciled anomalies and “harmonized impossibilities.” But the independence of conscience is inflexible; and hence the memorable collision between a powerful monarch, whose fraudulence time has unveiled, and a prelate of unsullied integrity, whose glorious martyrdom is one of the great triumphs of the church. A beautiful writer<sup>[125]</sup> lays down a simple rule whereby men of vacillating character, in matters of conscience and duty, may meet those who would shake their independence with a sort of *argumentum ad hominem*: “Since worldlings look upon us as foolish, let us regard them in the same light.”

Closely akin to independence is steadfastness, or firmness of resolve. Not a mulish obstinacy which spurns counsel, and, by magnifying ourselves above all others, teaches us only to unlearn ourselves. Such a spirit betrays utter want of self-knowledge; for few suffice for themselves, and fewer still see themselves as they are seen by others. Whoever would attain to greatness should avoid the fickle and the inconstant. “He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.” And as instability in the convictions of the mind and affections of the heart extends to men’s relations and occupations in life, branding them in all things as volatile, supercilious, and untrustworthy, so we should study to be immovably firm in retaining and acting upon principles which we know to be based upon truth and justice. In pursuing any course of action maturely planned, and followed up from commendable motives, we must courteously but firmly resist all attacks materially affecting the nature of our resolve. It is common with the giddy and the irresolute to seek to bring down men of unbending firmness to their own contemptible level. Whoever lacks the courage to be singular, lacks the first element of greatness, is wanting in a source of solid happiness, and can scarcely be a true Christian. To give up a tried and disinterested friend, to relinquish a line of conduct in itself good and deliberately entered upon—unless from motives far more overpowering than those which had hitherto swayed you—besides furnishing clear evidence of fickleness, inflicts upon the will an incurable wound.

If steadfastness be the twin-sister of independence, fortitude is its eldest daughter. It has various manifestations; but it is best evidenced in danger and in time of difficulty. Opposition is its touchstone, elicits its latent powers, displays them in their modest and unborrowed beauty, making us regard their possessor with feelings akin to those with which we behold a gallant ship that has just ridden out a violent tempest, or the conqueror who, having waded, in calm courage, through a sea of blood, conducts his triumphant legions through the captured provinces to survey the rich spoils of victory. Fortitude may be considered the lion-virtue of the human breast. It is the shield of all the other virtues, rising in earnest promptness at the signal of approaching combat, and waiting, with giant force, to crush, if it cannot repel, the invader. Sydney Smith would compare no pleasure to that of conversation with a man of well-stored mind and communicative disposition. It seems to us there is no sight more beautiful to contemplate than that of a brave man in the midst of danger. If aught could enhance its thrilling interest, it would be the elevating assurance that the invincible hero wars with bitter reluctance, and solely for the sacred interests of truth and justice. Yet such, in all instances, has been the struggle of the saints and the eminent servants of the church, in which her history so copiously abounds. Such, in these latter days, was the attitude of Dr. Doyle, before the lords and commons of Britain, disdainfully repelling their calumnies against the Catholics of Ireland, scattering a serried phalanx of Oxford’s ablest champions, and submitting his very examiners to an unexpected ordeal of scrutiny. A still more beautiful instance of quiet courage is that evinced by St. Paul before the judgment-seat of Festus: “Neither against the law of the Jews, nor against the temple, nor against Cæsar, have I offended in anything. But Festus, willing to show the Jews a pleasure, answering Paul, said: Wilt thou go up to Jerusalem, and there be judged of these things before me? Then Paul said: I stand at Cæsar’s judgment-seat where I ought to be judged. To the Jews I have done no injury, as thou very well knowest. For if I have injured them, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die. But if there be none of these things whereof they accuse me, no man may deliver me to them: I appeal to Cæsar.”<sup>[126]</sup> It was not only a fearless assertion of the civil rights and liberty of the subject, but also the stirring rebuke to the perfidious judge for that he sought to transgress the limits of the constitution. St. Chrysostom’s reply to the courtier who brought him the intimation of the Empress Eudoxia’s intention to banish him from his see, breathes the spirit of conscious fortitude: “Is there any place she can send me where God will not be with me?”

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There are few things we more admire in others than energy of character. Indolence is the weightiest of burdens. It has been well said, “People that have nothing to do are quickly tired of their own company.” Sluggishness is the paralysis of the mind, and the grave of physical health. The intellectual faculties of the sluggard are like pearls in the depths of the sea, or ingots of priceless ore in an undiscovered gold-field. They are a lost treasure. But they are more. Their loss entails life-long death. “Desires kill the slothful, for his hands have refused to work.”<sup>[127]</sup> The most miserable of men is the idler. Pleasure he cannot enjoy. Food without an appetite is worse than useless; it is positively noxious. A keen relish for delightful pastime is the fruit of healthy industry. But from this the sluggard revolts, as do children from ghosts and hobgoblins. For him there needs no demon to tempt; he is the direst of tempters to himself. Sloth is the couch of Lucifer. Moreover, it stifles self-respect, awakening in its stead a rancorous spirit of hostility to those of opposite character. The loudest grumblers are idlers. Being out of sorts with themselves, they can ill brook the conflicting influences of those who relish labor. When positive and negative electricity conflict, lightning is the result. And when the magic charms of ceaseless industry shine like sunbeams on the stagnant, marshy nature of the do-nothing, there is generated a brood of vipers which thrive by diffusing poison.

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It is not wonderful that the saints should one and all have declared unceasing war against sloth. They were prodigies of industry. The mighty feats of labor which they successively undertook, and, in most instances, amid harassing embarrassment, carried to speedy completion, astonish the most energetic. It would seem as if their bodies had been recast in some unearthly mould, whence they came forth purged from all animal properties. It was not so much that they acted in harmonious concert with the will, as that they appear instinctively to have in some sort anticipated its behests, outrunning it in the race of industry. And as the sluggard, imperceptibly, becomes so besotted as to seem denaturalized, so, on the other hand, the quickened energies of the saints assumed an unflagging elasticity, second only to the miraculous gift of bilocation, whereby, at sundry intervals, they were empowered to be simultaneously present in different localities. If it be true that no great enterprise has ever been accomplished without sustained effort, and that before the levelling force of persistent determination the most appalling difficulties soon disappear, it is no less certain that by none more than by the saints has this cheering truth been realized. In a just appreciation of the value and dignity of labor, and the refreshing streams of pleasure that flow from it, their history shows them to have excelled: nor is it too much to say that on this one ground alone they would be entitled to the gratitude and veneration of mankind.

Hence the uniform cheerfulness which characterized them, and which they ungrudgingly seized every means of imparting to others. It is among the balmiest comforts which this shifting world can bestow to hold constant, or even frequent, intercourse with men of happy and contented minds. They make life a cloudless sunshine, beneath whose genial warmth the chilling shadows of sorrow and depression must needs melt rapidly away. The happiest of men were the saints. Descrying in nature's tiniest product but a feebly reflected beam of uncreated beauty, they could sing with the Florentine bard:

"La gloria di colui che tutto muove  
Per l'universo penetra, e risplende  
In una parte più, e meno altrove.

\* \* \* \* \*

O gloriose stelle, o lume pregno  
Di gran virtù, del quale io riconosco  
Tutto, qual che si sia, il mio ingegno."<sup>[128]</sup>

If to murmur or grumble was with them a sin, to be blithe and cheerful was the lightest of duties. Hours of sadness they indeed had, when their own and the world's sins were present to their piercing minds. But through those passing eclipses there evermore shone out a radiant smile—glittering sparks, issuing from the glowing furnace of the heart within, where constantly burned the loving recollection of promises sure to be redeemed and favors graciously vouchsafed.

"Sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow—  
To brute denied, and are of love the food."

There are, it seems to us, but few more desirable fortunes than a state of perpetual cheerfulness. It is one which is not to be purchased with gold. Its roots must be cast in the "eternal hills." The saints understood this. They held not in fiefdom from men their changeless buoyancy of spirits. It was not with them a vortical flux and reflux. It was not a checkered alternation of rapturous mirth and gloomy dejection. Such is the ephemeral gladness of the shallow humorist or the surfeited *bon vivant*. The cheerfulness of the saints had nothing of the spasmodic. It was not a rushing avalanche of fitfully majestic grandeur. It was a calm, stilly lake of perennial transparency, lying in a hushed valley of mossy verdure, fringed by a redolent clustering of midsummer's fairest flowers, reflecting the many-colored beauty of a rich autumnal foliage, and resounding to the blessed harmonies of nature's feathered choristers. It was a fixed and permanent habit of mind, sustaining the faculties in even security, keeping the emotions of the will poised in rational equilibrium, dispelling all care, all discontent, all overweening solitude, and diffusing throughout their being a moral odor of sweet and undying fragrance.

One of the most evident results of such a state of mind is a spirit of disinterestedness. This rare gift is, we consider, the strongest proof of solid virtue. It is also the most winning attraction observable in Christian character; and this, doubtless, is why it is so frequently counterfeited, and employed as a subterfuge to disguise the petty artifices of selfishness. It was not from disinterestedness, but to be rid of the anxiety attendant upon wealth, that the Grecian philosopher cast his gold into the sea. He was the founder of a numerous school, whose adherents, lacking true greatness of soul, comfort themselves, and seek to hoodwink others, by aping excellence which they do not possess. Disinterestedness, if it implies not sacrifice *in actu*, at least supposes a readiness to submit, as often as need be, to the loss of private interest. It seeks to eradicate, root and branch, all narrow self-seeking. Herein lies the secret of its power in evoking sympathy. It subdues the sternest enemy, wins plaudits from the most callous observer, captivates all well-regulated minds, and goes straight to every true, tender, and impressible heart. Knaves are well aware of its popularity; conceal under its lambkin-like guilelessness their wolfish cunning; and frequently glide, upon its unerring prestige, into sudden and unmerited fortune. But only with the saints—except in instances so rare as but to confirm the rule—has disinterestedness attained its full growth. Riches, high position, the esteem of the great ones of this world, such things they deem it a luxury to be able to despise. But they stopped not here, for this is but the threshold of disinterestedness. A stilly and breathless contentment with the

existing state of things; an ever-vigilant eagerness to keep self-interest in the background, giving due prominence to all things else; a prompt readiness to be ignored rather than exalted; to be tossed to and fro upon the sea of life, yet ever be buoyed to the surface by uncomplaining indifference; to be all to all and dead to self—such is the point they sedulously strove to reach. It was this beautiful quality which so much endeared St. Francis de Sales to all with whom he held intercourse. There went out from him that which distinctly assured them that they stood in the presence of a superior being. His sovereign once declared that there was more true nobility in Francis than in any king he had ever read of, and that he regarded his lofty virtue as something far more to be coveted than the throne and sceptre of France. Having been requested by a distinguished personage to accept a purse of gold, he declined for the memorable reason that “he really knew not what to do with it.” Centuries before, Saul of Tharsus spoke in similarly unselfish strains to the citizens of Corinth: “Behold now the third time I am ready to come to you; and I will not be burthensome unto you. For I seek not the things that are yours, but *you*.”<sup>[129]</sup>

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Disinterestedness finds vent in generosity without limit, and in sympathy which admits of no distinction. Greatness embodies these ministering angels of succor, and calls them her almoners and handmaids. Heroes and conquerors have been bravest in their deeds of magnanimity—most honored in their tender considerateness. “Cæsar dando, sublevando, ignoscendo, gloriam sibi adeptus est.”<sup>[130]</sup> It is said of Napoleon the First that, walking one day on the coast of Calais, and meditating the ruin of the British empire, he descried an English lad furtively launching a tiny skiff, with a view to escaping from the navy of France and revisiting his native land. There was too much of precocious daring in the act not to stir the feelings of a soldier who had conquered everything but his cool contempt for danger. The emperor gave orders that a vessel of the line should be despatched to bear the young Saxon to the shores of Britain. The achievements of human generosity and sympathy fade into insignificance beside the heroism of the saints. Nothing was with them too sacred to be transformed into instruments of sympathy—into healing balsam to staunch the wounds of sorrow and distress. The sacred vessels of the altar were converted into money; the revenues of the church were made the patrimony of the poor; and asylums of mercy went up to meet the ravages of sudden epidemic, wherein the princely blood and fine feelings of a St. Charles Borromeo and the genius of a Bellarmine were happiest and most at home in bending over the pestilential couch of smitten wretchedness. It is written of the “Seraph of Assisi” that, on learning of a dearth of provisions among a horde of banditti, he furnished them with an abundant supply, went in person and publicly embraced the bandit chief, and soon saw them exchange their career of plunder for a life of edifying industry. To the hair-splitting sciolist, he would appear to have travelled beyond the bounds of orthodoxy and sanctioned highway robbery; but to the closer student of the Gospel, he will rather resemble him who, going out from Gethsemani, kissed the worst of robbers, and with his dying breath gave paradise to a public malefactor.

We have thus far indicated a few of those leading characteristics which, if they be not, in the aggregate, true moral greatness itself, are recognized as among its special and essential ingredients. We cannot take leave of this subject without repeating what at the outset we intimated, namely, that it is in the lives of the saints those lofty traits of character are most commonly and most endearingly illustrated. What share grace and nature respectively have had in the formation and development of each individual one, it has not been our object to investigate. “Facienti quod in se est Deus nunquam denigat gratiam.”<sup>[131]</sup> One thing only the saints sought at the hands of men—to be denied a place in their memory. While here below, their wish was for the most part realized to the fullest. They were of all others the least understood and most abused. Their lowliness is now fittingly exalted, and, while their bodies rest in peace, their names shall be honored from generation to generation. Nor can we conceive any means whereby men may more easily or more surely attain true greatness, even in the natural order, than by striving, however imperfectly, to rival those great men and women, once the earthly gems of our ransomed humanity, now the sharers of its glorified dignity and beauty, whom the church, in the progressive march of time, steadily reproduces to our notice, to strengthen our faith, to vivify our hopes, and intensify our undivided love for the Creator in the first instance, and then for our fellow-creature, without limit or distinction.

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## RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS IN BELGIUM.

In Belgium the patronal feasts of the churches and towns are celebrated with great pomp and splendor. Each church, on its feast, is adorned in the richest style, the streets and houses of the parish are decorated with green branches and banners; high and low, rich and poor, unite to do honor to the Blessed Sacrament, that is carried in procession on the Sunday during the octave, within the limits of the parish. From the houses of the nobles hang the banners, and oriflammes emblazoned with their armorial bearings; one common bond of sympathy and love unites all ranks, one common desire to show homage and reverence to the dear Lord and Master, who is to be borne in triumph in their midst.

Catholicity has so thoroughly moulded the habits and customs of the people, the festivals of the church make the festivals of the people; consequently, the feast of the church is also the *Kermesse*, as it is called, of the people. The parish feast is the *Petite Kermesse*; the patronal feast of the city the *Grande Kermesse*, when all business is suspended, and universal rejoicing prevails.

Bruges celebrates the *Grande Kermesse* on the 6th of May, in honor of the Precious Blood, which is on that day carried in procession from the chapel of *Le Saint Sang* to the cathedral. In the chapel of *Le Saint Sang*, the oldest Christian building in Belgium, is preserved the holiest of relics, the precious blood of our Lord, which was expressed from the sponge with which his sacred body was washed after the descent from the cross. It was brought from the Holy Land by Comte Thierry d'Alsace, one of the first and most distinguished of the early crusaders, and presented to the bishop of his native city, Bruges; where it has ever since remained, the object of the most faithful love and veneration.

Every year, on the 6th of May, the Bishop of Bruges and the canons of the cathedral go in procession to the chapel of *Le Saint Sang*, carry the relic, which is inclosed in a shrine of inestimable value, to the cathedral; high mass is sung, benediction given, and then the procession returns to the chapel, where, during the octave, the precious relic is exposed to the veneration of the faithful.

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Bruges is one of the oldest and most Gothic of the Belgian towns; in the middle ages it was the great commercial *entrepôt*, canals intersect it in every direction, but trade has moved off to Antwerp and other cities, and Bruges is left with only the traditions of its former importance. It is, too, one of the quaintest of places; grass grows in the streets, and, ordinarily, it is the quietest of towns; consequently, the English affect it a great deal, particularly converts. In the most retired part of the town is the great convent of the *Dames Anglaises*; the chapel is magnificent; around the walls are tablets with the names of the Talbots, Giffords, Somersets, Middletons, and others who have died in the convent, and were its benefactors. The habit is beautiful, pure white with black veil; they follow the rule of St. Augustine, and are principally English; nothing can be more calm and peaceful than their retreat.

The Hôpital St. Jean is also well worth seeing, as its gallery of paintings contains many of the gems of Memling and other masters of the Flemish school. The hospital is under the charge of the *Sœurs Hospitalières*, who are also Augustinians, dress in white like the *Dames Anglaises*, but are not quite so elegantly picturesque.

The Palais de Justice, the beautiful little Hôtel de Ville, and the Chapel of the Saint Sang, surround the Grande Place. It was the eve of the *Grande Kermesse* when we arrived in Bruges, and all the country and adjoining towns had emptied into it; the streets and Places were crowded with peasants in every imaginable costume; women in round caps, pointed caps, peaks on top and wings on the side; every age and style was represented. Near the Grand Place is a belfry, immensely high, called the Carillon, with the most delicious chime of bells, which made music all the afternoon and evening. The bells of Bruges are the most famous in Belgium.

In the Grand Place two or three gymnasiums were in full operation; at all the *Kermesses* there are machines called *moulins*, like enormous rotary engines, with chariots for the girls and women, and horses for the boys and men, decorated with red and gold in the most fantastic manner. Some of the carriages were red, others blue, then yellow, and so on; round and round they went, the bands of music playing, the children screaming with enjoyment, the women waving their handkerchiefs; the people around looking on delightedly, some smoking, some drinking, all enjoying themselves. In another place, a circus was performing in broad daylight, clowns jumping and turning somersaults, boys standing on men's heads, girls poised on the shoulders of other muscular individuals. The chimes were ringing their merriest, and the great bells of the cathedral and Notre Dame joined their loud voices to the chorus to celebrate the eve of the great festival.

Early on the morning of the feast we visited the Chapel of the Saint Sang, ascended the staircase; a priest sat behind a little altar, holding the precious reliquary; we kissed the relic, saw with our own eyes the crimson life-blood of our Blessed Redeemer, shed for us on Calvary; passed down the other side; and descended into the subterranean crypt, the oldest church in Flanders. Then we visited the cathedral and Notre Dame, looked at the beautiful pictures that adorn the walls, and meditated by the tombs of the bishops and old dukes of Burgundy. In Notre Dame are the tombs of Charles the Bold and Maria of Burgundy.

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At ten, the high mass commenced in the cathedral; the Bishop of Bruges sang the mass, the Nuncio's throne was opposite, and on the right of the Bishop of Bruges the Bishops of Ghent, Liège, and Tournai occupied the first of the canons' stalls, crimson velvet hangings being thrown over the carved oak in honor of their rank. The canons were in their stalls; the seminarians and

the rest of the clergy had the good places directly in front of the screen. In the cathedral of Bruges the high altar is divided from the rest of the church by great marble walls, on top of which were splendid hangings of Gobelin tapestry; and all that could be seen was to be done by peeping through the railing of the doors.

We left at the benediction, and made our way out, so as to see the procession, which would pass the Hôtel de Flandre. The lancers were drawn up in front of the cathedral, the streets were lined with soldiers, flags and streamers floated in the breeze. We had barely reached our window when we heard the approaching music, the splendid band of the lancers. After the cavalry, that opened the way and made the line, came the infantry; then the different parishes, headed by the banners, the boys in cassocks and surplices chanting, the girls in white veils and flowers—all that was beautiful. The women came out from the houses and strewed flowers and green leaves, so that the street looked like a carpet. In nearly every detachment was a girl dressed like the Blessed Virgin; in one, it was the Queen of Heaven—white dress, studded with stars, mantle and train of blue velvet, gemmed with golden stars, diadem and sceptre. In another, the Comfortress of the Afflicted; in another, the Mother of God; again, the Mater Dolorosa.

Then came one of the most beautiful divisions: boys dressed to represent the different saints of the city and churches—St. James; St. Sebastian, with his bow and arrows; one, St. Charles Borromeo, was perfect, mitre on the head, superb cross and chain, the crosier in his hand—the little fellow marched with as much dignity and grace as the five bishops who followed.

Immediately before the relic was borne a splendid statue of the Mother of Sorrows, in purple velvet, surrounded by the confraternity, dressed in purple, covered with large black lace veils, followed by the "Three Marys." Some artist must have dressed and grouped them. The Blessed Virgin's face was most exquisitely pure and sorrowful, her blue mantle and dress fell around her with perfect grace; the Magdalene supported her on one side, a beautiful girl, with long flowing hair, superbly dressed, her arms covered with splendid bracelets; on the other side was the third Mary, her arm thrown around the Blessed Virgin to support her.

Last of all came the clergy of the cathedral, the seminarians flinging clouds of incense, the canons in procession. The shrine was carried in turn by different canons; immediately after walked the Bishop of Bruges, giving his benediction, his train borne by three boys; then the three other bishops, and the Nuncio, in a superb cape and mitre, who likewise blessed the people. It was beautiful; the white dresses of the children, the red and gold vestments of the priests (all the vestments, of course, were red in honor of the Precious Blood), the splendid banners, the magnificent music, and the picturesque crowd, made an ensemble not easily forgotten.

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In Ghent, the great procession of St. Macaire, which only takes place once in a century, was celebrated May 19, 1867, with extraordinary splendor, to implore his intercession for the preservation of Belgium from pestilence, the cholera, the typhus fever, and the cattle disease, which so desolated the country the previous year. The Cardinal of Malines, all the Bishops of Belgium, the Nuncio, and Bishop Mermillod, of Geneva, who preached the Jubilee, assisted. The city was crowded; over 100,000 strangers from all parts, even from France and Germany.

The Cathedral of St. Bavon is very old, dates from 940, and was in its gala dress. The shrine of St. Macaire, of solid silver, a present from the city of Mons two hundred years ago, was placed upon a temporary altar, erected in the middle of the transept, surrounded by thousands of lights, a canopy of evergreens and flowers overshadowed it, and the church was decorated with garlands of flowers that hung from the ceiling in immense festoons; hundreds of pennants suspended from the arched roof fluttered above our heads; and the *coup d'œil* from the lower part of the church, or from behind the main altar, was surpassingly beautiful.

The mass was sung by the Nuncio, in the presence of the cardinal and the other bishops. After the mass we looked at the paintings in all the chapels, saw the font where Charles V. was made a Christian, and by making the most of being strangers persuaded a polite young gentleman to show us the famous statue of Duquesnoy. Duquesnoy was one of the greatest sculptors of his day; we had seen the beautiful statue of St. Ursula in the mortuary chapel of the Princes of Tour and Taxis, in the church of the Sablon in Brussels, and were anxious to see the still more famous *chef-d'œuvre* in the Cathedral of Ghent.

Duquesnoy, unfortunately, was as wicked as he was talented, and for some great crime was condemned to be executed. While in prison he finished his last great work, the recumbent figure of one of the bishops of Ghent. He devoted his best energies to the task, hoping by that means to obtain his pardon; the result was a grand success; he had surpassed all his former efforts; but even the great triumph could not obtain grace for him; the law was inexorable; he must die. He asked to see once more his beloved statue, upon which he had devoted his lonely prison life; he was taken before it, and in despair and rage he seized a hammer and broke off the fingers of the right hand. Before he could inflict further damage he was hurried off, and burnt before the church of St. Nicholas.

We rambled around the cathedral in every direction, looking perseveringly at the right hands of all the statues, but all the fingers were perfect; where was Duquesnoy's? Men were going round clattering the keys, pushing the people out, priests were in all corners, telling everybody the church must be cleared to make ready for the procession. We made a beseeching appeal to a priest, who stood upon the steps leading to the choir, that we were strangers, probably never would be in Ghent again in our lives—couldn't we see the statue? He gave a wink to one of the ushers, and the young gentleman responded by inviting us up the steps, and into the choir we hurried.

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There were three thrones, two on the epistle side for the Cardinal and Nuncio, one on the gospel side for the Bishop of Ghent; the other bishops had crimson velvet chairs and *pries-dieu*. Behind the throne of the Bishop was the famous statue; the fingers have been repaired, but the line is visible where the unfortunate wretch wreaked his vengeance. Not only did we see the statue well, but our polite guide insisted upon our examining closely the shrine of St. Macaire; so we had a chance of admiring the beautiful chasing of the repository of the relics.

After dinner, we took possession of our window, and at five the procession came in sight. First, the lancers to make the line; then the charitable associations of Ghent, the *confréries* of St. Francis Xavier, free schools, etc., each headed by superb banners. The gem of this part was the Jesuit College of St. Barbe, forming a group—the Triumph of St. Aloysius of Gonzaga. The choirboys led the van, then the three cardinals—Borromeo, Bellarmin, and Gonzaga, preceded by pages bearing their escutcheons, followed by others carrying their trains; the statue of St. Aloysius, followed by his brother Rudolph, Duke of Mantua, preceded by heralds bearing the arms of the house of Gonzaga; the young nobles walked behind, and the avenue was formed by halberdiers in the dress of the time. The dressing of this group was gorgeous; the sons of the first families of Flanders arrayed in the most magnificent style. We have never seen it equalled on the stage.

Then followed in endless succession the religious orders of women, the Sisters of Charity with the deaf and dumb; the Sisters of the Visitation with their free schools; the Sisters of St. Joseph; the Black Sisters, who nurse the sick; the Beguines from the Petit and Grand Beguinage with their free schools; each division bearing patron saints decorated in the most beautiful manner, and arranged in the most artistic style.

The parishes were in full force; each parish was a grand procession by itself; the schools and *confréries* of each church with its insignia. The Living Rosary was exquisite; bands of young girls reciting the rosary; the Five Joyful Mysteries in white, with white roses and ribbons; the Five Sorrowful, white and violet; the Five Glorious, white and red—all with gorgeous banners and streamers.

The parish of St. John the Baptist was distinguished by a group of the church militant, suffering, and triumphant. The church militant, young girls dressed in white, green wreaths, ribbons, and gauze veils floating around, indicating the immortal hopes of the church; some bearing on velvet cushions the triple crown of the Pope and the emblems of episcopal authority; the cross borne aloft, crowned with garlands, and the words, in blazing letters, "Portæ inferorum non prævalebunt contra te!" The church suffering, girls in white, purple sashes and wreaths, covered with black lace veils, bearing the instruments of the Passion, the inscription on the cross, "Ave crux, spes unica!" The church triumphant, girls in white, veils of cloth-of-gold, dresses studded with golden stars, some bearing the banners of the Blessed Sacrament, others golden palms of victory; the cross golden, with the legend, surrounded by a halo of glory, "In hoc signo vinces!"

And so passed on the different parishes, each followed by the clergy of the church in the richest vestments. The religious orders of men came next, and lastly the parish of the cathedral of St. Bavon with the precious relics of St. Macaire; the free schools, the *confréries*, the congregation, and the most exquisite historical group, representing the courts of the King of France and the Comte de Flandre as they assisted at the translation of the relics of St. Macaire in 1067—the soldiers, archers, chaplains, standard-bearers, and pages in the most accurate costumes. The King and Queen of France and the Comte de Flandre were magnificently dressed; no tinsel, but superb diadems and robes of velvet and gold.

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The "Slaves of Mary" formed a beautiful group; a lovely statue of the Blessed Virgin, borne aloft, from which hung golden chains, carried by young ladies, dressed in white, enveloped in white lace veils, the chains binding them together. It was difficult to choose where all was so beautiful, but we were almost tempted to say it was the gem. Add to this magnificence the streets adorned with flags, houses covered with green branches and flowers, balconies with blue, crimson, and yellow velvet hangings glittering with gold, and some idea may be formed of the uniquely beautiful spectacle.

The seminary, the curés in surplice and ermine hanging from the left arm, the deans in copes, the canons of the cathedral, the bishops of Namur, Liège, Bruges, Tournai, Geneva, and Ghent in mitre and cope, preceding the shrine of St. Macaire, borne by priests, surrounded by lights; then the Nuncio; and, last of all, the Cardinal of Malines—all the bishops giving the episcopal benediction, the people blessing themselves in the most earnest, reverential manner.

Well may Ghent have been proud of her procession! The Cardinal of Malines said it could not have been seen anywhere but in Belgium, and nowhere in Belgium but in Ghent. It was two hours passing our window, and five hours going from the Chateau des Espagnols, the old Abbey of St. Bavon, to the cathedral.

The *Grande Kermesse* of Brussels is in July, the first Sunday after the 13th, the anniversary of the translation of the *Très-Saint-Sacrement de Miracle* from St. Catharine's to the beautiful collegiate church of St. Gudule. In the fourteenth century, in the year 1370, sixteen hosts were stolen by the Jews from the tabernacle of St. Catharine, carried to their synagogue, and on Good Friday they assembled to gratify their hate; they placed them upon a table, stabbed them—blood flowed. Shocked at what they had done, but not converted, even by what they had seen, they tried to get rid of them, and induced a woman to carry them to their brethren in Cologne. The woman had been recently converted, and although, from love of gold, she consented to conceal the crime, she determined to reveal all to the priest who had received her into the church. She carried them to him, avowing the part she had taken in the whole affair; the authorities arrested

the Jews, the guilty ones were executed, the rest banished from Brussels, and their property confiscated.

St. Catharine's was a chapel of St. Gudule's; so the clergy went in grand procession, followed by the reigning sovereigns, nobility, and dignitaries, to bring them to St. Gudule's. The Jews had destroyed some of them; there only remained three, which are the especial objects of veneration in Brussels. The synagogue where the outrage was committed was bought by Comte de Salagar, and converted into a chapel; but as it was small, a beautiful *chapelle expiatoire*, designed by Pugin, has been erected adjoining. Attached to it is a community of ladies, semi-religious, who perpetually adore the Blessed Sacrament in the spot where it was profaned; besides their office of perpetual adoration, they devote themselves to good works pertaining to the Blessed Sacrament; they make vestments for poor churches and missions, instruct children for the first communion, visit the sick, and prepare the dying for the holy viaticum. [552]

Where once the most cruel hate was shown, now the most ardent love is manifested. The sanctuary is always perfumed with the choicest flowers, the altar blazes with light, and the incense of prayer and adoration is ever offered, to atone for the awful insult. On Holy Thursday, the ladies of Brussels send their richest jewels to adorn the repository, which is always in the old synagogue; and when one glances from the tablet, which tells that on this spot the shocking deed was perpetrated, he beholds, enthroned on high, the holy of holies, surrounded by diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and pearls.

The *Très-Saint-Sacrement de Miracle* is preserved in St. Gudule's; Charles V. built the beautiful chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and the superb windows were presented by his royal sisters, the Queens of Portugal and Hungary, his brother, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, and Francis I. of France. The sanctuary is surrounded by a cordon of lamps, always burning, and the monstrance presented by the Duc d'Arenberg is ablaze with jewels. When the Pays Bas were under the rule of Austria, the Austrian sovereigns lavished upon this chapel every mark of affection; the most superb laces, worth thousands of francs, and jewels; and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette sent her wedding-necklace of diamonds to be suspended around the monstrance.

The week before the festival, a retreat is always given in the Chapelle Expiatoire, and during the octave there are sermons by some famous preacher every day at St. Gudule's. One year the retreat was given by Père Hermann, in religion Frère Augustin Marie du Très-Saint-Sacrement, a converted Jew, then a bare-footed Carmelite. He was a great artist, Liszt's best pupil, the idol of the salons of Paris, Vienna, Brussels, and all the capitals of Europe, and was converted by the Blessed Sacrament in a miraculous manner. He told us the history of his conversion. Said he: "I was invited to play the organ in a church in Paris for some great charity. I consented. I played. At the benediction I ceased, I looked on; when in an instant I felt that I knew that God was in the Blessed Sacrament. I fell on my knees. I adored, and for some time was insensible to all around. But, although convinced, I was not converted. For three months I continued my artist-life, when, one day in St. Gudule's, in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, I received my *coup de grâce*. I resisted no longer; I became a Catholic; and you see me now before you, a Carmelite." We asked him if it was true that he had been such a great artist. "Yes," he answered; "that is, in the history of music Liszt considered me his best pupil; as such, I accompanied him in his tours, and he presented me to all the crowned heads as his future successor." His preaching was wonderful, always on the Blessed Sacrament, and when he turned to the tabernacle his countenance was inflamed with love.

The grand procession leaves St. Gudule's after the High Mass, winds its way through the streets, adorned in the most gorgeous manner—military music, soldiers, the different parishes with their respective clergy, children strewing flowers, and priests swinging censers before the Très-Saint-Sacrement de Miracle, which is borne under a magnificent canopy by the deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass, followed by the dean. Through the kneeling crowds they march until they reach the picturesque Grande Place, and there, on an altar ornamented with the national colors, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed for adoration. [553]

At that moment it is superb; the military form the square, the beautifully dressed children kneel in the centre, the clergy are ranged on the high flight of steps leading up to the altar—incense is burning from huge urns; the dean intones the *Tantum Ergo*, it is taken up by hundreds—and then the bell rings, the drums roll, the soldiers present arms, the dean raises the Très-Saint-Sacrement de Miracle, and gives the benediction to the Hôtel de Ville, and in blessing that hall blesses the city.

The Assumption is the festival of Antwerp, and on that day the grand church of Notre Dame is *en fête*; therefore, as the mother rejoices, the children must be happy. The church is the largest and richest in Belgium; seven aisles wide; the pillars are so numerous, it looks like a forest; the style is simple, but very fine, pure Gothic. The main altar was splendidly illuminated by hundreds of wax candles, and all down the nave the most magnificent banners were suspended from the columns, producing a superb relief. The music was excellent, Haydn's Imperial Mass, with orchestra and organ and admirably trained voices. Near the main altar are the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Rubens—the Ascent and Descent from the Cross.

When we left the cathedral, we stood for a while contemplating the grand tower, from the top of which on a clear day can be seen Malines, Brussels, Bruges, and Ghent. The tower is a mass of the most elaborate tracery, and the filigree carving is so delicate, Charles V. said it should be put under glass, and Napoleon compared it to Malines lace. There is a delicious carillon or chime of ninety-nine bells, which ring every ten minutes, and are played by machinery, put up in 1540; the

great bell, named Charles after its godfather, Charles V., requires sixteen men to ring it; consequently, it is only used on great festivals; and as this was the *Grande Kermesse* of Antwerp, we heard it.

Near by the cathedral is the fountain cast in iron by Quentin Matsys, one of the great Flemish painters, when he was a blacksmith. The story is he fell in love with the daughter of an artist, who would not consent to the marriage until the blacksmith should also become an artist. So Quentin Matsys left the forge for the pencil, and became one of the glories of his country. His tomb is in the cathedral, his statue ornaments one of the great Places, and his memory is ardently cherished by his native city.

We were in front of the Hôtel de Ville, a gloomy looking building, built by the Duke of Alva in the gloomiest Spanish style, and saw the procession pass. It was very fine; the banners of Antwerp are unequalled in the northern part of Europe; they were the glories of the procession. The statue of the Blessed Virgin was gorgeously dressed in a mass of gold, lace, and precious stones. The banners were sufficiently splendid in the beginning, but as the canopy over the Blessed Sacrament appeared, they became more and more dazzling, perfectly resplendent in the bright sun. The golden lamps borne around the canopy added to the gorgeousness, the vestments of the clergy corresponded; and as every one in the procession carried a light, it was like a stream of fire quivering along the Place. Files of soldiers made the outer line, and splendid military bands played at intervals.

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One of the events of this *Grande Kermesse* was the unveiling of the statue of Teniers, another great Flemish painter. Antwerp is justly proud of her artist sons, and in her Places can be seen the statues of Rubens, Vandyck, Quentin Matsys, and Teniers—children whom the mother delights to honor; but greatest of all her glories is the grand Cathedral of Notre Dame, which speaks for the faith of the past that could raise such a glorious monument to the living God.

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# LITTLE LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE."

*"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."*

The first evening-bell of the N— State Prison had rung, and the deputy-warden stood in the guard-room taking the ward keys from their nail, and looking at his revolver. A guard watched from each of the windows toward the yard, and at one of the narrow loopholes beside the door stood a little figure on tiptoe peeping out, only half her face reaching above the wood-work.

This was Minnie Raynor, the warden's daughter—a child so happy and so beautiful, that lips unused to fanciful talk called her fanciful names; a child so sweet, too, that tender looks and thoughts ever followed her. Rough men patted her nestling cheek, and called her "darling"; to her father, she was "my angel"; but her mother went to the heart of the matter, and called her "Little Love."

The deputy went toward the door near which she stood. "O Minnie! is it you?" he asked; "or is it a ray of sunshine that has come in at the window?"

She laughed as she settled down from tiptoe, and turned her head; and the level sunshine steeped her through—dimpled, delicate face, luminous brown eyes, flaxen hair, and all her baby whiteness.

"May I go out with you?" she asked in a voice of childish sweetness.

"Certainly!" he answered "Please open the door for me; my hands are full."

She tried, in perfect good faith, to do as he bade her; and the men watched, between amusement and admiration, those tiny rosy hands that pulled ineffectually at iron bar and nail-studded oaken door.

"I can't make it move," she said at length; and, looking about, perceived that they were laughing at her.

They went out on to the platform, and the door was closed behind them.

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"Now stand close to me while I ring the bell, and watch the men file in, then we will go down to the prison," the deputy said.

At the second bell, the convicts marched slowly out of the different shops, joined in the yard, and passed by, on their way to the prison, the stairs at the head of which stood the deputy and Minnie Raynor.

The child looked in wonder at that long line of silent men, who walked so close together, with interlocked steps, and never raised their faces. There was something in it that provoked her to mischief. Sorrow and sin she knew nothing of, and she had never seen in those about her a gravity which her smiles could not banish. Why should she not be a sunbeam to this cloud also?

There was a flit of white drapery at the deputy's side, and a toss of yellow-flaxen hair.

"Come back, and wait for me," he said hastily, his eyes fixed on the advancing line.

There was a trill of bird-toned laughter, and Minnie Raynor scampered down the stairs as fast as her feet could carry her.

The officer dared not go after her, nor remove his eyes from his charge, but he leaned a little, and tried to catch her. She laughed, and fled on, leaving her blue sash in his hand, and, reaching the outer door of the prison, stood looking at the convicts as they passed by her.

Hundreds of men were there, each stained by some dark crime, yet Minnie smiled into their faces, and saw nothing to fear or dislike. And in every face, as she looked, dimly, as in troubled waters, there shone back on her a faint and far-away reflection of remembered childhood and innocence. Every hard face softened, and met her glance with brightening eyes, and every heart blessed her—the warden's bonnie little daughter.

Near the end of the line was a man whose overseers never turned their backs on him—of whom every officer in the prison was wary. This man, William Jeffries, had been ten years under sentence of death for wilful murder, and had passed that time in daily expectation of the order for his execution.

If personal beauty had aught to do with virtue, one might say that this sentence was an unjust one; for the convict was not only strikingly handsome, but had an air of superiority. The black hair was thrown carelessly back, and left fully exposed the marble-white, exquisite features, whose expression, when he looked down, was one of pride and melancholy. But when he raised those full black eyes, the beholder shrank involuntarily from their hard and brilliant regard. No smile ever was seen on those compressed, haughty lips; they never spoke save when obliged to, and never asked a favor. And it was well known that he watched, day and, night, for any chance of escape, and cherished a deep, cold hate for his keepers.

As he approached her, Minnie smiled up into his face, then started forward, and, taking his hand, walked on with him, to the horror of the guards and the malicious amusement of the convicts. For the man himself, he merely submitted to the soft clasp of her fingers, and kept his eyes downcast; but his face turned a deep red, which had not faded when he reached his cell door.

There the overseer interfered, and drew Minnie away, just as she was entering the cell.

"I want to go into his play-house, and see the pretty pictures on the walls," she said.

"You must not!" was the reply. "It is wicked to go in there. It's no place for you."

Jeffries drew his cell-door to, and, as he stood holding it, gave the overseer a glance. That glance blazed.

"Don't stare at me!" the officer exclaimed.

The convict lowered his eyes.

Minnie walked on reluctantly to the end of the ward, and stood there while the cell doors were locked; then, when she saw the hands pushed through the gratings, she ran down the walk, full of frolic, and caught one of them.

"You can't get it away!" she cried, holding on to the white and well-formed hand with her tiny fingers.

Had any of his keepers been in front of Jeffries' cell then, they would scarcely have recognized him. The bold eyes were soft and humid, the pallid face faintly colored, and a smile of tender sweetness trembled about the mouth.

Minnie leaned close against the grating, and looked through at the pictures that lined the walls of the cell. Only the iron rods separated her head from that guilty breast, some of her bright locks pushed through and touched the convict's sleeve, and her tender hands still caressed that hand that had been stained with a brother's blood.

"Are they your pictures?" she asked.

He reached, and, taking the prettiest one from the wall, gave it to her. Not even to her would he break the rule of silence.

"O Minnie! Minnie!" said the deputy chidingly, as he came down the walks, after making his rounds. "Why did you run away from me?"

She displayed her picture with childish delight. "He gave it to me," she said, nodding toward the convict. "Isn't he good?"

"He is very kind," the officer replied. "Did you thank him?" "Well, we must go now. You can come again some other time."

"Good-bye!" Minnie called out to her new friend. "I shall come to see you again very soon. And I want to kiss you now," running back again.

The deputy, with the child's hand in his, hesitated, and looked embarrassed. He made a point of being scrupulously civil to the convicts, and was particularly careful not to offend this one; but he shrank from allowing such a leave-taking.

"It won't hurt her, sir," said the prisoner, in an eager voice. "She is too pure to take a stain."

The child's hand was released, the convict bent inside his cell, and took the kiss she gave him through the bars; then Minnie went into the house with her protector.

"I am not sure that I like it," Mr. Raynor said, after he had heard the story. He took the child in his arms. "I am not sure that I shall let my angel go down to that place again."

"But, father," his wife said gently, "if our angel can do good there, we ought not to refuse. I should not wish her to go unguarded, nor, indeed, very often in any way; but she might go down occasionally with one of us, or the deputy. As Jeffries says, she is too pure to take a stain."

The wife prevailed; and, thereafter, Minnie Raynor's sweet face often cheered the gloom of the prison. The convicts learned to bless her small shadow as it fell across the work or book carried close to the cell door for light. They would start and smile at any sign of her coming—a laugh, a word, or the patter of light feet on the stones. Those who were on the side of the prison next the street thought themselves repaid if, after a day of toil and silence, they caught a glimpse of the child in a window, or in the garden of the warden's house. They fabricated wonderful toys for her in their leisure hours—balls that bounded marvellously, ornaments carved from soupbones, and rattles that were a puzzle to take apart or put together. In return, she gave them smiles and thanks, and whatever dainty she could coax from her mother to carry in.

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But to no one was this fair vision so dear as to him on whom she had first bestowed her preference; for on her he concentrated all the softness which the others showed toward any one who noticed them. She was the only one to whom he spoke, on whom he smiled; and for her sake he would humble himself to any extent. He who had before scorned to ask a favor, now begged for tools and materials to make toys for the warden's daughter. He showed jealousy when she noticed any one else—he begged her constantly for assurances of affection. On her he poured out all the suppressed tenderness of his heart; for she was the only being who had ever come to him with perfect trust—the only being who believed him good.

"I think you are real nice," she would say, gazing at him admiringly. "And you are pretty, too. I wish that you lived in our house, so that I could see you all the time."

Once, when she was missing from the prison several days, Jeffries could scarcely taste his food, and at length, unable longer to endure the suspense, he asked for her.

"Is anything the matter with the warden's daughter, sir?"

"Is that any of your business?" the overseer demanded roughly.

The warden, unseen by him, was at his elbow, and reproved his rudeness sharply.

"A civil question deserves a civil answer," he said; "and you are not lowered by speaking to one whom my daughter talks with. Minnie is well, Jeffries, and I will tell her that you inquired. She has been away on a visit."

The longing for freedom had never left this man's heart, and now a new motive for desiring it was added. Minnie had confided to him her desire to own a little gold watch with hands that went round and round; and, even while listening to her, he had resolved that, should he ever escape, he would buy and send to her the tiniest and prettiest gold watch that could be found. He dreamed over this plan, as other men dream over ambition or love. He fancied the brown eyes dilating at sight of a package addressed to herself, the dear little head advanced in eager curiosity as father and mother broke the package open, her cry of delight and wonder when she saw its contents, the dimpled hands that snatched at the gift, and the sweet voice uttering thanks to the far-away "Mr. William," as she had chosen to call him.

Always, now, this golden thread ran through the dark and tragical web of his retrospections and anticipations.

Thus more than six months passed away. The fall and winter were over, and spring had come again; and those mysterious impulses of new life which the reawakening of nature brings to the human heart made this man's confinement every day less tolerable to him. He said to himself that he should go mad if it were longer continued. The monotony and restraint were hard enough; but that constant dread of the sword of justice, for ever suspended over him, was a torture. Hanging would be better than such a life.

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Early in the spring Jeffries had been moved from his cell on the inner side of the block to one next the street, and through the long window opposite his grating he could see the warden's house, its visitors coming and going, its pleasant, open windows, with curtains blowing in and out, and, better than all else, he could see little Minnie at her play in house or garden. He could see her dance into the breakfast-room at morning, and run to kiss her father, who would lift her to her place at the table. He knew that she drank milk from a silver mug, and that she sometimes took a lump of sugar from the sugar-bowl. He could see her mother lead her away to bed at evening, and knew that she always took a pet kitten with her, sometimes in her arms, sometimes chasing through the hall after her. He could see her by day soberly hushing a doll to sleep, bending absorbed over a picture-book, or romping in the garden. Once she stumbled and fell there, and the convict, watching her, sprang at his bars as though he would break them. He gazed an hour after she was carried into the house, and let his supper grow cold while he waited to assure himself that she was not much hurt. Being satisfied at length, he ate his cold mush and molasses, and drank his cold tea without milk, and lay down to dream of his idol.

There was good reason, for his being peculiarly anxious about his little friend that night and indifferent about his supper, for he meant to be a free man the next day or to seal his fate at once. All his preparations were made. He had sewed another dark half under the gray half of his suit, so that by ripping a few stitches he could pull off the gray leg of his pantaloons, the gray side of his cap and jacket, and appear in plain dark clothes, and he had procured a guard-key and a slender iron bar two feet long, to defend himself with if attacked.

Besides these preparations, he had been careful to make a good impression on the minds of his keepers. He had been so quiet and docile that for some time no search had been made, and no suspicions entertained of his designs. Moreover, he had for the first time since his condemnation begun to speak of trying to have his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, of course with the appearance of hoping for ultimate pardon. No one would suspect him of risking his life in trying to escape while he had any chance of a commutation.

Jeffries had been for months at work on a doll-house, which he meant as a surprise to the warden's daughter, and also as a *souvenir*, and a help in his escape. From the carriage-shop he had begged fine wood, and, since no tool could be taken to the cells, he had been allowed to shape the parts of his cottage in the same shop. Every night, unknown to his keepers, he had bartered away his supper to the convict in the next cell, receiving in return glue to fasten his work together, a bit of glass to smooth the wood, and oil to polish it. It was really a beautiful toy-house, for the man had taste and ingenuity, and a heart to do his best. It was finished with windows, doors, and balconies, and the rooms inside were carpeted and curtained with silk and velvet, and had chairs and tables so finely carved out of bones the convicts saved from their dinners as to look like delicate ivory work. All his leisure time for months had been given to perfecting this gift, and now it was completed, and there remained only to present it.

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It was a bright evening in May, and the chaplain was going his rounds, changing the books, and speaking a kind word here and there. Minnie, who had recovered from her fall, was with him, and when they reached Jeffries' cell, she went no farther. She seldom got beyond that, and to-night it was impossible to do so; for the prisoner now showed her his present, and promised that the next day it should be given into her possession.

Minnie gazed in rapturous delight while he displayed its beauties to her. She could scarcely wait till morning to inspect it more closely, and she put her hands through the bars to touch it, and make sure that it was real.

The chaplain admired and praised, then went on. "I see that I must go alone, Minnie," he said. "I cannot expect you to leave such an attraction as that."

"Will you remember me for this, darling?" the prisoner asked, when the two were left to themselves.

"Oh! yes," she answered fervently. "I will love you always. My father says that you want to go



home, and when the governor comes here again, I'm going to ask him to let you. The governor is a splendid man, and lets me coax him. But he pulls my hair. Though," she added, after a pause, "he pulls it real easy."

"Do you love the governor better than you do me?" the convict asked jealously, with a real pang at heart. What did that man, high in wealth, rank, and happiness, want of this little girl? Jeffries began to conceive a dislike for him, to think that even pardon would be unwelcome from him.

"I love you best," Minnie said thoughtfully, "and"—looking up with serious eyes—"I'm saying prayers for you every night, and asking God to save you. Mamma said I might."

"To save me!" he repeated.

"Yes. What is save, Mr. William? Mamma said it is something good."

"I—I don't know," he replied, both puzzled and embarrassed. Religion was about the last subject he would have thought of; and when the chaplain mentioned it professionally, the brilliant, scornful eye of Jeffries had often checked the words upon his lips. But that his darling and idol should pray for him, was a very different thing.

Steps were heard returning. Jeffries hastily snatched the little hands still stretched through the bars, kissed them passionately, then turned away from the door.

"Come, little lady!" the chaplain called out.

"Good-bye, Mr. William!" Minnie said, with her face pressed close to the grating.

He echoed her good-bye hoarsely, without looking round.

"Good-bye!" she said again, lingering, and wishing to see his face. "I shall come soon again."

He made no reply, and she was obliged to go. But no sooner had she gone than he sprang to the door again, and listened hungrily for the sound of her retreating footsteps, cursing the chaplain's heavy boots and empty talk. It was her last visit to him there, he knew.

The warden had gone away from home for a day or two, and the deputy had entire charge. So completely had Jeffries' appearance imposed on him, he consented to allow him the privilege of presenting to Minnie Raynor her playhouse with his own hands.

"He is so fond of her, and has taken such pains to make the baby-house, it seems a pity he should not have the pleasure of giving it to her," he said. "It is best to encourage a man who is trying to reform. Last year there wasn't a worse man in the prison, now there isn't a better one, and it is all that child's doing. Mrs. Raynor is willing, and there is no reason why I should object. I want Jeffries to see that I trust him." [560]

One of the guard drew his face down to a preternatural length, and gave a low whistle. "The deputy's soft," he whispered to a companion.

The deputy heard the whistle, though not the whisper, and his spirit rose.

"Any one who knows better than I do, had better take my place," he said.

"I don't profess to know more than you do in other things, sir," the guard answered. "But I've been in this prison ten years, and I have learned something of the quirks and turns of convicts. I believe that fellow cares no more for Minnie Raynor than I do for the man in the moon. He is trying to curry favor with the warden, to get a commutation, or get eased up so that he may cut and run."

"We'll see who is right," the deputy said. "Meantime, I don't mean to give him a chance to cut and run."

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, Jeffries was called out of his shop, the toy-house was given him, and he was bidden go up-stairs to meet the little lady who had come out for her present.

A great color rushed to his pallid face at this summons, and a great breath swelled his breast. The hour has come! After ten years of servitude and confinement, the green fields and the wide world were before him, if he succeeded. If he failed, speedy death would be his reward for the attempt. He well knew that if he were prevented from going out, or arrested when he had once got out, the order for his execution would be issued immediately. He had been warned of that.

His heart beat hard and high as he stepped from the shop, but it sank in his bosom as he glanced across the yard. There stood Minnie at the head of the stairs, to be sure; but the deputy stood beside her in an attitude that showed plainly he was on his guard, and the door was locked behind them.

He had expected to be called into the guard-room, or, at least, that Minnie would have stood in the open door. Moreover, besides these precautions, his quick eye caught the gleam of a scarcely covered rifle-barrel at one of the windows.

But he went up firmly, without any appearance of disappointment, and presented his gift to the child, smiling on her involuntarily, even at that bitter moment.

Minnie took her present with delight, and, being unable to hold it, put it into the deputy's hand. Then, before either of them divined her intention, she flung her arms around the convict's neck, and gave him a loving kiss.

It was too much. In the despair of that moment, he cared little for the curious eyes that watched him. Claspng the child in his arms, he burst into tears.

There was a moment of silence. All were awed by such a display of emotion in such a man. In that

moment Jeffries had controlled himself, put away the little hands that tenderly strove to wipe his tears, and turned to descend the steps.

The guard inside unlocked the door, and the deputy was leading his charge in. Jeffries was half-way down the stairs when the click of the lock struck his ear, and stiffened his nerves like steel. One bound, and he was within the door, pushing with main strength against three men who struggled to close the lock before he could enter. The strength of desperation was his, and he overcame them, and entered the guard-room, caught Minnie Raynor in his arms, as a shield, while he hastily pulled out the bar of iron suspended from his waist, and fumbled for the guard-key which was to unlock the last door that stood between him and liberty. [561]

It was all the work of a minute. The child clung to his breast, pale and trembling, and hid her face in affright from the muzzles of fire-arms that sought to find him unguarded, and, holding her as his defence, Jeffries reached the outward door.

An accident favored him, for it was the hour for changing guard on the walls, and the relieved guard, coming up outside, opened the door behind the fugitive. The surprise was too sudden. They could not stop him. Still holding the child for a shield, Jeffries sprang down the outer stairs, and found himself in the opened yard of the warden's house.

But the alarm-bell had been rung, and a command shouted across the posts, and as the fugitive fled across the green to the gate, he was confronted by one man, while two others followed close on his steps. There was no help for it. This man in his path must be disabled. He dropped the child from his arms, and raised the iron bar at the same moment that his opponent, having apparently more faith in the strength of the stock than the accuracy of his aim, lifted the butt-end of his rifle for a blow.

"You shall not strike him!" cried Minnie Raynor, and flung herself forward to shield her friend; and, at the same instant, both blows fell. The guard aimed falsely, but the convict, striking with fierce precision, would have hit his adversary but for that loving interposition. Alas! the blow struck the fair temple of the prisoner's dearest and only friend.

Minnie Raynor dropped like a flower before the scythe of the mower.

All was confusion. The mother rushed shrieking from the house, men came from the street, the guard from the prison. There was a moment when he might have escaped, but Jeffries did not take advantage of it. Throwing himself down by the child, he called upon her in agony, kissed her pale lips, and chafed her chilling hands. "O my God! my God!" he muttered.

They surrounded and bound him.

"I won't try to run away, I swear I won't!" he cried wildly. "Don't mind me; see to her. Go for a doctor. Do something for her quickly. O God! O God! Open your eyes, my angel! I didn't mean to hurt you. I would rather stay here all my life, or be hanged to-day, than hurt you, my darling!"

They tore him away from her, and carried him back to prison. There they searched him, but found nothing but a lock of silken hair in his breast, done up in a paper.

"She gave it to me," he said piteously, but made no remonstrance when they did not return it to him.

"Only see how she is, and tell me," he begged. "You know I've got to hang now, and you know that I wouldn't have hurt a hair of her head for my life. I didn't mean to strike any one, except in self-defence. You can't blame me for trying to escape. It was only natural. But tell me how she is."

The deputy looked at him fixedly.

"The child never breathed after you struck her," he said.

The eyes of the convict remained wide open, and fixed on the speaker's face. And, still with that gaze full of horror, he sank at the officer's feet. [562]

He lay in the punishment-cell that night without sleeping, apparently without sense. And he lay there all the next day in darkness, quiet and silent, never tasting food.

The second morning, the warrant for his execution was read to him.

"I am glad of it!" was all his comment.

They put him back into his cell, no change being made in his fate on account of the child's death. One had but to look into his face to see that his punishment was severe enough. One only request he made; that, after his death, the little lock of hair which Minnie had given him might be put into his breast, and buried with him. Then he set himself to prepare for death.

"She wanted me to be saved, and I will not disappoint her, if I can help it," he said.

The chaplain of the prison and the warden's family were Protestants; but Jeffries hated the chaplain, and he recollected having heard Minnie speak of a certain "splendid priest" in the town, who had once given her a picture of a lady with a baby in her arms, and a gold ring round her head. The child knew nothing of creeds, and had clung as trustingly, perhaps more trustingly, to the black-robed father, than to any of the clergymen who visited her father's house.

For this priest Jeffries sent.

"I know nothing of God, nor of religion, sir," he said. "But I have only a few days to live, and I want to repent, and make what atonement I can. I can say sincerely that I am sorry I have not lived a better life, and that I deserve all the punishment I have had. If God should refuse to

forgive me, I will not blame him. But I think he will not. The God who made that little angel must be better than I can even conceive."

Looking through the window into the street, on that first day he was returned to his cell, Jeffries saw the house that he had made desolate. He saw the closed blinds, and the mournful faces of those who came and went. He saw flowers brought. Later, carriages came, and a crowd slowly gathered. Then he fell on his knees before the grated door, and prayed. One glimpse, only one glimpse of the casket that held her!

Presently there was a stir about the door, and four boys appeared, bearing out the lost treasure. The cemetery was near, and these boys were to bear the child to her resting-place there. Slowly and tenderly they carried their burden, and not far away those eyes, full of hopeless agony, strained to watch them.

The sill of the gate was a step higher than the garden walk, and as the foremost boys mounted this step, the casket tilted a little, and the eyes of the condemned man saw, through the glass lid, a white little face turned sidewise, with its cheek in the palm of a waxen hand, and sunny hair flowing around, the whole framed in flowers.

As the sweet, pathetic vision passed, the convict fell on his face, with loud and bitter weeping.

Three days after, Jeffries mounted the scaffold, humbled, penitent, and hopeful.

"I am glad it is God's will that I should die now," he said. "After what I have done, my life would be too terrible to me, and would not profit any one else. But I do not consider this hanging the punishment for my crime. No; my reward for having killed willingly one I hated, was that I afterward destroyed unwillingly a life dearer to me than my own. I forgive all who have injured me, and ask pardon of all whom I have injured. And I bless God for the little love on earth that made me believe in the Infinite Love in heaven." [563]

They were his last words.

Perhaps the warden's dear little girl would never, in a long and beautiful life, have accomplished the good which was effected by her early and pitiful death.

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# LETTERS OF HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX. APPROVING THE RULES OF THE "UNION OF CHRISTIAN WOMEN."

The following letters of the Sovereign Pontiff which we have taken from the Boston *Pilot* are published in the present number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, on account of their bearing upon the topics discussed in the articles on the "Duties of the Rich." We recommend their perusal in a special manner to all Catholic ladies in the United States.

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PIUS IX., POPE, TO HIS DEAR DAUGHTER IN JESUS CHRIST, MARIE DE GENTELLES:

DEAR DAUGHTER IN JESUS CHRIST—Health and Apostolic Benediction.

We congratulate you, dear daughter in Jesus Christ, upon the success which God has been pleased to grant to your efforts against extravagance in dress. Editions of your "Appeal" have multiplied; you have seen it translated into several languages, and received by Catholic women with such eagerness that persons of great prudence and discernment have deemed it a duty to urge you to propose to your sisters in the faith the establishment of an association having for its aim a crusade against extravagance—that scourge of society, that enemy of morality, of public and private economy. Without doubt, if the wills and strength of many were united in the firm bond of an association, the power of example would become much greater, and its influence much more efficacious upon other women, especially if those distinguished by fortune and social position would subscribe to the project.

If this association succeed in establishing among women a taste for moderate expenditure and a contempt for love of display, it would not only serve to promote modesty, and prevent a waste of means which might often be employed in assisting the poor, but it would leave a great portion of the day free to be devoted to works of piety, to the education of children, or to household duties.

The rules which you have laid down are well adapted to attain the desired end, especially that which prescribes that every member of the union shall fix in advance, and unalterably, the sum of her expenses, and pay *ready money* upon all occasions.

The task is indeed a delicate one. It will encounter great obstacles in that love of show and desire to please so natural to your sex. Still, he whose grace has already been powerful enough to lead many of your companions to this difficult but withal most noble work, can inspire others to follow the good example. This is the success which, from our inmost heart, we presage for your project. Meanwhile, as an auspice of the divine favor, and as a pledge of our paternal kindness, we grant, with the most lively tenderness, to you and all your pious associates in the good work, our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, near St. Peter's, Nov. 6, 1869, in the twenty-fourth year of our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. IX.

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PIUS IX., POPE, TO HIS BELOVED DAUGHTER IN JESUS CHRIST, MARIE DE GENTELLES:

DEAR DAUGHTER IN JESUS CHRIST—Health and Apostolic Benediction.

The expressions of respect which you address to us, dear daughter in Jesus Christ, in your name and in the name of your associates, are received by us with the most lively satisfaction, the greater that they are not limited to mere *expressions* nor to *offers* of assistance by prayer, but they are doubly grateful from the zeal you have employed in seeking to extirpate the evil of extravagance in dress so common among your sex. You have also tried to promote habits of simplicity, modesty, and piety among your sisters in the faith. By this, much evil can be prevented—nay, more, your success will be a most useful ally in the war we are now waging against the powers of darkness. Therefore, for you and for the "Union of Christian Women" devoted to this excellent work, we implore from heaven perseverance in your undertaking, never-wearying progress, and the efficacious assistance of divine grace. As a prelude of these favors, and as a pledge of our paternal affection, we grant most tenderly to you and all your pious companions the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, near St. Peter's, April 17, 1871, in the twenty-fifth year of our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. IX.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A CRITICAL DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS, LIVING AND DECEASED. From the earliest accounts to the latter half of the Nineteenth Century. Containing over forty-six thousand articles (authors), with forty indexes of Subjects. By S. Austin Allibone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

It would be strange indeed if a dictionary of authors, in three volumes, each of one thousand pages, closely printed in double columns, "the fruit of many years of anxious research and conscientious toil," should not contain a large amount of information valuable not only to the general reader, but to the scholar and the man of letters.

Valuable information Mr. Allibone's *Dictionary* certainly does impart; but we feel compelled to express regret that its author should have made a serious mistake as to the importance of much of the matter inserted. Into this error he appears to have been led in seeking to increase the number of authors by the insertion of names which never possessed the slightest literary value or significance.

The title-page announcement that the work contains "over forty-six thousand articles (authors)" awakens within us no special throbs of pleasurable anticipation, for we know how dictionaries are made. And the delight with which one might contemplate its array of one hundred and forty-eight Robinsons, its one hundred and eighty Browns, its one hundred and eighty-nine Joneses, and its solid phalanx of eight hundred and ten Smiths, exclusive of a formidable list of Smyths and Smythes, undergoes serious diminution, for the reason that one cannot help reflecting how much valuable space might have been far more advantageously occupied.

In works of this description, mere book-making manifests itself in its most flagrant aspect. In each successive publication in the dictionary (alphabetical) form, upon any given subject, the effort is made to surpass all its predecessors in the quantity of matter and in the number of articles or names. Now, in a literary sense, names die, as in actual life people die; and names which might have some possible interest for the readers of Blount's work, published in 1690, have still less for people of the following century, and positively none at all for our readers of 1870. It most resembles a vain attempt to keep alive the memory of people not worth remembering by constant transcription and repetition of what is written on their tomb-stones. We are, therefore, unable to discover any merit in the uniform numerals 46,000. It is more a matter of mere assertion than of intelligent investigation and selection, and the figure may be reached merely by the simple addition of the contents of a few well-known bibliographical works. One of them alone, the *Bibliotheca Britannica*, of Watts, furnishes 22,700 names of British and American authors, and more than half as many more may be found in the copious indexes of English magazines and quarterlies, not to speak of Griswold and other American works.

We by no means wish to be understood as desiring that the reduction should be restricted to the elimination of the familiar household names we have mentioned. We would have it ruthlessly extended to the nullities in literature, whose sole contributions consist of such productions (single specimens) as "Sermon," "Almanac," "Funeral Sermon," "Instruction in Water Drawing," "Report of 'Smithers vs. Tompkins,'" "Copy-Book," "Edition of Laws of Texas," "Sermon on Popery," "Pyrotechnics"—being careful to pair off these two last named, for the "Popery" man clearly means "pyrotechnics," if he could have his way. What cares any one nowadays for such a piece of information as this: "*Darch*, John, 'Sermon,' 1766. 4to"? Why, for instance, should the names of a thousand such nobodies as R. P. Blakely go down to posterity as authors, this R. P. B., as we learn from the *Dictionary*, having merely translated some passages from *Liguori* and called them "Awful Disclosures"? Had we been spared profuse mention of most of these sermon, almanac, and copy-book makers, space might have been found to inform seekers for knowledge that William Cobbett wrote a work on the *History of the Reformation in England*, a book which, in admirably pure English, does some justice to the infamy of Henry VIII. and his colleagues, lay and spiritual, who aided and abetted his wholesale robberies and murders, and made of "Merrie Old England" a land of desolation, want, and beggary. It is precisely by this book that the name of Cobbett is most widely known, but Mr. Allibone does not appear to have heard of it, otherwise his knowledge of its existence might account to a great extent for the tone of depreciation in which he speaks of Cobbett.

Quite as remarkable is the author's suppression, in his biographical notice of George Buchanan, of the fact of Buchanan's dependence for some years upon Mary Stuart, and of her kindness and generosity to him. It was this fact that made Buchanan's *Detection* "unrivalled in baseness, peerless in falsehood, supreme in ingratitude."

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In sharp contrast with extended mention of the *Detection* and its object is Mr. Allibone's languid notice of Miss Agnes Strickland's historical works, and of the brilliant Donald MacLeod's writings in general, and more especially his *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots*. We are perfectly well aware that Mr. A., in season and out of season, with and without pretext, takes every opportunity of protesting to his reader that "we express no opinion on the question involved in the Mary Stuart controversy." Mr. Allibone protests too much, and most so when seeking to convey the worst impression against her. Thus, in the article on Buchanan, he says: "If Buchanan is to be believed, there can be but little doubt of the guilt of the fair Queen of Scots; but upon this point we express no opinion." Mr. Allibone here builds up his little argument on the authority of this convicted liar, Buchanan, and adds, "We express no opinion"—oh! certainly not—by no means! Protests and pretended apologies like this abound in the *Dictionary*, and, so far from concealing, only make more visible the marked bias of the author in religious questions. Naturally enough, Buchanan

and John Foxe are both his favorites.

The author of the *Dictionary* does not appear to be aware that Henry Kenelm Digby has written and published anything since his great work *Mores Catholici*—Ages of Faith, nor does he seem to know that this distinguished author is a convert from Protestantism to Catholicity. The notice of Aubrey de Vere is defective in many points, and totally omits mention of the fact that the brilliant poet is also a convert to Catholicity.

The article on Dr. Brownson is far from doing that distinguished philosophical writer justice. This was not to be looked for, but it is incorrect in several points. Dr. Brownson never was a Presbyterian minister, nor was he a Deist. *Charles Elwood* is not “an account of his religious experience,” but *The Convert* is such an account. The statement that “Dr. Brownson is a great admirer of the philosophy of M. Comté (*sic*) as developed in the *Cours de Philosophie*” is without foundation. Dr. Brownson never admired it, never accepted its philosophic position, and never read anything of Comte’s except the Introduction to his voluminous *Course of Positive Philosophy*. This error probably originated with Mr. Griswold, who cofounded the doctrines of Pierre Le Roux and the St. Simoniens with the system of Auguste Comte.

We presume that the omission of the names of Archbishop Kenrick (Peter, of St. Louis), Prince Gallitzin, Frederick Lucas, a distinguished English convert, formerly a Quaker, and of many others we might point out, is the result of accident.

We have mentioned John Foxe, the great “unreliable.” Mr. Allibone’s apology—evidently a labor of love—for this unsavory personage is not only elaborate, it is labored. We have referred to Mr. Allibone’s evident bias. Foxe is a test subject, and we shall therefore say a few words concerning it. If a scholar as enlightened as our author should be can uphold Foxe as he does, then we can readily gauge the measure of his Protestant credulity and his anti-Catholic animus. Mr. Allibone spares us the necessity of any effort to demonstrate his bias, for he goes to the trouble of pointing out to us as one of the high merits of *Foxe’s Martyrs* that “its influence in keeping alive the Protestant feeling in Great Britain and North America is too well known to be disputed.” Historical truth is one thing, “Protestant feeling” another. Far from us to dispute the merit claimed by Mr. Allibone for his beloved Foxe, but we beg leave to suggest to him that the proper place for such praise would be the columns of a Know-Nothing paper, not the pages of a dignified work on literature. [567]

The account given by Mr. Allibone of Foxe’s life is to some extent fabulous, inasmuch as he accepts Mr. Townsend’s statements as to the authorship of *Foxe’s Life* by his (Foxe’s) son. Mr. Allibone ought to know that Foxe’s son did not write the *Life* in question. In the article *Maitland, Rev. S. R.*, keeper of the Lambeth MSS. and Librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Allibone enumerates as (13) of his works *Notes on the Contributions of the Rev. George Townsend to the new Edition of Foxe’s Martyrology*. We would advise Mr. Allibone—since he needs must raise an unnecessary discussion about this man Foxe—to go beyond the title of this work of Maitland’s into its contents. He will be rapidly enlightened concerning both Foxe and Townsend. This Dr. Maitland is also the author of the admirable *Dark Ages*. Mr. Allibone does mention it, “only this and nothing more.”

Mr. Allibone has the hardihood to assert that, “as regards conscientiousness of performance and adherence to records, *the faithfulness of the ‘Book of Martyrs’ cannot intelligently be questioned,*” and his principal witness to prove Foxe’s veracity is—Gilbert Burnet, commonly known as Bishop Burnet! Throw literature to the dogs! It is “keeping alive the Protestant feeling” we look upon as our mission. That, as we read it, appears to be Mr. Allibone’s controlling idea. But what is to become of us if the faithfulness of every suspicious and fishy chronicler is to be discovered and vindicated by every compiler of every literary dictionary? However, we need not, we believe, be alarmed, for our author’s affections are enlisted for a select few, Foxe in particular, because of “his influence in keeping alive, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.”

Here is one of the latest of the many honest Protestant exposures of the character of Foxe’s book, from the pen of Professor Arnold, of University College, Oxford:

“It is now indeed well understood that Foxe was a rampant bigot, and, like all of his class, utterly unscrupulous in assertion;—the falsehoods, misrepresentations, and exaggerations to which he gave circulation are endless. Take, for instance, his account of the death of Wolsey, which we know, from the testimony of George Cavendish, an eye-witness, to be a string of pure, unmitigated falsehoods.”

As to the worthlessness of Burnet’s testimony we have abundant Protestant evidence. Mr. Allibone himself quotes Dr. Johnson to this effect:

“I do not believe that Burnet intentionally *lied*; but he was so much prejudiced that he took no pains to find out the truth. He was like a man who resolves to regulate his time by a certain watch, but will not inquire whether the watch is right or not.”

Whereupon Mr. Allibone indulges in this astounding piece of withering sarcasm:

“One might imagine that the doctor had roomed with the bishop at least, he seems to be so perfectly informed as to his habits”!

As to Burnet the man and the theologian, we are sufficiently enlightened by the use he consented to be put to by Buckingham and Lauderdale, at the time when, as royal chaplain, he preached before “the king and his harem” every Sunday. This use was the preparation of a work in which

he undertook to set forth the queen's barrenness as "a good cause for divorce." Starting at the period of Henry VIII., England had become gradually pagan and profligate; but whatever of goodness and virtue was then left in the country joined in denouncing the author of the vile principles set forth in Burnet's book.

Mr. Allibone neglects to record that it was because Charles II., bad as he was, despised Burnet and his advice, and when, losing his office in the Chapel Royal, Burnet suddenly awakened to a sense of the king's wickedness, and wrote a remonstrance to him on his bad life, Charles treated him with silent contempt. [568]

"Gilbert Burnet," says one of his Puritan contemporaries, Jacob Lawton, "was a man who blew hot and cold for money or for rich patrons"; and in the ninth volume of Sir Walter Scott's *Life and Works of Dryden* will be found the narrative of the betrayal to the House of Commons by Burnet of the secrets of his patron, the Duke of Lauderdale. Finally, his bishopric from William was merely the reward of trickery and treason simply infamous.

As to Burnet the historian, Hume's opinion that he is "sometimes *mistaken* as to facts," and Sir Walter Scott's statement that "his [Burnet's] opinions were often hastily adopted, and sometimes awkwardly retracted," may be thought not entirely fatal to his reputation; but other authorities speak more plainly. Sir John Dalrymple "never tried Burnet's facts by test of dates and original papers without finding them wrong." Arbuthnot and Swift challenge his veracity, and do not hesitate to attribute to him unworthy motives. In 1693, Henry Wharton demonstrated his "suppression, coloring, and falsifying of facts," and the *Historical and Critical Remarks* of Bevil Higgons more than confirms Miss Strickland's conclusion that Burnet is "a notoriously false witness." This is Mr. Allibone's veracious upholder of Foxe's truth! He may now take the witness.

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ST. THOMAS OF AQUIN: HIS LIFE AND LABORS. By the Rev. Father Roger Bede Vaughan, O.S.B. Vol. II. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

The first volume of this goodly work has been already noticed. We are glad to welcome the second and concluding volume. Together with the events of the life of St. Thomas from the time of his contest with William of St. Amour until his death, which occupy but a small portion of its space, this volume continues the history and analysis of his works, and expatiates upon the Greek philosophers, Christian doctors, and other sources of the doctrine of St. Thomas, in their relation with him. As a biography we prefer that of the Frenchman Bareille, which we desire to see translated, and which the present work by no means supersedes. As a history of the times and the works of the saint, Father Vaughan's volumes are rich, attractive, and valuable. The description of the Paris University in the thirteenth century, and the account of St. Thomas and St. Buonaventura taking the doctor's cap, are very lively and graphic. The centenary of St. Thomas will recur in 1874, and will probably be celebrated with extraordinary splendor in Europe. Perhaps we may do a little something also in America.

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THE VIRTUES OF MARY, MOTHER OF GOD. From the Spanish of Father Francis Arias, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

If it takes a saint to know a saint, and it is pretty generally considered that it does, it certainly takes a saint to do justice to the sublime virtues of the Queen of Saints. By all accounts F. Arias was a saint, and his little work on the virtues of the Blessed Virgin is what might be expected—a treatise full of piety, full of emotion, and full of the highest asceticism. Together with being a holy man Arias was a learned man, and in his book with the fervor of the saint is combined the accuracy of the theologian. Many of the saints have themselves been able to realize the almost ineffable holiness of the Mother of God; but few have been able to make this holiness a reality to others. [569]

In this we think the Spanish Jesuit has surpassed most others. In his hand the virtues of our Blessed Lady become a reality, intelligible to all and imitable by all. Therefore it is that his little work, while pre-eminently suitable for the convent and the cloister, may be read with great benefit by all classes of persons in the world.

It is proper to remark that *The Virtues of Mary, Mother of God* is a republication; the same translation having been long ago published under the title of *Imitation of the Blessed Virgin*. It would be a great blessing if we had more republications of the same sort instead of the mass of modern commonplaces, many of which are wanting in emotion and not a few in genuine piety.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE FATHERS, ETC. Dublin: W. B. Kelly, 1860. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

This book, under the general title of *Christian Classics*, is intended, as we are informed in the preface, "nearly altogether for the use of students," and as such may be considered a very useful and desirable publication. More than a score of the most illustrious and erudite fathers and



writers of the church have been put under contribution by the editor, and though we consider the arrangement and choice of the selections susceptible of some improvement, we are grateful for those presented us in so neat and portable a form. Apart from what is purely moral and theological in the *Extracts*, there is a great deal of biographical and historical information interesting to the general reader, which cannot be easily acquired except through the voluminous tomes so seldom found in ordinary libraries.

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UNA AND HER PAUPERS; OR, Memorials of Agnes Elizabeth Jones. By her Sister. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

So-called Protestant lands, which were once a part of the fair garden of the church, still put forth some shoots occasionally from the old roots left in the soil. It is pleasant to see them springing up, now and then, as if to assert the indestructibility of the divine seed; for the spirit of self-sacrifice and of charity is essentially the spirit of Catholicism. As Balmes says, public beneficence was unknown to the ancients. It is wholly due to the church. The divine words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," have gone on with their undulations through more than eighteen centuries of spiritual life in the church, awakening the tenderest instincts of the human heart in behalf of suffering humanity. Thank God! there are some nominally without its pale—

"With whom the melodies abide  
Of th' everlasting chime;  
Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

*Una and her Paupers*—happily styled *Una*, for such lives are unique, exceptional, in Protestant annals—is the history of a large-hearted, sympathetic, North-of-Ireland lady, who was gradually led, by her natural inclinations and by circumstances, to a partial renunciation of the comforts of a pleasant home and family affection, and submit herself to training as a nurse in the celebrated Kaiserswerth<sup>[132]</sup> institution of Protestant deaconesses. She was afterwards connected with an association of Bible-women at London; then underwent a year's training as Nightingale nurse at St. Thomas's Hospital in that city, and was subsequently appointed Female Superintendent of the Liverpool Workhouse, where she contracted a typhus fever, and died in 1868, at the age of thirty-five. [570]

The book is admirably edited by her sister, and has a eulogistic introduction by Miss Nightingale, who seems to have given it its title. The American edition has, moreover, the advantage of a preface by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. From a Protestant point of view, this must be a charming and useful book. If not equally so to a Catholic, it is because his standard of piety is infinitely higher, and instances of far greater self-denial for the sake of others are of daily occurrence in the church.

Miss Jones' piety was decidedly of the so-called Evangelical school in the Church of England. The Bible is constantly in her hands, and all her spiritual emotions are expressed in Biblical phrases that have more a smack of Cromwell than of prelacy. A few words dropped here and there in her letters show her instinctive aversion to Catholicism, but we love to think this rather the result of ignorance than want of charity in a person of her profession. Almost her first words written from Rome were: "I never go out but as a duty, for the whole is so depressing, and it is indeed so utterly the 'city given to idolatry'; the associations of the past are forgotten in its present." This says volumes for her cast of mind and piety. Kind and loving as she was by nature, we cannot regret she was excluded from all missionary efforts in the Catholic ward of the Liverpool Workhouse, on which she seems to have kept a longing eye. She appears to have gained some influence over one poor girl in London, who, she says, was "on the verge of becoming a nun—to her the only conceivable way of finding the peace she longed for: now her eyes seem to be opened to a better way, though *she does not feel she has yet entered on it.*" As we are not informed of the result, we may reasonably conclude this individual found peace at last in the only true refuge.

Though trained in the best schools of Protestant benevolence, Miss Jones' shrinking from association with the nurses even of Miss Nightingale's school—not unreasonable when we recall the experience of the latter in the Crimea—and her observations with regard to the difficulties of such institutions, are full of significance to those familiar with the efficient charitable organizations in the church. She says: "The difficulty [of having deaconesses in England] is, the real submission of the will there must be. I believe this is *the* valuable part of the training." "I believe all I owe to Kaiserswerth was comprised in the lesson of unquestioning obedience." "No one can tell what a woman exposes herself to who acts independently. I never would advise any one to do as I have done, and yet I feel I have been led on step by step, almost unwillingly, certainly not as I should have chosen, had I not seemed guided, as I believe I have been, and so kept." "But what I feel so much is, how many there are who want some place where they can get teachings for their own hearts and souls, training for, and direction in, work for others, sympathy in that work and their difficulties in it, and a home where, in their leisure hours, they may have more or less association with others."

And the estimable Miss Nightingale, in her introduction, says: "There is no such thing as amateur nursing.... Three-fourths of the whole mischief in women's lives arises from excepting themselves from the rule of training considered needful for man."

To these quotations, we will add another statement in this book by the Rev. Mr. Moody, likewise of the Evangelical school, who is told at Kaiserswerth that the Evangelicals of Great Britain furnished less useful sick-nurses than the churches tinged with ritualism. This, he says, was "humbling and instructive to hear"; and he adds this was because "the nurses that come from us [the Evangelicals] are *more anxious to take charge* and to administer medicines, than to *obey, to learn, to serve.*"

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Such statements make us turn with satisfaction to the noble army of charity in the Catholic Church who *really* give up home and earthly pleasures and their own will, and make themselves poor with the poor, counting all this no loss that they may be spent for Christ's poor ones. What they have achieved as a whole is partly known, but individual sacrifices and efforts are buried in the hidden life they love. Their veiled lives are only fully known to the Divine Spouse, whom they tenderly take to their hearts in the person of his suffering poor; their countless heroic souls mostly pass away leaving no *written* record on earth.

The garments of the church are all studded over with such precious jewels of love and charity. We have no reason to envy those who seek to imitate our Sisters of Charity like the deaconesses of Kaiserswerth and Florence Nightingale. May their laudable examples and that of Miss Jones find numerous emulators! The glimpses this book gives us of the moral as well as physical degradation of some of the Liverpool paupers, are enough to set the Christian heart on fire to labor for the elevation of the human race. Those women who talk so frantically of their rights and of woman's mission can here find their true field, where none can compete with them. Men certainly cannot.

But, as Rahel Varnhagen says: "Those who completely sacrifice themselves are praised and admired: that is the sort of character men like to find in *others.*"

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SIX WEEKS ABROAD. By the Rev. G. F. Haskins. Boston: P. Donahoe.

The genial F. Haskins is known to everybody, and this little book presents his numerous friends with a portrait of him, a short biographical sketch, and some very brief, characteristic, and sparkling notes of a recent visit to Europe. Each chapter is a little crystal of Attic salt. Whoever buys and reads this book will be pleased with it, be he young or old. There are some remarks on education, Irish and American politics, etc., which are as remarkable for point and sense as they are for terseness. Father Haskins' coin is small but valuable, like a rouleau of gold dollars.

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VIRTUES AND DEFECTS OF A YOUNG GIRL. By a Chaplain. Translated from the French. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1872.

This little manual of moral science was intended by the author as a text-book for schools. It will, at least, be useful to parents and teachers in forming the character of those confided to them. A more complete elementary treatise on moral philosophy is a desideratum for our Catholic institutions for girls. Of course it is taught, in the highest sense of the word, in connection with the Christian doctrine, but a practical work, not religious, strictly speaking, is needed. It would serve, as our author says, as a help to divine grace. The firmest basis of piety is moral principle. The moral condition of the next generation depends on those destined to be their mothers having definite, practical notions of moral science. This science was once associated with the very rudiments of learning. *The Christian's Alphabet*, a compendium of the essential points of moral philosophy, has come down to us from the middle ages.

In the practical little work before us, the social virtues are not overlooked. Politeness is one of them, for it is a virtue, at least in France: we wish we could say everywhere. That "life must be a perpetual sacrifice of self for the sake of others," is here laid down as the basis of politeness and the social virtues generally. Like coin of precious metal, politeness is current in every land and among all classes. It is the oil that lubricates the wheel-works of society; it is the garland of flowers that binds society together; it extends to the very tone of the voice, the carriage of the body, and appropriateness of dress; it is especially important to women, on whom depends refinement or degeneracy of manners.

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Respect for others is here inculcated in recognition of the divine radiance that proceeds from the soul of every human being. One section of this chapter is devoted to "Respect for the Aged and the Poor." Veneration for age is by no means prevalent in these times. "It is regarded as an impertinence to be alive after sixty on this side of the globe," says an American. And as for the poor, who respects them? And yet Bossuet saw an inexpressible sublimity in the condition of the unfortunate.

Industry is likewise dwelt upon, and the evils of an aimless life. The reason why so many women are nervous, morose, and melancholy is because they are the victims of an aimless life. Their very hearts are wasting away—corroded by rust.

Order and cleanliness have also their place. And how significant they are of one's moral condition! We read in F. Faber's life, when the orderly appearance of his room was noticed one Easter morning, he replied that the napkin in the sepulchre was found *folded* after the Resurrection, showing that our Lord hated untidiness.

This book is generally well translated, but there are some verbal inaccuracies. Madame de Maintenon's observations, on page 117, were probably to the young ladies of St. Cyr—an institution of which she was the patroness—rather than “the Misses Saint Cyr.”

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WOMEN HELPERS IN THE CHURCH—THEIR SAYINGS AND DOINGS. Edited by William Welsh. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

*Women Helpers in the Church*—that is, in the Protestant Episcopal Church—is a compilation of articles previously published in *The Spirit of Missions* from the memoranda of ladies engaged in parochial labors, such as Sunday-schools, mothers' meetings, district visiting, etc.

This is another book calling attention to the efficiency of woman's co-operation in the regeneration of the human race. It dwells on the necessity of trained lay-helpers in the work, and says the church should be a training-school for aggressive warfare against evil. And “as but few male communicants seem willing to give out the socializing power which God has entrusted to them for the benefit of those less favored, it is well to employ the agency of godly women.” It finds less difficulty in training workers in this country than in England, where “few persons of good social position attend Sunday-school or Bible-class.” This statement rather excites a wonder who *do* attend, for the poor seem to hold themselves equally aloof. The Protestant Archbishop of York, quoted in this work, says that in one district in London not one person in a hundred attends church. These people are in a state of heathenish darkness, though “the Church of England has emitted a pure Gospel light for centuries,” and are in the lowest state of degradation. “Who are these people?” asks the archbishop, and, as if conscious of the great gulf that separates them from those he addresses, he adds, “They are of the same flesh and blood as we.” The Catholic is unconscious of any such gulf. In the great republic of the church, the poor are the most tenderly cared for. The church has ennobled poverty by making it one of the evangelical counsels. Bossuet says: “Let no one any longer scorn poverty or treat it as a base thing: the King of Glory having espoused it, he has ennobled it by this alliance, and henceforth he grants the poor all the privileges of his empire.” “The poor of Christ have lineal rights,” says Faber, and it is because the Catholic Church recognizes these rights that it is emphatically the church of the poor.

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We are glad to see any attempts made to elevate and socialize the poorer classes by visiting them, disseminating good books, and bringing them together for social and religious purposes. One association of ladies engaged in this work is stated to have made over six thousand visits the past year, and a committee of twelve ladies made seventeen thousand visits in the course of six years. The publication of their labors does not seem exactly on the principle of not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth, though, if it excites emulation, it may not be unjustifiable. Any good resulting from such labors is a more enduring record, and will “survive all paper.” “For,” as Carlyle says, “the working of the good and brave, seen or unseen, endures literally for ever and cannot die. Is a thing nothing because the morning papers have not mentioned it? Or can a nothing be made a something by ever so much babbling of it there? Far better, probably, that no morning or evening paper mentioned it, that the right hand knew not what the left was doing.”

We are unwilling to criticise any sincere efforts to do good, and will forbear commenting on the memoranda of the ladies which compose the greater part of this work, however unattractive much of their piety may be to a Catholic; but we need not be equally forbearing to the editor, who detracts from the effect of incidents sometimes touching by his frequent interlardings and would-be wit about “portable fire-extinguishers” (meaning the fire of sin) “anti-incrustators,” etc. His bitterness against the Catholic Church makes him look with an envious eye at her success among her cherished poor ones. He speaks of her as “a corrupt church, whose spirit is hostile to republican institutions, now actively drilling the lay force in sodalities and other associations, and using their power to the utmost in educational, political, and proselyting schemes!” But such insinuations cannot harm us. He himself observes: “The Church of Rome, with all her obvious errors, suffers but little from the violent opposition to which she is constantly subjected. It will be well for all religious bodies closely to scrutinize her educational success, her tender care for the sick, and all the other modes by which she generates and uses spiritual power. Surely no well-organized church with a pure Scriptural faith, claiming to have divine authority, can in *this Protestant nation* be content any longer to yield ground to a *foreign church* with a foreign ministry.”

We can afford to be forbearing, and heartily forgive such language, in view of the tribute he pays to our superiority. The best thing in the book is his extract from the Abbé Mullois' work entitled *The Clergy and the Pulpit in their Relations to the People*, which he rightly calls invaluable, and says “should be carefully and prayerfully studied by the clergy and laity of our church, as it is eminently spiritual and practical”—a recommendation not quite in harmony with the preceding complimentary allusions. The Abbé Mullois' work (issued by “The Catholic Publication Society”), though only a fourth of the size of *Women Helpers*, is worth a thousand such. It is full of charity, zeal, and genuine piety, and sparkling with vivacity. No cant or lackadaisical piety *there*. It is a book that should be in every priest's hands at least. The Abbé Mullois is fully sensible of woman's

adaptation to self-denying labors in the cause of religion and charity. "Woman is called the feeble sex," says he. "True, when she does not love; but when love takes possession of her soul, she becomes the strong, the able, the devoted sex. She then looks difficulties in the face which would make men tremble." [574]

The co-operation of woman in evangelizing the world is nothing new in the church. Woman was instrumental in the fall of man; the second Eve had a large share in his redemption. The ministrations of women date from apostolic times, and the church has always availed herself of them. France was said to have been won back to Christianity by the Sisters of Charity. The utility of lay co-workers, both men and women, is evident from the good done by the Conferences of St. Vincent of Paul among men, and the various female associations among women. Wherever there is a priest, there should be some such organization for the religious and social elevation of the poor. *Women Helpers* shows how the masses hunger for spiritual aliment. Let us hasten to give them bread instead of a stone!

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THE OFFERTORIUM. A complete Collection of Music for the Sunday and Holyday Services of the Catholic Church, containing Masses, Vespers, Anthems, Hymns for Offertory, Benediction, and all Special Occasions, a Requiem Mass, Holy Week Services, Responses, etc. By William O. Fiske. Boston: Ditson & Co.

Why this collection of music is called "The Offertorium" we cannot understand. There is only one Offertory in the whole book. It might with equal fitness be styled "The Introit" or "The Kyrie Eleison." Claiming, as it does, to be a collection of music for the services of the Catholic Church, we looked at once for the imprimatur of the proper ecclesiastical authority, but, after examining its contents, we were not surprised at its absence. It is, in fact, a poor rehash of books already well known to our country choirs. A number of pieces are called "Gregorian." If this be Gregorian chant, we want none of it. It would lead us in charity to believe the compiler never saw a volume of Gregorian chant in his life. Again, we think no one capable of writing or compiling music for the church who does not know how to read, or at least pronounce, Latin. We have the following pronunciations given in this work: *luciférum*, *spiritû*, *usqué*, *glória*, *filiórûm*, *confidûnt*, *descendûnt*, etc., etc. In a *Gloria in Excelsis* abridged from Concone, the name of our Lord, "Jesu Christe," is left out after "altissimus." The author likely got up his musical phrase first, and, finding it too short, sacrificed the integrity of the sacred text to either his musical poverty or professional vanity. This and a few other cuttings of the text are, however, amply made up for by the frequent repetition of words and parts of sentences to be found on every page of the musical masses. The clergy are on all sides lamenting the degradation of church music, but let them not complain so long as they permit their choirs to furnish a market for productions like this.

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THE CHATEAU MORVILLE; OR, Life in Touraine. From the French. By E. R. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1872. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 366.

This book, the translator says in his preface, "is the first of a contemplated series of entertaining foreign fiction, to consist of a selection of some of the best works of the most popular continental authors, and is intended for that class of readers who are desirous of enjoying all the instruction to be derived from a first-class novel." We do not deny that the book is sprightly, witty, and entertaining, and that it may please those who read simply for amusement. All the characters are supposed to be Catholic, yet that word is not once used in the work; nor is religion in any of its practices, public or private, alluded to, except on the last page. The story is a moral one, but of the negative kind, and is to Catholic literature what the public schools are to Catholic schools—Godless. [575]

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EXCERPTA EX RITUALI ROMANO PRO ADMINISTRATIONE SACRAMENTORUM, AD COMMODIOREM USUM MISSIONARIORUM, IN SEPTENTRIONALIS AMERICÆ FÆDERATÆ PROVINCIIS. Nova et Auctior Editio. Baltimori: Apud Kelly, Piet et Socios. MDCCCLXXII.

This new edition of the abridged ritual is quite an improvement on preceding ones. The following matter has been added: "De Visitatione Infirmorum," "Modus Juvandi Morientes," "Benedictio ad Omnia," "Benedictio Infantis," "Benedictio Puerorum Ægrotantium," and exhortations, in German, before and after marriage. The "Profession of Faith at the Reception of a Convert" is also given in German. The translation of the baptismal interrogations into the vernacular, which has hitherto been customary, seems to be superfluous and even objectionable, after the decree of the S. Congregation of Rites, August 31, 1867, forbidding the use of such translations. The title is put as "Rituali Romano" on the back in the copy before us, the most prominent words on the title-page having been transferred to the cover. The rubrics are in red, the type large and clear, and the binding good.

This little book, of less than two hundred pages, contains much that is new, apposite, and instructive. The style is calm, affectionate, and altogether devoid of that harsh dogmatism which sometimes makes even the best advice unpalatable. The varied duties of young men claiming to be Christians and aiming at the highest possible refinement, both in the family and society, are described in a number of short chapters, every one of which is a well-conceived sermon epitomized. The appearance of the volume is in keeping with the excellence of its contents, and we congratulate the publishers on having succeeded in producing one of the handsomest of the minor works of the season in any department of literature. We hope the public will appreciate this effort of the Messrs. Sadlier to keep pace with the enterprise of other publishers, and that their contemporaries outside of New York may show equal energy and skill in the preparation of their books.

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LATIN SCHOOL SERIES.—PHÆDRUS, JUSTIN, NEPOS. By Francis Gardner, Head Master, A. M. Gay and A. H. Buck, Masters in the Boston Latin School. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1872.

The Boston Latin School is one of our few classical glories. A series of Latin text-books, edited by its masters, will be an acquisition to be hailed by every teacher and pupil. This volume of the series is a gem in every respect—text, notes, glossary, and typographical form. What makes it very nice for a boy is its small size, and the placing of the notes at the bottom of the page. We trust that the other volumes of the series will follow in rapid succession, and that they will contain nothing which can be dangerous to the morals of the youthful scholars in whose hands they will be placed. It is important to promote the thorough study of the Greek and Latin languages, but still more necessary to guard the minds of the young from the contaminating influence of that portion of the classical literature which is defiled with the impurities of heathenism. The introduction of the excellent series of Christian classics published in France into the course of an American college would be a good thing.

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THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. January. London: John Hodges. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.) 1872.

Mr. Gould is a remarkable man. Three years ago we reviewed with considerable severity a work of his, and treated him as a rationalist, which we supposed him to be at that time, not knowing anything whatever of his opinions, except as they were indicated in the book reviewed. We were somewhat puzzled by discovering that he is really a clergyman of the Ritualist school, but it appears in reality that he is a Hegelian in philosophy, and at the same time a *soi-disant* eclectic Catholic in theology. How he reconciles these opposites is his affair, not ours. The present volume, at any rate, is worthy of the highest praise. It is a collection of short lives from the Bollandists, published in a beautiful style, and perfectly suitable for circulation among Catholics. We trust he will complete his useful and attractive work in the same admirable manner as he has begun it.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY has in press and in preparation the following works, in addition to those already announced, which will be published during the fall: *Pictures of Youthful Holiness*, by Rev. R. Cooke; *A Saint's Children*, by Emily Bowles; *Life and Writings of St. Catherine of Genoa*; *All Hallow-Eve, and Unconvicted*; *Tales from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero*; *The Heart of Myrrha Lake, or Into the Light of Catholicity*; *The Nesbits, or a Mother's Last Request*; *Oakley, on Catholic Worship*; *The Illustrated Catholic Family Almanac for 1873*; and *The Book of the Holy Rosary*, illustrated with thirty-six full-page engravings, by Rev. H. Formby. The publication of F. Finotti's *Bibliographia Catholica Americana* has been unavoidably delayed, by circumstances beyond the control of either author or publisher. It is now about two-thirds printed, and will be ready as soon as possible. This explanation is given as an answer to several letters received by the publisher.

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# THE REVIEW OF MR. BRYANT'S ILIAD.

The following paragraph appeared in the *Independent*, from which it was copied by the New York *Times*:

"We were slightly surprised, after reading in the June number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD that 'the New York *Times* has long rivalled *Harper's Weekly* in bigotry and anti-Catholic malice,' to find in the same number a long article on Bryant's *Iliad*, which is stolen bodily from two reviews of the same work in the *Times* of March 14 and June 20, 1870. The arrangement of the paragraphs is slightly changed, but their contents are absolutely identical. In the same number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD the editor pathetically inquires: 'What is the Catholic press doing to correct these literary influences? What is it doing to cultivate the art of criticism?' Stealing, evidently. We are informed, however, that often 'the force of a Catholic organ consists of nobody but the editor, who writes all the fourth page, and the assistant, who makes up the rest of the forms with a paste-pot and a pair of shears.' If Catholic monthlies are edited in the same way as Catholic weeklies, it manifestly becomes necessary to search for articles among the files of the daily papers; but we must remind the editor, to quote his own words again, that 'newspapers go everywhere. Their readers are not confined to any one sect or any one party.'"

The simple fact of the matter is, that the author of the articles in the *Times* presented the review of the *Iliad*, which appeared in our last number, to the editor of this magazine in manuscript, and received payment for it as an original article. The proper explanation has been already made to the editor of the *Times*. To the *Independent* our only rejoinder may be found in the last four lines of the Ninth Fable of Phædrus.<sup>[133]</sup>

"Tunc ille insolens:  
'Qualis videtur opera tibi vocis meæ?'  
'Insignis,' inquit, 'sic, ut nisi nôssem tuum  
Animum genusque, simili fugissem metu.'"

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# THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

## A RETROSPECT.

The astonishing growth of our hierarchy, with the multiplied divisions which such growth calls for—overrunning, as they do, and intersecting the boundaries of ancient mission-fields—seems to make the renowned past of missionary labor on this continent recede more and more into indistinctness. We propose to make some brief mention of prominent incidents in the history of those missions, and to do so not only that we may awaken in a generation of superficial readers an interest in the achievements of the great pioneers of our faith on this soil of America, but that we may base thereupon some suggestions we wish to make to the future historian of those times and those men. We trust that the day will come when a taste for studies of this kind will have spread from the few to the many, and create a necessity for some work more extended than a sketch or a compend. Meanwhile, of such historical materials as we have, which are accessible to the ordinary reader, we propose to make mention, for the benefit of those who may now desire to know what materials we possess; nay, more, that they may be encouraged to appreciate these materials at their value, we shall reproduce from them alone all the statements we have to present to the reader.

The period of time embraced by these early missionary enterprises comprehends no less than eight and a half centuries, dating from the first mention in history of the Norse missions, in the tenth century, to the establishment of the last of the missions of California in 1823. In the chronological order of their inception, they range as follows:

I. The missions to the adventurous Norsemen, whose settlements in the middle ages extended from Labrador to the southern coast of New England. Although the light of faith gleamed but for a time on our shores, leaving us only the memory of the Bishop of Gardar—so happily embalmed in the pages of Mr. R. H. Clarke's *Deceased Bishops*—the Norse missions did not entirely die out on the eastern coast of Greenland until 1540. At this date, the intrepid missionaries of Spain had already advanced from Mexico into the borders of our present Southern territory. The extinction of the Catholic settlements at the north was due to the physical revolution caused by a change in the course of the Gulf Stream. Thereupon, that once smiling and fertile shore became the bleak and inhospitable region that it has ever since continued to be, and no race of Europeans now disputes with the rugged Esquimaux a foothold on the land.

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II. The Spanish missions alluded to above. The history of these missionary enterprises, in their alternating successes and defeats, is one that renders the soil of Florida, Texas, and New Mexico a land of sacred memories. In New Mexico, the Christian settlements under our American Bishop of Santa Fé perpetuate these ancient missions. In the other states named they exist only in the material monuments they have left behind them.

III. The French missions. These were the vast Christian enterprises which, from New France, sent into New York and the states west of it so many apostles and martyrs. The present Christian Indians of Canada owe their faith, and indeed their continued existence, to these missions, which have also bequeathed to us within our own limits the Abnakis of Maine and the Christian Indians who within a few years have been removed from Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, etc., to the Indian Territory.

IV. The missions of Maryland. These missions carried the light of faith to the aborigines of that colony, and if the latter have ceased to exist, the Jesuits still subsist, and inhabit the ancient manors where their brethren of old gathered around them the docile children of the forest, ere the torch of religious and political persecution was lighted by stranger hands in the "Land of the Sanctuary." Yet, even the missions of Maryland are not without a living succession, for the Jesuits of Maryland planted a colony of their brethren in the West, and have carried the Gospel to vast multitudes of new subjects among the Indian tribes, and have besides aided to sustain the faith of those expatriated from the former limits of other mission fields. Perhaps the most serious blow to the perpetuity of some of these missions is threatened in the government's plan of "improvement" in its Indian policy. While the measures comprehended under this new policy aim at eradicating some abuses, the plan is also ingeniously aimed to operate in a direction where no abuses can be alleged, and to substitute among Catholic Indians the "Evangelical" preacher for the "Black-gown," whom the Indians feel to be their best and most disinterested friend, at whose feet they have learned the rudiments of Christianity, and at whose feet alone they will condescend to sit for instruction in the way of eternal life.

V. The missions of Louisiana. Within the former limits of these missions, the area of the present states of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Mississippi was embraced. By the removal of the native tribes, the missions of Louisiana have become practically merged in those which now embrace the Western States. Nevertheless, some Christian Indians still linger on the soil of Louisiana proper.

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VI. The missions of California. In so far as the hostility of the whites has permitted the Indians to live in peace, these missions may be said still to subsist. Such remains of them as Mexican rapacity had spared descended to us at least on the cession of California to the United States.

Should the full history of these missions come to be written, the more perspicuous arrangement—we beg to suggest to the historian—would be to divide the whole into *epochs*. Thus, the Norse missions would constitute an epoch by itself, to be designated, let us say, as the *Ante-Columbian*—missions before the discovery by Columbus. When the Catholic Historical Society shall be formed (even if it owe its origin to this suggestion for its formation), its first care, after gathering into its fire-proof cabinets the books, pamphlets, newspapers and magazines, manuscripts,

charts, portraits, sketches, and other memorials or illustrations of the Catholic history of America, should be to draw from Northern Europe materials for a more extended history than we now possess of an epoch so full of interest to the antiquary and the Catholic. Until recently, indeed, the Norse missions bid fair to be reckoned as among myths. If they are no longer so regarded, this result is due to the investigations of a few scholars only.

The *second*, or *Post-Columbian*, epoch should commence with the history of the missionary efforts which succeeded the discovery by Columbus. This epoch, after displaying the inception and progress of these great religious enterprises, might terminate appropriately with the establishment of one of the last series of missions, that of San Francisco, erected on the site of the present city of that name in 1776, seven days before the date of our Declaration of Independence.

For the *third* epoch, no event could form a more appropriate initial point than that which freed our country from the domination of England. From this point, a new era opens for our church, for the charter of our national independence was the charter of our liberties as well. In the epoch just elapsed, the spirit of British legislation and the spirit of British bigotry harassed or defeated at every step the apostolical laborers within the mission-fields embraced in the limits of the American colonies. Now, over all the territory of the new Republic, shortly to be enlarged by the addition of Louisiana and Florida with their sacred memories of the past, the old colonial legislation against Catholics began to disappear from the statute-books of the states; and, if at the present writing there be a state where these discriminating laws still linger, her apologists are obliged to claim that they are practically inoperative.<sup>[134]</sup> Early in this epoch, our present hierarchy had its beginning in the appointment of John Carroll as first bishop—John Carroll whose efforts, in conjunction with Franklin, Chase, and Charles Carroll, to enlist the sympathies of the Canadians in our national cause, were rendered abortive by the anti-Catholic manifesto which had been issued by the colonial congress of 1774.<sup>[135]</sup> The era of the great prelate's labors was shortly rendered memorable by the arrival upon our shores of those devoted men whom persecution or revolution abroad had driven hither. Through them, with here and there the assistance of the few clergyman already on the spot, religion began to make glad the desert places. The centres of population, no less than the scattered settlements of the interior—the mountains of Pennsylvania equally with the forests of Kentucky—rejoiced in the spreading light of gospel truth. In short, the seventy years succeeding the Declaration of Independence—within which period we propose to limit this third epoch—form an era filled with the chronicles of devoted missionary labor, and the history of humble and painful foundations which have since expanded into vast and even magnificent proportions.

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For the commencement of the *fourth* epoch, embracing the era in which we live, and terminating when it may please the historian to close it, the year 1846 is suggested for several reasons. If the assignment of this date seems to terminate the preceding epoch at a period disproportionately early, compared with the epoch before it, it must be remembered that these seventy years, embracing as they do the period of the formation and first growth of our present hierarchy, would probably require as voluminous a treatment at the hands of the historian as the whole long period of the second epoch. In 1846, the partition of dioceses into ecclesiastical provinces began by the erection of the Province of Oregon in that year. Prior to this time the whole United States had formed but one Province, under the Archbishop of Baltimore. The Province of St. Louis was erected in 1847, those of New Orleans, Cincinnati, and New York in 1850, and the Province of San Francisco in 1853. The year 1846 is also the date of the accession to the Pontifical throne of the great and good Pius IX., still happily reigning, whose Pontificate is the most remarkable of modern times, if not of all times, as it has certainly been the longest, and, in its relations to the American church, the most momentous. The Sixth Provincial Council of Baltimore was held in 1846, and the same year was signalized by the opening of the Mexican War, which was followed in 1848 by the acquisition of California and New Mexico, classic lands in the history of the American Missions. The annexation of Texas in 1845, with all her legacies of missionary heroism, forms the closing political event of the preceding epoch. Thus, many reasons concur for selecting 1846 as the period of a new departure in our ecclesiastical annals. The thread of narrative connecting the history of the old missions with our own day may be said to terminate at the beginning of this epoch, by the admission of California and New Mexico into the Federal Union. Nor need this thread be afterwards resumed. The fourth epoch, judging from its energetic beginnings and the triumphant progress the church in this country has made in the interval, is destined to fill a glorious place in ecclesiastical history.

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These suggestions in regard to the method of dealing with our Catholic history would be superfluous, except upon the supposition that such a history as the subject calls for has yet to be written. We have no doubt it will be. It is the purpose of this paper to promote such a consummation, both by arousing an interest in the subject on the part of readers, and stimulating the zeal of writers. Without this interest on the part of readers, the zeal, learning, and ability of authors will never be called into play on this field. Whatever meed of praise we must assign to the few authors who have made our missions or our Catholic history their theme, it cannot be contended that they have largely developed it: but, if they have not done more, it is because the taste of the public—the Catholic public, at least—did not demand more. Here, then, is need for reformation.

Catholics might take a lesson from the conduct of people of the world. When a family of high origin rises again into distinction from a condition of temporary depression, it reverts with fondness to the ancestry by which it was distinguished in the past, as well as to that which achieved its return to greatness: it justifies its present position by the long roll it exhibits of its



genealogical worthies. So should American Catholics of the present day act and feel as a religious family, but with a pride that is commendable, since the object of it is the church of God, and all the glory it acquires is due to the humility, the sacrifices, the self-devotion of the truest heroes that ever lived, the saints and servants of God. Such were our religious ancestors on this continent, and such they were long before in the vista of centuries. It is something to possess a mere antiquity in a land where all is new save the race that is dying out towards the setting sun, and no lineage can dispute for antiquity with that of the Catholic Church on this soil.

If her history were better known, we should not be so often met by the assertions that this is a "Protestant country"—an assertion which, though provoking, would be harmless but for some social or legal ostracism which is attempted under color of it. The preponderance of numbers, the only tenable ground upon which the assertion can be made, is a mere temporary condition of things, and is so rapidly disappearing that a mathematical calculation is alone sufficient to fix its period of termination. But, last as long it may, this preponderance avails nothing so long as the law of the land knows neither Protestant nor Catholic as such. This impartiality of the law, by the bye, will never be disturbed by Catholics even when the preponderance of numbers shall be in their favor. They venerate too deeply the example of the Catholic Pilgrims of Maryland ever to descend from the high standard they have left behind.

Again, this is not a Protestant country by virtue of early discovery or possession, nor by reason of early settlement or religious foundation, nor even by the establishment of an earlier hierarchy, as some Protestant churchmen contend. Much less is it Protestant by the conversion of either native or foreign races within its confines. With one only exception, as a class, that may be reckoned considerable, Protestantism is only an heirloom in families that were Protestant at the time of their immigration. Nor has it, with these, held its own; for the statistics supplied by our Catholic bishops show that, among those confirmed by them, a proportion, varying in different dioceses, but forming an average of probably twelve per cent., is composed of converts from Protestantism. The considerable exception we note is formed of the descendants of Irish Catholics who long since emigrated to these shores or were transported hither in large numbers by Oliver Cromwell. Their children, deprived of religious instruction and left without priests and sacraments, have been gradually absorbed into the ranks of the sects around them. Hence the number of unmistakably celtic names we find borne by many who are now Protestants. This exception, however, goes very little way towards establishing the general assertion that the Protestantism of the country is due to the conversions it has made. The blacks have naturally followed the religion of the masters in whose families they were domesticated while slaves. As to the Indians, Protestantism has done little or nothing that it can point to with any pride, and it employs itself in their regard, as it does in all other parts of the world where it encounters the Catholic missionary, in marring or obstructing his work, thus leaving the poor Indian in a more wretched condition than he had been before he heard of Christianity at all.

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Under whatever auspices certain colonies of Protestants were established, long after the first occupation of American soil by Catholics, the constitution, which is the charter of our general liberties, and which these colonies, or the states representing these colonies, united in adopting, is silent on the subject of religion. Its equilibrium on this point is perfect. Nor will it be disturbed, even though a judge of the Supreme Court heard the little knot of superserviceable Protestants who advocate the apparently innocent project of introducing "God in the constitution." Even if it were possible that these gentlemen should succeed in their effort, an internecine warfare would ensue among Protestants themselves for the possession by one or the other of the different sects of the power to direct the "appropriate legislation" contemplated in the proposed amendment to the constitution. In this scramble, the opportunity of wielding this new engine against the Catholics would be lost, and hence much of the animus that directs the movement now would prove a waste of zeal. Our general laws are, therefore, no more Protestant than Catholic, and even court-preachers who claim that their "church" is a "power in the land" are unable to wrest them from their tenor, though they may fill the public offices with the adherents of their conventicle.

History, good sense, and common observation thus militate against a claim which is intended, in one way or another, to be injurious to American Catholics and their church. This subject may not be new to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, but it is one which will bear repetition, in view of the necessity of presenting the truth as it is before right-minded Protestants who may otherwise be beguiled by the specious pretences of their less scrupulous brethren—in view of the still greater necessity of fortifying our own people against an allegation which is intended to discourage and demoralize them. We need our moral force, our Catholic spirit, our sense of equality with our neighbors, in order to accomplish much of the good that is before us in both the social and the religious sphere. It will help this spirit of noble independence to become familiar with the history of our church in this country and of its unique achievements.

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The scattered memorials of early missions have been gathered with great labor by Mr. John G. Shea, and compressed in his *History of the Catholic Missions* (New York, 1854). His narrative needs digesting, but is of most interesting matter. The absence of maps, however, and the consequent difficulty of following the footsteps of the missionaries in their labors and journeys, often through unfamiliar localities, necessitate a reference to other books, and so detract from the value of the work as a handbook for ordinary readers. Even the works of Kip and Parkman, covering a more restricted ground, are illustrated by maps. The tables in Mr. Shea's appendix, with the names of the missionaries, the date of their arrival, and that of their death, and also the list of authorities in print and manuscript illustrating his subject, are extremely valuable. We are indebted to Mr. Shea's work for the principal portion of our materials.

T. D'Arcy McGee's five lectures on the *Catholic Church in the United States* (Boston, 1855), written in a clear, brilliant, and forcible style, pass in review the history of the American church from the days of Columbus down to the period of the publication of the book.

*The Catholic Church in the United States*, by Henry de Courcy, translated and enlarged by John G. Shea (New York, 1856), is modestly designated by the author as a "sketch," but can only be considered so because the ground covered by the work is so vast, and the period so extended, that it was found impossible to dwell at length on any particular point. Still, the work is neither hasty nor superficial, and comprehends a bulk of nearly 600 pages.

These three works by Catholic authors are the only publications we possess bearing upon the general ground, and adapted to popular use and reference. A lecture here or there, or Dr. White's sketch attached to Darras' *General History of the Church*, does not add materially to our resources. It will be observed from the date of their publication that these three works were published in three successive years about the period of the last "Know-Nothing" excitement. Are we to infer from this circumstance that our people can only be goaded by religious persecution into demanding such works? If so, we shall have the less reason for regret when the unprecedentedly long period of peace we are now enjoying shall come to a close, as it certainly must, sooner or later, in the providence of God.

Of biographies and local histories we have a growing collection, some of them of great value. The affairs of a diocese, a state, or a particular region of country will always command a special interest among those who dwell therein. Hence we may expect this class of works to appear in increasing numbers. They furnish important materials to the future general historian, and probably educate the taste of readers into a demand for more comprehensive works. Many details that would be useful to the historian would perish but for them, as many have doubtless perished already for the lack of timely chroniclers. An enumeration of these works is not essential in this place, but we trust that other hands will do justice to those who have bestowed their scanty time upon labors of this kind, for all these works have been written by men of busy lives, such men as the late Archbishop Spalding, for example, among the clergy, and the late Bernard U. Campbell, of Baltimore, among the laity. Mr. Campbell's writings, to be sure, have not been reprinted from the magazine for which they were written; but had not the gates of death closed in the midst of his career on the author of the *Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll*, we might have expected from one possessed of his industrious research, his ardent mind, and genuine talents, contributions of the highest value to the history of the church in America. He was called hence just as a position of comparative distinction and emolument seemed about to compensate him for his long years of faithful duty in the inconspicuous but responsible post he had hitherto filled; and this tribute to the memory of one whose character was brightened by every Christian and every civic virtue will not seem out of place here to those who knew him—and who in his community did not know him? who did not love him?

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When will our young men, beginning life with advantages of which Mr. Campbell could not boast, with wealth and family position and scholastic training, learn to emulate such an example, and devote their opportunities, their means, and the fruits of their studies to a task which would do them infinite honor, instead of devoting all these gifts to the service of a frivolous society?—a task upon which, in their default, strangers and aliens have entered, and gathered laurels to themselves at the expense of the church whose heroes they pretend to exalt.

The author of a work to which we have already referred has snatched from the intervals of severe professional labors time for the production of two of the most important volumes contributed to our American Catholic literature in the department of biography, although their bulk and cost must render them inaccessible to many readers. But it is a work the perusal of which must quicken the desire for that full and connected history of the American church which awaits us in the future. Here, that history glitters in detached fragments, like prismatic hues reflected from some great signal-light, around each saintly and venerable figure whose life and labors the author has portrayed. There, in one luminous whole, it will irradiate our entire past. Again, a clergyman has found the opportunity, amid the cares of a parish and the distractions of frequent and painful illness, to prepare for publication a schedule of all the early issues of our American Catholic press—a most welcome adjunct to the labors of the Catholic historian. With these and many similar examples before them, how great a reproach must rest upon our Catholic young men of culture if their last and only contribution to the literature of their church and country be the fleeting amenities of a college address at graduation!

But, as we have already remarked, the field of our Catholic history has been entered upon by writers of another and an alien school. The wealth of incident, the picturesque *entourage*, the heroic action, which characterize the history of our Catholic missions have proven irresistible attractions to the Protestant scholar. Mr. Francis Parkman is especially conspicuous in this department, and we wish to say a few words in regard to his best-known work, *The Jesuits in North America* (Boston, 1867). We trust that to Catholic readers Mr. Shea's elegant reprint of Father Charlevoix's *History of New France*, fully and carefully annotated by Mr. Shea himself, will supply all the needs of a reference on this field of inquiry. None can fail to admire the graces of style which distinguish Mr. Parkman's writings, but Protestants alone can make him a reference and commend him for the fidelity with which he adheres to their worn-out traditions and the readiness he exhibits to flatter their ingrained prejudices and prepossessions.

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It is difficult to understand how an author could have written so fully and so eloquently of men, the dignity of whose aims he seems not to have formed the slightest conception of, or that he should have chosen this theme at all under the circumstances. We can only hope that a more profound feeling stirred him to the task than he is willing to acknowledge. But Mr. Parkman is a

New Englander, and it befits not the Puritan traditions of his people to display any enthusiasm. On the ears of the auditory he undoubtedly in the main sets himself to address—an auditory dead to every supernatural impression except that which may be evoked by the practices of spiritism—words of enthusiasm would fall distastefully, and the reflex of an inner faith be simply repelling. Hence Mr. Parkman carefully avoids any suspicion of complicity with these unpopular emotions, and his heroes enact their grand parts like puppets put in action on a mimic stage by some inexplicable machinery. All the pith and marrow of their actions, such as Catholics know to have animated them, is eliminated, and nothing but a limp and imbecile counterfeit is left of the living, breathing man. Yet these men, these great missionaries so parodied, were they who undertook the most gigantic labors, endured the most severe hardships, and met even death itself, from the most exalted motive that can animate our kind—the love of souls for God’s sake! In Mr. Parkman’s hands, all that is great and ennobling about them shrinks into an unsubstantial figment: the impelling motive, if one is to be descried at all, is a barren sentimentalism, the action, left aimless and unsupported, a mere *prettiness of behavior*.

The following passage from *The Jesuits in North America* (page 97) will afford an example of the *animus* with which the book is written. It opens with the reiteration of a stale slander: “That equivocal morality, lashed by the withering satire of a Pascal—a morality built on the doctrine that all means are permissible for saving souls from perdition, and that sin itself is no sin when its object is the ‘greater glory of God’—found far less scope in the rude wilderness of the Hurons than among the interests, ambitions, and passions of civilized life. Nor were these men, chosen from among the purest of their order, personally well fitted to illustrate the capabilities of this elastic system. Yet, now and then, by the light of their own writings, we may observe that the teachings of the school of Loyola had not been wholly without effect in the formation of their ethics. But when we see them in the gloomy February of 1637, and the gloomier months that followed, toiling on foot from one infected town to another, wading through the sodden snow, under the bare and dripping forests, drenched with incessant rains, till they descried at length through the storm the clustered dwellings of some barbarous hamlet—when we see them entering, one after another, those wretched abodes of misery and darkness, and all for one sole end, the baptism of the sick and dying, we may smile at the futility of the object, but we must needs admire the self-sacrificing zeal with which it is pursued.” *The futility of the object!* And this is said in the nineteenth century of Christian enlightenment! Has the lettered paganism which held its head so high in the days of the early Roman Pontiffs indeed revived in all its impenetrable pride, and with all its scorn of the Christian faith and the Christian people? Has it only *sleep* through all these centuries, to awaken again in our day and stalk among us with unblushing front as of old?

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In conclusion, on the subject of authors, Rev. W. I. Kip, afterwards made Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California, published, under the title of *Early Jesuit Missions in North America*, a translation of some letters written by the French Jesuits on the mission between 1696 and 1750. We see nothing to object to and much to commend in this work. We must except from our commendation a portion of the editor’s preface, as follows: “There is one thought, however, which has constantly occurred to us in the preparation of these letters, and which we cannot but suggest. Look over the world and read the history of the Jesuit Missions. After one or two generations, they have always come to naught.... Must there not have been something wrong in the whole system—some grievous errors mingled with their teachings, which thus denied them a measure of success proportioned to their efforts?” Considering that, after one or two generations, the insane jealousy of governments generally led to the persecution of the Jesuits, the rapacity of officials to the plunder of their missions, and that the whole society was suppressed and dispersed in the midst of some of its most prominent labors, the failure of most of the Jesuit missions may be easily accounted for. But these causes were all extrinsic, not intrinsic, as Mr. Kip suggests. In spite of these disintegrating causes, the vitality of the missions established by the Jesuits, as exemplified in this retrospect, is something remarkable. Nor was there ever, or, if ever, rarely, a failure where these extrinsic causes were not at work. Mr. Kip’s assertion that there is not a “recorded instance of their permanency” is unveracious in spirit, if it be not in fact. He might easily have known better. Probably, if he would “look over the world” through the medium of the Protestant authorities quoted by Dr. Marshall (and Dr. M. quotes no others) in his work on *Christian Missions*, Mr. Kip and others equally in need of enlightenment would know what they ought to believe of Jesuit and all other Catholic missions. *Per contra*, and as shown by the same Protestant authorities, it will be seen that the barrenness erroneously predicated of the Jesuit missions by Mr. Kip is the distinguishing mark of the Protestant missions everywhere and at all times, under the most favorable as under the most adverse circumstances, in their first stage equally as in their last.

When we consider that eight hundred or more years ago all that was Christian in our land was Catholic, we can bear with more equanimity the presumptuous offers of hospitality made to us by sectaries who claim as their own a soil wherein Catholicity was planted before their religion was heard of. In brief, the history of these first missions was as follows: When the light of Christianity spread from Ireland to Iceland, the adventurous natives of the latter country had already effected a lodgement on our continent through the colonies they had planted in Greenland and on the shores further south, extending to Narragansett Bay. They called this latter region Vinland from the great profusion of native vines they found there. In the year 1000, Catholic missionaries set forth from Iceland, and soon bade Greenland blossom with the fruits of faith, as it blossomed already with the material beauty and verdure that then crowned its valleys. In time missionaries were despatched hence to Vinland, with the same happy results. Thus, in what seems to us the night of ages, the voice of Christian prayer and the hymns of Christian praise resounded along

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our Northern shores. Greenland was already dotted over with institutions of piety and learning when Eric, now its bishop, with his see at Garda, came in 1121, for the second time, to visit his dear Vinlanders and their Indian neophytes; rounding the promontory of Cape Cod to the south, five hundred years before the grim Puritans rounded it to the north on their way to Plymouth Bay. He came this time to dwell with the chosen ones of his flock, and doubtless to die with them, for the curtain of history has fallen over his fate and that of his companions and spiritual children.

The old stone tower at Newport is, in the eyes of some respectable antiquaries, a relic of ancient Catholicity in New England that belonged to a church or monastery, but its mute walls reveal nothing of the sacred catastrophe which overwhelmed the Christian colony of Vinland. The soil of New England was therefore long since dedicated to the God of truth, and let us trust that he will again, in his own good time, claim his heritage.

Turning our eyes to the other extreme of our national boundaries as they now exist, we find that the first Spanish missionaries set foot in Florida in 1528, in company with the expedition of Narvaez. The latter expected to find him an empire rivalling in wealth and extent that of Mexico, so recently subjected to the Spanish arms by the prowess of Cortez. The limits of the new empire were already marked out for a see, which took its title from the Rio de las Palmas, its southern boundary, a river in Mexico between Vera Cruz and Tampico, and extended to the Cape of Florida. The new bishop himself, Juan Juarez, headed the band of missionaries. As Father Juarez, he had been one of the twelve Franciscans who were invited to Mexico by Cortez to be its first apostles, and whom he received with great honor in 1524, five years after his landing. Father Juarez here distinguished himself by his zeal and his love and care for the Indians, and his appointment as the new bishop, which was made on the occasion of a subsequent visit to Spain, was therefore most fitting.

The expedition of Narvaez proved, however, a failure, and in its failure was involved that of the missionary scheme connected with it. No rich empire met the commander's expectant gaze, no dusky monarch clad in barbaric splendor and surrounded by assiduous courtiers crossed his path to question his purposes or withstand his advance. He encountered only straggling Indians who treacherously led him on to his ruin. At last, weary, disappointed, pinched with want, and decimated by disease or the arrows of ambushed savages, the troops of Narvaez forced their way back through the jungle to the shore they had left. Narvaez had injudiciously, and against the advice of Bishop Juarez, ordered his ships elsewhere, and the only resource of the party was to escape to sea as best they might in the rude boats they constructed for the purpose. Four only remained behind, and these saved themselves by a perilous journey across the continent. The remainder were lost at sea, or were cast away to die a more lingering death by starvation, disease, or the attacks of the natives. Among the latter was the party of Bishop Juarez, which had been driven ashore on Dauphin Island, near the mouth of the Mississippi. Thus the fate of the second bishop who possessed jurisdiction over any portion of our soil is, like that of the first, wrapped in painful obscurity, and the fruits of his mission, if there were any, are equally left without living trace. All that is known of this devoted pioneer and martyr of the South has been recorded by Mr. Clarke in his *Lives of the Deceased Bishops*.

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The four survivors of the expedition of Narvaez traversed Texas and New Mexico, and, reaching the shores of the Gulf of California, reappeared to the gaze of their astonished friends. The accounts they gave of the kingdoms and cities they had passed on their journey—accounts that were doubtless somewhat colored by their imagination—came to the ears of an Italian friar named Mark, and excited his zeal for the glorious spiritual conquest that seemed to lie before him. Placing himself under the guidance of Stephen, a negro, one of the four survivors alluded to, and attended by some friendly Indians, he boldly plunged into the wilderness which skirted the river Gila. Crossing it, he continued his march until he came within sight of Cibola, a city of the Zuñi tribe. Here he sent forward Stephen with a party of the Indian attendants to prepare the way, but the natives drove them back, and even killed Stephen and some of his companions. The friar could only look with longing eyes towards the city where he had hoped to garner a harvest of souls, and then sorrowfully began to retrace his steps. Ere descending the hill from which he bade farewell to the city, he, however, planted the cross, the object of his journey and the emblem of his mission.

The chieftain, Coronado, stimulated by the representations made of the supposed riches of Cibola, headed an expedition fitted out by the government to reduce it. He followed the route previously traversed by Friar Mark, who accompanied him, together with a number of other Franciscans. Cibola was reached, and soon yielded to the invader, but so barren was the prize, that Coronado resolved to press on to the conquest of another fabled empire in the interior, leaving the poor friar, overwhelmed with reproaches, to return home in shattered health. He ended his days shortly after. Coronado, in his researches, crossed to the valley of the Rio Grande, and even to that of the Arkansas, but without result, except in the discovery of the vast herds of bisons which swarmed the plains, and of which he was the first among Europeans to give an account. When Coronado, weary of his fruitless journey, resolved to return, Father John de Padilla, one of the Franciscans, in his younger days a soldier, begged to be allowed to remain at the Indian town of Quivira, west of the Rio Grande. Brother John of the Cross proffered a similar request in regard to the neighboring village of Cicuye, now Pecos. Bestowing upon them a supply of live stock, and some Mexican Indians as assistants, the expedition passed on and left them to their perilous posts. The Indians of New Mexico were, as a race, of morals more than ordinarily pure, and they possessed some familiarity with the arts. Notwithstanding these humanizing traits, the lives of the two devoted missionaries paid the forfeit of their courage and zeal, or they

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may both have perished by the hands of roving Indians. No tidings were ever heard of the lay brother, and the fate of the father was announced in Tampico by his companions, who fled thither with the news of his martyrdom.

The expedition of Coronado occupied the years 1540-1, or a great portion of them. In the latter year De Soto, who had entered Florida in 1539, led on by the same delusive hopes with which the narrative of the survivors of the party of Narvaez inspired Coronado—stood beside the mighty Mississippi, its discoverer. The following year, its waters were to be at once the grave of the great leader and the haven of refuge for the remnant of his band in their escape from the country. De Soto had brought with him from Spain a number of ecclesiastics, secular and regular. It is not probable that they accomplished anything among the natives, but they at least sacrificed their lives in the attempt, for the last of them perished in the interval between the death of De Soto and the arrival in Tampico of the survivors of his expedition. The dark colors in which those who cater to popular prepossessions delight to paint the conduct of the Spanish invaders are seldom brightened by the testimony that should accompany the picture, of the religious purposes which were never entirely absent from their minds. With some of them religion was, indeed, a controlling motive. Coupled with dreams of worldly conquest, was always the hope and desire of spreading the knowledge of Christian truth throughout the empires that might be won. Let the conduct of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens in the first years of the American occupation of California, in all its characteristics of violence, irreligion, greed, and cruelty to the Indians, be compared with that of the Spaniards of three centuries before, and it may be found that the latter will gain by the comparison. Moreover, no scheme of benevolence in behalf of the poor Indians, no thought of extending God's kingdom upon earth, ever entered the thoughts of our nineteenth-century adventurers.

In 1544, one solitary soldier of the cross, Father Andrew de Olmos, a Franciscan, acquired a success among the Indians of Texas which had been denied to all his predecessors on the same field. It was the wild race then known as the "Chichimecas," among whom he fearlessly advanced. Strange to say, many hearkened to his words, and followed him to Tamaulipas, where he founded a reduction for them, and completed their instruction. In the missions of Mexico, Father Andrew had already acquired a knowledge of four Indian languages, of three of which he had prepared grammars and vocabularies, and in two of them had written religious works for the use of the Indians. He now became a proficient in the language of this tribe also, and prepared many books for his spiritual children. Father John de Mesa, a secular priest, a kindred spirit in zeal, and of like accomplishments as a linguist, joined him in his labors, and both of them devoted the remainder of their lives to the Indians of the reduction. Their mission was so fortunate as to be perpetuated by successors, under whom it was also enlarged by the accession of many new Indian converts.

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An attempt equally intrepid in character and peaceful in its method, but still entirely ineffectual in result, was the expedition into Florida in 1547 under the direction of Father Cancer de Barbastro, a distinguished missionary of Mexico, attended by several other Dominicans. Fortified with a royal decree from Philip of Spain restoring to liberty all natives of Florida held in bondage in any portion of the Spanish possessions, and provided by that monarch with an unarmed vessel, the missionaries were received with some delusive demonstrations of friendship on the part of the Indians. Untouched by the peaceful character of the mission, however, they seized the first opportunity to massacre Father Diego de Peñalosa, who had entrusted his life in their hands, and not long after Father Cancer himself. The mission was thereupon abandoned by the others as hopeless.

NOTE.—In addition to the works devoted specifically to the subject, mentioned in the text of this article, we would refer the future historian to the following sources of information as indispensable to an exhaustive treatment of the theme. We offer the suggestion as a partial acknowledgment of the obligation which we, in common with our fellow-Catholics of the United States, are under to a pioneer in this field of investigation—an assiduous and *successful* student (so far, at least, as his readers are concerned) of early American Catholic annals:

*Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley.* By John Gilmary Shea. (Embracing the Relations of Fathers Marquette, Hennepin, Allouez, and others, and a *fac-simile* of the outline map of the region made by F. Marquette.)

*Early Voyages up and down the Mississippi.* By the same.

The Cramoisy Series of *Memoirs and Relations concerning the French Colonies in North America.* Edited and published from early MSS. By the same. 24 vols. (This includes Relations, Biography, Travels, Letters, Diplomatic Correspondence, etc., etc.)

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[TO BE CONTINUED.](#)

# FRAGMENTS OF EARLY ENGLISH POETRY.

## TO THE BLESSED VIRGYNE.

As thou wel knowest, O Blessed Virgyne,  
With lovyng herte and high devocion,  
In thyne honour he (Chaucer) wroot many a lyne,  
For he thi servant was, mayden Marie,  
And let his love floure and fructifie.

—OCCLEVE.

## TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Lady, when men pray to the,  
Thou goest before of thy benignitie  
And getest us the light of thy prayere  
To giden us to thi Sonne so dere.

—CHAUCER.

# FLEURANGE.

BY MRS. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, WITH PERMISSION.

## PART SECOND. THE TRIAL.

### XXIV.

Fleurange hastily wrapped a large white burnous around her, drew the hood over her face, and then ran to the carriage, which was waiting for her. It seemed as if heaven had sent her aid in the very hour of her greatest need. She felt that her resolutions would be carried out by means of her cousin, but in what way she could not yet see. At all events, she was no longer friendless, and one of the difficulties she had to surmount was already smoothed away.

These thoughts prevailed over all others during her short ride from the palace to the hotel. At her arrival, the sight of Clara made her forget everything for a while but the sweet memories of the past.—The Old Mansion, the fireside around which they used to gather, the family all scattered since they last saw each other—all came back with sharp poignancy, and it was with tears of joy and regret they flew into each other's arms.

This first emotion somewhat calmed, the two cousins looked at one another. Though they had not been separated more than a year, the appearance of both bore marks of the changes they had passed through. Clara was as fresh and pretty as ever, but her fine son, whose birth had delayed her return to Germany, added to the charm of youth a certain gravity which enters into all maternal joy, and gave to her beauty the crown of dignity it had hitherto lacked.

As to Fleurange, it would be difficult to say what had changed her. Was it the elegance of her dress, which the princess did not excuse her from, even when they were alone? Or the distinguished society in which she now moved? Or was it the increased paleness of her face, and her air of depression, that gave such sweetness to her look, lent such new grace to her form, and rendered her whole person more strikingly attractive than ever?

Fleurange had passed through too many sorrows, and at too early an age, for her face ever to reflect the careless gaiety of youth. And yet, after some weeks passed in her uncle's family, the Old Mansion was lit up with no smile more radiant than hers—it resounded with no voice more joyful. Now, her pale and noble countenance seemed overshadowed with a premature gravity. Her serene eyes, with their expression of firmness, no longer displayed the sanguine enthusiasm of youth, which used at times to light them up and deepen the gray hue of the iris into the lively brilliancy of black. Without looking a day older, she seemed to have acquired the experience of maturity, and made a correct estimate of life without having taken a step further through it.

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Clara and Julian gazed at her with a kind of anxious admiration, but forbore questioning her. They instinctively felt she would prefer not to answer their questions. Besides, her own inquiries left no room for theirs. The names so dear to them all were one by one pronounced, and for some moments everything was lit up with the warmth of the far-off fireside, which, amid all the young girl's recent emotions, she had never ceased to feel. Everything was going on well among those dear absent ones. Comfort, peace, and even somewhat of ease gradually reappeared beneath their roof. And all this was owing to Clement's activity and ability.

"Dear Clement!" said Clara with tears in her eyes. "What a providence he has been to them all! May God bless and reward this beloved brother!"

Then the travellers spoke of themselves. They were only passing through Florence, which they had previously visited. After going around to see Perugia, and all that region so attractive to artists, they intended resuming the route to Germany. They were to pass the following year at Heidelberg, where they were impatiently awaited, Julian feeling obliged to make up for the time he had lost in this delightful journey and to undertake with no further delay the orders he had received.

Perugia!—At the very mention of this place an idea suddenly occurred to Fleurange. Before arriving at Perugia they would have to pass near Santa Maria al Prato. Could she not accompany them thus far, and seek the advice and aid of the Madre Maddalena who had always shown so affectionate an interest in her? Guided by her, she would be sure of taking the wisest course in the perplexities of her situation. If she needed courage, where find it if not with her, the very remembrance of whom often sufficed to renew the vigor of her soul? If she needed consolation, who so able to impart it? Yes, this opportunity was providential; she must hasten to profit by it; and, without speaking for the present of absolute separation, she would only obtain the princess' permission for a few days' absence in order to make this short journey.

Having decided on this, Fleurange breathed as freely as if a weight had been removed from her heart. Before the end of the hour, she took leave of her cousin after appointing a meeting for the following day, and re-entered the carriage which had brought her.

It was in the month of May. The air was redolent of spring-time—and spring-time at Florence. Count George's carriage was an open *calèche*. As she took her seat, one of the passers-by, doubtless struck with her beauty, threw her one of those large bouquets which in that city of flowers are in every one's hands at that season. Fleurange, without even turning her head to look

at the person who offered her this delicate homage, accepted it without any scruple, and inhaled its odor with delight. She felt an unusual pleasure in the sweet fresh night air which caressed her cheek, and at finding herself thus alone for a moment with uncovered head beneath so pure and brilliant a sky. After the long confinement she had endured—passing so many days and nights in a chamber the air and light scarcely penetrated—this moment of freedom was a mental and physical refreshment of which she unconsciously had absolute need. Besides, amid all the anxious care she lavished on the princess, one thought—a constant, painful thought—had not ceased to haunt her: She had been obliged to practise continual renunciation of a tenderness which, mute or sometimes murmured, had on a thousand occasions made itself understood or divined. It was an additional relief to feel this struggle would soon end, that a means of departure was at hand, or rather of flight, and she would only have to courageously struggle and repress her feelings a few days longer. After that, she would only have to suffer; there would be nothing more to fear, either from others or herself.

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The young girl's evening ride came to an end too soon. The horses went like the wind, and brought her in a few moments to the foot of the broad marble staircase. She ascended it slowly, and proceeded at the same pace through the large salons, till she came to the one in which she had left the princess and her son. This room, it will be remembered, was the last of the suite, and opened, as well as the one next it, upon the terrace, which thus afforded an exterior communication between the two rooms.

When Fleurange came to the latter, she stopped. She feared the princess might have retired without waiting for or needing her. But not so: her son was still with her. She could distinctly hear the sound of their voices. Owing to the vernal mildness of the evening, all the windows were open, and, instead of entering, Fleurange passed out on the terrace to await the conclusion of their conversation. And, moreover, it had not yet struck ten—the hour appointed for her return.

But she had scarcely gone out before she regretted it, for she could not help hearing, not only their voices, but their very words. She was about to return when she was stopped, and rooted as it were to the ground, by a word which her ear caught, and which gave her a thrill. That word was *Cordelia*; and almost immediately after she heard her own name—her name, not that of Gabrielle, the only one by which she was known, but the name of her childhood, the name unknown to every one at Florence except him who now uttered it—and in such a tone!

"Fleurange!" said Count George. "Yes, mother, this name which just escaped me in speaking of her; this name as strange as her beauty, and which, like the charm she is endowed with, belongs to no one else in the world, was the one her father called her by the first time I ever saw her—a thousand times more charming than the Cordelia of which she was the original—"

Fleurange heard nothing more.—For some moments she felt ready to faint, and it was only a resolute effort of her will that kept her from falling to the ground, overcome by surprise and emotion. Was it really the count she heard speaking? and could it be his mother to whom he was talking? What madness led him to brave the princess by using such language—her whom the slightest contradiction often threw into a violent state of impatience and anger—her who could not endure the least opposition from any one? What would she say? What reply was Fleurange about to hear?

She no longer thought of stirring. She felt incapable of deciding whether it were well or ill to remain; she had but one wish—to hear the princess' reply, and to act in consequence. Perhaps, after hearing it, she would leave the place where she stood, never to appear before her again; who could tell? Already a confused idea entered her mind of leaving the palace and returning through the streets, alone and on foot—night though it was—to the Steinbergs.

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After a long silence the princess spoke, but her trembling and subdued voice, to Fleurange's great surprise, betrayed no signs of anger. The effect was only the more profound on her who now stood quivering with silent expectation.

"Then, George, you wish to cause me the greatest mortification it is possible for a son to cause his mother—you wish to violate the promise on which I relied with so much faith and confidence?"

"Mother, I have already told you I never made any promise."

"Enough, George. I like your frankness. Do not spoil it now by prevarication. If you made her no promise, you made me one which you have not kept—me, your mother. This is sufficient, I think, to merit my reproaches."

"Mother—!" And George rose with an impatient air, and turned as if to go out.

The princess rose too. She seemed completely cured. It often happened that some extraordinary excitement effaced in a moment the last traces of a long and severe attack.

She put her arm around her son's neck and drew him towards her. "George," said she, when he returned to the place he had just left, "I ought not to trust any more in your promises, and yet there is one I beg you to make."

"What is it, mother?"

"You will not yield to this folly without taking time for reflection?"

"I can promise that."

"Moreover—listen to what I am going to ask—Swear you will never yield to it till you have obtained my consent."



George hesitated. "That would be a very serious promise," said he at length in a caressing tone, "if I did not know that in the end you never refuse anything to your spoiled child."

"Come, come, George," resumed his mother in an eager tone of distress, "do not make me repent of my indulgence. Give me your promise!"

"Well, mother, it should be acknowledged I ought to hesitate to give it—without ever having asked her, without even knowing how, after all, I should be received."

The princess shrugged her shoulders.

He continued: "I am persuaded she would dispense with your consent less readily than I, and consequently my submission is under the guard of a will stronger than mine."

The princess at first looked astonished; then, after a moment's reflection, she said: "Perhaps you are right. No matter, give me your hand on this promise."

George bent down, kissed his mother's hand, and pressed it in his. "There it is," said he, "and my promise—on my word of honor."

"That is right, my child, now leave me. It is time for Gabrielle to return, and it would be better for her not to find you here."

George rose, and, embracing his mother once more, left the room.

As soon as she was alone, the princess threw herself on her *chaise longue*, put both hands to her face, and burst into sobs.

## CHAPTER XXV.

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Fleurange hesitated a moment, then followed her natural impulse, which was always straightforward and courageous. She resolutely entered the salon by the terrace window, and when the princess raised her head she saw the young girl before her, wrapped in her white burnous, with her bouquet in her hand. Though the princess was expecting her, this sudden apparition surprised her to such a degree that she gazed at her for a moment without speaking, as if she were a supernatural vision. But it was only for a moment. Fleurange perceived that the anger she repressed in her son's presence was now about to burst forth.

The princess wiped away her tears. Her eyes expressed at once wrath and disdain. She hastily rose, and was about to add severe words to the imperious gesture with which she pointed towards the door with one hand, and had already placed the other rudely on the young girl's shoulder, when the latter, without arrogance and without fear, looked her in the face.

The expression of Fleurange's large eyes was such as can only be compared to that magnetic virtue—that sometimes subdues, they say, the fury of beings destitute of reason. No words could have expressed to such a degree the uprightness and purity of her soul. With all her faults, there was a nobleness in the princess' nature which was touched by that look, and responded to it. Her eyes turned away: she fell back on her *chaise longue*, and unresistingly allowed Fleurange to take both her hands, which had just made so threatening a gesture. She held them for some moments grasped in her own, but neither of them spoke.

At last Fleurange said in a sweet, calm voice: "Princess, I was on the terrace, and heard everything."

A new flash of indignation awoke in the princess' eyes, and her mouth resumed its expression of disdain. The young girl's face slightly flushed.

"You will readily believe," she continued, "that I did not go there with the intention of listening. But hearing my name, I stopped. It was wrong, I acknowledge, but I had no time for reflection. Pardon me, and forgive also," she added in a more troubled tone, "the momentary displeasure Count George has caused you on my account."

"Momentary!" repeated the princess in a cold, ironical tone.

"At least," continued Fleurange, "you will find it only for an instant that this notion, this folly—in short, what you have just heard—will be serious enough to annoy or afflict you."

"Gabrielle!"

"Allow me to continue, princess; you shall reply afterwards. My heart is so full of gratitude towards you—"

"Do not talk to me of your gratitude," cried the princess, interrupting her, and breaking out anew. "It is precisely because I thought I had some claims on it that I feel so deeply wounded. After loving you so much, I am tempted to hate you. It is your perfidy, your ingratitude—"

"I am neither perfidious nor ungrateful," said Fleurange, turning pale. "Allow me to prove I am not. I ask it even more for your own sake than for mine."

The princess became calm once more, as if appeased by her sweet voice, and seemed to resign herself to let Fleurange continue. She leaned her head on her hand, and listened some moments without changing her attitude.

"No," repeated Fleurange, "I am neither perfidious nor ungrateful, and God knows what I am ready to suffer to spare you this mortification or any other!—My first thought was to go away—to flee—that you might be delivered from my presence and all the annoyance it might cause you. But, princess, that would not have been the best course. He must forget me. Therefore I must not

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disappear in so romantic a fashion."

"What do you mean?" said the princess with surprise.

"That I must certainly go away, but not in a way that will induce him to pursue me. The less obstinate he is made by any appearance of opposition, the sooner I shall be effaced from his memory."

"You understand him well," said the princess, more and more astonished; "and you talk very coolly," added she. "Then you do not love poor George at all?"

A moment before she had been greatly irritated at her protégée's presumption, but now, mother-like, she seemed ready to take offence at her indifference.

A lively blush suddenly suffused Fleurange's face, and great tears came into her eyes. "I do not love him?—My God! O my God!" murmured she in a stifled tone, "have pity on my poor heart!"

But she almost immediately regained her self-control, and the princess, more affected than she wished to appear, became attentive, and at length perceived the importance of what she was about to hear.

Fleurange then rapidly explained her design. It was the same she had formed an hour before at her cousin's: only then she was desirous of concealing the motive and duration of her absence from the princess. Now everything was simplified; she would set out with the Steinbergs for Perugia, and afterwards find a pretext for prolonging her absence. Only it was important the princess should appear to expect her return, and, above all, should manifest no anxiety as to her son's fidelity to his promise.

"That promise," continued Fleurange, not without a tone of just pride, "I venture to say that M. le Comte George, in placing it under the protection of my will, was right in his conviction it would be well kept."

While she was talking, all the princess' resentment vanished, and changed gradually to profound gratitude. Looking at Fleurange as she stood before her, she realized, if she had wished to abuse her ascendancy or even take advantage of it, no filial respect would have sufficed to bring George to submission: no maternal authority have succeeded in restraining him. Whatever it might cost her to acknowledge it, she could not deny that, if this double wound was spared her pride and her affection, it was due to the generous disinterestedness of her whom she had just treated with so much haughtiness, as well as to her clear judgment. Yes, she was perfectly right in thinking it would not do to disappear and suddenly tear herself away, as it were, from George. The princess knew, better than any one else, to what degree of tenacity this kind of contradiction might lead her son, and it was precisely this knowledge of his character alone that had just given her the power of restraining herself in his presence. The means suggested by Fleurange was therefore the best to ensure his future safety. The princess' great hope was in the mobility of George's nature, provided, on the one hand, he were withdrawn from the dangerous charm of Fleurange's presence, and, on the other, they did not appear separated by the prestige of a great obstacle. Nothing, in fact, could be more judicious than the advice this young girl gave contrary to her own interests. She was too much a woman of the world not to comprehend this, and was grateful to her for it. Once more she might hope to attain the aim of her whole life, and with this end in view she yielded without remorse to the necessity of trampling under foot the noble heart that was immolating itself. We will even venture to affirm that, if she was preoccupied with anything beyond the present danger, it was not Fleurange's crushed life, but rather the effect of this unfortunate occurrence on her own comfort and habits. Nevertheless, when they separated at the end of this long conversation, the princess folded Fleurange in her arms with many demonstrations of affection, and when the latter was once more alone in her chamber she felt comparatively happy. She abhorred all dissimulation, and the important step she had just taken in the path of courageous frankness seemed to have removed a burden from her heart. She was still in that state of somewhat excessive satisfaction which succeeds a great effort, when, in entering her chamber, she threw down the bouquet she had in her hand. In doing so, a paper she had not noticed fell from it to the floor. She picked it up with some surprise, opened it mechanically, saw the writing was unknown to her, and read it without comprehending it at first:

"To live without the power of reparation: to suffer without being able to expiate: are these torments that belong to earth, or hell? Not far from you a man lives and suffers thus. *You who pray, pray for him!*"

Fleurange read and re-read these words two or three times without attaching any special importance to them. Suddenly she shuddered and began to tremble. The concluding words were the refrain of a song sung at one of the soirées at the Old Mansion in the hearing of the only person she knew in the world who had reason to write the other part of the note she had just read.

But was it possible! Could it have been Felix, her guilty and unhappy cousin, who wrote it, and this very evening placed it in her bouquet? Was it his hand that threw it? At this thought she shivered as if the shadow of one dead had fallen upon her. Or was it simply a mystification? The history of the Dornthals' ruin was not wholly unknown at Florence. Perhaps some one wished to frighten or puzzle her. She grew bewildered in trying to unravel this new mystery. How solve the doubt? How even speak of it without reviving a hateful remembrance, or making a painful revelation?

She finally bethought herself of Julian's presence at Florence, and this relieved her mind: he would be able to discover the truth, and know better than any one else how to avoid injuring in

his researches the unhappy man who was perhaps this very moment hiding not far from her a blasted and dishonored life.

If the Princess Catherine had been told the previous evening she was about to be deprived of her charming companion, the news would have been sufficient to cause a return of the alarming symptoms from which, thanks to her care, she had but just recovered. But greater interests than her fondness for Gabrielle were at stake, and her selfishness itself was overruled, or, rather, assumed another form, in view of the danger she reproached herself for not having foreseen, and which threatened an essential element in her happiness, as well as the accomplishment of one of her dearest wishes. [598]

Not to be unjust to the princess, we must acknowledge this wish was reasonable, and in her persistency on this point she gave as great a proof of genuine maternal sagacity as of worldly ambition. We should also add that the wish in question was in accordance with one sacred in her eyes—the wish of the adored husband of her youth. His memory was interwoven with her earlier days, when her life, simpler and better, promised to be something higher than succeeding years had realized.

After she became a widow, she had no guide but herself, and when, beautiful, wealthy, and still young, she appeared in the fashionable world at St. Petersburg, her light and frivolous nature had no restraint but her pride. In the height of the intoxication of this second epoch of her life, she always respected the limits the fashionable world itself sets, and beyond which refuses its consideration and respect, even while still lavishing its flattery and incense. Her pride, in particular, prevented her from transgressing these limits—that was the dominant trait in her character—and prompted her to aim at the highest position at all times and in all places. And after conferring on her life a kind of dignity, it guided her in the choice of a second husband. She thought herself happy in obtaining rank, honors, and wealth, but she soon found she had paid too dear for these advantages; and perhaps she would not have passed through the trials of an ill-assorted union as irreproachably as the period of liberty that preceded it, if, at the end of two years, death had not restored that liberty a second time.

After this, nothing occurred to trouble the brilliant and prosperous course of a life which, in spite of generous instincts and a mind considerably cultivated, was given wholly up to frivolity, with the exception of her affection for her son. But however lively and passionate this affection might be, it was wanting in the dignity of maternal authority. Her charming boy, who from his earliest years possessed every grace and attraction which nature in her most generous mood could confer, as well as a rare mind and uncommon beauty, gratified her maternal pride, which is so excessive in proud natures. The princess, proud of her promising son, did not perceive she was not obeyed as fully as she was adored; and years passed away thus till the epoch,

“Ove uom s’innamora.”

Then the Princess Catherine began to realize she had no authority over her idolized son, and that she needed great prudence and skill to avoid what would have been the most trying of failures, for all her ambition was now centred in him—an ambition even more ardent than she had ever felt for herself.

Then sprang up the earnest desire of seeing his father’s wish realized—a wish expressed while George was still in his cradle.

The Count de Walden’s neighbor in Livonia was a brother in arms, a dear and intimate friend, named the Count de Liningen. Both noblemen of the highest rank in the province, wealthy, and possessing contiguous estates, they agreed to unite their children unless their wishes were opposed to it when old enough to fulfil the agreement.

Neither of the two friends lived long enough to catch even a glimpse of the dawn of that day. Three years after the birth of his son, the Count de Walden was no longer living, and before the young Vera, who was a year younger than George, reached her eleventh year, the death of her father, and, soon after, that of her mother, left her mistress of all their possessions. The young heiress was sent to St. Petersburg till she was of age, and there was reared in strict seclusion by one of her aunts, who long before had given up the world. [599]

The Princess Catherine had always retained a respectful remembrance of the Count de Walden’s wish, which was renewed on his death-bed; but that wish assumed another aspect in her eyes when, towards the epoch of which we have been speaking, the young Vera suddenly emerged from her retirement and was presented at court. The sensation she produced, her immediate popularity, the place at once accorded her among the empress’ maids of honor, gave an *éclat* to her entrance into society which the princess deeply regretted George had not witnessed. But he had been absent several months from St. Petersburg, and was now visiting Paris for the first time. His mother neglected no opportunity of seeing the young maid of honor, and this was facilitated by the friendly relations that formerly existed between the two families. These relations were now renewed on both sides with an eagerness which seemed most favorable to the project formed during George’s and Vera’s infancy, though they had never met since that time. The princess’ impatience for her son’s return increased. Vera seemed formed to captivate him, and as to George, his mother could not be anxious as to the effect he would produce.

At last he returned, and everything indeed seemed to favor the princess’ plans. George was greatly struck, almost captivated. The lovely Vera was still more so. But the princess, in her ardor for this marriage, took the false step of speaking to her son with an anxiety that had precisely a contrary effect to that she wished to produce. George had not come from Paris quite disposed to relinquish his independence at once and bind himself for ever. He became cautious. The words

Vera perhaps expected to hear died away on his lips, and changed into meaningless flattery. His mother, without abandoning her hopes, felt their realization must be deferred. But they were both young. With her penetration as a woman and a mother, she was sure she was not deceived as to the effect her son had produced. She thought she could trust to the durability of the sentiment he had inspired, and believed time would bring George back to the feet of her whom she destined for him; and she doubted this the less because, in one of their conversations on this subject, he acknowledged no woman had ever attracted him more strongly, and he almost promised his mother not to offer his hand to any one else.

In this way affairs remained. George returned to Paris, and thence to Italy, where his mother had decided to live. But meanwhile, as we know, Fleurange's sudden appearance, and other influences we have caught a glimpse of, had gradually drawn his mind and heart in a very different direction from what his mother wished him to take. At his last visit to St. Petersburg, during which Fleurange became an inmate of the princess' house, the latter had the double displeasure of learning her son avoided Vera, and that this coolness, so cutting to the young girl, was malevolently attributed by many to George's political opinions. This greatly troubled his mother. Whoever knew Russia at that period is aware that the privation of its ruler's favor was not regarded as a slight misfortune. If the insulting words of a former and not very remote epoch were no longer in force, "If the emperor no longer declared a man was only something when he was speaking to him, and as long as he was speaking to him," many people at St. Petersburg acted as if he had so spoken; and the princess could not resign herself to see her son in the position of a man in disgrace. And yet his rash and imprudent language kept her constantly anxious on this point. It was therefore with something like a maternal instinct of approaching danger she ardently desired his marriage with Vera, which would give him the liberty of remaining at court or leaving it, and in the latter case of returning to Livonia under the safeguard of favor, and taking the position his rank and their united estates would entitle him—a position in which he could dispense with the favor of the court.

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"Oh! why is it not so?" sometimes exclaimed the princess with mingled anguish and impatience. "Why is he not already sheltered from all I fear?"

And then, contrary to the suggestions of her prudence, she allowed herself to broach the subject to her son, which, in the interests of her design, it would have been better not to have done. She thus, in spite of herself, provoked a resistance, the real source of which, unsuspected by her, daily became more clear to himself.

We can now imagine the effect of the confidence George had been led to repose in the princess in a fit of capricious frankness. On the whole, he did not fear his mother; and though of course he had never subjected her condescension to such a trial, he was convinced, whatever repugnance she might at first manifest to his wishes, a little persistence on his part would triumph sooner or later.

For nearly four months he had, it is true, been endeavoring, contrary to his habit, to conceal the attraction he felt, but it was that he might not disturb his mother too soon, or the young girl either, and thereby perhaps deprive himself of the charm of her presence while he was still uncertain as to his own plans. These plans he now believed matured. Under the increasing ascendancy of present influences, the remembrance of Vera gradually faded away, and the future as well as the present seemed linked with her who now filled his life. He therefore considered it opportune to allow his mother at once to have a glimpse of what was going on in his heart.

In spite of her inexpressible alarm, the princess had sufficient control over her feelings to receive this annoying disclosure with apparent calmness, and almost conceal from her son the effect of the most painful disappointment she had ever met with.

At first all seemed hopeless. As to Gabrielle's grace and attractiveness, who knew and appreciated them more than herself? What could she do to counteract their influence, so long exercised unsuspected by too credulous a mother? How foolish she had been!—How imprudent!—How fatal her confidence!—Her reliance on Fleurange's virtue, the only danger that had ever occurred to her, prevented her fears. And who would ever have suspected her of so much ambition or him of such folly?

Never had such a tempest raged in her bosom before. So violent a hatred had never succeeded to so much fondness. But before her anger had time to burst fully out, all these feelings underwent a new transformation, and one still more unforeseen than the first.

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Her enemy became her ally—she against whom she felt herself powerless, now came to her aid against herself, and George was restored to her by the hand that could so easily have led him for ever away.

In view of so great a danger and such unexpected assistance, all the considerations that would so recently have made her dread Fleurange's departure now induced her to hasten it, without losing sight, however, of the importance, so reasonably pointed out by her, of doing nothing to lead George to connect this departure with his disclosure and give it the appearance of an irrevocable separation. Self-interest was supreme, and there was no danger this time that the Princess Catherine would be wanting in prudence or shrewdness, or would not at need have recourse to skilful diplomacy.

## XXVII.

Everything really seemed to favor the plan the princess had at heart. The opportune arrival of the

Steinbergs afforded a reasonable pretext it might have been difficult to find at another time without exciting George's suspicion.

The following day, when Fleurange timidly expressed a desire before them all of accompanying her cousin a part of the way to Perugia, the Marquis Adelardi, who was present, declared the excursion would prove very beneficial, and begged the princess to allow her young protégée a short vacation, of which her overtaxed strength had need. George joined his entreaties to those of the marquis, and the princess seemed to yield more through consideration for them than condescension to Fleurange.

She had preserved an appearance of sorrowful gravity since the night before, which did not suffer George to forget he was in disgrace. Nor did she conceal a certain coolness towards Fleurange, which he naturally attributed to his communication respecting her. It was the princess' intention not to allow him to perceive the perfect reassurance which her conversation with the young girl had restored. George comprehended his mother was displeased with him, but he had expected this displeasure; he saw she suppressed her resentment and continued to treat Fleurange kindly, and he was touched by her forbearance. He felt she relied on his word, and was grateful for her trust.

Everything was therefore arranged in the most natural manner. A fortnight was the time allowed for the projected excursion. The Steinbergs, deceived like the rest, were as much overjoyed as surprised at the prospect of a pleasure they had not dared anticipate, and thus everything fell in with the princess' wishes without her appearing to do anything but yield to the desires of the rest.

The Steinbergs were to leave the following morning. This last day was to be devoted to revisiting several museums, and would end with a walk to San Miniato. Fleurange boldly proposed to join them. A feverish agitation made inaction insupportable. She feared finding herself alone with George for an instant, and was sure of being readily dispensed from her attendance on this last day. The princess' consent, in fact, was not difficult to obtain, and towards the middle of the day Fleurange set out with Julian and Clara for the Palazzo Pitti. After visiting that gallery and several others they continued their ride, and at length stopped at the foot of the ascent to San Miniato. There they left the carriage. While slowly ascending the steep hill, Fleurange took out the paper that fell from her bouquet the night before, and gave it to Julian to read, telling him the suspicion which had arisen in her mind. [602]

"It is strange," said the latter with an anxious look, after reading the note and carefully examining the writing. "Nothing could be more painful now than to meet Felix again, and yet this paper only reawakens a previous suspicion respecting him."

"You had already suspected his return to Europe?"

"Yes, but only from a slight indication, and I should not have mentioned it if this new incident had not occurred. Several months ago, I was making some necessary researches at Bologna, when my attention was drawn to a work in the library in which I was taking notes. There was a question of some contested historical point, respecting which several passages had been copied from the curious manuscripts in the library. The writing was but recently interrupted, as was evident from the open page. I was reading it with a good deal of interest when my attention was completely withdrawn from the subject of the work by some words scribbled almost illegibly on a paper the copyist had used to try his pen on. Your name, Gabrielle, was written on it several times; then the two letters F. D.; and finally, 'Felix—happy; what irony—Felix!' I examined the extracts with increased attention. The writing did not look like his, but was a studied fac-simile of the manuscript he was copying. As to the scribbling on the loose paper, it was wholly unrecognizable. I asked the librarian some questions, and learned that the work was for some great Florentine nobleman whose name he was ignorant of, but the copyist was an Italian named Fabiano Dini."

"Is that all?" asked Fleurange. "Were you not able to learn anything more definite?"

"Nothing. The next day the unfinished work had disappeared, and during the remainder of my stay at Bologna the copyist did not return to the library. I kept the scrawl that had puzzled me, but thought no more about it. Allow me to retain this note, that I may compare the writing with that."

"Could it really have been Felix? Or is all this a mere accident?"

"It is impossible to tell. It might have been he, for you know he had a thorough knowledge of Italian, and it might also have been one of his friends familiar with his history. All we have ever been able to discover respecting him is, that he went to America with questionable travelling companions—Italians, Germans, and Poles—mostly driven out of their own country for good reasons."

Clara's smiling face grew sad during this account, and Fleurange felt her heart contract with increased melancholy. This revival of one of the saddest memories of her life seemed to add a mournful presage to the sad realities of the day.

However, she kept her sorrows to herself. Her cousin must for the present remain ignorant of the cause as well as the real length of the journey she would begin on the morrow, and on every account it was best for her to seek distraction from her thoughts. Therefore, after entering the church of San Miniato, she gave her whole attention for a while to the frescoes, paintings, and mosaics around her, and listened to the explanations Julian gave respecting the numerous symbols—a kind of Christian hieroglyphics which are alone comprehended by those who seek something in art beyond the mere form that strikes the senses. They spent nearly an hour in this [603]

manner without perceiving the flight of time and the increasing dimness of the church. They were at length preparing to leave, when at the door they found themselves face to face with Count George and the Marquis Adelardi. The former said in a gay tone he knew their excursion was to end at San Miniato, and he had proposed to his friend to join them here. "We were neither of us unworthy to hear what Steinberg would have to say, but unfortunately we are too late."

While he was speaking, Fleurange, overcome with surprise, involuntarily shrank back as if to hide herself in the obscurity of the church, but daylight was rapidly disappearing, and they all agreed it was time to return to the carriage, which was awaiting them at the foot of the hill. She therefore followed the others, but, though she was the last, George waited for her, and before she had a chance to avoid him offered her his arm. Adelardi had given his to Clara, and Julian accompanied them. In this way they slowly descended this charming declivity, looking at the prospect—one of the finest views of Florence, over which the setting sun now cast the soft rays of its departing light.

George slackened his steps so as to allow the others to precede them, and was thus, in a manner, left alone with Fleurange. For a time neither of them spoke. Though very different in their natures, the emotion of both was profound. As for her, the consciousness that this must be their last interview, added to the repressed but profound tenderness of her nature, made this the sweetest but most heart-rending hour of her life. He, on the contrary, felt freed from his previous restraint by the explanation he had had with his mother. Besides, he was not unskilful in reading the feminine heart, and not without sufficient penetration to understand what was passing in that he imagined he could now hear beating beside him, and he felt at liberty to speak more openly than he had yet done.

"Fleurange!" he suddenly said. She trembled, and tried to withdraw the hand that rested on his arm, but he held it.

"No, no, allow me to retain your hand, and let me—me alone—call you by this name," added he softly. "Let it be a name sacred to my use; you are willing, are you not?"

He pressed the hand he still held, and raised it to his lips. Fleurange clearly saw amid the soft tones of his words an assurance but feebly disguised. But, alas! if she had dared reveal her real sentiments at this moment, she would not have dreamed of showing any offence at this. Yes, she loved him; he did not doubt it, that was evident. But what of that? It would have been a great relief could she have avowed it boldly to every one as well as to himself. George's assurance was certainly rather too evident, but how readily she pardoned him! How happy she would have been to tell him he was not mistaken, and that her whole life should prove it. This would have been the sincere cry of her heart, had the clearness of her conscience been for a moment obscured at this dangerous hour. But it was not so.

"Monsieur le Comte—" said she after a long silence.

"George! Oh! call me George!" he passionately cried. "Let me hear you, at least once, call me by my name." [604]

Poor Fleurange! She withdrew her hand from his arm and left him for a moment, endeavoring to control the too violent agitation of her heart. He followed her, and she soon resumed, with apparent calmness: "I never expected to hear you call me by my name again, and hoped I should not."

"Hoped! Tell me then I am mistaken; that I am presuming and foolish; that I have been deceived in thinking I read in your eyes something besides absolute indifference."

She made no reply.

"Fleurange!" continued he impetuously, "your silence wounds and chills me. Have I not, at least, a right to some answer?"

"But have you any right to question me? Ah! Monsieur le Comte, you would be more noble and generous were you more mindful of what you are and who I am."

"Fleurange," said the count with a grave accent of sincerity, far more dangerous than that of passion, "you shall be my wife if you will consent to be—if you will accept this hand I offer you."

"With your mother's consent?" said Fleurange slowly, and in a low tone. "Can you assure me of that?"

After a moment's hesitation, George replied: "No, not to-day; but she will yield her consent, I assure you."

Fleurange hesitated in her turn. She knew only too well to what a degree this hope was illusory, but this was her last opportunity of conversing with him. The next day would commence their lifelong separation, which time, distance, and prolonged absence would continually widen. There was no longer any danger in telling the truth—the truth, alas! so devoid of importance now, but which would, perhaps, second the duty she had to accomplish quite as well as contradiction.

"Ah! well," she at last replied with simplicity. "Yes, why should I deny it? Should life prove more favorable to us; if by some unforeseen circumstance, impossible to conceive, your mother should cheerfully consent to receive me as a daughter, oh! then—what answer I would make you know without my telling you. You are likewise perfectly aware that until that day I will never listen to you."

"But that day will come," cried George vehemently, "and that speedily."

"Perhaps—" said Fleurange. "Who knows what time has in store for us? And who knows that in

time the obstacle may not come from yourself?"

She endeavored to say these last words in a playful tone. They were hardly uttered before she suddenly stopped, but the shade of the large cypresses that bordered the road prevented George from seeing the tears that inundated her face.

She then left him and walked rapidly on to overtake Julian, George soon joined them, and they all continued on the way for some time without speaking. The light was fading gradually away, and they walked more cautiously as they approached the foot of the hill. Just before reaching their carriage, they met two men walking rapidly along, and conversing too earnestly to notice them beneath the shade of the cypresses. But their features could be distinguished, and the two cousins and Julian felt a thrill of sympathetic horror as, in one of them, they recognized Felix!—

Adelardi, on his side, seemed surprised and annoyed also, but George, after following them with his eyes like the rest, left his party, turned back, and spoke to one of them. The latter at his approach respectfully uncovered. George said a few words to him in a low tone, and the two men then kept on their way. The count joined his party again. [605]

"Who was that you were speaking to, if the question be not indiscreet?" said Adelardi.

"By no means," replied George, unhesitatingly. "It was Fabiano Dini, the young Italian I spoke to you about, who is my agent, you know, and a very intelligent one, in purchasing curiosities, and who also aids me in my little historical and artistic researches. He has been away, and only returned two days ago. I had a word to say to him."

"He was in very bad company," said Adelardi, frowning.

The two cousins, meanwhile, entered the carriage; Julian, obliged to follow, heard no more.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## THE SYMBOLISM OF THE CHURCH.

The Catholic Church has no *forms*—that is, meaningless ceremonies used to impress and awe the multitude; but she has symbols—that is, “signs by which things are distinguished one from another.”<sup>[136]</sup> According to the original meaning of the word, these symbols, the aggregate of which has come to be an outward and universal profession of faith, have each one a deep significance, sometimes even a double sense, and are, in fact, a silent compendium of the history as well as the doctrines of Catholic Christianity. But it cannot be too much insisted upon that their worth is entirely relative, depending solely on their authorized interpretation, and losing all their value if disconnected from it. Thus we can recognize no symbols, but mere forms, in the ritual of Anglicanism, Lutheranism, etc. Not only is their value relative, but their use is almost optional in the church—we mean as regards the use made of them by the individual soul. The church has “many mansions,” and sympathizes with the severe taste of the Northern races, as well as with the superabundant love of the gorgeous in observance, of the Southern and Eastern nations. Sprung from an Eastern people, her ritual is as manifold and dignified as that of her Hebrew precursor; but, deputed as she is to the *universal* world, and having built her later development upon the broad basis of the Gothic and Scandinavian natures, her exterior admits of the austere simplicity so dear to the last-mentioned races.

Still the principle of outward forms being a fitting expression of inward belief is so obvious and so wedded to the requirements of human nature, that it would need a second deluge to destroy it. When “forms” (so-called) were dethroned by the Reformation, they crept in again in real earnest among the reformers themselves. The phraseology of Cromwell and his Roundheads, the speech and garments of the Quakers, the splits among the Baptists and Anabaptists upon the “form” of administering what they did not even believe to be a sacrament, were so many involuntary acts of homage to the time-honored principle of symbolism. Of the good effect produced on all sorts of minds by the outward expression of the doctrine of Christ, we will quote two examples, taken from very opposite sources. In a note to the preface of Moehler’s *Symbolik*, we read: “There is at Bingen, on the Rhine, a beautiful little Catholic church dedicated to St. Roch, to which Goethe once gave an altarpiece. ‘Whenever I enter this church,’ he used to say, ‘I always wish I were a Catholic priest.’ In the great poet’s autobiography we also find an interesting description of the extraordinary love for the Catholic ritual and liturgy that had captivated his heart in boyhood.”

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The other example is from the writer’s own experience among the agricultural poor of England. A poor and infirm woman, having come for the first time to a Catholic chapel, said afterwards that, often as she had read in the Bible the history of Our Lord’s Passion, she had never understood it so well as she did by once looking at the crucifix over the altar. This was the beginning of her conversion.

Of the great religious revival in Germany and the labors of Count Stolberg (the period which answers in time, as also in result, to the Tractarian or Oxford movement in England) the preface to Moehler’s *Symbolik* also says: “As the avenues that led to the Egyptian temples were bordered on either side by representations of the mystical sphinx, so it was through a mystical art, poetry and philosophy, that many minds were then conducted to the sanctuary of the true church.” Mrs. Jameson bears witness to a similar process within her own consciousness concerning the saints of the monastic orders. “We have in the monastic pictures a series of *biographies* of the most *instructive* kind.... After having studied the written lives of St. Benedict, St. Bernard, St. Francis, St. Clare, and St. Dominic, to enable me to understand the pictures which relate to them, I found it was the pictures which enabled me better to understand their lives and character.”<sup>[137]</sup> The same thought is expressed by a learned English antiquarian, speaking of the symbolical paintings of the Catacombs: “Moreover, because they [the artists] desire that the mind of those who see these paintings should not retain the outward semblance of the scene, but be carried forward to its hidden and mystical meaning, they always depart more or less from its literal truth, *e.g.*, we never find seven or twelve baskets (the miracle of the multiplication of loaves), but eight; nor six water-pots of stone (marriage of Cana), but seven. It was the symbol of a religious idea they aimed at, not the representation of a real history.”<sup>[138]</sup> In a word, symbolism is as old as creation, and there never was a time when men did not make for themselves a language of *signs*. Heathendom was only a corruption of signs into realities; Judaism was a religion of signs carefully interpreted in view of the later and fuller revelation. Our faith is the realization, in part, of the Hebrew types; but since we are still clogged with mortality, and therefore still under an imperfect law, it follows that through symbols we must still be taught. An unsymbolical religion would be unscriptural, for Christ himself tells us he has come to “fulfil, not to destroy the law.” And this is not incompatible with the command to “worship God in spirit and in truth”; for without the *spirit*, of what use would be the form? It would be as valueless as words from the lips of a maniac, words which have no weight because the mind does not direct them. But who would contend that because the random words of a madman are meaningless, all speech is so? Even so, though mere forms would be idolatrous, forms hallowed by doctrinal and scriptural meaning are holy and venerable.

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Having premised thus much, we will attempt some description of a few of those symbols most anciently used by the church, and of the significance of certain acts and ceremonies which usually are but superficially examined by our opponents, and, perhaps, not fully appreciated by Catholics themselves.

The Catacombs, where the ecclesiastical life of the church was first brought into shape, furnish the most interesting material on the subject of Christian symbolism. The times required great



caution—here was one motive for secret and hieroglyphic instruction; the first converts were Jews, Orientals deeply imbued with the love of imagery and poetry—here was a second reason for the rapid development of symbolism; our Lord himself had deigned to use figures and parables in his teaching—here was also a model and a permission for the copious use of signs. Almost the earliest, and certainly the most interesting, Christian symbol was the fish. The Greek word for fish contained five letters, ἰχθύς, each of which was the initial of the following words: Jesus, Christ, Son (of) God, Saviour. Dr. Northcote says of it: “It became a profession of faith, as it were, both of the two natures, the unity of person and the redemptorial office of our Lord.”<sup>[139]</sup> Besides this ingenious meaning, the fish signified “the human soul in the first or natural creation, the same soul as regenerate or created anew, and Christ himself as uniting the two creations of nature and grace. In the first or natural creation, life began in the waters and from the waters, of which the fish is the inhabitant. In the spiritual or new creation, all life begins from the waters of baptism.”<sup>[140]</sup> The fish also bears a reference to the story of Tobias, where the application of its entrails “defeats devils and restores sight.”<sup>[141]</sup> In three or four instances the fish is depicted bearing a ship on its back, and this combination naturally suggests to us Christ upholding his church.<sup>[142]</sup> The epitaph of St. Abercius, Bishop of Hierapolis in Phrygia at the end of the second century, has the following allusion to the symbolic fish: “Faith led me on the road, and set before me for food from the one fountain the great and spotless fish which the pure Virgin embraced; and this fish she (Faith) gave to friends to eat everywhere, having good wine, giving wine mixed with water, and bread. May he who understands these things pray for me.” In a fresco in the crypt of Santa Lucina is seen a fish carrying on its back a basket of bread, the latter being of an ashen color, like that offered by the Jews to their priests on festival days, and in the midst of the bread appears something red, partly effaced, but resembling a cup of red wine.<sup>[143]</sup> This, of course, was intended for the Holy Eucharist, as we shall see further on. In the work of Aringhi on the Catacombs, we find it mentioned that a sarcophagus was found of the date of the very earliest centuries, whereon the story of the paralytic is represented (a very favorite simile in the Catacomb list of subjects). The bed of the subject of the cure is shaped like a fish.<sup>[144]</sup> The baptismal font first received the name of “piscina,” and the Christians often called each other “pisciculi,” little fishes, as we learn from Perret. He also tells us too that this emblem reminded the early Christians of the very scenes of the Gospel connected with Christ’s miracles, the apostles’ calling, and the establishment of the church; Christ walking on the waters; preaching from a bark; allaying the tempest; causing a miraculous draught of fishes to be taken; finding the coin of the tribute in the mouth of a fish—all this was suggested by the simple figure of a fish. St. Jerome says that “the fish that was taken in whose mouth was the coin of the tribute was Christ, the second Adam, at the cost of whose blood the first Adam and Peter, that is, all sinners, were redeemed.” Origen speaks of our Lord as “he who is figuratively called the fish.” This symbol leads naturally to that obvious one of the loaves, which typifies the Holy Eucharist. Abundant proof of this is found in the writings of the fathers. The types of this sacrifice and sacrament are unmistakable. In the cemetery of St. Callixtus is a painting representing the *mystical supper* (not the historical one) of the Eucharist. “The seven disciples seated at the table represent all the disciples of Christ. The number *seven* signifies universality. The two fishes on the table remind us of the multiplication of the five loaves and two fishes. The seven baskets are filled with *whole* loaves, not fragments, and the addition of an eighth hints that we are not to think of the literal history, ... but of that ulterior and spiritual sense to which they all (the three occurrences represented in this one fresco) point, and in which they all unite, that is, the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist.”<sup>[145]</sup> A lamb carrying a milk-pail on its back is sometimes used as an eucharistic emblem. The *Acts* of St. Perpetua give us her dream, or rather vision, in which the Good Shepherd gave her the *curds* to drink, after he had milked his flocks. She received it with her arms crossed on her breast, while all the assistants said “Amen”! These words and posture were those used during the administration of the Blessed Sacrament. Milk is perpetually used in Scripture to denote the good things of God; and in early times, according to Tertullian and St. Jerome, *milk and honey* were given with this meaning to newly baptized infants or adults. The practice was continued, on Holy Saturday at least, as late as the ninth and tenth centuries. This symbol of the milk-pail is, however, rarer than any other, and is by no means on the same level as that of the fish, the lamb, and the loaves.<sup>[146]</sup>

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The Good Shepherd is a pictorial symbol that has never fallen into disuse, and that of Orpheus with his lute or pipe is analogous to it. The adaptation of the heathen myth of Orpheus training wild beasts by the sweet sounds of his lyre to the hidden meaning of Christ curbing men’s passions by his doctrine, is vouched for by St. Clement of Alexandria. In a painting of the Good Shepherd in the cemetery of St. Saturninus, a goat appears in place of the lost sheep. “This,” says Dr. Northcote, “was intended as a protest against the hateful severity of the Novatians and other heretics who refused reconciliation to penitent sinners.” In some of these representations, we see several sheep at the feet of Jesus, in attitudes pregnant with meaning; some “listening attentively, not quite understanding as yet, but meditating and seeking to understand; others turning their tails—it is an unwelcome subject, and they will have nothing to do with it.”<sup>[147]</sup> or, again, “one of the two sheep is drinking in all that he hears with simplicity and affection; the other is eating grass—he has something else to do; he is occupied with the cares, pleasures, and riches of this world.”<sup>[148]</sup>

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Dr. Northcote says that as the sheep represent the flock of Christ in life, so the dove is more especially the symbol of the soul after death. It is primarily a type of the Holy Ghost, as the Scriptures suggest and the writings of the fathers assert. They call the Holy Spirit figuratively “a dove without gall,” the expression which is found repeated on some of the sepulchres of children,

as indicative of their innocence. Later on, we find the soul of St. Scholastica appearing to her brother, St. Benedict, under this form. A dove pecking at grapes denotes the soul's enjoyment of the fruits of eternal happiness.<sup>[149]</sup> Tertullian calls the dove "a herald of peace from the beginning," and, when painted with an olive-branch in its mouth, it is to be taken in this sense. It is a symbol that we use in our own times. Noah's ark, a type of the church often seen in the Catacombs, is connected with the dove. Perret tells us of a picture, noticed by Bottari in his *Sculture e Pitture*, of Noah in the ark, and the ark again within a ship. The form of the ark, according to Hebrew calculations, was a long square, but it is generally represented in the Early Christian paintings as a *cube*, a figure suggestive of greater stability.<sup>[150]</sup> This system of departure from the literalness of history is too universal not to be intentional. For instance, none of these representations of the ark are without a dove, but in some a woman appears instead of Noah. Tertullian in his work on baptism says that this symbol meant the general doctrine of "the faithful, having obtained remission of their sins through baptism, receive from the Holy Spirit [the dove] the gift of divine peace [the olive-branch], and are saved in the mystical ark of the church from the destruction of the world."

The resurrection of Lazarus, and Moses striking the rock, are both types of the resurrection and eternal life, and are often seen in juxtaposition. In one of these paintings, Lazarus is like a little child, and is clothed in bands that more resemble swaddling-clothes than a winding-sheet. Our Lord also is quite boyish. The apostles likewise are often represented as young men, so is Moses in many instances. This is thought by Perret to be symbolical of the immutability of heavenly glory. Among other types often found in the Catacombs are the anchor with a cross-shaped handle, the symbol of hope from time immemorial; the palm, a sign of victory; and the ship, the invariable type of the church of Christ. The Scriptures themselves suggest this latter idea, as they also do that of the rock, *petrus*. This subject is fully treated in some frescoes of the cemetery of St. Callixtus. The rock (Christ) pours down streams of living waters, which two apostles join their hands to catch and collect for the benefit of the world. In other compositions, the rock does not pour forth water spontaneously (this was a reference to the day of Pentecost), but emits it at the touch of the rod held by Moses (the type of Peter); and in other paintings, two men appear carrying away from it baskets of bread, which are then touched with a rod by a figure supposed to be Christ. This would denote the sacramental change from bread to the flesh of Christ.<sup>[151]</sup> Thus one type is always presupposing another or merging itself into another. In a fresco of several subjects, all referring to the Holy Eucharist, found in an ancient Christian cemetery at Alexandria, there is written over the heads of several persons assembled at a feast these words: "Eating the benedictions of the Lord."

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Now, the Greek word here used is the same that St. Paul uses (1 Cor. x. 16) to denote the communion of the body and blood of Christ, and, furthermore, is the identical word by which St. Cyril of Alexandria denotes the *consecrated* elements.<sup>[152]</sup>

Daniel in the lions' den and the three children in the fiery furnace are constantly represented in the Catacombs as types of the persecutions of the church and the fortitude under them. The phoenix or palm-bird occurs as a symbol of immortality, and was graven on the tomb of Maximus by order of St. Cecilia.<sup>[153]</sup> The peacock also signified immortality, and came to be so used from being the bird of Juno, or the supposed emblem of the apotheosis of the Roman empresses. In one fresco in the cemetery of St. Sixtus, we find SS. Peter and Paul represented as standing on either side of a *crowned* tower, doubtless a symbol of strength, figurative of the church. Perret also tells us that God the Father, "himself invisible, while his power is manifested by his works," is typified "with singular aptitude by a hand coming forth from the clouds." This is in a picture of Moses striking the rock.

A very beautiful representation of the Lamb, Jesus Christ, of later date however than the Catacombs, but not so late as to have lost their informing spirit, occurs in a mosaic that formerly decorated the apse of the basilica of St. Peter in Rome. The Lamb stands at the foot of a jewelled cross, on a rock, with four streams, one running from each of its feet, and a fifth from the foot of a chalice into which the blood of the Lamb spurts down from its wounded breast. An evident allusion to the five wounds of the Lord is here combined with the type of the Holy Eucharist (for the cup suggests the latter). The cross, as such, is rarely found in the Catacombs, but the *Acts of the Martyrs* mention a soldier, St. Orestes, who, while playing at throwing the disc, let fall from his garments a small cross (which, discovering his religion, procured him the glory of martyrdom), so that we may suppose that this sign of Christianity was sometimes secretly worn about the person during the early centuries. St. Augustine, St. Hilary, St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, and our own countryman, Venerable Bede, agree in the cross being "the sign of the Son of Man" of which Jesus himself speaks in the Gospel. Tertullian quotes the vision of Ezechiel (ix. 4), and interprets thus the sign *Tau*: "Now, the Greek letter *Tau* and our own T is the very form of the cross, which he predicted would be the sign on our foreheads in the true Catholic Jerusalem." Dr. Northcote tells us that the number 300, "being expressed in Greek by the letter *Tau*, came itself, even in apostolical times, to be regarded as the equivalent of the cross." We know how St. Paul speaks of the cross, as meaning the whole Christian faith. The sign of the cross, however, was contained in or appended to the monogram XP. (the first two letters of the Greek word Christ—ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ). This was sometimes written P, while in some ancient manuscripts the *Tau* itself was written +, forming an exact Greek cross. Sometimes to this monogram (worn to this day as a badge by the Passionist Friars) was added the letter *N*, the initial of Νικητής, the Greek for conqueror. This is something similar to the inscription translated "In hoc signo vinces," seen by Constantine in his vision outside the gates of Rome. It was in this shape that the inscription was afterwards put on the "Labarum" or banner of the cross, and also on many coins struck during

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the reign of Constantine.<sup>[154]</sup>

Not to prolong the subject of the Catacombs too indefinitely, let us end with these words of Dr. Northcote: "Nothing was likely to be more familiar to the early Christians than the symbolical and prophetic meaning of the Gospels and the Old Testament, so that the sight of these paintings on the walls of the subterranean chapels was probably as a continual homily set before them.... Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that some of these artistic compositions might be made to take the place of a well-ordered dogmatic discourse."

When the immediate fear of persecution was removed, the church gradually added to her alphabet of symbols. The cross became more general, at first ornamented and wreathed, jewelled and gilt, as it was by order of Constantine, then by an easy transition becoming a simple crucifix, with the image of the Redeemer plainly wrought upon it. Constantine forbade the cross to be any longer used as an instrument of torture or punishment; while the finding of the true cross and the honor paid to it soon familiarized the people with its exclusively divine associations. From Mrs. Jameson's researches we gather that the "fashion of decorating the cross with five jewels, generally rubies, typified the five sacred wounds."<sup>[155]</sup> We also learn from her the origin of the nimbus, or glory, so generally used after the fifth century as an attribute of holiness. At first it was borrowed from pagan sources, the "luminous nebula" of Homer—that, is the divine essence standing "a shade in its own brightness"—being, as she informs us, the first trace of it to be found in antiquity. Rays or plates of brass were sometimes fixed to the heads of imperial busts and statues in Rome, and later on it is seen round the heads of Christian emperors (Justinian in particular) who were not canonized. It strikes one as curious that Mrs. Jameson should have omitted all mention of Moses and the *horns* or rays of light that adorned his countenance as he came down from Mount Sinai. In the transfiguration, our Lord's face "did shine as the sun,"<sup>[156]</sup> and the angel that sat over against the sepulchre on the morning of the resurrection had a "countenance as lightning."<sup>[157]</sup> After the fifth century the *nimbus* became universal, and was adopted as a symbol of holiness. A cruciform glory was the distinctive emblem of God, and also a triangular one, which typifies the Trinity, and was often used later round the head of figures representing God the Father, and entirely surrounding the Holy Spirit, who was painted as a dove.

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It would be quite impossible to go through the cycle of all the symbols now in use. They have varied very little since the days of Constantine, but they cover so vast a field that it would take a lifetime to study each one in detail.

The chief service of the church, the Mass, naturally strikes us first. Nearly every ceremony is connected with it, and is only complete when preceded or followed by it. Churches (often symbolical in their form and arrangement), vestments with their many hidden meanings, lights, incense, holy water, music, processions, group themselves as mere accessories round the sacrificial act which gives them their importance. The word Mass is supposed by some to be derived from the Hebrew *Missach*, a voluntary offering,<sup>[158]</sup> but the most widely received opinion is that it comes from *Missa* or *Missio*, the dismissal of the catechumens before the most solemn part, the consecration. The word itself is of very ancient use, as appears from the letters of St. Ambrose, St. Leo, and St. Gregory.<sup>[159]</sup> The *Gloria Patri*, which is often used in the liturgy as well as constantly in the hours of the divine office, was introduced in 325 as a protest against the Arian heresy which contended that the Son was not equal to the Father.<sup>[160]</sup> The custom of standing during the gospel signifies our readiness to defend its truths and practice its precepts. We sign our foreheads, lips, and breast in token of our resolve not to be ashamed of the cross of Christ, to profess it always in words, and to keep it for ever in our hearts. At the "Incarnatus est" in the Credo we kneel in reverence to the mystery of the God made man, and at the "Domine non sum dignus" we strike our breasts in token of penance and humiliation, as we have before done at the Confiteor. This has always been the conventional sign of sorrow, as we read of the publican in the gospels.

Of the use of lights, St. Jerome says in his letter against the heretic Vigilantius: "Throughout all the churches of the East, when the gospel is to be recited, they bring forth lights, though it be at noonday, not certainly to drive away darkness but to manifest some sign of joy, that under the type of corporal light may be indicated that light of which we read in the *Psalms*—'Thy word is as a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.'"<sup>[161]</sup> Everywhere in the Old and New Testaments, *light* is the type of knowledge; in the parable of the virgins, it is also the symbol of fidelity. In Rome, torches were carried at weddings as a sign of honor. St. Chrysostom says that lights are carried before the dead to show that they are champions and conquerors. What more natural than that these usages should have been transferred to the Christian churches? "Within the sanctuary and in front of the altar," says the anonymous author of the *Explanation of the Sacrifice and Liturgy of the Mass*, "a lamp is kept day and night, to warn us that Jesus Christ, the light of the world, is present on our altars, ... and that our lives should, by their holiness, shine like a luminary." Candles are used in several mystical senses by the church during the ceremonies of Holy Week, as chiefly the Paschal candle. This is fraught with many meanings. Unlighted, it is an emblem of Christ in the tomb, while the five grains of incense put into it in the shape of a cross typify both the five wounds of our Blessed Lord and the spices with which his dead body was buried. Contrary to the usual custom, which requires a *priest* to bless any holy thing, the Paschal candle is blessed by the *deacon*, to denote that Christ was buried by his disciples (Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus), not by his apostles. When lighted, the candle prefigures Christ arisen. The Pavia Missal makes it signify, while unlighted, the pillar in the cloud which guided the Israelites by day through the desert, and, after being lighted, the fiery column

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that directed them at night. The columnar shape of the candlestick in many Italian churches is thought to refer to this part of the interpretation. The triple candle, which is lighted with new fire on Holy Saturday, signifies the Trinity, and in connection with this we are reminded of a curious ceremony in the Greek ritual, which consists in the benediction given by a bishop whenever he says Mass. He holds in each hand a candle—one triple, denoting the Trinity; and the other double, and symbolizing the union of two natures in Jesus Christ.<sup>[162]</sup> The manual of Holy Week tells us that the fifteen candles on the triangular candlestick, used during the office of *Tenebræ*, represent the “disciples whose fervor cooled at the approach of danger, and who dispersed here and there, wavering in faith, forgetful of their promises, and all seeking safety in flight, abandoning their Master. The candle that remains lit and is finally *concealed* behind the altar is a figure of Jesus Christ. He came to enlighten the world; but ungrateful, perverse men made every effort to obscure and extinguish his glory. When they fancied they had succeeded, he rose from death to an immortal life, more glorious than the former.”

The whole of the ceremonies of Holy Week are nothing but a literal “showing forth of the death of the Lord until he come”—a yearly rehearsal, as it were, of the great drama of human life and destiny, of the rejection of the elder and the adoption of the younger branch of the family of men—that is, the choice of the Gentiles after the trial of the Jews. Incense, the recognized emblem of prayer, and spoken of as such in the well-known passages of the Apocalypse,<sup>[163]</sup> also reminds us of the perfumes used in the East as a sign of honor towards kings and princes, and of the gift of the Magi to the infant Saviour. Dr. Rock says that “a venerable antiquity (522) informs us that the incense burning round the altar, whence, as from a fountain of delicious fragrance, it emits a perfume through the house of God, has ever been regarded as a type of the good odor of Jesus Christ which should exhale from the soul of every true believer.”<sup>[164]</sup> The frequent use of holy water is above all typical of purity, the great preparation of the soul for any holy action.

Salt is a preservative against corruption, and also reminds us of the miracle of Eliseus,<sup>[165]</sup> when, to make the drought cease, he asked for a vessel with water and salt. The apostles are called the “salt of the earth,” and salt is recognized as the emblem of wisdom. Oil, used in many functions, is typical of sweetness and mildness, in consideration of its natural powers of healing, and from time immemorial anointing has been considered a consecration to God.<sup>[166]</sup> Oil was also used in the old Hebrew sacrifices, together with cakes as well as salt.<sup>[167]</sup> The “Agnus Dei” perhaps requires a fuller explanation than the former symbols. It is a waxen cake stamped with the figure of a lamb. The Pope blesses a certain quantity of these cakes every seventh year of his reign. “The origin of this rite seems to have been the very ancient custom of breaking up the Paschal candle of the preceding year and distributing the fragments among the faithful. Alcuin, a disciple of the Venerable Bede, describes the blessing in these words: ‘In the Roman Church, early on the morning of Holy Saturday, the archdeacon comes into the church and pours wax in a clean vessel, and mixes it with oil; then blesses the wax, and molds it in the form of lambs; ... the lambs which the Romans make represent to us the spotless Lamb made for us; for Christ should be brought to our memories frequently by all sorts of things.’”<sup>[168]</sup> The Asperges, or sprinkling with holy water before Mass, reminds us of the sprinkling of the blood of the Paschal lamb on the door-posts of the Israelites—a ceremony which was to be performed with a bunch of hyssop.<sup>[169]</sup> It also refers to the Psalm Miserere, in which we pray to be “sprinkled with hyssop, and we shall be cleansed”—a prayer which forms part of the prescribed orisons to be repeated during the Asperges.

Of the symbolical meaning of the sacred vestments, and their colors, we will only speak briefly. The most obvious apology for them is their use as prescribed in the Old Testament, where they are made the subject of the most minute directions. Many things came to us through the Temple traditions, the Gregorian chant, for instance, which closely resembles that still used in the orthodox synagogues of our own day. It is not improbable that something of Hebrew traditions entered into the custom, early adopted by the Christians, of wearing specified and holy garments during the celebration of Mass. But the church, ever mindful of her mission of teaching, could not let such vestments be mere ornaments, however fitting and seemly. The author of the *Explanation of the Mass* says that “ceremonies are a kind of illustration of our sacred mysteries; they represent them to the eye, to a certain extent, as a look or a discourse do to the ear or mind, especially to the uneducated, who are always the greater number.” The vestments are a very prominent part of the externals of the Mass; their color announces at one glance whether a virgin or a martyr is being commemorated, whether we are to join in prayer for some unknown brother deceased in Christ, or to lament in a penitential spirit the sins of mankind and our own. Green, very seldom used, is the normal color for Sundays, denoting hope and joy in the promise of the new spring. There are two meanings attached to the different component parts of the holy vesture. The “amice” which covers the head (in ancient times entirely) represents the “helmet of salvation,” divine hope; the “alb,” innocence of life, because it clothes the celebrant from head to foot in spotless white; the “girdle,” with which the loins are girt, purity and chastity (also referring to the text of St. Luke, “Let your loins be girt”),<sup>[170]</sup> and possibly bearing some allusion likewise to the journey of life, and the command anciently given to the Jews at the first Pasch, “You shall gird your reins”;<sup>[171]</sup> the “maniple,” which is put on the left arm, patience under the burdens of this mortal life; the “stole,” which is worn on the neck and shoulders, the yoke of Christ; and the “chasuble,” which, as uppermost, covers all the rest, charity—according to the saying of St. Peter, that “charity covereth a multitude of sins.”<sup>[172]</sup> The author of *The Following of Christ*, speaking of the duties and dignity of the priesthood, thus beautifully interprets the ecclesiastical apparel: “A priest clad in his sacred vestments is Christ’s vicegerent, to pray God

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for himself and for all the people in a suppliant and humble manner. He has before him and behind him the sign of the cross of the Lord, that he may always remember the passion of Christ. He bears the cross before him in his vestment, that he may diligently behold the footsteps of Christ, and fervently endeavor to follow them. He is marked with the cross behind, that he may mildly suffer, for God's sake, whatsoever adversities shall befall him from others. He wears the cross before him that he may bewail his own sins, and behind him that through compassion he may lament the sins of others, and know that he is placed, as it were, a mediator between God and the sinner."<sup>[173]</sup>

Besides this mystical signification, the vestments also have a representative meaning. The amice is intended to recall the rag with which the Jews bandaged our Saviour's eyes;<sup>[174]</sup> the alb, the white garment in which Herod, in derision, clothed him; the girdle, maniple, and stole, the cords with which he was bound; the chasuble, the purple garment with which the soldiers covered him when they hailed him as a mock king, and as a complement, the cross on the chasuble represents that which Christ bore on his wounded shoulders on his way to Calvary. The priest's tonsure, worn very conspicuously by most of the religious orders, is a type of the crown of thorns.

The ceremonies of marriage are interesting from their symbolical meaning, but are so familiar that it is useless to dwell on them. In the Greek Church, a glass of wine is partaken of by the bride and bridegroom, as a type of the community of possession which is henceforth to exist between them. The use of the ring is not confined to earthly nuptials; it is worn, as we know, by bishops as a sign of union with their sees, and also by many orders of nuns, as a pledge of their mystical bridal with their heavenly Spouse. The rites of initiation and profession in some of the religious orders of women are full of symbolism. In the taking of the white veil among the Dominicanesses at Rome, the novice is asked to choose between a crown of thorns and a wreath of roses placed before her on the altar. The hair is shorn, as a sign of detachment from the vanities of this world. At the profession the nun prostrates herself, and is entirely covered with a funeral pall, while the choir chants in solemn cadence the psalm for the dead—*De Profundis*.

<sup>[175]</sup> This awful expression of her utter renunciation of the world has a most mysterious effect on any one who is happy enough to witness it. The grating and curtains that, in some orders, screen the religious from view, even during their friends' visits to the "parlor," are only a visible sign of the entire separation between them and all, even the most innocent, earthly ties. And speaking of religious orders, we are reminded of the peculiar ceremonies which, with some of them, enhance the solemnity of the divine office. Of these, a biographer of St. Dominic says, with true mediæval instinct, that it was no wonder that Dominic should have tried to imitate, in the many bowings and prostrations of the white-robed monks, the pageantry of angelic adoration which he had so often seen in visions—the folding of the many myriad wings, and the casting down of golden crowns before the throne of the Lamb.<sup>[176]</sup> And yet, while we are thinking of this beautiful interpretation, there comes another thought—that of churches as bare as the monastery itself, and of a ritual so simple that it would satisfy the veriest Covenanter. The Trappists especially, the Cistercians and Franciscans also, are forbidden any display in ceremonial, and any costliness in material, with regard to the worship of God. Poverty is to reign even in their churches; and thus we have an asylum provided for those minds whose ascetic turn inclines them to ignore everything but the most spiritual and internal expression of faith. Thus, in old times, St. Paul of the Desert abode among caves and wild beasts, and St. Simeon Stylites passed his life on the summit of an isolated column. Prayer without the slightest incentive to it, meditation without any outward suggestions to strengthen it—such was their life. They never heard glorious chants nor saw processions of clerics clad in golden robes; no ritual, no symbol even, was there to help them on; and yet they were saints. There are such minds still now; the church has a place for them—a place among her rarest and choicest children, for, after all, "they have chosen the good part, and it shall not be taken from them."

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But for the majority symbolism is language, ceremonial is reading. And because others who do not understand this language rail at it, should we forget or give it up? Rather should we explain it to them; for who does not know how much pleasure may one day be derived from a tongue that to-day seems barbarous? Who can read Goethe till he has mastered the grammar of one of the richest languages in the world? or who can enjoy Dante till he has learnt to read him familiarly in the liquid original? Even so with Catholics; others must learn the Catholic alphabet before they pronounce upon the magnificent poems contained in our ceremonial. See this picture of the crucifixion—for in this one subject all our religion is enfolded. It is a mediæval painting. The arms of our Saviour are spread wide, almost on a level with his head; Mary, John, and Magdalen stand beneath; the penitent thief is beside him on his own cross. Two angels in flowing robes hold jewelled chalices under his pierced hands to collect the drops of blood, and other angels are seen in the clouds above, with musical instruments in their hands. This is no literal representation of the scene on Mount Calvary, no realistic picture of the thunder cloud, the brutal soldiery, the opened graves, such as we see by the dozen nowadays. It is not so much a picture of the *crucifixion* as of the *redemption*. It occupies itself merely with the mystical sense of the great sacrifice; the figures beneath the cross are not portraits, in attitudes of human desolation, but representatives of the church of the faithful on earth; the good thief is put there for the aggregate of repentant sinners; the angels in the clouds rather celebrate the redemption of the world than lament the death of God; and the instruments they play are—we may well suppose it—meant to typify the consecration of art to religious purposes; the cup-bearing angels, catching the drops of blood as they fall, are types of the adoration paid to the saving blood of Jesus through all generations, and of the untold preciousness of this great treasure; in the *chalices*, also, we see a distinct allusion to the sacrifice of the Mass; finally, the widely extended arms mean—at least,

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they came to mean it not long after—the *universal* nature of the redemption; and therefore the Jansenists, when they taught that Christ died only for those who are actually saved, painted their crucifixes with the arms uplifted high above the head.

So our Catholic symbolism is an open book, a text for the highest art, and a guide to the humblest mind. It has chapters for all—for poverty, nudity, and coarseness are as symbolical as magnificence and oriental grace. The despoiled altars of Good Friday are as eloquent as the procession of Palms or the Easter exuberance of decoration; the crib and the straw of Christmas are not less fraught with meaning than the decked tabernacles of Corpus Christi.

In a Benedictine abbey you will hear soul-stirring strains of the most solemn harmony; in a Carmelite convent you will listen to a chorus of nuns who are forbidden to use more than three notes with which to vary their singing of the divine office; in a Trappist retreat you will watch for the slightest sound, and hear nothing save the muffled fall of clods of earth as a monk digs his own grave, or the salutation, "Brother, we must all die," as another monk passes him on his way to a similar occupation. Let those who do not understand our symbolical language pause and learn it; and no doubt, learning to read it *as we do*, they will soon come to read it *with us* in the brotherhood of the faith.

# THE PROGRESSIONISTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CONRAD VON BOLANDEN.

## CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED. THE LEADERS.

"I do not catch the gist of your simile of the blind man and colors," interrupted Greifmann.

"I wanted to intimate that thousands swear allegiance to the banner of progress without comprehending its nature. Very many imagine progress to be a struggle in behalf of Germany against the enfeebling system of innumerable small states, or a battling against religious rigorism and priest-rule in secular concerns. In unpretending guises like these, the spirit of the age circulates among the crowd travestied in the fashionable epithet *progressive*. Were you, however, to remove the shell from around the kernel of progress, were you to exhibit it to the multitude undisguised as the nullification of religion, as the denial of the God of Christians, as the rejection of immortality, and of an essential difference between man and the beast—were you to venture thus far, you would see the millions flying in consternation before the monster Progress. Now, just because the multitude, although progressive-minded, everywhere judges men by Christian standards, very often, too, unconsciously, therefore Shund has to pass, not for an able speculator, but for a miserable usurer and an unconscionable scoundrel."

"For this very cause, the liberal leaders of this city should stand up for Shund," opposed the banker. "Just appreciation and respect should not be denied a deserving man. To speak candidly, Mr. Schwefel, what first accidentally arrested my attention, now excites my most lively interest. I wish to see justice done Mr. Shund, to see his uncommon abilities recognized. You must set his light upon a candlestick. You must have him elected mayor and member of the legislature; in both capacities he will fill his position with distinction. I repeat, our deeply indebted city stands in want of a mayor that will reckon closely and economize. And in the legislative assembly Shund's fluency will talk down all opposition, his readiness of speech will do wonders. Were it only to spite the stupid mob, you must put Shund in nomination."

"It will not do, Mr. Greifmann! it is impracticable! We have to proceed cautiously and by degrees. Our policy lies in conducting the unsophisticated masses from darkness into light, quite gradually, inch by inch, and with the utmost caution. A sudden unveiling of the inmost significance of the spirit of the age would scare the people and drive them back heels over head into the clerical camp."

"I do not at all share your apprehensions," contended the millionaire. "Our people are further advanced than you think. Make the trial. Your vast influence will easily manage to have Shund returned mayor and delegate."

"Undoubtedly, but my standing would be jeopardized," rejoined Schwefel.

"That is a mistake, sir! You employ four hundred families."

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"Four hundred and seventy now," said the manufacturer, correcting him blandly.

"Four hundred and seventy families, therefore, are getting a living through you, consequently you have four hundred and seventy voters at your command. Add to these a considerable force of mechanics who earn wages in your employ. You have, moreover, a number of warm friends who also command a host of laborers and mechanics. Hence you risk neither standing nor influence, that is," added he with a smile, "unless perhaps you dread the anathemas of Ultramontanes and impostors."

"The pious wrath of believers has no terrors deserving notice," observed the leader with indifference.

"And yet all this time Shund's remarkable abilities have not been able to win the slightest notice on the part of progressive men—it is revolting!" cried the banker. "Mr. Schwefel, I will speak plainly, trusting to your being discreet; I will recommend your factory at Vienna, but only on condition that you have Hans Shund elected mayor and member of the legislature."

"This is asking a great deal—quite flattering for Shund and very tempting to me," said the leader with a bright face and a thrice repeated nod to the banker. "Since, however, what you ask is neither incompatible with the spirit of the times nor dishonorable to the sense of a liberal man, I accept your offer, for it is no small advantage for me from a business point of view."

"Capital, Mr. Schwefel! Capital, because very sensible!" spoke Carl Greifmann approvingly. A short groan, resembling the violent bursting forth of suppressed indignation, resounded from the adjoining apartment. The banker shuffled on the floor and drowned the groan by loudly rasping his throat.

"One condition, however, I must insist upon," continued the manufacturer of straw hats. "My arm might prove unequal to a task that will create no ordinary sensation. But if you succeeded in winning over Erdblatt and Sand to the scheme, it would prosper without fail and without much noise."

"I shall do so with pleasure, Mr. Schwefel! Both those gentlemen will, in all probability, call on me to-day in relation to matters of business. It will be for me a pleasing consciousness to have aided in obtaining merited recognition for Hans Shund."

"Our agreement is, however, to be kept strictly secret from the public."

"Of course, of course!"

"You will not forget, at the same time, Mr. Greifmann, that our very extraordinary undertaking will necessitate greater than ordinary outlay. It is a custom among laborers not to work on the day before election, and the same on election day itself. Yet, in order to keep them in good humor, they must get wages the same as if they had worked. This is for the manufacturer no insignificant disadvantage. Moreover, workmen and doubtful voters require to be stimulated with beer gratis—another tax on our purses."

"How high do these expenses run?" asked the millionaire.

"For Sand, Erdblatt, and myself, they never fall short of twelve hundred florins."

"That would make each one's share of the costs four hundred florins."

Taking a five-hundred florin banknote between his thumb and forefinger, the banker reached it carelessly to the somewhat puzzled leader.

"My contribution to the promotion of the interests of progress! I shall give as much to Messrs. Sand and Erdblatt." [620]

"Many thanks, Mr. Greifmann!" said Schwefel, pocketing the money with satisfaction.

The millionaire drew himself up. "I have no doubt," said he, in his former cold and haughty tone, "that my recommendation will secure your establishment the custom already alluded to."

"I entertain a similar confidence in your influence, and will take the liberty of commending myself most respectfully to your favor." Bowing frequently, Schwefel retreated backwards towards the door, and disappeared. Greifmann stepped to the open entrance of the side apartment. There sat the youthful landholder, his head resting heavily on his hand. He looked up, and Carl's smiling face was met by a pair of stern, almost fierce eyes.

"Have you heard, friend Seraphin?" asked he triumphantly.

"Yes—and what I have heard surpasses everything. You have bargained with a member of that vile class who recognize no difference between honor and disgrace, between good and evil, between self-respect and infamy, who know only one god—which is money."

"Do not show yourself so implacable against these *vile* beings, my dearest! There is much that is useful in them, at any rate they are helping me to the finest horses belonging to the aristocracy."

A stealthy step was heard at the door of the cabinet.

"Do you hear that timid rap?" asked the banker. "The rapper's heart is at this moment in his knuckles. It is curious how men betray in trifles what at the time has possession of their feelings. The mere rapping gives a keen observer an insight into the heart of a person whom he does not as yet see. Listen—" Rapping again, still more stealthily and imploringly. "I must go and relieve the poor devil, whom nobody would suspect for a mighty leader. Now, Mr. Seraphin, Act the Second. Come in!"

The man who entered, attired in a dress coat and kids, was Erdblatt, a tobacco merchant, spare in person, and with restless, springing eyes. The millionaire greeted him coldly, then pointed him to the chair that had been occupied by Schwefel. The impression produced by the two hundred thousands on the man of tobacco was far more decided than in the case of the manufacturer of straw hats. Erdblatt was restless in his chair, and as the needle is attracted by the pole, so did Erdblatt's whole being turn towards the money. His eyes glanced constantly over the paper treasures, and a spasmodic jerking seized upon his fingers. But he soon sat motionless and stiff, as if thunderstruck at Greifmann's terrible words.

"Your substantial firm," began the mighty man of money, after some few formalities, "has awaked in me a degree of attention which the ordinary course of business does not require. I have to-day received notice from an English banking-house that in a few days several bills first of exchange, amounting to sixty thousand florins, will be presented to be paid by you."

Erdblatt was dumfounded and turned pale.

"The amount is not precisely what can be called insignificant," continued Greifmann coolly, "and I did not wish to omit notifying you concerning the bills, because, as you are aware, the banking business is regulated by rigorous and indiscriminating forms." [621]

Erdblatt took the hint, turned still more pale, and uttered not a word.

"This accumulation of bills of exchange is something abnormal," proceeded Greifmann with indifference. "As they are all made payable on sight, you are no doubt ready to meet this sudden rush with proud composure," concluded the banker, with a smile of cold politeness.

But the dumfounded Erdblatt was far from enjoying proud composure. His manner rather indicated inability to pay and panic terror. "Not only is the accumulation of bills of exchange to the amount of sixty thousand florins something abnormal, but it also argues carelessness," said he tersely. "Were it attributable to accident, I should not complain; but it has been occasioned by jealous rivalry. Besides, they are bills first of exchange—it is something never heard of before—it is revolting—there is a plot to ruin me! And I have no plea to allege for putting off these bills, and I am, moreover, unable to pay them."

The banker shrugged his shoulders coldly, and his countenance became grave.

"Might I not beg you to aid me, Mr. Greifmann?" said he anxiously. "Of course, I shall allow you a high rate of interest."



"That is not practicable with bills of exchange," rejoined the banker relentlessly.

"When will the bills be presented?" asked the leader, with increasing anxiety.

"Perhaps as early as to-morrow," answered Greifmann, still more relentless.

The manufacturer of tobacco was near fainting.

"I cannot conceive of your being embarrassed," said the banker coldly. "Your popularity and influence will get you assistance from friends, in case your exchequer happens not to be in a favorable condition."

"The amount is too great; I should have to borrow in several quarters. This would give rise to reports, and endanger the credit of my firm."

"You are not wrong in your view," answered the banker coldly. "Accidents may shake the credit of the most solid firm, and other accidents may often change trifling difficulties into fatal catastrophes. How often does it not occur that houses of the best standing, which take in money at different places, are brought to the verge of bankruptcy through public distrust?"

The words of the money prince were nowise calculated to reassure Mr. Erdblatt.

"Be kind enough to accept the bills, and grant me time," pleaded he piteously.

"That, sir, would be contrary to all precedents in business," rejoined Greifmann, with an icy smile. "Our house never deviates from the paths of hereditary custom."

"I could pay in ten thousand florins at once," said Erdblatt once more. "Within eight weeks I could place fifty thousand more in your hands."

"I am very sorry, but, as I said, this plan is impracticable," opposed Greifmann. "Yet I have half a mind to accept those bills, but only on a certain condition."

"I am willing to indemnify you in any way possible," assured the tobacco merchant, with a feeling of relief.

"Hear the condition stated in a few words. As you know, I live exclusively for business, never meddle in city or state affairs. Moreover, labor devoted by me to political matters would be superfluous, in view of the undisputed sway of liberalism. Nevertheless, I am forced to learn, to my astonishment, that progress itself neglects to take talent and ability into account, and exhibits the most aristocratic nepotism. The remarkable abilities of Mr. Shund are lost, both to the city and state, merely because Mr. Shund's fellow-citizens will not elect him to offices of trust. This is unjust; to speak plainly, it is revolting, when one considers that there is many a brainless fellow in the City Council who has no better recommendation than to have descended from an old family, and whose sole ability lies in chinking ducats which he inherited but never earned. Shund is a genius compared with such boobies; but genius does not pass current here, whilst incapacity does. Now, if you will use your influence to have Shund nominated for mayor of this city, and for delegate to the legislature, and guarantee his election, you may consider the bills of exchange as covered."

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Not even the critical financial trouble by which he was beset could prevent an expression of overwhelming surprise in the tobacco man's face.

"I certainly cannot have misunderstood you. You surely mean to speak of Ex-Treasurer Shund, of this place?"

"The same—the very same."

"But, Mr. Greifmann, perhaps you are not aware—"

"I am aware of everything," interrupted the banker. "I know that many years ago Mr. Shund awkwardly put his hand into the city treasury, that he was sent to the penitentiary, that people imagine they still see him in the penitentiary garb, and, finally, that in the stern judgment of the same people he is a low usurer. But usury has been abrogated by law. The theft Shund has not only made good by restoring what he stole, but also atoned for by years of imprisonment. Now, why is a man to be despised who has indeed done wrong, but not worse than others whose sins have long since been forgotten? Why condemn to obscurity a man that possesses the most brilliant kind of talent for public offices? The contempt felt for Shund on the part of a population who boast of their progress is unaccountable—may be it would not be far from the truth to believe that some influential persons are jealous of the gifted man," concluded the banker reproachfully.

"Pardon me, please! The *thief* and *usurer* it might perhaps be possible to elect," conceded Erdblatt. "But Shund's disgusting and shameless amours could not possibly find grace with the moral sense of the public."

"Yes, and the origin of this *moral sense* is the sixth commandment of the Jew Moses," said the millionaire scornfully. "I cannot understand how you, a man of advanced views, can talk in this manner."

"You misinterpret my words," rejoined the leader deprecatingly. "To me, personally, Shund exists neither as a usurer nor as a debauchee. Christian modes of judging are, of course, relegated among absurdities that we have triumphed over. In this instance, however, there is no question of my own personal conviction, but of the conviction of the great multitude. And in the estimation of the multitude unbridled liberty is just as disgraceful as the free enjoyment of what, *morally*, is forbidden."

"You are altogether in the same rut as Schwefel."

"Have you spoken with Schwefel on this subject?" asked Erdblatt eagerly.

"Only a moment ago. Mr. Schwefel puts greater trust in his power than you do in yours, for he agreed to have Shund elected mayor and delegate. Mr. Schwefel only wishes you and Sand would lend your aid." [623]

"With pleasure! If Schwefel and Sand are won over, then all is right."

"From a hint of Schwefel's," said Greifmann, taking up a five-hundred-florin banknote from the table, "I infer that the election canvass is accompanied with some expense. Accept this small contribution. As for the bills of exchange, the matter is to rest by our agreement."

Erdblatt also backed out of the cabinet, bowing repeatedly as he retreated.

Seraphin rushed from his hiding-place in great excitement.

"Why, Greifmann, this is terrible! Do you call that advanced education? Do you call that progress? Those are demoralized, infernal beings. I spit upon them! And are these the rabble that are trying to arrogate to themselves the leadership of the German people?—rabble who ignore the Deity, the human soul, and morality generally! But what completely unsettles me is your connivance—at least, your connection with these infernal spirits."

"But be easy, my good fellow, be easy! *I* connected with tobacco and straw?"

"At all events, you have been ridiculing the ten commandments and Christian morals and faith."

"Was I not obliged to do so in order to show how well the thief, usurer, and filthy dog Shund harmonizes with the spirit of progress? Can he who wishes to make use of the devil confer with the devil in the costume of light? Not at all; he must clothe himself in the mantle of darkness. And you must not object to my using the demon Progress for the purpose of winning your span of horses and saving my stakes. Let us not have a disgraceful altercation. Consider me as a stage actor, whilst you are a spectator that is being initiated into the latest style of popular education. Ah, do you hear? The last one is drawing near. Be pleased to vanish."

The third leader, house-builder Sand, appeared. The greater portion of his face is hidden by a heavy black beard; in one hand he carries a stout bamboo cane; and it is only after having fully entered, that he deliberately removes his hat.

"I wish you a pleasant morning, Mr. Greifmann. You have sent for me: what do you want?"

The banker slowly raised his eyes from the latest exchange list to the rough features of the builder, and remembering that the man had risen up from the mortar board to his present position, and had gained wealth and influence through personal energy, he returned the short greeting with a friendly inclination of the head.

"Will you have the goodness to be seated, Mr. Sand?"

The man of the black beard took a seat, and, having noticed the handsome collection of banknotes, his coarse face settled itself into a not very attractive grin.

"I want to impart to you my intention of erecting a villa on the Sauerberg, near the middle of our estate at Wilhelm," continued the millionaire.

"Ah, that is a capital idea!" And the man of the beard became very deeply interested. "The site is charming, no view equal to it; healthy location, vineyards round about, your own vineyards moreover. I could put you up a gem there."

"That is what I think, Mr. Sand! My father, who has been abroad for the last three months, is quite satisfied with the plan; in fact, he is the original projector of it." [624]

"I know, I know! your father has a taste for what is grand. We shall try and give him satisfaction, which, by the bye, is not so very easy. But you have the money, and fine fortunes can command fine houses."

"What I want principally is to get you to draw a plan, consulting your own taste and experience in doing so. You will show it to me when ready, and I will tell you whether I like it or not."

"Very well, Mr. Greifmann, very well! But I must know beforehand what amount of money you are willing to spend upon the house; for all depends upon the cost."

"Well," said the millionaire, after some deliberation, "I am willing to spend eighty thousand florins on it, and something over, perhaps."

"Ah, well, for that amount of money something can be put up—something small but elegant. Are you in a hurry with the building?"

"To be sure! As soon as the matter is determined upon, there is to be no delay in carrying it out."

"I am altogether of your opinion, Mr. Greifmann—I agree with you entirely!" assented the builder, with an increase of animation. "I shall draw up a plan for a magnificent house. If it pleases you, all hands shall at once be set at work, and by next autumn you shall behold the villa under roof."

"Of course you are yourself to furnish all the materials," added the banker shrewdly. "When once the plan will have been settled upon, you can reach me an estimate of the costs, and I will pay over the money."

"To be sure, Mr. Greifmann—that is the way in which it should be done, Mr. Greifmann!"

responded the man of the black beard with a satisfied air. "You are not to have the slightest bother. I shall take all the bother upon myself."

"That, then, is agreed upon! Well, now, have you learned yet who is to be the next mayor?"

"Why, yes, the old one is to be re-elected!"

"Not at all! We must have an economical and intelligent man for next mayor. Of this I am convinced, because the annual deficit in the treasury is constantly on the increase."

"Alas, 'tis true! And who is the man of economy and intelligence to be?"

"Mr. Hans Shund."

"Who—what? Hans Shund? The thief, the usurer, the convict, the debauchee? Who has been making a fool of you?"

"Pardon me, sir! I never suffer people to make a fool of me!" rejoined the banker with much dignity.

"Yes, yes—somebody has dished up a canard for you. What, that good-for-nothing scoundrel to be elected mayor! Never in his life! Hans Shund mayor—really that is good now—ha, ha!"

"Mr. Sand, you lead me to suspect that you belong to the party of Ultramontanes."

"Who—I an Ultramontane? That is ridiculous! Sir, I am at the head of the men of progress—I am the most liberal of the liberals—that, sir, is placarded on every wall."

"How come you, then, to call Mr. Sand a good-for-nothing scoundrel?"

"Simply for this reason, because he is a usurer and a dissipated wretch."

"Then I am in the right, after all! Mr. Sand belongs to the ranks of the *pious*," jeered the banker.

"Mr. Greifmann, you are insulting!"

"Nothing is further from my intention than to wound your feelings, my dear Mr. Sand! Be cool and reasonable. Reflect, if you please. Shund, you say, puts out money at thirty per cent. and higher, and therefore he is a usurer. Is it not thus that you reason?" [625]

"Why, yes! The scoundrel has brought many a poor devil to ruin by means of his Jewish speculations!"

"Your pious indignation," commended the millionaire, "is praiseworthy, because it is directed against what you mistake for a piece of scoundrelism. Meanwhile, please to calm down your feelings, and let your reason resume her seat of honor so that you may reflect upon my words. You know that in consequence of recent legislation every capitalist is free to put out money at what rate soever he pleases. Were Shund to ask *fifty* per cent., he would not be stepping outside of the law. He would then be, as he now is, an honest man. Would he not?"

"It is as you say, so far as the law is concerned!"

"Furthermore, if after prudently weighing, after wisely calculating, the *pros* and *cons*, Shund concludes to draw in his money, and in consequence many a poor devil is ruined, as you say, surely no reasonable man will on that account condemn legally authorized speculation!"

"Don't talk to me of legally authorized speculation. The law must not legalize scoundrelism; but whosoever by cunning usury brings such to ruin is and ever will be a scoundrel."

"Why a scoundrel, Mr. Sand? Why, pray?"

"Surely it is clear enough—because he has ruined men!"

"Ruined! How? Evidently through means legally permitted. Therefore, according to your notion the law *does* legalize scoundrelism; at least it allows free scope to scoundrels. Mr. Sand, no offence intended: I am forced, however, once more to suspect that you do, perhaps without knowing it, belong to the *pious*. For they think and feel just as you do, that is, in accordance with so-called laws of morality, religious views and principles. That, judged by such standards, Shund is a scoundrel who hereafter will be burned eternally in hell, I do not pretend to dispute."

"At bottom, I believe you are in the right, after all—yes, it is as you say," conceded the leader reluctantly. "Ahem—and yet I am surprised at your being in the right. I would rather, however that you were in the right, because I really do not wish to blame anybody or judge him by the standard of the Ultramontanes."

"That tone sounds genuinely progressive, and it does honor to your judgment!" lauded the banker. "Again, you called Shund a good-for-nothing scoundrel because he loves the company of women. Mr. Sand, do you mean to vindicate the sacred nature of the sixth commandment in an age that has emancipated itself from the thrall of symbols and has liberated natural inclinations from the servitude of a bigoted priesthood?—you, who profess to stand at the head and front of the party of progress?"

"It is really odd—you are in the right again! Viewed from the standpoint of the times, contemplated in the light of modern intellectual culture, Shund must not really be called good-for-nothing for being a usurer and an admirer of women." [626]

"Shund's qualifications consequently fit him admirably for the office of mayor. He will be economical, he will make the expenditures balance with the revenue. Even in the legislature, Shund's principles and experience will be of considerable service to the country and to the cause of progress. I am so much in favor of the man that I shall award you the building of my villa only

on condition that you will use all your influence for the election of Shund to the office of mayor and to the legislature."

"Mayor—assemblyman, too—ahem! that will be hard to do."

"By no means! Messrs. Schwefel and Erdblatt will do their best for the same end."

"Is that so, really? In that case there is no difficulty! Mr. Greifmann, consider me the man that will build your villa."

"The canvass will cost you some money—here, take this, my contribution to the noble cause," and he gave him a five-hundred-florin banknote.

"That will suffice, Mr. Greifmann, that will suffice. The plan you cannot have until after the election, for Shund will give us enough to do."

"Everything is possible to you, Mr. Sand! Whatever Cæsar, Lepidus, and Antony wish at Rome, that same must be."

"Very true, very true." And the last of the leaders disappeared.

"I would never have imagined the like to be possible," spoke the landholder, entering. "They all regard Shund as a low, abandoned wretch, and yet material interest determines every one of them to espouse the cause of the unworthy, contemptible fellow. It is extraordinary! It is monstrous!"

"You cannot deny that progress is eminently liberal," replied the banker, laughing.

"Nor will I deny that it possesses neither uprightness nor conscience, nor, especially, morals," rejoined the young man with seriousness.

Carl saw with astonishment Seraphin's crimsoned cheeks and flaming eyes.

"My dear fellow, times and men must be taken as they are, not as they should be," said the banker. "Interest controls both men and things. At bottom, it has ever been thus. In the believing times of the middle ages, men's interest lay in heaven. All their acts were done for heaven; they considered no sacrifice as too costly. Thousands quit their homes and families to have their skulls cloven by the Turks, or to be broiled by the glowing heats of Palestine. For the interests of heaven, thousands abandoned the world, fed on roots in deserts, gave up all the pleasures of life. At present, the interest lies in this world, in material possessions, in money. Do not therefore get angry at progress if it refuses to starve itself or to be cut down by Moorish scimitars, but, on the other hand, has strength of mind and self-renunciation enough to promote Hans Shund to honors and offices."

Seraphin contemplated Greifmann, who smiled, and hardly knew how to take him.

"An inborn longing for happiness has possession of all men," said he with reserve. "The days of faith were ruled by moral influences; the spirit of this age is ruled by base matter. Between the moral struggles of the past strong in faith, and the base matter of the present, there is, say what you will, a notable difference."

"Doubtless!" conceded Greifmann. "The middle ages were incontestably the grandest epoch of history. I am actuated by the honest intention of acquainting you with the active principles of the present."

"Yes, and you have been not immaterially aided by luck. But for the order from Vienna for straw hats, the bills of exchange, and that villa, you would hardly have attained your aim." [627]

Greifmann smiled.

"The straw-hat story is merely a mystification, my dear friend. When the end will have been reached, when Hans Shund will have been elected mayor and assemblyman, a few lines will be sufficient to inform Mr. Schwefel that the house in Vienna has countermanded its order. Nor is any villa to be constructed. I shall pay Sand for his drawings, and this will be the end of the project. The matter of the bills of exchange is not a hoax, and I am still free to proceed against Erdblatt in the manner required by the interests of my business."

Seraphin stood before the ingenuous banker, and looked at him aghast.

"It is true," said Greifmann gaily, "I have laid out fifteen hundred florins, but I have done so against one hundred per cent.; for they are to secure me victory in our wager."

"Your professional routine is truly admirable," said Gerlach.

"Not exactly that, but practical, and not at all sentimental, my friend."

"I shall take a walk through the garden to get over my astonishment," concluded Gerlach; and he walked away from the astute man of money.

### CHAPTER III. SERAPHIN AND LOUISE.

Sombre spirits flitted about the head of the young man with the blooming cheeks and light eyes. He was unable to rid himself of a feeling of depression; for he had taken a step into the domain of progress, and had there witnessed things which, like slimy reptiles, drew a cold trail over his warm heart. Trained up on Christian principles, schooled by enlightened professors of the faith, and watched over with affectionate vigilance by a pious mother, Seraphin had had no conception

of the state of modern society. For this reason, both Greifmann *Senior* and Gerlach *Senior* committed a blunder in wishing to unite by marriage three millions of florins, the owners of which not merely differed, but were the direct opposites of each other in disposition and education.

Louise belonged to the class of emancipated females who have in vain attempted to enhance the worth of noble womanhood by impressing on their own sex the sterner type of the masculine gender. In Louise's opinion, the beauty of woman does not consist in graceful gentleness, amiable concession and purity, but in proudly overstepping the bounds set for woman by the innate modesty of her sex. The beautiful young lady had no idea of the repulsiveness of a woman who strives to make a man of herself, but she was sure that the cause and origin of woman's degradation is religion. For it was to Eve that God had said: "Thou shalt be under thy husband's power, and he shall have dominion over thee." Louise considered this decree as revolting, and she detested the book whose authority among men gives effect to its meaning. On the other hand, she failed to observe that woman's sway is powerful and acknowledged wherever it exerts itself over weak man through affection and grace. Quite as little did Miss Louise observe that men assume the stature of giants so soon as women presume to appear in relation to them strong and manlike. Least of all did she discover anything gigantic in the kind-hearted Seraphin. In the consciousness of her fancied superiority of education, she smiled at the simplicity of his faith, and, as the handsome young gentleman appeared by no means an ineligible *parti*, she believed it to be her special task to train her prospective husband according to her own notions. She imagined this course of training would prove an easy undertaking for a lady whose charms had been uniformly triumphant over the hearts of gentlemen. But one circumstance appeared to her unaccountable—that was Seraphin's cold-bloodedness and unshaken independence. For eight days she had plied her arts in vain, the most exquisite coquetry had been wasted to no purpose, even the irresistible fire of her most lovely eyes had produced no perceptible impression on the impregnable citadel of the landholder's heart.

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"He is a mere child as yet, the most spotless innocence," she would muse hopefully. "He has been sheltered under a mother's wings like a pullet, and for this I am beholden to Madame Gerlach, for she has trained up an obedient husband for me."

Seraphin sauntered through the walks of the garden, absorbed in gloomy reflections on the leaders of progress. Their utter disregard of honor and unparalleled baseness were disgusting to him as an honorable man, whilst their corruption and readiness for deeds of meanness were offensive to him as a Christian. Regarding Greifmann, also, he entertained misgivings. Upon closer examination, however, the unsuspecting youth thought he discovered in the banker's manner of treating the leaders and their principles a strong infusion of ridicule and irony. Hence, imposed upon by his own good nature, he concluded that Greifmann ought not in justice to be ranked among the hideous monstrosities of progress.

With head sunk and rapt in thought, Gerlach strayed indefinitely amid the flowers and shrubbery. All at once he stood before Louise. The young lady was seated under a vine-covered arbor; in one hand she held a book, but she had allowed both hand and book to sink with graceful carelessness upon her lap. For some time back she had been observing the thoughtful young man. She had been struck by his manly carriage and vigorous step, and had come to the conclusion that his profusion of curling auburn hair was the most becoming set-off to his handsome countenance. She now welcomed the surprised youth with a smile so winning, and with a play of eyes and features so exquisite, that Seraphin, dazzled by the beauty of the apparition, felt constrained to lower his eyes like a bashful girl. What probably contributed much to this effect was the circumstance of his being at the time in a rather vacant and cheerless state of mind, so that, coming suddenly into the presence of this brilliant being, he experienced the power of the contrast. She appeared to him indescribably beautiful, and he wondered that this discovery had not forced itself upon him before. Unfortunately, the young gentleman possessed but little of the philosophy which will not suffer itself to be deceived by seductive appearances, and refuses to recognize the beautiful anywhere but in its agreement with the true and good.

Louise perceived in an instant that now was at hand the long-looked-for fulfilment of her wishes. The certainty which she felt that the conquest was achieved diffused a bewitching loveliness over her person. Seraphin, on the other hand, stood leaning against the arbor, and became conscious with fear and surprise of a turmoil in his soul that he had never before experienced.

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"I have been keeping myself quiet in this shady retreat," said she sweetly, "not wishing to disturb your meditations. Carl's wager is a strange one, but it is a peculiarity of my brother's occasionally to manifest a relish for what is strange."

"You are right—strange, very strange!" replied Seraphin, evidently in allusion to his actual state of mind. The beautiful young lady, perceiving the allusion, became still more dazzling.

"I should regret very much that the wager were lost by a guest of ours, and still more that you were deprived of your splendid racehorses. I will prevail on Carl not to take advantage of his victory."

"Many thanks, miss; but I would much rather you would not do so. If I lose the wager, honor and duty compel me to give up the stakes to the winner. Moreover, in the event of my losing, there would be another loss far more severe for me than the loss of my racers."

"What would that be?" inquired she with some amazement.

"The loss of my good opinion of men," answered he sadly. "What I have heard, miss, is base and vile beyond description." And he recounted for her in detail what had taken place.

"Such things are new to you, Mr. Seraphin; hence your astonishment and indignation."

The youth felt his soul pierced because she uttered not a word of disapproval against the villany.

"Carl's object was good," continued she, "in so far as his manœuvre has procured you an insight into the principles by which the world is just now ruled."

"I would be satisfied to lose the wager a thousand times, and even more, did I know that the world is not under such rule."

"It is wrong to risk one's property for the sake of a delusion," said she reprovingly. "And it would be a gross delusion not to estimate men according to their real worth. A proprietor of fields and woodland, who, faithful to his calling, leads an existence pure and in accord with nature's laws, must not permit himself to be so far misled by the harmlessness of his own career as to idealize the human species. For were you at some future day to become more intimately acquainted with city life and society, you would then find yourself forced to smile at the views which you once held concerning the present."

"Smile at, my dear miss? Hardly. I should rather have to mourn the destruction of my belief. Moreover, it is questionable whether I could breathe in an atmosphere which is unhealthy and destructive of all the genuine enjoyments of life!"

"And what do you look upon as the genuine enjoyments of life?" asked she with evident curiosity.

He hesitated, and his childlike embarrassment appeared to her most lovely.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Seraphin! I have been indiscreet, for such a question is allowable to those only who are on terms of intimacy." And the beauty exhibited a masterly semblance of modesty and amiability. The artifice proved successful, the young man's diffidence fled, and his heart opened.

"You possess my utmost confidence, most esteemed Miss Greifmann! Intercourse with good, or at least honorable, persons appears to me to be the first condition for enjoying life. How could any one's existence be cheerful in the society of people whose character is naught and whose moral sense expired with the rejection of every religious principle?" [630]

"Yet perhaps it might, Mr. Seraphin!" rejoined she, with a smile of imagined superiority. "Refinement, the polished manners of society, may be substituted for the rigor of religious conviction."

"Polished manners without moral earnestness are mere hypocrisy," answered he decidedly. "A wolf, though enveloped in a thousand lambskins, still retains his nature."

"How stern you are!" exclaimed she, laughing. "And what is the second condition for the true enjoyment of life, Mr. Seraphin?"

"It is evidently the accord of moral consciousness with the behests of a supreme authority; or to use the ordinary expression, a good conscience," answered the millionaire earnestly.

A sneering expression spontaneously glided over her countenance. She felt the hateful handwriting of her soul in her features, turned crimson, and cast down her eyes in confusion. The young man had not observed the expression of mockery, and could not account for her confusion. He thought he had perhaps awkwardly wounded her sensitiveness.

"I merely meant to express my private conviction," said Mr. Seraphin apologetically.

"Which is grand and admirable," lauded she.

Her approbation pleased him, for his simplicity failed to detect the concealed ridicule. After a walk outside of the city which Gerlach took towards evening, in the company of the brother and sister, Carl Greifmann made his appearance in Louise's apartment.

"You have at last succeeded in capturing him," began he with a chuckle of satisfaction. "I was almost beginning to lose confidence in your well-tried powers. This time you seemed unable to keep the field, to the astonishment of all your acquaintances. They never knew you to be baffled where the heart of a weak male was to be won."

"What are you talking about?"

"About the fat codfish of two million weight whom you have been successful in angling."

"I do not understand you, most mysterious brother!"

"You do not understand me, and yet you blush like the skies before a rainstorm! What means the vermilion of those cheeks, if you do not understand?"

"I blush, first, on account of my limited understanding, which cannot grasp your philosophy; and, secondly, because I am amazed at the monstrous figures of your language."

"Then I shall have to speak without figures and similes upon a subject which loses a great deal in the light of bare reality, which, I might indeed say, loses all, dissolves into vapor, like will-o'-the-wisps and cloud phantoms before the rising sun. I hardly know how to mention the subject without figures. I can hardly handle it except with poetic figures," exclaimed he gaily, seating himself in Louise's rocking-chair, rocking himself. "Speaking in the commonest prose, my remarks refer to the last victim immolated to your highness—to the last brand kindled by the fire of your eyes. To talk quite broadly, I mean the millionaire and landholder Seraphin Gerlach, who is head and ears in love with you. Considered from a business and solid point of view, it is exceedingly flattering for the banker's brother to see his sister adored by so considerable a sum [631]

of money.”

“Madman, you profane the noblest feelings of the heart,” she chidingly said, with a smile.

“I am a man of business, my dear child, and am acquainted with no sanctuary but the exchange. Relations of a tender nature, noble feelings of the heart, lying as they do without the domain of speculation, are to me something incomprehensible and not at all desirable. On the other hand, I entertain for two millions of money a most prodigious sympathy, and a love that casts the flames of all your heroes and heroines of romance into the shade. Meanwhile, my sweet little sister, there are two aspects to everything. An alliance between our house and two millions of florins claims admiration, 'tis true; yet it is accompanied with difficulties which require serious reflection.” The banker actually ceased rocking and grew serious.

“Might I ask a solution of your enigma?”

“All jesting aside, Louise, this alliance is not altogether free from risks,” answered he. “Just consider the contrast between yourself and Seraphin Gerlach’s good nature is touching, and his credulous simplicity is calculated to excite apprehension. Guided, imposed upon, entirely bewitched by religious phantasms, he gropes about in the darkness of superstition. You, on the contrary, sneer at what Seraphin cherishes as holy, and despise such religious nonsense. Reflect now upon the enormous contrast between yourself and the gentleman whom fate and your father’s shrewdness have selected for your husband. Honestly, I am in dread. I am already beginning to dream of divorce and every possible tale of scandal, which would not be precisely propitious for our firm.”

“What contradictions!” exclaimed the beauty with self-reliance. “You just a moment ago announced my triumph over Seraphin, and now you proclaim my defeat.”

“Your defeat! Not at all! But I apprehend wrangling and discord in your married life.”

“Wrangling and discord because Seraphin loves me?”

“No—not exactly—but because he is a believer and you are an unbeliever; in short, because he does not share your aims and views.”

“How short-sighted you are! As you conceive of it, love is not a passion; at most, only, a cool mood which cannot be modified by the lovers themselves. Your apprehension would be well grounded concerning that kind of love. But suppose love were something quite different? Suppose it were a passion, a glowing, dazzling, omnipotent passion, and that Seraphin really loved me, do you think that I would not skilfully and prudently take advantage of this passion? Cannot a woman exert a decisive and directing influence over the husband who loves her tenderly? I have no fears because I do not view love with the eyes of a trader. I hope and trust with the adjurations of love to expel from Seraphin all superstitious spirits.”

“How sly! Surely nothing can surpass a daughter of Eve in the matter of seductive arts!” exclaimed he, laughing. “Hem—yes, indeed, after what I have seen to-day, it is plain that the Adam Seraphin will taste of the forbidden fruit of ripened knowledge, persuaded by this tenderly beloved Eve. Look at him: there he wanders in the shade of the garden, sighing to the rose-bushes, dreaming of your majesty, and little suspecting that he is threatened with conversion and redemption from the kingdom of darkness.”

TO BE CONTINUED.

# THE NECESSITY OF PHILOSOPHY AS A BASIS OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

BY F. RAMIERE, S. J.

FROM THE ETUDES RELIGIEUSES.

We have shown what secondary education does for the formation of man, and how powerfully it is aided by philosophy in the accomplishment of its task. Secondary education in the soul of the young man completes the work sketched out by the primary lessons given to the child; it develops his faculties, teaches him their use, invests him with full dominion over himself, and prepares him to carry out, according to his high vocation, the great duty of life. Philosophy is the necessary complement of this education, since it is indispensable for the development of the sovereign faculty, reason, and consequently for the complete formation of the man, and the perseverance of the Christian.

We might dispense with further proofs of the utility of philosophy, although we are still very far from having examined it from every point of view. The man whom primary and secondary education have placed in possession of his faculties is not destined to live alone in the world, and employ those admirable instruments wherewith his Creator has endowed him simply for his own advantage. He is made to live in society; it is to society he owes, after God, his existence, his nurture, his instruction, his development, his physical and moral being, in a word, all that he is. During the period of his education, he has remained almost passive in its hands, and has received everything from it. Arrived at the term of this long career, justice obliges him to set to work to pay back to it the immense debt he has contracted. Moreover, that which in him is but a just duty is at the same time a necessary condition of his dignity and happiness. For, if he does not force himself to utilize his faculties in the interests of his fellows, those faculties will infallibly become for him a source of wasting *ennui* and cruel torment. If, then, he wishes to become an honorable man, let him see that he become a useful citizen.

For this purpose a multitude of careers open out before him; for there is many a way of serving society; and the most useful of all is not always that whose results are the most immediate, and whose fruits are the most easily gathered.

Undoubtedly the father of a family who improves his land or devotes himself laboriously to the exercise of a mechanical profession accomplishes his whole duty to society; and, if he gives to it virtuous children, he pays it in overrunning measure the debt which he has contracted in its regard. We do not deny that these more humble callings are the most common, and we acknowledge that to fulfil all their conditions it is enough to have learned well that divine philosophy which is contained in the maternal teachings of the church. But a society could never attain a great development, it could scarcely exist, whose members possessed no higher knowledge than that which goes to make a good agriculturist, a diligent workman, or an honest father of a family. Beyond these common callings there are others more choice which present themselves to souls more richly endowed. Some more inclined to the theoretical, rush at the conquest of science; others of a more practical tendency betake themselves to the study of laws and the administration of justice. One studies deep the experience of the past in order to illustrate the present; another would be an orator, and is ambitious of the triumphs of eloquence; a third is a poet, and he believes, and believes rightly, that he makes himself of use enough to his fellows by lifting up their souls to the contemplation and love of the beautiful. Others, again, feel themselves called upon from on high to become the representatives of God before men, and the interpreters to them of his oracular teachings. We have named the principal careers which lie open to the young man whose mind has been cultivated by a liberal education. But to whatever side his choice may bend, he will find philosophy of an almost indispensable utility for the attainment of solid success. After having made him a finished man, it will aid powerfully in making him a true scholar; it will provide the lawyer, the historian, the orator, the poet, with the seeds of truth, which each one of them should cause to fructify after his fashion. In fine, to form the summit of its glory, it will lend to revelation an invincible arm for the defence of its dogmas; and in uniting its light to that flowing from this divine torch, it will form the first and most divine of all sciences—theology. Such in a few words are the various aspects under which we have still to present its utility.

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## NECESSITY OF PHILOSOPHY FOR THE FORMATION OF THE SCIENTIST.

I do not ignore to what I expose myself when I dare affirm that without philosophy there is no true scientist. People will tell me that therein lies a prejudice of the middle ages, the defence of which no one can undertake to-day without denying all the progress which science has made within three centuries. They will sing me the old song of the panegyrist of Bacon. They will point out to me the incomparable advance of the physical sciences in modern times, dating precisely from the day when they shook off the yoke of metaphysics, and when, laying aside the syllogism which clogged their march, they claimed a right to their own process and an independent existence.

I will not stop to discuss the truth of these assertions; but, accepting them all provisionally, I will maintain my thesis, and, with God's help, will prove it.

What is the legitimate conclusion derived from the fact they oppose to us? It is that the physical sciences are distinct from philosophy, and that the middle ages were perhaps mistaken in



identifying them too closely with it. But because metaphysics and physics are distinct sciences, does it follow that the man who pretends to the title of a scientist can content himself with the one and neglect the other altogether? Clearly not. Such a man, on the contrary, condemns himself in despising philosophy to remain imperfect, not merely as a man, but also as a scientist.

To demonstrate this truth let us define science, and give an exact account of its conditions.

All knowledge does not deserve the name of science. The animal knows after a certain fashion; the infant and the idiot know still more; there is no man so ignorant as not to know an innumerable multitude of things; but neither the one nor the other possesses science. Science is, in relation to a certain order of truths, what philosophy is in relation to man and to God; it is knowledge reasoned out; that which places in a state of explication the wherefore of things, to tell of them their essence and their laws, their causes and their effects, their faculties and their destinations; to connect their consequences with their principles, and draw their principles from their consequences: "the knowledge of things by their causes." Man is, therefore, a greater scholar in proportion as he is capable of mounting higher in the region of principles, and of embracing in a more general conception a greater number of particular truths. Science indeed is like a luminous mountain composed of many a height, some more elevated than others. As we mount, the horizon expands, and we are able to embrace with the same glance a vaster space. He alone will possess complete science, and he alone consequently will deserve, in its absolute sense, the title of a man of science, who arrived at its loftiest height, and grasping in its infinite simplicity the first principle of all things, shall behold in the splendor of this focus all the rays which burst forth from it and spread abroad to illumine the whole sphere of truth.

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But this complete science is not within the reach of mortal man, and in its absolute perfection belongs alone to God.

Fettered by his nature, and fettered still more by the conditions of his earthly existence, man can only aspire to a partial science; and it is left him to choose in this immense sphere that particular ground whereon to pursue his investigations with more profit. The entire field is open to us. "God," says the Scripture, "has delivered the world to the searchings and the disputes of men." In bestowing on us the faculty of finding a reason for things, he has authorized us to make use of this faculty in regard to all the truths of the natural order, provided we see on all sides the boundary of the mysterious, which reminds us of our essential infirmity.

But though every science is equally lawful, they are not all equally useful. We may divide them into three classes, which form the three circles of the great sphere of truth. There are the sciences which concern the inferior world, the mathematical and physical sciences; those whose object is humanity, the psychological and moral sciences; thirdly, those which concern the higher world, the science of first principles and of the primal cause of all things. This last, which holds the centre of the great sphere of truth, is called metaphysics; and it is joined to the psychological and moral sciences, which are drawn from the same principles, under the common name of philosophy.

This simple statement of the place which belongs to philosophy in the hierarchy of the sciences is enough to prove our thesis, namely, the necessity of philosophy for the formation of the true *savant*.

What man, in fact, is truly worthy of this name, unless it be he who is possessed of the necessary science? But I would ask: Does that man possess this science, does he know what he ought to know, who possesses a perfect knowledge of the inferior world, and who ignores himself; who has passed his life away in studying the laws of bodies, yet has never given a thought to his own nature and the destiny of his own soul? Tell me that that man is a great physicist, and I will not gainsay it; but I can never consent to your bestowing on him the title of a man of science. The ancient Greek unites with me in denouncing an error so opposed to the dignity of the human intelligence. "Know thyself." Such was the precept impressed on all those who went to Delphi to consult the oracle of Apollo. The gate of the true temple of wisdom opens only to those who have put this recommendation into practice. But wisdom is the true science. The true scholar is not he who knows something, but he who knows enough of it. No one thinks of praising unreservedly a statue whose head and bust are scarcely outlined, and whose lower members alone are finished. It is to the whole, it is above all to the principal parts, that we look, when we wish to estimate a work definitely. Reason commands that we act in the same manner when we wish to judge of the absolute value of an intelligence. As there are for a people liberties which are necessary, so is there also for a man knowledge which is indispensable, of his own nature, his origin, and his destiny; and he who is deprived of this, although he possess all sorts of superfluous knowledge, cannot pretend to the title of a man of science.

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To this first motive for the necessity of philosophy derived from its object we are able to add another deduced from the very idea of science. Science, we have said, is the knowledge of things by their principles. Its perfection consists in attaching particular truths to truths which are more general, which comprise them, and which enable the intelligence to catch them at a single glance. But this unity, which forms the perfection of the sciences, and which each of them establishes among the particular truths which constitute their several objects, it is the province of philosophy to establish among the sciences themselves. Metaphysics, in fact, which is the principal part of philosophy, has for its special object not the study of particular truths, but of those general principles which throw a light upon the other sciences. It is then their necessary complement, and their indispensable crown. Set in the very centre of the great sphere of knowledge, it is to the other sciences the polar star, whereon they must turn their eyes in order to see their way. It points out to each one of them the relation of the truths which constitute their

special object with the primary truth which is their common centre. The geometrician and the physicist, who occupy themselves exclusively with the relations of numbers and the laws of bodies, are like explorers voyaging in regions where the disc of the sun is never seen, placed without the power of tracing to their luminous focus the rays of truth which their studies permit them to catch.

But far beyond this, philosophy alone can make the geometrician or the physicist acquainted with the inner essence of the objects which form the special material of their studies. Geometry analyzes the relations of magnitudes, but it does not seek to give an account of the very idea of magnitude: natural philosophy evolves from experiments the laws of bodies; but it cannot, by induction at least, which is its special process, arrive at a knowledge of the essence of bodies. Philosophy alone scrutinizes, as far as it is possible for human reason so to do, the mystery of that inner essence by which each thing is what it is. Philosophy is therefore necessary for the completion of the special sciences, and to furnish scholars with the knowledge of their different objects. [636]

Lastly, a fourth and still more incontestable motive for the necessity of philosophy for the formation of the true scientist is deduced from the scientific education of the intelligence, which philosophy alone is capable of undertaking. One of the most important parts of philosophy is logic; that is, the science of reasoning, and of the different processes by means of which the human intelligence can find truth. These processes are not only those which philosophy avails itself of, but also those which obtain among the other sciences. It belongs to philosophy, and to philosophy alone, to study their nature, to fix their laws, to prevent their wandering. The other sciences borrow these processes from it; they make use of them; but they would depart from their object if they studied them in themselves. One cannot, then, dispute the utility of philosophy for the formation of the scientist, without maintaining an evident absurdity; to wit, that it is useless for the workman to obtain a knowledge of the instrument he uses in the exercise of his craft. Who can fail to see that, without a profound knowledge of the different intellectual processes, the scientist is exposed to a double danger—on the one hand, to the danger of deceiving himself in the use of the special process which is proper to him; on the other, to the danger of exaggerating its importance, and not holding in sufficient estimation those processes equally legitimate which are in use among other sciences? The first of these dangers is to be feared, above all, in the inductive sciences. Induction is a mode of reasoning perfectly legitimate in itself; but of all the intellectual processes it is the one which is most easily abused, and which, pushed beyond its just limits, may lead to the gravest of errors.

The mathematical sciences which work by equation are not equally exposed to the danger of diverging from their track, but they threaten with a still greater peril the mind of the scholar whom the study of philosophy has not set on his guard against the too exclusive influence of this process. Equation, as its name indicates, does not pass from one truth to another, but from a like to a like, from the expression of a relation of number or magnitude to another simpler expression of the same relation. It is not, then, surprising that this process offers to the mind an exactness far more easy of comprehension than that by means of which we are enabled to grasp moral truths and give ourselves a reason for our own nature. The philosophic mathematician will take this difference perfectly into account, and his progress in the science of numbers will hinder him in no wise from seizing upon substantial truths. But the man who all his life long has occupied himself with nothing save the study of mathematics is very much exposed to becoming incapable of comprehending that which is not demonstrated by equation; and he will experience a greater estrangement and inaptitude for the science of God and of himself in proportion as he advances further in the science of the inferior world.

In good faith, can we see progress in this? Is it not, on the contrary, a degradation, not only from the moral, but also from the intellectual point of view? Has not the absence of a sound philosophy stood as much in the way of that man's scientific elevation as of his moral greatness? Though he may have become a more able manipulator of formulas, he surely has not become a greater *savant*. Nothing, on the contrary, is more calculated to cramp and mutilate the faculties of the soul than this exclusive concentration on one of the collateral objects of its activity. In the same way as a limb which is never set in motion wastes away and becomes paralyzed, so the powers of the soul cannot cease to act without losing their vigor. Such is the state to which a too exclusive study of what are called the exact sciences reduces certain minds: these are the minds whose higher faculties have been wasted. All their activity is turned to one side; the eye of their intelligence is so constructed for the lesser light of equation, that, when they rise from the subterranean world of geometrical abstractions to enter into the region of moral realities and into the world of souls, they are dazed, and can see naught but darkness. True it is that they are much enamored of their blindness, and attribute it to excess of light. Fain to acknowledge that their formulas, the only legitimate arguments according to them, are powerless to solve the great moral problems, they suppress those problems with the declaration that it is folly in human reason to trouble itself with them, and that for him who wishes to ascertain truth and possess certainty it is enough to study the relations of numbers and the laws of bodies. Such is true science in the eyes of the disciples of Auguste Comte. These men are perfectly logical. They adopt the only means to ensure their title to be really scientific men without the aid of philosophy; they suppress philosophy altogether, and suppress consequently its object, that is, the human soul and God, the beginning and the end of things. With adversaries of this stamp I refuse to dispute. I can only appeal to their conscience against the disdain which their lips affect for the formidable questions whose suppression they in vain decree. They exist in spite of them; and wherever they go they carry about in themselves the problems which they refuse to examine. As for those for whom God and the soul have still a meaning, I believe I have said enough to [637]

compel them to admit that no one has a right to the title of a wise man so long as he ignores the science which learns all that reason can know of those grand objects, and that the other sciences when separated from it are often more hurtful than useful to the real improvement of the intellect.

I might go still further; and, coming back to the concession which I appeared to make in favor of the loud-voiced preachers of the exact sciences, I stand on perfectly firm ground in denying that the excessive importance which a very great number of minds bestows on them, and the exclusive study to which they give themselves up, are for the sciences themselves a condition of progress. What this study can produce is able practitioners, who will solve successfully problems whose data somebody has already furnished them; the artisans of science, who may build up with skill the edifice whose plan they find traced out beforehand; watchful pilots, who by the aid of their compass and marine chart may guide their ship safely into port. But the geniuses capable of discovering new lands, of opening up to science new horizons, you will never find among the minds who have only learnt to navigate by the compass of equation. Not by the aid of formulas are great discoveries made; they are the effect of that sort of divination which those intelligences possess which are accustomed to raise themselves in all things to the most general principles, and grasp in the variety of phenomena the analogy of laws. If Kepler had only proceeded by the aid of formulas, he would never have discovered the laws of worlds; and Leibnitz would undoubtedly have been a far less distinguished geometrician had he not been an equally eminent philosopher.

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We may, then, affirm that the study of philosophy—which is necessary to enlarge the mind of the scholar—is of immense utility in the advancement of the sciences, even of those very ones which seem to have the least connection with this queen of sciences.

## II. NECESSITY OF PHILOSOPHY FOR THE FORMATION OF THE JURISCONSULT.

If it is thus with the sciences whose objects are distinct from that of philosophy, what shall we say of jurisprudence, which treats of the rights and duties of the members of human society? Here the connection is much more direct, since the object which we are about to indicate is precisely that which moral philosophy treats of. Between the two sciences there is no other difference than this: while moral philosophy treats only of essential rights and duties, that is to say, of those which result from the very nature of man, and depend on the necessary will of the Creator, jurisprudence has for its more particular object those rights which are derived immediately from the civil authority, and which have been established by a positive law. But who does not see that this second species of rights and duties presupposes the first and leans upon it for its necessary support? In order to proceed rationally to the study of the acts of civil authority, and take into account the duties which it imposes, we must know whence proceeds this authority, from whom does it hold the right of making laws, what is its mission, and how far does its power extend. We must know also what is law, what are its conditions, when it begins and when it ceases to compel, what are the causes which dispense with its observance, what the objects to which its provisions should extend. Where shall we seek the solving of these questions, and of many others which form the necessary preliminary of all rational jurisprudence, unless from philosophy? Open the most celebrated treatises; the *Treatise on Laws* by Domat, for instance, and see if he is ashamed to borrow from the metaphysicians their principles and their definitions. By how many eminent jurisconsults has the *Treatise on Laws* of Suarez been used? How often have his general theories, though altogether removed from the different special legislations, served, nevertheless, as the connecting clue to lead them out of the labyrinth of their provisions, and furnished the most precious indications for the determination of the rights which they only defined imperfectly?

More than ever has it become necessary in our days to establish solidly, in the minds of those who are destined to make laws or watch over their execution, these fundamental notions on the origin, the end, and the extent of civil authority, and on the conditions of its exercise. For one must be blind not to comprehend that from the ignorance and reversing of these notions springs the overturning of modern societies. Strange it is that public order, which has never had to withstand such radical attacks as in these our days, should find its worst foes, not in those who deny the legitimacy of law, but, on the contrary, in the very men who have exaggerated beyond measure the power of the law. What in effect is that system but socialism, according to which we must recognize no other right, no other duty, save such as emanate from the social will; which extends to everything the power of the law; and which, grinding under this pitiless roller every natural right and every relation of property and family, leaves nothing to subsist before the state, save isolated individualities? Since the hand of God first founded human society, never has an error so fatal to its existence sprung up. Yet this error, since we must confess it, has had for its upholders, through many ages, a great number of jurisconsults, who have done their best to establish the principles on which it leans, detesting all the while the consequences which it deduces from them. In place of borrowing from a sound philosophy the true notions with regard to the mission of civil authority, they are pleased to give it an extension without limits, not perceiving that they thereby impose on it an overwhelming responsibility, and that in lessening the rights which should give it equilibrium, they weaken at the same time its solidity. Alas! how many "men of order," how many grave jurisconsults, are in our days completely socialistic in their ideas, and yet fail to perceive that their doctrines only furnish that party, whose criminal efforts they oppose with all the force that is in them, with arms which are only too powerful!

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Philosophy is not only useful to the juriconsult in furnishing him with the general notions on the origin, end, and exercise of legislative power; in addition, it throws a light over the detail of laws, atones for their deficiencies, fixes their uncertainties, reconciles their opposition, and by discovering the motives of their provisions, determines the limits within which they ought to be restrained.

The written law, in fact, is not enough for itself. Its end is not to promulgate all duties. There are a great number, and they are the most essential, which are anterior to it, and which the finger of God has graven on the soul of every man coming into this world, and which his Eternal Word promulgates in the depth of every conscience. It is on this unwritten law that human society leans; it is only in virtue of the rights and duties of which it is the source that men have been able to unite themselves into different groups and establish civil societies. Unless they had been previously submitted the one to the other by some obligation, they would never have bound themselves by any contract; their agreements would have been determined by convenience; they would never have believed in duties. The civil law presupposes, then, a law anterior and superior to it, by which all the necessary relations of men are defined with a sovereign authority, since it is the authority of God himself, and with an irresistible clearness, since it is the very light of reason. The mission of the human legislator consists merely in adding to the essential duties, which the natural law prescribes for all men, those which result from the constitution of the different groups which form civil societies. It is the natural law which bids man love his fellows and co-operate for their happiness; the civil law, supporting itself on this general obligation, determines the particular services which the citizens owe one another for the common defence of their interests. The natural law establishes the family, and promulgates the essential rights of parents and children; the civil law surrounds the exercise of these rights by the guarantees necessary to certify their existence, to ward off the dangers which threaten them, to ensure their stability, and prevent their conflict. The natural law lays the foundation of property, in bestowing on each man the fruit of his labor, and commanding him to provide for his own future and that of his children; but it belongs to the civil law to determine the necessary forms for the authentication of the acquisition and transfer of property, and to prevent this right, which is so necessary to social order, from becoming a source of disorder.

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We see, then, that in all its provisions the civil law presupposes the natural law, of which it is but the complement and final determination. The rights which it establishes are real rights beyond doubt; they are sacred and inviolable rights, which divine justice, the protector of all order, takes under its guarantee, and for which it reserves a sanction as eternal as for the rights of which it is the immediate source: but nevertheless these are but secondary rights, which are only binding so long as they are conformable with the rights which are preordained, and lose all their force from the moment that they become contrary to them; for there is no such thing as right against right, as Bossuet has so well said. Whence it follows that no man can acquire a complete and sure knowledge of civil legislation, unless he has first of all made a serious study of that part of philosophy which is called *natural right*.

But it is clear that this moral and practical part of philosophy does not subsist alone; it is only the consequence of principles established in the speculative and metaphysical part; it is, then, philosophy in its entirety which he ought to study with the most laborious attention who destines himself for the teaching or the practice of jurisprudence. There alone will he find the final reason of human laws: thence will he draw those great principles to which he ought to go back at all times when he wishes to solve one of those difficult cases which the civil law has not foreseen, or for which she has furnished insufficient data. It will often happen that two laws appear in opposition, and right will clash against right. To whom shall we turn to reconcile these apparent or real antinomies, which are found in the letter of the law? To whom, unless to the supreme lawgiver, of whom the framers of laws are but the interpreters; to the spirit of the law, to that eternal reason whose oracular decisions philosophy records? Unhappy the juriconsult who, before investing himself with the toga of the magistracy, or taking upon himself the defence of the rights of his fellows, shall not have entered into the sanctuary where these luminous oracles are expounded by the mouth of sages, and who persuades himself that the letter of the code is enough to enable him to acquit himself of his difficult functions! The letter is a useful instrument undoubtedly, an instrument necessary even, indispensable; but it is nothing more than instrument. To hit its mark it requires to be ably handled. Philosophy alone gives this power and freedom in the management of the written law, because it alone shows its end, mechanism, and motives. Guided by its light, the true juriconsult will advance with confidence, and apply the law with intelligence; he will resolve it into its different parts, take in his hands the links that bind them together, and show their connection with the different problems, whose complexity rendered their solution more difficult. The superficial juriconsult, on the contrary, unaided by the torch of philosophy, will always grope upon the earth when he seeks to penetrate the inner mechanism of laws and the essence of things; as the law cannot foresee the diversity of particular cases, he will ever be embarrassed in the application of its general provisions; a slave to the letter, he allows himself to be guided by, instead of guiding it, as every good workman ought to guide his instrument. If he strives to free himself from it, and lift himself above it, it is only to wander at haphazard in the region of guesswork. So he goes on, pushed from one extreme to another, not fleeing a servile application of the written law, more or less opposed to its spirit, and always uncertain, only to lose himself in conjecture more uncertain and more dangerous still; in place of being the defender and the minister of justice, he will too often be its executioner, and will verify but too faithfully the truth of that saying: "The letter without the spirit can only be a principle of death."

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### III.

#### UTILITY OF PHILOSOPHY FOR THE FORMATION OF THE HISTORIAN.

History is not a science properly so-called, since it only occupies itself with contingent facts, and does not pretend to deduce those facts from first principles by any necessary connection. Differing from the physical world, where phenomena seemingly the most accidental are the effect of constant laws, the moral world is the product of human liberty, acting under the control of the Divine Providence in all the spontaneity of its expansion. History, which presents us with the faithful tableaux of this world, must refuse therefore to admit into its process that severe order which constitutes science; and if at times in the recital of human acts it can point out to us the accomplishment of the moral law, far more frequently does it show the most flagrant and persistent violation of it.

Must we say, then, that history ought to resign itself to presenting to the mind a mere disconnected and aimless chaos of facts, and that it cannot seek to cast on its recitals the light of principles, and give to them that order and that unity without which there is nothing truly beautiful? Who dare say this? To what purpose would the study of history serve us if it were nothing else than an incoherent tableau of the caprices of human liberty? In place of being one of the most useful studies for the formation of the mind and heart of a young man, it would be nothing but an idle pastime and dangerous food for curiosity. Instead of illumining the present by the light of the past, it would only serve to transmit to the present generations the consequence of the scandals of the generation which went before; in place of pointing out a God still working in the world and thus becoming a school for religion, it would be simply a school for atheism, in permitting us to see in the moral world nothing but human liberty abandoned to itself, a worthy emulation of that blind and impious science which in the physical world would show us nothing save a nature self-produced, self-acting by its own power.

History, then, is a study truly worthy of man; with a power to charm his intellect and make a beneficial impression on his heart, only so long as it marches ever under the light of principles, and keeps its eyes ever fixed on the moral laws, to show where they agree or where they clash with the facts with whose recital it is charged. That is to say, history cannot fulfil its mission without calling in philosophy to its aid; and, however able a writer may be in the narration of facts, he can never merit the title of historian if he is not a philosopher. [642]

Not that I wish to bring myself forward here as the defender of the *philosophy of history*, as understood by the greater portion of modern historians. I know well that this pretended science, so vaunted in our days, is one of the deadliest engines of war which impiety has set in action in its attack on the church. The philosophy of history thus understood is to true history, such as St. Augustine and Bossuet taught, what the philosophy of the sophist is to the philosophy of reason. I cannot help, therefore, repudiating with all my power this word, if they persist in giving it the sense which Voltaire, who first introduced it, gave, or the still more impious sense which the pantheistic school gives it. I maintain that there is no philosophy of history if you understand thereby the fatalist development of human activity, after certain fixed formulas as necessary as those which govern the movements of matter; such a philosophy of history is nothing else than a denial of the human soul and of God, the legitimizing of all crime, the exciting of all the worst passions, the overthrow of all society, that is to say, the destruction of all philosophy and of all history.

But the false philosophy of fatalism and pantheism is not the only one, thank God, which can be applied to history. There is also a true philosophy of history, which shows us God glorifying himself in the reparation of the disorders of the moral world after a manner as admirable in its kind as is the maintenance of the order of the physical world. If he showed his power and wisdom, when with sovereign hand he caused the splendors of the heavens to radiate from the womb of chaos with the harmony of the stars and the life of nature, how much wiser and more powerful does he not seem to us when we behold him making use of a chaos a thousand times more rebellious, the chaos of the passions and perverseness of humanity, in order to produce the most beautiful of all his works—the manifestation of his truth and the triumph of his goodness!

It is this sovereign action of the Divine Providence, irresistibly shaping to its own end the will of man without infringing an iota on his liberty, that the true philosophy of history purposes to contemplate. It is part of this principle that God, sovereignly wise, who could not call into being the least atom without giving it an end worthy of himself, could not for a stronger reason produce the masterpiece of his hands, the rational soul, without giving it an end, and without urging it unceasingly to the realization of that end. That which is true of the individual is true of society, and is truer still of all humanity.

This end being attainable by visible means, and, on the other hand, being conformable to the nature of God and the nature of man, it ought to be possible to discover it by means of a study of facts, which constitute history, and by means of a profound observation of those two natures, which constitute philosophy. Philosophy furnishes the data *a priori*; history possesses itself of these data and verifies them by experience. The result of this double revision is one of the most attractive branches of knowledge for the mind, and most capable of enlarging the soul, the knowledge of the divine economy, and of the secret resorts by which Providence governs the affairs of this world. [643]

The divine government operates in three different spheres, to which respond three degrees of the philosophy of history.

The first sphere of action chosen by Providence is the conscience of each man. Undoubtedly we

are not to look in this world for the definite accomplishment of individual destinies. God has reserved for a more durable life the full award of his law. Meanwhile it has often been his will to anticipate this eternal award by a temporary one, which, in this life, may avenge his justice for the outrages of crime. Thus, there are some lives most obscure; there are, for a still stronger reason, brilliant lives which leave their mark on the memory of the human race. It is not often possible to discover this award. To arrive at it, history will borrow from philosophy the moral laws which ought to regulate the conduct of individuals; and she will look for the confirmation of these laws in the prosperity or misfortune which have accompanied their observance or their neglect. Such is the study which constitutes the first degree of the true philosophy of history, and which makes this science an excellent school for morality.

But history mounts still higher by the aid of philosophy; its mission, in fact, is not merely to recount the life of certain individuals, who by their talents, their virtues, or their crimes have left a deep trace in the memory of generations: above all, it is the tableau of the destiny of peoples which it is called upon to paint; it is social events which, above all, form the interest of its pictures. Therein each people appears like a moral personality, with its infancy, its growth, its maturity and its decrepitude; its special character, its qualities and faults, its good points and its crimes, its prosperity and its misfortune. The life of each people is, then, a grand drama, wherein not one of the elements of the most moving interest is wanting; but this drama must have its moral, and, in order to give it one, history must have recourse anew to philosophy. Philosophy will not fail it; she will furnish it with the social laws, that is to say, those by which societies are constituted, governed, and developed. The application of these laws, which she deduces from the nature of man, she invites history to seek in the facts. If her theories are true, it is impossible that their accomplishment should not confer happiness on society, and their violation misfortune. History ought therefore, again, from this point of view to be the counter-proof of philosophy; and it ought to become so after a manner still more complete than when it occupied itself with the destiny of individuals. In truth, this destiny, playing its part chiefly on the invisible theatre of conscience and carrying it on into after-time, often escapes the application of history. Societies, on the contrary, having an existence temporal in its duration and public in its most important events, ought to show forth in their history with great clearness the award of the laws which the Creator has imposed upon them, and which philosophy establishes *a priori* by its deductions. The study of this award must purchase, then, at the price of very great difficulties, the precious advantages which it promises. It is this which constitutes the second degree of the philosophy of history, and which makes this science the best school of politics.

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Lastly, history mounts a degree still higher: beyond the moral individualities which we call peoples, she discovers an individuality much more vast and much more lasting—humanity, the immense body whose members are all peoples, and in which each individual plays his *rôle*, like a living molecule which influences in its part the destinies of the whole. As each nation has its character and as it were its own style of feature which distinguish it from other nations, so humanity is distinguished from the other species of rational beings wherewith the Creator has peopled the universe, by prerogatives and by infirmities which no other shares with it. It also has had its infancy, its growth, its ripe age; and everything leads us to believe that it will one day have its decrepitude. It also, in fine, has its mission, which it accomplishes in the course of ages, and at the term of which its development will cease.

This common destiny of humanity constitutes, together with its common origin, the unity of this vast body. It permits us to lift ourselves up even to the divine thought, which, in sowing this innumerable multitude in the immensity of the ages, proposed to itself a plan as harmonious in its unity as when it launched into space this immense variety of globes and atoms which compose the universe. Behold herein the true unity of the human race, whose substantial unity, as seen by the pantheist, is nothing but an absurd parody.

It is here, in fact, that we find ourselves face to face with the two philosophies of history—the false and the true. Both wish for unity, because unity, which is the essence of God and the law of the world, is also the last want of our mind and the last end of science. But the first of these philosophies only establishes unity in the world by destroying its diversity, which is an essential condition of beauty and of life. In its eyes individuals are nothing but unreal phenomena, which appear, only to vanish; space alone is something; it alone remains while all the rest passes away. And as it would be too absurd to give space a separate reality, independent of that of individuals, to make humanity something existing outside of man, it is forced to conclude, in the final analysis, that this humanity, which alone truly exists, is nothing in itself but a form which is developed by some fatality in time and space; and all of us who persuade ourselves that we each have our own existence are in reality but the varied expressions of this form, the passing vibrations of an ideal fluid, the fleeting tints of a cloud. Behold the philosophy of history according to pantheism!

How much greater, how much more consoling, how much more beautiful is the true philosophy of history—that of which St. Augustine and Bossuet have made themselves the eloquent interpreters! And in the meantime, in the midst of all these varied existences, in the midst of these actions so divergent, in the midst of these liberties so often at war, she finds a perfect unity, the unity of the divine thought—bringing back to its end all these divergencies, and making of their very opposition so many means thereto. But what is this thought, what is this one end, which God is working in the world, and for the realization of which, willingly or unwillingly, all these individuals and peoples labor? For a reply to this mighty question, it has pleased God not to abandon us to uncertain conjecture. He hath spoken from the beginning of the world; and in proportion as the human race has developed has he manifested more clearly its destiny—a

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destiny thrice divine since it has God for its principle, God for its term, and God again for its means; it is the divinization of man by Jesus Christ the God-man, the conquest of eternal happiness by God himself, by the fulfilling of the earthly ordeal in the image of God Incarnate.

Such is the divine thought which it has pleased God to reveal to us from his own mouth. The incarnation of the Son of God is, therefore, the pivot around which roll the events of history—as the divinization of men in him is the term where these events ought to meet. The glory of the Word Incarnate: such is the closing scene to which all the catastrophes of this drama ought infallibly to lead up—a drama whose every historic period forms a scene, whose plot borrows a most captivating interest from the apparent triumph of human passions. Jesus Christ: such is the word which unlocks the great enigma of the ages—Jesus Christ: behold the Sun, whose dawn and coming form the natural division of the ancient and modern world, whose presence and whose absence make the day and the night in the moral order, and whose final triumphs over the mists and vapors, which to this day have striven against him, will give to the earth the unity and the happiness for which it sighs.

But one may stop me, and tell me that I am no longer treading on philosophic ground. I am happy to confess it. For the same reason that in seeking the final explanation of his individual destiny man is compelled to have recourse to his Creator, so must he abide his final explanation alone of the destiny of the world. Reason tells him that in the existence of humanity God pursues one end, and that this end should be the manifestation of his divine attributes. It can tell him no more. As for the mode of this manifestation, it rests entirely with the will of God; and it would consequently be a presumption on the part of philosophy to pretend to determine it, since its power does not stretch beyond necessary truths. We acknowledge, therefore, that, without the aid of faith, the science of history cannot reach its third degree. Therein we detract in no wise from philosophy; for, if it must necessarily borrow from revelation this fact of the free end of God, as it borrows from history the knowledge of the free actions of men, it is no less true that by its processes these different facts meet together to form the most harmonious of all the tableaux, and the most inspiring of all the poems which human thought has ever conceived—the divine epic of humanity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.](#)

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## A SUMMER IN THE TYROL.

The Tyrol is—or was, when we knew it—one of the most primitive countries in Europe. Entirely Catholic, it comes up to the ideal of the faith of the middle ages far better than even the most historic cities of Italy, that by-gone cradle of our faith. It is not sufficiently overrun with tourists to be corrupted by them, and their stay in any of its towns is seldom long. Before the Brenner Railroad was opened, it was almost, practically speaking, as secluded a spot as the interior of China.

Twenty years ago, hardly any language but a *patois* of German was understood by the Tyrolese, and when a couple of English explorers made a tour among the mountains, journeying on foot nearly the whole of the way, they were amused one night by finding their old English valet seated in the kitchen of a very unpretending *Gasthaus*, with his bare feet stamping on the floor within a cabalistic-looking circle drawn in white chalk. The old man had been frantically but vainly endeavoring to make the natives understand his master's need of—a foot-bath! One of the travellers was luckily able to come to his assistance in good Hanoverian German, which itself, however, was only just barely comprehensible to the simple mountaineers.

Although we have no personal reminiscences of that style of travelling which skims over half a continent in a two months' tour, yet the local knowledge we acquired by a four months' residence in one town of the Tyrol will perhaps not be entirely uninteresting. Innsbruck, although the capital of the province, is nothing more than a large village with two or three roomy and tidy but very old-fashioned inns, and a church or two not remarkable for either beauty or antiquity. Besides the inns, which were too much embedded among streets and houses to be suitable to our taste, there were, outside the town, a few cheap "places of entertainment," where lodging could be had for next to nothing, and where unlimited quiet might be enjoyed. One was a "Schloss," anciently some baronial or monastic dependency, very picturesque and inaccessible, and on the inside very susceptible of English home comfort, but for an invalid this could not be thought of. The road that led to it was enough to jolt any springs to pieces, and once a carriage had safely got up, it seemed impossible that it should ever get down again. So this had to be given up despite the romantic name and position of the "Schloss." Lower down, and on the turnpike road, just beyond the bridge over the Inn (which gives the town its name), was another house, partly a *châlet*, comfortable enough and very quiet. It was delightfully primitive. A wide wooden staircase led right up from the entrance door on the left hand, and never, on the darkest night, was there by any chance a light to guide you over it. The first floor consisted of a wide passage with rooms on each side, like a monastery, and a large *Saal*, or public room, with a clean boarded floor and a billiard table. Beyond this were three or four other rooms. Our party took the whole floor, including the *Saal*, which during our stay was to be a private room. Sufficient furniture was brought in to make one corner of it look civilized, and it served for drawing, dining, and billiard room alike. Nothing cooler nor more rustic could have been imagined, and, to add to the pleasantness of this retreat, the windows opened on a balcony, just like those on the toy Swiss *châlets* we have so often seen. There was a chapel in the house, and the proprietor claimed that he had a right to have Mass said there every Sunday. However problematical this sounded, Mass was said notwithstanding, but under a legitimate permission obtained for our own party. There in the little dark closetlike room, with a congregation of servants and stray guests or laborers out in the corridor beyond, Mass was offered every Sunday and very often on week-days. Sometimes the Jesuits from the town would officiate, sometimes the parish priest of the little church half a mile further up the country. The Jesuit church, standing on the edge of the town, among great lindens and elm-trees, was a large, tawdry renaissance building, where brick and stucco did duty for the marbles of Italy, and artificial flowers and gilded finery reigned supreme. There was not one feature worth noticing about the whole church, and even the Madonna shrine was but a sad burlesque on the wonderful idea it symbolized. But, on the other hand, the priests worked hard and earnestly, services were frequent and well attended, the confessionals crowded, and the communions numerous. There were real sympathy and sound counsel to be had there; strength to be gathered from the exhortations given in secret, and instruction in all necessary religious knowledge to be reaped from the plain and practical sermons delivered in public. The devotion of the Tyrolese is as simple as it is deep; it has no need of exalting externals to draw it to God, it is so full of vitality and manliness that it does not ask for the æsthetic helps whose absence often makes such a void in our own devotion, and we cannot choose but admire it, though it is vain for our weaker if more cultured Christianity to endeavor to imitate it.

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The parish church outside the town to which we have referred was much smaller and poorer than that of the Jesuits, but a great feeling of peace came over you as you entered it, and as, pacing to and fro under its low, simple roof, you thought of the many holy and acceptable peasant lives that had been lived under its shadow, and ended joyfully within its churchyard. It stood on a small but abrupt hill, which, from the singular flatness of the vale of Innsbruck, looked higher than it was. Iron crosses with rude metal rays or crowns attached to them replaced in this Tyrolese cemetery the broad gravestones to which our northern eye is so well accustomed, and so it is throughout all Germany and Switzerland. About a mile further than this church stood a little private chapel, near a deserted villa, or, as the French would call it, a *château*. This chapel was always open, and was our invariable resting-place every day during a long stroll into the country. A high gate of rusty and intricate iron-work divided the main chapel from the lower and narrower part accessible to the public at all times, and remains of gilding and heraldic colors denoted the connection, in the past at least if not in the present, of this little oratory with some old family of high standing. Here and there a group of cottages that hardly made a hamlet was dotted on the green landscape, and the only sound to be heard was the tinkling of the great square cow-bells,

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or the peculiar *jödel* of the mountaineer, a cry now made familiar to the outside world by "Tyrolese minstrels" (or their spurious personifiers). The Tyrol is famous for its wild flowers, as are all Alpine tracts, the gentian and the wild rhododendron<sup>[177]</sup> predominating. All kinds of summer meadow flowers grow well in the green pasture lands near Innsbruck, and the forget-me-not lines the frequent brooks with thick fringes of blossom.<sup>[178]</sup>

Water-mills are very often found on the line of these mountain brooks, and as only the old-fashioned appliances are known, the places where they are built are fortunately not disfigured by business-looking arrangements or alarmingly active squads of men. One of these picturesque mills we well remember, standing over a beautiful, foaming brook, and surrounded by hay-fields. It was a very silent, lonely walk, and used to be almost a daily one with us, until the old farmer to whom the mill and hay-field belonged once waylaid us at the door of his cottage and began expostulating in no very choice language, and ordering us not to trample his hay any longer unless we liked to pay him for the damage. The old fellow was very small and wizened, and whether the garment he had on was a smock-frock or a night-shirt it was difficult to determine, though the certainty of his unmistakable nightcap was apparent.

Of course, like all thoroughly Catholic countries the Tyrol is full of wayside shrines, with rude daubs reminding the passer-by of some religious event or point of Christian doctrine. Besides these, however, one thing cannot fail to strike a stranger as he walks through the lands round Innsbruck. On every house or building that is not an absolute "shanty" appears in the flaming colors sacred to the chromos of the cheap press the figure of a young Roman soldier pouring water out of a common jug on a most terrific and disproportionate conflagration. This is meant to represent St. Florian, a saint much honored in the Tyrol, and to whom tradition attributes a particular sovereignty over fire. The buildings, both farm and dwelling-houses, that abound most in that part of the country, are of wood, and very liable to the kind of destruction over which St. Florian has power. Hence his image is painted on the outer wall by way of a preservative, a kind of "insurance," that may make stockholders smile, but that will bring in more of those riches garnered up where "the rust doth not eat, nor the moth consume," than their long-headed thriftiness will ever be able to gather.

Pilgrimages, among a people so devout as the Tyrolese, are numberless. Every village has its chapel where of old miracles were wrought or some proof of divine favor was manifested. Five or six miles from Innsbruck is one of these hamlets, called Absam, where the shrine is of a somewhat peculiar nature. Among the several visits we paid to it was one on the day of the Assumption. The road leads through fields of flax, one of the crops most cultivated in the Tyrol. Its tiny blue flowers were thickly spread over the fields, and August seemed thus to have put on a fitting livery with which to greet the blue-mantled Queen whose triumph is commemorated on the 15th of that month. The village church at Absam is small and otherwise uninteresting. The altar, over which hangs the miraculous image, is covered with ornamental ex-votos, while larger votive offerings, curious little commemorative pictures, and plain tablets adorn the walls for a long space beyond. The image itself is on glass, a common thick pane, of very small dimensions, with the veiled head of the Virgin scratched in dark outline upon it. Tears are coursing down her cheeks, and the expression is wonderfully strong and sweet. It is strange that these few rude lines should be able to speak so energetic and unmistakable a language, but then we must remember the legend which calls this image the work of an angel. It was suddenly found in the church one morning, four or five centuries ago, and was immediately transferred from the window to a private chamber. A great deal of religious litigation and examination had to be gone through before it was allowed to be placed in a shrine and publicly venerated. Since then cures have been yearly obtained in this church, which has become famous through the Tyrol. We do not remember another instance of a miraculous image being graven on *glass*. It has none of the attributes of stained glass, neither in color nor in style, and is all of one piece. It is now framed in a showy gilt frame with a royal cross-surmounted crown ornamenting the top. Both pictures and prints of it are to be procured in the village, and also representations on glass, two or three inches square, but whose likeness to the original are perhaps not entirely reliable.

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This was not the only shrine we visited while at Innsbruck. The pilgrimage of Waldrast included a picturesque journey half-way up the Brenner pass, and through some very wild and beautiful Alpine scenery among the lesser peaks. We slept at a little inn at the foot of Waldrast, so as to be able to make the most of the early morning. The day was beautiful; it was in the beginning of September, and just that season when, in Europe, summer and autumn seem to make but one. A thin mist hung over the mountain tops, the path was rugged and winding, and there were frequent brooks and fences to jump over or climb. Heather grew in purple masses under foot, and the growth of trees varied from oak to chestnut, till it left the higher and more barren ground to the pines alone. After two or three hours' good walking, we reached the chapel, which is only one level lower than the uncovered mountain top. It had grown quite chilly despite the sun which was advancing on his way. We were just in time to hear Mass, if we remember right, and had but little time to spare for refreshment. There is a *Gasthaus* opposite the church, a little solitary, whitewashed, low-roofed cottage, very clean and comfortable. It is pretty full all the summer, but entirely deserted, even by its keeper, during the winter. We asked to see the priest. He turned out to be a Servite, and told us that the church belonged to his order. There was next to it a bare-looking house with one (and the larger) portion in ruins, a gaunt shell with no roof and full of *débris* inside. It had been a monastery, but circumstances, chiefly of a persecuting nature, had obliged the monks to abandon the place. One of their community, however, was always there, to attend to the shrine and receive the still numerous pilgrims; he himself had never left the place for ten years, and, saving the visitors to the shrine, never saw a human being. During six months

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out of twelve he could safely say he was a hermit. We asked him how he spent his time. "I have a small library," he answered, "and read a great deal, but when I have more time than I can fill by reading, or my office, or even the work of the church, I turn carpenter."

And he took us into a workshop, littered over with shavings and sawdust, where among planks and rough logs of wood were various useful things of his own making. We particularly noticed a little wooden sleigh, and asked him its use.

"I use it in the winter," he said, "to take me down to the village, to buy necessaries every week; and, when there is plenty of snow to cover the inequalities of the path, it works very well. Coming back, however, I have to load my purchases on it, and drag it up after me. It is good exercise," he added, with a good-humored laugh, "and keeps me warm."

He led us into the church, and told us the story of the apparition. This image was not so old as that of Absam, although it could boast of three centuries' antiquity at least. It had been found by a woodman while chopping a tree on the mountain very near the spot where the church now stands. The figure suddenly appeared, surrounded by a marvellous light, in the cleft made by his axe in the wood. Years of suspense followed, during which authentications of this wonderful occurrence were severely tested, the devotion of the villagers preceding, however, the permission of the church to venerate the image as miraculous. During this time it was housed in the hamlet at the foot of the mountain, where crowds flocked to visit it. When it was removed to the Servite church and monastery, built expressly for its reception, on the spot where it had first appeared, its translation was a cause of grief as well as joy, those who had guarded it till then loudly lamenting their loss. The monastery, we believe, was reduced to its present condition through the decrees against monastic orders issued during the unhappy reign of the infidel Emperor Joseph. The church was never, however, without its chaplain. It is a plain, whitewashed building, with a flat frontage, irregularly pierced with a great many windows, while to the back rises one of those extraordinary steeples so often seen in the Tyrol, suggestive of a farm-house rather than a church. Often and often have we come upon such, sometimes of red tiles and not unfrequently of green, so that we were forcibly reminded of St. George and his scaly dragon. The interior of Waldrast church corresponds to the exterior, and is very plain and inartistic. The image itself is of wood, and peculiarly German in its cut. Our Lady is covered with a stiff, heavy mantle, and bears her Divine Son, also robed in the same kind of garment, absolutely shapeless except where his hand comes forth. The Virgin bears a globe in her hand, and both she and the Divine Infant are crowned. The crowns, however, and the chains and ornaments on the figures, are due to the devotion of the faithful.

The Servite father who kindly showed us over the church was still a young man, and seemed very quiet and refined. His ten years' solitude had not taken any of the grace of civilization—ought we not rather to say of charity?—from his manner, nor given him in any way the air of a Nabuchodonosor. He wore his black habit and a long black beard. We were sorry to be able to see so little of him, for we had a long journey home before us, and the greater part had to be performed on foot. We left Waldrast at midday, feeling that in these out-of-the-way nooks more can be learnt of the inner life of a people than in larger centres of bustle and activity.

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The way down the other side of the mountain led through sparse forests of pine, where workmen were felling the trees and piling them in heaps as high as houses along the path. Glimpses might be caught now and then of far-off precipices, walls of rock or of snow with the intense golden white of the noonday sun glorifying their stern beauty, and reminding one of those still more difficult ascents to virtue, seemingly so inaccessible, yet so gloriously transfigured in the light of God's help and God's promises. Wild flowers abounded through the wood, and mosses and ferns grew in great tangles of greenery by the brooks which their growth overshadowed. It was a delightful expedition, and one that we should very much like to repeat. But nothing in this world ever duplicates itself; the places we once visited with such confident hopes of returning to enjoy them the next year, have we ever seen them again, or if we have, has it ever been with the same feelings, the same hopes, the same companions, nay, even the same *self*? In this law of change lies, to our mind, the sad side of travel. We go to a place, we learn to admire it, we remember it with pleasure, we almost begin to have associations with it and its surroundings, it grows in fact into our soul's history, and makes itself a place in our life. We leave it, and never see it again. We have the regret of having seen and felt beauty that is not for us, we have longed for what we could not have, we have dreamed of utopias that were never to be realized, and we have prepared for ourselves a nest of disappointments for the future. Is not this so much time and energy lost? so much vitality taken out of our life which might have been usefully employed at home? But if the place we have visited once becomes a frequent resort, if we go back to it again and again and find ties and duties to bind us there, the charm of life is doubled, and the happiness of home reproduced under a different set of circumstances. No one knows a place if he have not lived there in all seasons and spent quiet months in finding out its hidden beauties. Places, like people, grow upon you; and what once seemed bare will, by long acquaintance, appear as full of interest as it was once devoid of it. It happened thus to ourselves in a seaside town in England, where the coast is rather bare of trees, and the country mostly flat and divided without hedges into com and hay fields. Again, the country round Milan, which is always conventionally styled "the fertile plain of Lombardy," is of this nature. Wide fields of rice, half-flooded, and a network of roads fringed by pollard willows or low hedges, with here and there a neat little farm-house, do not at first sight constitute a beautiful country. But after three or four weeks' constant driving through these lanes, you discover the loveliest bits of "Pre-Raphaelite" nature, small triangular patches of luxuriant grass, with flowers of brilliant hue and starry shape; tiny brooks running through meadows with fire-flies making movable illuminations on their banks

by night, and many more beautiful and minute details that naturally enough escape the first glance. The Roman Campagna, even with its desolate, Niobe-like grandeur, is susceptible of this alchemy of habit. To the unaccustomed eye of a stranger it may look grand, but scarcely beautiful; to one who has walked, ridden, and driven through it in all directions, it reveals secrets of pastoral beauty, soft vales hidden by groves of ilex or cork, with violets growing plentifully in their recesses, and rivulets trickling through their rocky crevices. Even cities are better known when seen gradually, after the manner of a peaceable resident rather than that of a hurrying tourist. What do we know, to take our own case, of the Campo Santo of Pisa, which we visited between the arrival and departure of the two trains from Leghorn, compared to what we learnt of St. Mark's at Venice, where we heard Mass every day for five months? And this feeling is surely enough to breed a weariness of *mere* travel, however instructive it may be. The only places we should care to revisit are those where we stayed long enough to make them feel like home. Innsbruck is certainly one that recalls many touching domestic scenes, many of those little memories which, like a daisy-chain, bind life together, childhood and youth, sickness and health, trouble and joy—frail links, but so fair, begun in early childhood and winding themselves round the heart, through the vicissitudes of many years, the wanderings in many lands, and, above all, through the intangible changes of a restless mind and soul.

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For the general reader, this sketch may perhaps have no further interest than to make him acquainted with some of the local traits of a country not so well known as other European fields of travel; for the Catholic, it ought to possess the additional interest of an effort meant to show how thoroughly this country is still imbued with the faith. Its patriotism, too, ever closely bound to faith, was conspicuous in the wars against Napoleon and in the Tyrol. The first decade of this century is noted chiefly for the name, not of the resistless invader Bonaparte, but of the stubborn defender of mountain freedom, Andreas Hofer. Here and there are his relics—his gun, or his cap, or the cup out of which he drank. Every other inn has his figure for a sign, and every other child bears his name in memory of his gallantry. His descendants, poor and simple peasants as he was himself, are as proud of their ancestry as the haughtiest Montmorency or the oldest Colonna; and no Tyrolese mountaineer can talk for half an hour without mentioning some of Hofer's exploits against the French.

We cannot conclude without again speaking of that weird *jödel* or herd-song peculiar to the Tyrol. We have never heard it as performed by the hired companies of "minstrels" so often advertised in large towns, but we had the opportunity of listening to it under very pleasant circumstances at Innsbruck. In the beginning of September, just before our pilgrimage to Waldrast, a rural *fête* was given in honor of one of our party whose birthday it was. The open court-yard behind our house served as an *al fresco* dining-hall, a band was engaged, and fireworks and illuminations prepared. In this primitive assemblage, speeches were actually made, and, as it was not easy for the English and Tyrolese to understand each other, an interpreter was found in the bright and quick-witted courier who had superintended the whole thing. After this cordial display of mutual friendship, and a few songs and pieces, the people were left to their private enjoyments, the priest from the nearest parish being present among them. About an hour afterwards, and before the party of mountaineers dispersed, they begged leave to sing us their *jödel*, thinking it was the most interesting thing for strangers to hear well done. Thirty men in rugged costumes, whose ornamentation chiefly consisted in silver buttons, were then brought into the great *Saal*, and the chorus began. Suddenly a single voice broke in with the marvellous *jödel*; all the others dropping into silence, and then again joining in the national song. It was indeed strange and weird-like, the echoes seemed to break again and again in renewed bursts of plaintive sound; it was not like the cry of a bird or of any animal, nor yet was it suggestive of a human voice; it had in it something of what, were we Pantheists, we might call the "voice of nature." The effect was indescribable, and, because so beautiful, saddening. We should not wish to hear it again on the stage or in the concert-room; the effect would be lost, and merged into a dramatic trick. Sung by those thirty strong voices, used to no concert hall but the open air and the mountain passes, the *jödel* was one of those things that one likes to look back upon and place among the fresh, healthy remembrances of the past. Sung before those who have always been at our side through weal or woe, this Tyrolese song becomes more than a mere remembrance, and remains a sacred memory, shared with the dead and the absent, the ever beloved and unforgotten ones of our heart. So true is it that a thing unconnected with love, however brilliant it may be in the field of art or literature, is a failure as far as our individual appreciation of it is concerned—that this simple mountain song, vigorously but hardly skilfully performed, is far dearer to our remembrance than the perfect strains heard at other times from the lips of finished artists.

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The Tyrol, no doubt, is fast putting off its early garb of faith and simple honesty; with Manchester prints and chignons, the free grace of its peasant women will vanish, and with the poisonous teaching of the International, the frankness and charm of its men will go. Already we have heard of the earnest workers of the Jesuit church being annoyed and insulted, and it may not be long before the cupidity of public officials will rob the shrines of many of their votive treasures. In these days of ruthless destruction, even the Tyrol may be dechristianized and made over to a worse barbarism than that of its savage bands of early settlers, and a worse slavery than that against which Andreas Hofer so ably and successfully fought. Still, it will always be a pleasure to us to think that we visited it in the days of its Catholic prosperity, and saw there the remains of that state of peace and public safety which everywhere characterizes a truly Christian land.

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# THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND THE MISSION OF THE BARBARIANS.

## SECOND ARTICLE.

During the centuries of persecution, then, the Northern heavens grew darker and darker, and the storm-clouds thickened on the horizon. God was at work behind that dark and heavy cloud-wall planning the most terrible campaign that was ever executed. The heedless, sinning empire little thought what fire and tempest would sweep over it when that storm-cloud should burst. It considered itself a veritable part of the rock-built earth, and immovable while the world lasted; that it would only perish when the universe should cease to exist. But behind that fiery storm-cloud that hangs heavy and threatening in the Northern skies, there is a mightier God than paganism knows of, who will sweep the Roman power away as the leaves are swept by the autumn blasts. The moment of vengeance is fixed. Whilst the cry of the martyrs' blood has been sounding in the ears of God, he has been preparing for that moment of wrath. But there was another cry, too, rising up to heaven from the length and breadth of the empire, and calling down vengeance and wrath. It was the cry of sin—a never-ceasing, clamorous, many-voiced cry—going up night and day from city and town and hamlet over the wide area of Roman dominion. The corruption, then, deep and universal, of the Roman Empire was the second cause of the barbarian invasion. Of this we have still to speak.

We must remark at the outset that, when we speak of the corruption of the Roman Empire, we are not referring to that period of history which preceded Christ. We wish to speak of that period which immediately preceded the great invasion of the Northern barbarians in the fifth century. We are about to point out another object which God evidently had in view in sending down his wild warriors, and why their course was one of fire and devastation. In a word, we are about to speak of that moral rottenness which had eaten through the very vitals of the Roman Colossus, and which God, unable to bear it longer before his high heaven, infecting, as it was, the very universe with its pestilent stench, sent his messengers of wrath with flaming sword and fiery torch to cleanse away from the afflicted earth. We must insist upon God being an active power in the world. We are no followers of Professor Seeley, who lectures to the young men of Cambridge on the Fall of the Roman Empire as if God had had no hand in it. However ingenious Prof. Seeley may be, he will never convince us that God does not make and unmake empires. We want no new theory of the Fall of the Roman Empire and the Invasion of the Barbarians. The grandest and the truest was given us long ages ago by St. Augustine in his immortal work *De Civitate Dei*, and it has satisfied all Christian thinkers up to the present day. Prof. Seeley asks what is the cause of the decaying condition of the empire? "It has been common," he says, "to suppose a moral degradation in the Romans, caused by luxury and excessive good fortune. To support this, it is easy to quote the satirists and cynics of the imperial times, and to refer to such accounts as Ammianus gives of the mingled effeminacy and brutality of the aristocracy of the capital in the fourth century. But the history of the wars between Rome and the barbaric world does not show us the proofs we might expect of this decay of spirit. We do not find the Romans ceasing to be victorious in the field and beginning to show themselves inferior in valor to their enemies. The luxury of the capital could not affect the army, which had no connection with the capital, but was levied from the peasantry of the whole empire, a class into which luxury can never penetrate. Nor can it be said the luxury corrupted the generals, and through them the army.... Whatever the remote and ultimate cause may have been, the immediate cause to which the fall of the empire can be traced is a physical, not a moral, decay."<sup>[179]</sup>

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This specimen of Mr. Seeley's philosophy of history gives us a very low opinion of his powers of penetration. If the professor could see a little further below the surface, he would surely discover that a frightful moral decay was the underlying cause of the physical decay. He cannot persuade us that, if the capital were so corrupt, the generals and the army would still maintain a manly and a vigorous character. If the central heart be corrupt, a corrupting influence will flow out over the whole body. It was so, beyond doubt, with the Roman Empire in past days; it has been so with another mighty empire in our own times. Moral corruption flowed out from the capitals of both empires, and destroyed the vigor, courage, and all the manly virtues of their peoples. And then the messengers of God came. They came from the North in both cases, and terrible was the devastation which God gave them power to effect. In both cases they were irresistible, simply because he who beckoned them on and was hid in the smoke of battle was the God of battles himself. This is the theory which a Christian professor at least will naturally follow. There is something far more satisfactory in this, both to the intellect and to faith, than in any theory that can be suggested by the naturalistic views of men of Mr. Seeley's school. We wonder if the young men who sat under Mr. Seeley at Cambridge were satisfied when the professor summed up his theory of the fall of the empire in these words: "Men were wanting; the empire perished for want of men"? To go no further than that seems to us pitifully shallow indeed. We are not at all captivated by Mr. Seeley's view. We feel far more satisfied in believing the grand, old Christian theory, viz., that the empire perished at the hands of God for its savage cruelty to the holy martyrs and for its widespread corruption and revolting crimes.

We have already endeavored to sketch out the history of the age of blood: it now remains for us to give a picture of the corruption in which the empire lay steeped at the period previous to the descent of the barbaric hordes. But we most honestly state that we cannot do more than give a faint portraiture of what is so offensive to Christian purity of mind. To point to the life in this case, even if we were able to do so, would be too painful for Catholic ideas. The picture would

necessarily be too frightful for the eye of modesty to gaze upon. It would be a dreadful exposure to the light of day of the blackest and the most shameful side of fallen human nature. Of necessity, then, must the painting be in somewhat dim outlines. But even so, it will sufficiently answer our present purpose.

For well-nigh five centuries, then, had Christianity been at work over the length and breadth of the Roman Empire, and yet paganism and its demoralizing influence were not dead. We know well how boldly and triumphantly the apostles went from the Cenacle to the conversion of the pagan world. The heavenly fire that had come down upon them had lodged itself in their hearts. It shot its wondrous power through their whole bodies, darting forth from their eyes in living light, issuing from their mouths in burning words, nerving them up to brave tortures and racks. They went forth, did that little band from the Cenacle, fire-girt and heaven-inspired, to the most arduous task ever confided to mortal men. Their wondrous success we need not here recount. It was such as only men with God in their midst could effect. They no longer knew fear of earthly powers; they quailed not in the presence of the terrors of death. Nothing could withstand them in their course. The demons of paganism fled before them; a thrill of horror ran through the vast Pantheon of pagan worship, and the idols trembled on their pedestals. Like the Titans of old, those messengers of the Crucified scaled the Olympus of paganism, and hurled down the false gods that were enthroned there. Hell and Olympus mingled their groans at the sounding blows which were levelling the idols of false worship and shaking the universe. But was, then, paganism utterly destroyed? Did it never recover from the shock which it received at the hands of the apostles of Christ? Did the darkness flee away before the bright torches of light which Christians held up in the midst of cities and towns and on every hill-top, and never return? Did the demons who lurked in the pagan temples and spoke by the mouths of the idols plunge into the deep abyss at the approach of Christ's preachers, and never come back again? It is usual to think that something like this was the case. But it is far from the historic truth. We must admit, indeed, that the success of the first apostles of Christianity was the most amazing fact which we have ever read of in history. The light of divine truth flashed with miraculous swiftness through the world. Thousands of persons abandoned the idols of paganism, and joined the strange, new standard of the Cross. But yet paganism, continued to exist and to spread its baneful influence—it was not a dead thing. It had become welded into the very substance of the empire. It was associated with so much of the grand historic past.

The Roman could not read of the warlike glories of his country without finding them mingled with the worship of Jupiter and Mars. He could not take up the verses of his immortal poets without meeting at every page with the gods and goddesses of Olympus. The laws of the empire recalled pagan gods; the customs and festivals and games kept their remembrance fresh in the mind. We do not wonder, then, that paganism was not easily destroyed. It would almost seem that the life of the empire and the life of paganism were one; that the pillars of the pagan temples were, so to speak, identical with the pillars of the state. When we bear all this in mind, we are not so much surprised to find that paganism was still a living thing more than eighty years after the first Christian emperor had taken the Labarum for his military standard, and had lifted Christianity out of the dark caves of the Catacombs to place it on the throne of the Cæsars. We are also more prepared for what we read regarding the Emperor Honorius. When in 404 he visited Rome, in order to celebrate his sixth consulate, pagan temples still surrounded the imperial palace, the sanctuary of Jupiter Tarpeius still crowned the capital, and from sacred edifices still standing on every side a whole host of pagan gods yet looked down, as of old, on Rome and the world. So real a thing was paganism still even in the fifth century that the pagan poet Claudian, who had been appointed to celebrate in verse the occasion just referred to, could with impunity and, we suppose, with apparent propriety, point out the gods as seeming to guard the imperial palace by their divine presence and smile propitiously upon one who was the heir of so many Christian emperors.<sup>[180]</sup>

Some years later a work was written by an unknown author who lived in the time of Honorius or of Valentinian III., giving a topographical description of Rome, and mentioning those monuments which had been spared by the fire and sword of the Goths. The writer enumerates as still existing 43 pagan temples and 480 *cediculæ*. The Colossus of the Sun, a hundred feet high, still towered aloft close by the Coliseum, where so many holy martyrs had poured out their blood for Christ. The statues of Apollo, of Hercules and Minerva still stood, as of old, at the crossings and in the public squares. Still the fountains flowed under the invocation of nymphs. And this, though Constantine and Theodosius had wielded the sceptre of the empire, and SS. Sylvester and Damasus had sat in the midst on the throne of Peter. Time passes on, and with it the age of the great fathers of the church. Those days which Christianity filled with its spirit, when Gregory and Chrysostom and Basil and Jerome and mighty Augustine preached and taught, go by with their brightness and their glory, and yet in 419, in the time of Valentinian III., we find Rutilius Numatianus celebrating the greatness of pagan Rome, the mother of gods and heroes. Christianity had been throwing bright gleams of light over the whole world for these 400 years, the voices of the great fathers of the church had been thundering in the principal cities of the empire, yet Claudian and Rutilius Numatianus were as though they had caught no glimpse of the light which shone around them nor heard a sound from Hippo or Milan. Claudian had found a cord of that Latin lyre which was broken to pieces on the day when Lucan opened his own veins in the bath. Though living in Christian times, he was as pagan as his great model, and his imagination revelled amid the fabled splendors of Olympus and the baseless fictions of mythology. He can sing of the rape of Proserpine whilst the cultus of our Blessed Lady is taking possession of the temple of Ceres at Catania. He invites the graces, the nymphs, and the hours to prepare their garlands for the fair spouse of Stilico, though she had, in hatred and contempt of the gods of paganism, snatched the golden collar from the neck of the statue of Cybele. His genius takes even a more daring flight when he introduces Christian princes into the abodes of

the immortals, and represents Theodosius, the greatest hater of the gods, as holding familiar converse with Jupiter. Rutilius Numatianus, on the other hand, pours out his soul in passionate words of patriotism upon Rome herself, the last and the greatest divinity of the ancient world. To him Rome is the ever beautiful queen of the universe, whose dominion she holds for all ages. To him she is the mother of men and of gods. "When we pray in thy temples," he exclaims in his burning ardor, "we are not far from heaven. Of all nations she has made one country, of a whole world one city. Her trophies are countless as the stars of heaven, her temples too dazzling for the eyes to look upon. Spread yet further thy laws; they shall govern ages yet unborn which shall become Roman despite themselves, and thou alone, of all earthly things, shalt not fear the power of the fates."<sup>[181]</sup>

We might easily imagine on reading these two writers that Christianity had not yet dawned upon the world, yet we are in the fifth century. We naturally ask if the Christian emperors used their power to crush out paganism. History tells us of many imperial edicts which ordered the pagan temples to be closed and the sacrifices to be discontinued. We find those edicts often renewed, and hence, we argue, often disobeyed. Nothing, however, surprises us so much as to find that in the middle of the fifth century the sacred chickens were still kept at the capital, and the consuls, on their appointment to office, went to seek from them the auspices which they were supposed to be able to give. At this date also the public calendar indicated the feasts of the false gods by the side of those in honor of Christ and his saints. In a word, paganism is yet a living power, with its temples and idols, and sacrifices and sacred groves.

In Rome itself, where the smoke of incense ascends to the only true God, the smoke of sacrifice also rises to the false gods of Olympus. And beyond Rome, over Italy and Gaul and throughout the whole of Western Christendom, there are still symbols of pagan worship; still undoubted indications of its enduring influence over thousands who believe that the empire and the pagan gods are equally eternal, and will still be in existence when men here become tired of the folly of the cross and the name of the crucified Nazarene has faded from their minds. How true, then, does it appear that paganism continues to hold its ground to a far greater extent than is commonly imagined! It was a fearful task for Christianity, divine though it was, to level to the ground the temples and idols of pagan worship. Paganism seemed to hold on to the empire with unrelaxing tenacity; it was bound up with its institutions; it seemed built with the very stones into the walls of the great capital.

The incontrovertible fact, then, that paganism still existed and retained a stout hold upon the empire even so late as the fifth century will prepare the reader to believe that its demoralizing principles were still working their natural results. We will not maintain that human sacrifices were as common at this date as they had been some centuries before; but we do not feel sure that they were altogether abandoned. We know that in the time of Constantine, when Christianity was looking down from the throne of the Cæsars over the empire, pagan priests poured out each year a patera of human blood to Jupiter Latial. The example which the Romans themselves had set was followed by the conquered nations, and those dreadful horrors long continued to be practised among them in spite of imperial decrees and prohibitions. "All the laws of civilization," says F. Ozanam in his striking way, "could not smother the instincts of that savage beast which paganism had unmuzzled in the heart of fallen humanity." But even if human sacrifices had altogether ceased, yet the essential principles of paganism were still at work. The direct tendency of pagan worship was to enslave man to his senses. The fearful degradation to which mankind were thus brought, it is almost impossible for Christian minds to credit. St. Augustine, in the seventh book of his *City of God*, tells us of horrors which we cannot read without a sense of shame and disgust for our race. Those processions through the towns and fields of Latium on the feast of Bacchus are too shocking to describe. We know, also, that unnamable crimes were honored with a religious cultus, and had temples dedicated to their worship at Cyprus, Samos, at Corinth, and on Mount Eryx. When we read of this utter degradation to which paganism reduces human nature, we wonder how such a religion could endure. But it was precisely because it ministered so readily and so generously to the worst passions of human nature that it maintained its influence so long. When in course of time, and, by the repeated pressure of imperial edicts, the priests of Cybele and the priestesses of Venus were dispersed, paganism still had its temples and its thousands of worshippers in the circus, the theatre, and the amphitheatre. In these centres of resort, where the most reckless and the most unholy passions had full play, the gods were in their strongholds. St. Cyprian had understood the true nature of paganism well when he said that it was "the mother of the games." Nothing could have seized upon human nature with a more powerful grasp than paganism did by making pleasure into a religious worship. The two strong tendencies of mankind, viz., the religious sentiment and the intense love of pleasure, were thus directed to one and the same object. The combats of the gladiators, which exercised such a fascination on the Romans for so many years, were supposed to appease the spirits of the departed; the dances of the stage were thought to avert the anger of heaven. The symbolism which covered all lent an air of mystery and solemnity to these exciting entertainments. We are told that the courses of the circus represented the evolutions of the stars, the dances of the theatre symbolized the voluptuous whirl of pleasure in which all living beings were hurried along, and the combats of the amphitheatre were a type of the struggles in which the human race is ever engaged. The circus, theatre, and amphitheatre were, then, so many temples of worship, and, as we may well believe, the most popular and the best frequented temples that paganism ever consecrated to its false and corrupting rites. The other religious temples of the Roman were notoriously small and poor, but on these he lavished his gold, his marble, and all that he held most precious, so that he has left behind him nothing grander or richer than the monuments of his pleasures, and, we may add, nothing more defiled, more foul or more bloody.

The circus was dedicated to the sun; so proclaimed the obelisk which rose in stately height in the centre of the arena. Everything about the circus breathed idolatry. If we accept the view of the Greeks, its very name was taken from Circe, the daughter of the sun. If we take up the scathing work of Tertullian, *De Spectaculis*, we shall be told that "every ornament of the circus was in itself a temple. The eggs those assign to Castor and Pollux, who blush not in believing that these were born an egg from a swan which was Jupiter. The pillars vomit forth their dolphins in honor of Neptune; they support their Sessiae, so-called from the sowing of the seed; their Messiae, from the harvest; their Tutelinæ, from the protection of the fruits. In front of these appear three altars to three gods, mighty and powerful; these they consider to be of Samothrace. The enormous obelisk, as Hermetetes affirmeth, is publicly exposed in honor of the Sun; its inscription is a superstition from Egypt. The council of the gods were dull without their great mother; she therefore presideth there over the Euripus. Consus, as we have said, lieth buried beneath the earth of the Marcian Jail; even this jail he maketh an idol. Think, O Christian! how many unclean names possess the circus. Foreign to thee is that religion which so many spirits of the devil have taken unto themselves!"<sup>[182]</sup> It would seem that the circus was a sort of Pantheon, where almost every god received his tribute of worship. If the pagan deities had lost some of their temples in the onward advance of Christianity, they still retained a shrine where they were worshipped all at once. And no opportunity was lost when an act of religious worship could be brought in. Before the courses were opened, the gods were carried on rich litters round the circus by a grand cortège of priests. Tertullian speaks of the dazzling *pompa* which preceded the games, "the long line of images, the host of statues, the chariots, the sacred images, the cars, the chairs, and the robes" with which the gods were clothed. "How many colleges," he says, "how many priesthoods, how many offices are set in motion, the men of that city know in which the council of the demons sitteth."<sup>[183]</sup> Sacrifices without number were celebrated in the course of the performances. They preceded, they came between, they followed them. And it is difficult to conceive the height of frenzy to which the people were excited by these games. "On the longed-for day of the equestrian games," Ammianus Marcellinus tells us, "ere the clear rays of the sun yet shine, all hurry headlong, outpoured, as though they would outspeed the very chariots which are to contend." Before the races began, all eyes, wild with the fire of excited passions, were fixed on the magistrate, who held in his hand the handkerchief whose falling was to signal the commencement of the sports. As that handkerchief fell, there came rushing into view those charioteers who were the delight of the Roman people. The crowd raised a wild cry of joy, and then, breathless with suspense, followed with their glaring eyes the rushing horses and the rattling cars as they dashed along the course. As the horses bounded over the ground, now losing, now gaining, on one another, and the dust-clouds rose from beneath the rattling chariot-wheels, louder and wilder rang the shouts of the spectators, and passion rose to its height in Roman hearts. Furious factions were formed, which soon developed into violence and internecine battle. This was the grand climax, sought for and expected. The gods were appeased; Romulus now recognized his people. From this state of wild excitement we naturally expect cruelty and bloodshed. We are quite prepared to believe what Suetonius tells us. He records that Vitellius massacred some of the people because they cursed the faction which he favored. Caracalla is said to have done the same for some jest on a favorite charioteer. But to add more vivid coloring to the picture, we will borrow the striking language of Tertullian. "Behold the people," he says, "coming to the show already full of madness, already tumultuous, already blind, already agitated about their wagers. The prætor is too slow for them. Their eyes are ever rolling with their lots within his urn. Then they are in anxious suspense for the signal. The common madness hath a common voice. I perceive their madness from their trifling. 'He hath thrown it,' they say, and announce to each other what was seen at once by all. I possess the evidence of their blindness. They see not what is thrown; they think it a handkerchief, but it is the gullet of the devil cast down from on high."<sup>[184]</sup>

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Thus, then, in the stormy days of the fifth century did the great Roman people forget their troubles and their dangers in the excitement of the circus. What was so vividly described by Tertullian went on through the centuries that came after him. The Roman people had, in truth, lost the empire of the world; it had purchased its capital out of the hands of savage hordes by heavy sums of gold; but it forgot all in the delirium of the circensian games. There, as has been said, it found its temple, its forum, its country, and the term of its hopes. Through the storms of war against barbarians, in spite of the thunders of Christian eloquence, under the dazzling light of the Christian Gospel, still the circus stood, and its multitudinous gods received their tribute of worship, and the maddened crowds thronged to the games, as of old. In the year 448, the calendar marks 58 days for the public games. We may well be amazed as we read it. Fifty-eight days still dedicated to this wild self-abandonment, whilst on the Northern borders of the empire the threatening armies of Genseric and Attila were amassed, with the sword of fire and vengeance in their hands, awaiting the signal of God!

The theatre was another temple where paganism still retained a terrible hold. It was dedicated to Venus, the unholy goddess who swayed the hearts of almost all mankind. If we would see the great Roman people at its lowest, we must look upon it as it lies in prostrate adoration in this temple of Venus. Here it is grovelling in the veriest mire of abasement. Here, more than anywhere else, it forgets its dignity, and plunges into the deepest depths of sensuality and degradation. But we cannot paint the scene in bold colors. The picture would shock by its startling horror and deformity. The eye of Christian modesty would turn away in disgust and pain. We must let the outlines even be faint, lest they should offend the delicate sensitiveness of pure minds.

In the midst of the theatre stood the altar of the unholy goddess, crowned with garlands. Before

this altar were represented the shameful histories of the pagan gods. There the wretched mimes, by look, and gesture, and suggestive attitude, displayed before the lascivious eyes of the multitude the loves of Jupiter and the fury of Pasiphaë. But as time went on, and the passions of the people became more and more inflamed, the mute language of look and gesture did not satisfy. Far worse horrors were demanded. Shadows and unrealities were not enough for the hungry fire of unrestrained passion. Realities, revolting, shameless, and unnamable, must be enacted before the eyes of a vast multitude, composed of old and young of both sexes. He who played the part of Hercules must be burned in the presence of a maddened throng; the horrid history of Atys must have a reality answering to it, and be carried into effect before the full gaze of the people. We can conceive nothing more pitiable than the sight of the great Roman people, so sadly fallen into baseness, so completely abandoned to shameful sensualities, and lying prostrate before the foul goddess of unholy passions in the theatre. The empire might perish and the heavens fall upon their heads, but the people must have their pleasures. This was their madness and their worship. Three thousand dancers ministered, like so many priestesses, in the theatre-worship of Rome. For these panderers to their vile pleasures, the Romans were willing to sacrifice all that was dear to them. These favorites they crowned with flowers, and flattered by their manifestations of applause. They retained them in the city, as Ammianus Marcellinus tells us, at a time of severe famine, where a decree was passed which expelled men of letters and those who exercised the liberal professions. Old Ammianus, though a pagan, is filled with wrath at this shameful abandonment of his countrymen, and pours out his indignation in vehement, fiery words. But what hope was there? Corruption had affected every class. The dancers were the favorites of all, and even the senators of Rome were not ashamed to sit in the first seats of the theatre gazing upon the nudity of these priestesses of Venus. Thus had the Romans fallen below even the most fallen of other nations, which had once been great, but had perished for their crimes. Egypt had deified its agricultural products and domestic animals, Phœnicia its commerce, Assyria its sciences, Persia the elements, Greece its arts.<sup>[185]</sup> But Rome had gone down far deeper than all into folly and idolatry; it had raised altars to its own base passions. And this theatre-worship was existing in its full life in the latter days of the empire. Christianity had not abolished it. The demons held their own in their temples of sinful pleasure, and the people came and adored in countless multitudes, and their passions were kept alive and burned wildly with unholy fire—and all under the dark, bodeful shadow of the storm-cloud which hung so black and threatening in the Northern skies.

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But we have yet to speak of another great centre of paganism and moral corruption—the amphitheatre. “This,” says F. Ozanam, “was the greatest school which was ever opened for the demoralization of men.” It exercised a power of fascination beyond all conception, and was irresistible. The people rushed there in countless thousands, frantic with excitement. The thirst for blood maddened them like a wild indwelling demon. The games of the circus were tame in comparison with the sight of wild beasts engaged in death-struggle or the savage conflict of well-matched gladiators. There the emperors presided under the shadow of their pagan gods; there were gathered together the senators and the great ones of Rome; there rose tier upon tier round the vast arena the waving mass of countless human heads. There all Rome assembled for brutal pleasure and pagan worship, for the amphitheatre was a temple. Tertullian tells us this in his characteristic way. “The amphitheatre,” he says, “is consecrated to deities more numerous and more barbarous than the capitol. It is the temple of all demons. As many unclean spirits sit together as the place containeth men.”<sup>[186]</sup> Under the shadow, then, of so many pagan gods, breathed upon by so many devils, we can picture to ourselves the wild excitement of these thousands of spectators, as they assemble on occasion of a Roman holiday. They have caught a rumor, perhaps, of what is prepared that day, by a subservient emperor, for the amusement of his people. It may be that hundreds of ferocious beasts are to tear one another to pieces before them, as often happened in the time of Septimius Severus; or it may be that two hundred lions are to die in a horrid, bloody affray, as took place in the reign of one of his successors. Or, perhaps, Roman senators are to descend into the arena, to sacrifice their lives for the amusement of their fellow-citizens, as was the custom from the time of the first Cæsars. Perhaps it is near mid-day, and the crowd has been thronging in for hours. The sun is pouring down his blazing rays over the scene, though their heat is tempered by the canvas awnings which stretch a kind protecting shade wherever it is possible. But the bright light penetrates every nook and corner, and makes every figure stand forth to view. It flashes off the shining armor of Roman knights, dances and glistens in many a dark young eye, falls with a flood of glory upon Cæsar’s throne, and plays around the imperial robes which gold and precious stones so gorgeously bedeck. The brightness of the day adds to the excitement of the people. They talk with vivacity upon the nature of the expected conflicts; they lay their wagers, and become more excited as time flies on. They are impatient for the “shows” to begin; they clamor; they can wait no longer. We will here let a more brilliant pen than ours help to complete the picture. “And now, with peal of trumpets and clash of cymbals, a burst of wild martial music rises above the hum and murmur of the seething crowd. Under a spacious archway, supported by marble pillars, wide folding-doors are flung open, and two by two, with stately step and slow, march in the gladiators, armed with the different weapons of their deadly trade. Four hundred men are they, in all the pride of perfect strength and symmetry, and high training and practised skill. With head erect and haughty bearing, they defile once round the arena, as though to give the spectators an opportunity of closely scanning their appearance, and halt with military precision to range themselves in line under Cæsar’s throne. For a moment there is a pause and hush of expectation over the multitude, while the devoted champions stand motionless as statues in the full glow of noon; then, bursting suddenly into action, they brandish their gleaming weapons over their heads, and higher, fuller, fiercer rises the terrible chant that seems to combine the shout of triumph with the wail of

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suffering, and to bid a long and hopeless farewell to upper earth, even in the very recklessness and defiance of its despair: [664]

“Ave Cæsar! Morituri te salutant!”

“Then they wheel out once more, and range themselves on either side of the arena: all but a chosen band who occupy the central place of honor, and of whom every second man at least is doomed to die.”<sup>[187]</sup>

We can imagine how the thousands who had come to feast their eyes on the cruel spectacle would now be frantic for the real work to begin. We can picture to ourselves how all would proceed. We see the huge rhinoceros with his overlapping plates of armor led forth into the arena. He rolls his glowing eyes around in the fury of his hunger, but sees only the smooth white sand. He stamps with his large flat foot, and digs madly into the earth with his “horned muzzle.” We see, too, his enemy come sneaking in—the Lybian tiger, with his sleek, striped coat and glaring eyes. They approach each other. The spring is made; they are in a death-struggle. And now that blood is seen, a maddened shout of savage joy from the gratified spectators rends the air. More blood is wanted. The trumpets ring out again. The gladiators step forth and range themselves in opposing ranks. They are “all armed alike with a deep, concave buckler, and a short, stabbing, two-edged blade.” Then is heard the sharp clash of meeting steel. Men’s breath is hushed; their hearts beat quick; their eyes glare with a wild fire and are riveted on the struggling athletes. Then the ranks of the combatants waver and are broken; blood is seen upon the white sand: it flows from large gashes in the gladiators’ sinking forms. The huge giants fall one after another, hard and brave to the last.

And this is the hideous sight which day after day delights and never satisfies the Roman public. It is sad to think of so much noble strength and magnificent bravery sacrificed so ignobly. It sickens the heart to dwell on the brutal, reckless destruction of manly life perpetrated to amuse a blood-thirsty populace in “those Roman shambles.” Yet “so inured were the people to such exhibitions, so completely imbued with a taste for the horrible, and so careless of human life, that scarcely an eye was turned away, scarcely a cheek grew paler, when a disabling gash was received or a mortal blow driven home, and mothers with babies in their arms would bid the child turn its head to watch the death-pang on the pale, stern face of some prostrate gladiator.”<sup>[188]</sup>

We have now said enough to show the reader the corrupting influence of those three mighty powers of paganism—the circus, the theatre, and the amphitheatre. Many pagan temples had no doubt fallen under the crushing arm of Christian teaching, but these three, in which so many gods and goddesses had taken refuge, stood their ground. They were found in every province of the empire, and everywhere were well frequented. The demoralizing effect produced by them it is not easy to estimate—it was simply never-ceasing and universal. And when the persecutors had passed away, and there was no longer the constant presence of cruel death to keep alive the fervor of Christians, we find that they too came under the demoralizing influence of these mighty powers of evil. This is the cause of that bitter cry of grief which bursts forth from every page of the writings of the great saints of the fourth and fifth centuries. Pagan corruption was rushing upon them like a strong flood on every side. They found themselves overpowered and engulfed. Listen to the plaintive words of SS. Jerome, Chrysostom, and Augustine, laden with the sobs and groans of grief-stricken hearts. Open the pages of Salvian, and you will soon be convinced that mortal degradation has invaded every city and town, and that all classes of society are grovelling in the lowest depths of corruption. The holy bishop pours out his soul in the most moving language. His words sometimes flash with holy wrath and indignation; sometimes they are the wailing cry of despair; sometimes, again, they are the tears of deepest sorrow, flowing out of his inmost soul. “How different,” he exclaims, “is now the Christian people from itself, that is, from what it formerly was!... What is now every assembly of Christians but a sink of vices?... We make it our study not only not to accomplish the precepts, but even to do the contrary. God commands us to love one another; we tear one another to pieces in mutual hatred. God commands us to help the poor; and we all rob others of what belongs to them. God commands every Christian to be chaste even in look; and who is he who does not grovel in the mire? I appeal to the conscience of those to whom I speak. Who is the person who has not to reproach himself with some of these crimes, or, rather, who is the man who is not guilty of all? It is easier to find Christians guilty of all these crimes than to meet with any exempt from some of them; it is easier to find great criminals than ordinary sinners. Many of the Romans who have been baptized have arrived at such a laxity of morals that it is a kind of sanctity amongst the faithful to be less vicious. Audacious criminals rush into the temples of the true God without any respect for the Divine Majesty. They go there to meditate in silence upon some fresh iniquity. Scarcely are the divine mysteries concluded than some return to their thefts, others to drunkenness; these to their bad habits, those to their deeds of violence. What is the life of courtiers? Injustice and iniquity. What is the life of public officers? Lies and calumny. What is the life of soldiers? Violence and rapine. What is the life of merchants? Fraud and deceit. Alas! our vices disinherit us of the beautiful name of Christians; for the depravity of our morals renders us unworthy of the privileges of our birth. Base behavior destroys the glory of an honorable title. As there is no condition which is not disgraced, no place which is not filled with the crimes of Christians, let us no longer glory in this beautiful name. It will only serve to render us more culpable, and to aggravate our offences.”<sup>[189]</sup>

We think the picture sufficiently complete. Over this huge mass of moral rottenness; over the heads of pagan gods yet standing erect in the midst of this foul corruption; over the great sinning empire, pagan still in its vices and its tastes, the threatening storm-cloud hangs, waiting the moment when God shall bid it belch forth its hidden terrors of fire and flame. That moment is

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close at hand. Then shall the martyrs be avenged, and this universal crime be punished.

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# THE LAST DAYS BEFORE THE SIEGE.

## PART II. EXCELSIOR!

"Great news! Extra! Three sous!" The newsvender, a ragged little urchin who nearly collapsed under the weight and volume of his extras, was shouting out these three startling facts at the top of his voice as I went out early in the morning. Two rheumatic old rag-women, immediately suspending their investigation of the dust-heaps, dropped their crooks, and cried out to him to know the news. Was it a victory or a defeat, or was it anything about the siege? But the urchin, as hard-hearted as any editor, waved the momentous sheet majestically with one hand, and answered, "Three sous!" To the renewed entreaties of the rag-women he condescended so far as to say that it was well worth the money, that they never spent three sous more advantageously, for the news was wonderful news, but for less than three sous they should not have it. I did not altogether believe either in the extra or in the wonderful news, but the newspaper fever was on me like the rest of the world, so I produced the inexorable three sous and took the paper. The moment the two women saw this they came up to me, and, evidently taking for granted that I was going to give them the benefit of my extravagance, stood to hear the news. I read it aloud for them, as well as to a milk-boy who was passing at the moment and stood also to get his share of the three sous, and a remarkably sympathetic audience the three made. The news was none of the best. The Prussians were at Chalons, and they might be at the gates of Paris before another week.

"That was MacMahon's plan from the first," observed the milk-boy, "and, if the Prussians fall into the trap, the game is ours."

The rag-women, not being so well up in military tactics and technicalities, meekly begged to be enlightened as to the nature and aim of the trap in question, and the young politician was so kind as to explain to them that the marshal had all along been luring on the Prussians to Paris, which was to be their pitfall; Mont Valérien and the fortifications would annihilate them like flies; not a man of them would go back alive; the only fear was that that rascally Bismarck would be too many guns for the marshal, and make him fight before Chalons, in which case, he observed, "it was all up with the marshal, and consequently with France."

Having delivered himself of this masterly exposition of the case, the milk-boy swung his cans, touched his cap to me, and, having achieved the most preternaturally knowing wink I ever beheld, strode off without waiting to see the effect of his words on the two old women. They looked after him aghast. Had they been talking to a confidential agent of the War Office, or to an emissary of the rascally Bismarck himself? A spy, in fact?

"One ought to have one's mouth sewed up these times," observed the more ancient of the beldames, casting a half-suspicious glance at me as I folded my newspaper and put it into my pocket. "One never knows whom one may be speaking to." [667]

This remark was too deep and too fearfully suggestive to admit of any commentary from her companion; the only thing to be done in such a crisis was to take refuge in professional pursuits that offered no ground for suspicion, so seizing her crook the rag-woman plunged prudently once more into her rubbish.

A little further on, turning the corner of a street, I came on two gentlemen whom I knew, standing in animated conversation. I stopped to ask what news? None, except that the horizon was growing darker from hour to hour. The despatches from the frontier were as bad as could well be. As to pooh-poohing the siege now it was sheer stupidity, one of them declared, and, for his part, he only wished it were already begun: it was the last chance left us of rejecting the disasters of the campaign and crushing the remains of the enemy. His companion indignantly scouted both the certainty of the siege and the desirability of it. The city was not to be trusted; no great city ever was; there were hundreds of traitors only too ready to open the gates to the enemy at his own price. Look at the proprietors! Did any one suppose there were fifty proprietors in Paris who would not cry *Capitulons!* before one week was out?

"Well, let the proprietors be taken down to their own cellars, and kept there under lock and key, and let them sit on their money-bags till the siege is over!" suggested the advocate of the siege.

"Then you must lock up half the National Guard and the Mobiles," resumed the other, "for they are full of those money-loving traitors."

This was not very reassuring. I kept repeating to myself that public opinion at a moment like this was always an alarmist, and that the wisest plan would be to read no papers and to consult nobody, but just wait till events resolved themselves, as they infallibly do, sooner or later, to those who have patience to wait for them, and then act as they decided; but it was no use. I went home in dire perplexity, and began to wish myself in Timbuctoo or the Fiji Islands, or anywhere out of the centre of civilization and the fashions and chronic alarm and discontent. Things went on in this way for another week, the tide advancing rapidly, but so gradually that it was difficult for those on shore to note its progress and be guided by it. No one would own to being frightened, but it was impossible to see the scared faces of the people, as they stood in groups before every new placard setting forth either a fresh order from the Hôtel de Ville or some dubious and disheartening despatch from the seat of war, without feeling that the panic was upon them, and that the complicated problems of the great national struggle had resolved themselves into the immediate question: Shall we stay, or must we fly? When you met a friend in

the street, the first, the sole, the supreme salutation was: "Do you believe in the siege? Are you going to stay?" The obduracy of the Parisians in refusing to believe in the siege up to the very last moment was certainly one of the strangest phases of the siege itself. They were possessed by a blind faith in the sacredness and inviolability of their capital, and they could not bring themselves to believe that all Europe did not look upon it with the same eyes; they thought that Prussia might indeed push audacity so far as to come and sit down before the gates, but beyond that Bismarck would not go; he would not dare; all Europe would stand up and cry shame on him, not out of sympathy for France, but out of sheer selfishness, for Paris was not the capital of France, but of Europe. So the walls were white with proclamations and advertisements and invitations to non-combatants to withdraw, and practical advice to the patriotic citizens whose glorious duty it was soon to be to defend the city; and the great exodus of the so-called poltroons and strangers had begun to pour out, and the much more inconvenient sort of non-combatants, the homeless population of the neighboring villages, poured in—a sorry sight it was to see the poor little *ménages*, the husband trundling the few sticks of furniture on a hand-cart, with the household cat perched on the top of the pile, while the wife carried a baby and bundle, and a little one trotted on by her side, carrying the canary bird in its painted cage—and still the real, born Parisian said in the bottom of his heart: "It will never come to a siege, they will never dare; England will interfere, Europe will not allow it."

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On the morning of the third of September I went out to make some purchases on the Boulevards. Coming back, I saw the Madeleine draped in black, and a number of mourning-coaches drawn up in ghastly array on the Place. The solemn cortège was descending the last steps. I stood to let it pass, and then cast a glance round to see if there was any one I knew in the crowd. To my surprise I saw Berthe in the midst of a group of several persons who had broken away from the stream, and were standing apart in the space inside the rails; she was talking very emphatically, and the others were listening to her apparently with great interest, and seemed excited by whatever she was telling them. When the crowd had nearly cleared away, I beckoned to her. She ran out to me at once.

"You are the very person I wanted to see," she said, clutching me by the arm in her vehement way. "I was going straight to your house. I have just been to the Etat Major, and met General Trochu there. He came down on account of despatches that had just come in, and have put them all in a state of terrible consternation. There is not a doubt of it now; the city will be blockaded in ten days from this. The Prussians are within as many days' march from us. I thought of you immediately, and I asked the general what you ought to do; he said by all means to go, and within forty-eight hours; after that the rails may be cut from one moment to another; he was very emphatic about it, and said it would be the maddest imprudence of you to remain; there is a terrible time before us, and no one should stay in Paris who could leave. Of course, you will leave at once."

I was too much taken aback to say what I would do. The news was so bewildering. I had never looked upon the siege as the impossible joke it had been so long considered, neither did I share the infatuation of the Parisians about the inviolability of Paris in the eyes of Europe, and for the last fortnight we had come to expect the siege as almost a certainty, that was now only a question of time, and yet we were as much startled by this cool official announcement of it as if the thing had never been seriously mentioned before.

"I don't know what I will do," I said; "if we had nerves equal to it, it would be the most fearfully interesting experience to go through."

"No doubt," assented Berthe; "but it is an experience that will tax the strongest nerves; of that you may be sure; and unless one has duties to keep one here, I think it would be mad imprudence, as the general said, to run the risk."

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"You mean to leave, of course?" I said.

"No; I mean to stay. I am pretty sure of my nerves; besides, as a Frenchwoman, I have a duty to perform; I must bear my share of the common danger; it would be cowardly to fly; but with you it is different. I don't think you would be justified in remaining for the interest of the thing. Only if you mean to go, you must set about it at once. Have you got your passport?"

"No; I had not gone that far in believing in the siege."

"It was very foolish," said Berthe; "all the foreigners we know have got theirs."

"I will go for it now," I said. "Come on with me, and let us talk it all over. Are you on foot?"

"No; but I shall be glad of the walk home; I will send away the carriage."

She did so, and we went on together.

"It is like death," I said; "no matter how long one is expecting it, it comes like a blow at the last; I can hardly realize even now that the siege is so near. Why, it was only the other day we were listening to those people joking about it all!"

"It was a sorry joke," said Berthe; "but that is always the way with us; we go on joking to the end. I believe a Frenchman would joke in his coffin if he could speak."

"And you really mean to stay, Berthe?"

"I do. I shall be of some use, I hope; at any rate, I will try my best. But we can talk of that presently. First about you; are you decided?"

"I cannot say; I feel bewildered," I replied. "I long to stay, and yet I fear it; it is not the horrors of

the siege that would deter me, at least I don't think it is that; it is the dread of being taken up as a spy."

She burst out into one of her loud, merry laughs.

"What a ridiculous idea! Why on earth should you be taken for a spy?"

"There is no why or wherefore in the case," I said, "that is just the alarming part of it; the people are simply mad on the point; they have barked themselves rabid about it, and they are ready to bite every one that comes in their way. Twice on my way into town this morning I heard a hue and cry raised somewhere near, and when I asked what was the matter, a mad dog, or a house on fire, the answer was, 'Oh, no; it's an *espion* they've started, and he's giving them chase!' One man said to me, half in joke, half in earnest: 'Madame would do well to hide her fair hair under a wig; it's dangerous to wear fair hair these times.' I own it made me feel a little uncomfortable."

"Well, that is not very comforting for me," said Berthe, laughing, "my hair is *blond* enough to excite suspicion."

"Oh! your nationality is written on your face," I said; "there is no fear of you ever being mistaken for anything but a Frenchwoman."

On arriving at the Embassy, we found a throng of British subjects waiting for their passports, and considerably surprised at being kept waiting, and expressing their surprise in no measured terms. Surely they paid dear enough for the maintenance of their embassies abroad to be entitled to prompt and proper attendance when once in a way they called on their representatives for a service of this kind! The attachés were so overworked that it was impossible to avoid the delay? Then why were there not special attachés put on for the extra press of work? And so on. Some nervous old couples were anxious to have the benefit of his excellency's personal opinion as to the prudence of leaving their plate behind them, and, if he really thought there was a risk in so doing, would he be so kind as to suggest the safest mode of conveying it to London? Also, whether it was quite prudent to leave their money in the Bank of France and other French securities, or whether it would be advisable to withdraw it at once at a loss? Also, whether it would be a wise precaution to hang the Union Jack out of the window, those who had furnished apartments in Paris, or whether the present state of feeling between England and France was such as to make such a step rather dangerous than otherwise? It was not for outsiders to know how things stood between the two countries so as to be able to guide their course in the present crisis, but his excellency being a diplomatist was well informed on the subject, and they would rely implicitly on his judgment and advice, etc.

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Berthe and I were so highly entertained by the naïve egotism and infantine stupidity displayed by the various specimens of British nature around us, that we did not find it in our hearts to grumble at being kept waiting nearly two hours.

On reaching the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées, our curiosity was attracted by a silent, scared-looking crowd collected on the sidewalk in front of the Hôtel Meyerbeer. The blinds of the house were closed as if there were a death within, and a few *sergents-de-ville* were standing at intervals with arms crossed, staring up at the windows. The owner of the hotel had been arrested with great noise the night before, on the strength of some foolish words which had escaped him about the possible entry of the Germans into Paris; but we neither of us knew anything of this, and I asked the nearest sergeant if anything had happened. The man turned round, and, without uncrossing his arms, bent two piercing eyes upon me—piercing is not a figure of speech, they literally stabbed us through like a pair of blades—and, after taking a deliberate view of my person from head to foot, he growled out: "Yes, something has happened. A spy has been found!" There was something so diabolical in the tone of his voice and his expression that it terrified me, and I suppose my terror got into my face and gave it a guilty hue, for another *sergent-de-ville* who had turned round on hearing his colleague speak, strode up to me, and said nothing, but drove another pair of eyes into me with fierce suspicion. The crowd, attracted by the incident, turned round and stared at me, and I felt as if I had that morning posted a despatch to Bismarck or Bismarck's master betraying every state secret in France. Despair, however, that makes cowards brave, came to my rescue, and, putting a bold face on it, I said, with extraordinary pluck and coolness:

"Has he been arrested?"

"He has."

"Ah, it is well!" I observed. And in abject fear of being pounced upon there and then, and done equally well by, I walked away.

When we had got to a safe distance, I looked at Berthe. She was as white as ashes. Indeed, if I looked half as guilty, it is nothing short of a miracle that we were not both seized on the spot and carried off to the *Préfecture de Police*.

"Let this be a lesson to us never to speak to any one in the street while things are in this state," said Berthe. "Indeed, the safest way would be not to speak at all, especially in a foreign language, for whatever they don't understand they set down as German, and to be a German is of course to be a spy."

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After this we walked on in silence. Evidently Berthe no longer looked on my fears as chimerical or matter for laughter, and, puerile as the incident was, I believe it put an end to my hesitation, and decided me to leave Paris with as little delay as possible. She had not realized as much as I had, but the spy-fever had spread so alarmingly within the last few days that what had first been merely a recurring panic was now a fixed idea that had grown to insanity. You might read

suspicion and fear written on the faces of the people as you went along. They walked in twos and threes without speaking, glancing timidly on every side, and trying to carry it off with an air of indifference or preoccupation. Every one was in mortal fear of being pointed at and hooted off to the nearest *poste*. No nationality was safe. A few Englishmen who had fallen victims to the popular mania, and been subjected to a night's hospitality at the expense of the government, had published their experiences, and described the sort of entertainment prepared for casual visitors, and it was anything but enticing: a *salle* crammed full of every kind and degree of sinner, from the imaginary spy whipped up on the pavement without proof or witness, to the lowest vagrants of the worst character, all put in for the same offence, and huddled up together without a chair to sit on or air to breathe. Those who were lucky enough to be set free after a short term of duration vile were warmly congratulated by their friends, and retired into private life without further *éclat*. Some English subjects were simple enough to venture a protest against the unceremonious proceeding on the part of the police, and were politely reminded that the gates of the city were still open and trains ready to convey them to many places of more agreeable manners where the sacred person of a British subject ran no risk of being mistaken for a common mortal, but that, while they choose to remain within the gates, they must take the consequences. And this was, after all, the best answer they could make, and it behooved all sensible British subjects to abide by it. I parted from Berthe at the corner of her own street, and went home to pack up and start the next day by the twelve o'clock train.

I stopped on my way to the station to take leave of her. It was near eleven o'clock. Contrary to my expectations, I found her up and dressed, instead of lolling in dishabille on her couch. But this was not the only surprise awaiting me. The whole appearance of the house was changed. The *portières* and curtains were taken down; the two salons were emptied of their furniture, and four iron beds placed in the large one and two in the small one. A young woman was busy cutting out bandages with a great basket of linen beside her in Berthe's room—that soft, Sybarite room, so unused to such company and such occupation. Her face was concealed by a broad-frilled Vendean cap, but on hearing us enter she turned round, and I recognized the bride-widow of the Bréton volunteer.

"We are going to work very hard together," said Berthe, putting her hand on the girl's shoulder. "Jeannette is to teach me to make poultices, and to dress wounds, and to do all kinds of useful things that one wants to know how to do for the wounded. She is quite an adept in the service, it seems, so I hope our little ambulance will be well managed and comfortable for the dear soldiers." [672]

Jeannette's eyes filled with tears, and she took Berthe's hand and kissed it. Just at this moment François came in to say there were some *Sœurs de Charité* who wanted to speak to madame. Berthe and Jeannette went out to meet them, and as they left the room Antoinette came in through the dressing-room. She threw up her arms when she perceived me, and looked toward the salon with blank despair in her face.

"The world is upside down," she said, "everything is going topsy-turvy; what between the war, and the siege, and the rest of it, one doesn't know what to expect next; but of all the queer things going, the queerest is what is happening in this house. To think of *le salon de la comtesse* being turned into a hospital! That I should live to see such things! Madame does well to go away; people are all going crazy in this country, and they say it's catching."

"So it is, Antoinette," I said, "and the best thing I can wish you is that you may catch it yourself."

Berthe wanted to come with me to the station, but I would not let her. I preferred to carry away my last impression of her as I saw her now. She was dressed in a plain dark silk, with a white apron before her, and a soft cambric handkerchief tied loosely round her head; the quaint, half-nunlike dress seemed to me to become her more than the most artistic of M. Grandhomme's combinations, and as I watched her going from room to room with a duster in her hand, changing the chairs and tables, and working as deftly as an accomplished housemaid, her face flushed with the exercise and bright with a new-found joy, I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful. So we parted in that blue chamber that was henceforth to have a new memory of its own to both of us. Before I had started from my own house, the news of Sedan had come in, and spread like wild-fire. All that I had previously witnessed of popular excitement was cold and calm compared with what I beheld on my way to the station. The city was like a galvanized nightmare, electrifying and electrified into hubbub and madness. Rage and despair were riding the whirlwind with suspicion tied like a bandage on their eyes. The cry of *Treason!* out-topped all other cries; every man suspected his brother and accused him; the air was filled with curses and threats, and there was no voice strong enough to rise above the popular tumult and subdue it. If there had been, what might not have come of it? If at that moment there had been a voice loud enough to speak to the hurricane, and compel those millions of tongues to be silent and listen to the truth, and then gather them into one great voice that would lift itself up in a unit of harmony and power that would have been heard, not only to the ends of Paris, but to the ends of France, What might not have been done? what might not have been saved? But it was not to be. Nothing came of the discord but discord. The strong hand that might even then have welded all these suicidal elements of hate, and fury, and suspicion into a vigorous bond of action was not forthcoming; the strife was to go on to the bitter end, till the soil of fair France was drenched with blood, and all her energies spent, and her youth and chivalry laid low in bootless butchery.

The blocks that stopped our progress in every street made it a difficult matter to get to the railway, and when we eventually did get there we were a quarter of an hour behind our time. But, as it happened, this was of no consequence; we had to wait another hour before the train started. Meantime the confusion was indescribable. Several wagons full of wounded had arrived by the [673]

last train, and a regiment of the line was waiting to start by the next. The Place was filled with soldiers, some were lying at full length fast asleep under the hot noon sun, others were smoking and chatting near their arms that were stacked here and there; some of the poor fellows had been out before, and were only just recovering from their wounds; they looked worn and weak as if hardly able to bear themselves; women were clinging to them, weeping and lamenting; inside the station, travellers were rushing frantically from bureau to bureau; then in despair at ever getting through the crowd that besieged every wicket, they would seize some unlucky porter with a band on his hat, and implore him in heart-rending tones to help them to a ticket, and, when he protested that such a service was not in his power they would belabor him vindictively with hard words, and make another rush at the bureau.

At last we were off. It was an exciting journey, such as I hope never to make again. The lines were encumbered with trains full of wounded coming and troops going, and our pace was regulated with a view to avoid running into those ahead or being run into by those behind. Now we darted on at a terrific speed, the engine wriggling from rail to rail like a snake gone mad; then we would pull up spasmodically and crawl almost at a foot-pace, then off we flew again like a telegram. Trains flashed past us on either side every now and then with a tremendous roar, and soldiers sang out snatches of war-songs, and we cheered them and waved hands and handkerchiefs to them in return. We had started an hour and a quarter behind our time, and we arrived three hours after we were due. For two hours before we reached Boulogne, the danger lights were flashing ahead, red and lurid in the darkness, and it was with something like the feeling of being rescued from a house on fire that we set foot at last on the platform. Once in safety, I was able to look back more calmly on the history of the last fortnight. It seemed to me that I had been standing on a rock, watching the tide roll in, creeping gradually higher and nearer to my standpoint till I felt the cold touch of the water on my feet, and leaped ashore.

And Berthe? She stood out like a bright star transfiguring the dense darkness of the picture. The change I had witnessed in her appeared to me like the promise of other changes, wider, deeper, universal. I had ceased to wonder at the choice she had made; the more I thought of it, the more I felt that she was worthy of it as it was of her, and the only wish I could form for her now was, that she might be strong to persevere unto the end. The course she had adopted was the noblest and the only true one for a Frenchwoman while France was suffering, and struggling, and bleeding to death. While the war-cry and the battle psalm were clanging around, it was not meant for the women of France to sit idly in luxurious ease, and watch the death-struggle of the nation in indifference or mere passive sympathy. We may none of us stand aloof from our brethren in such a crisis, or take refuge in cowardly neutrality. Neutrality in the brotherhood of Freedom is desertion, treachery. We have each our appointed post in the battle, and we cannot desert it without being traitors. We must all fight somehow. Not of necessity with iron or steel, but we must fight. Moses had neither bow nor arrow nor javelin when he got up on the mountain and watched with uplifted arms the conflict in the valley below, but yet he was not neutral. So to the end of time it must be with all of us. We must fight somehow; we may never abide in selfish peace or a sense of isolated security while the brethren around are at war; whithersoever the battle goes, to victory or defeat, to glory or humiliation, we must take our share in it, and let our hearts go on fighting faithfully to the end. We must love the combatants through good and evil alike; through the smoke and din we must discern every ennobling incident of the struggle, such as there abounds on every battle-field in every land, seeing all things in their true proportions, shutting our hearts inexorably to despair, making them wide to endless sympathy with the good, to inexhaustible pity for the wicked. The smoke must not blind us; the crash and the roar must not deafen us; through the agony of souls, despair, and hate, and sin, we must have our vision clear and strong to recognize the loveliness of virtue, the divine beauty of sacrifice, the infinite possibilities of repentance, the joy of the conquerors, the sweetness of the kiss of peace. Loving all love. Hating all hate. We must see angels outnumbering fiends in incalculable degree, light triumphing over darkness, and the breath of purity healing the blue corruption of the world.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

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## THE CLERKE OF OXENFORDE.

At his beddes hed  
Twenty bokes clothed in blake or red,  
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,  
Than robes riche, fidel or sautrie,  
For al be that he was a philosopher  
Yet hadde he but litel gold in coffer,  
And all that he might of his frendes hente  
On bokes and on learning he it spente,  
And besily gan for the soules praie  
Of them that gave him wherewith to scholaie.  
—*Chaucer.*

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# A BAD BEGINNING FOR A SAINT; OR, THE EARLY LIFE OF FATHER CHAUMONOT, A CELEBRATED MISSIONARY IN CANADA.

Lives of saints are somewhat discouraging reading at times to poor mortals, who feel that they have a good deal of human nature in them, and that somehow human nature is more disposed to play the part of mistress than of handmaiden to grace.

These holy souls seem from the cradle so innocent, so faithful, that they appear a higher creation than ourselves, and accordingly it is no less consoling than encouraging at times to find early shortcomings overcome by a tardy fidelity to grace, and sanctity attained.

In the early annals of Canada, there are few names more revered than that of Father Peter Mary Joseph Chaumonot, whose impassioned eloquence gathered round him at Onondaga the braves and sachems of the Iroquois, wondering to hear their unlabial language flow so smoothly from the lips of a white man—who founded at Montreal the Society of the Holy Family, which has been such a potent instrument in maintaining in Canadian homes the true family spirit of Catholicity and devotion—and who founded near Quebec a new Loretto in this Western world for the Huron Indians, whom he so long directed and guided, after he saw himself deprived of the martyr's crown which so many of his fellow-laborers won near the shores of Lake Huron.

Yet good Father Chaumonot, we are sorry to say, began life as a young scamp; and to encourage those who sometimes despair of *mauvais sujets* whom Providence has placed under their charge, we will give the story of his early years in Chaumonot's own inimitable language. Late in life, by command of his superiors, he wrote an autobiographical account, and from it we extract:

"For my father I had a poor vine-dresser and for mother a poor schoolmaster's daughter. At the age of six, they placed me with my grandfather, five or six leagues from our village, that I might learn to read and write. They then took me home, but only for a short time, one of my uncles, a priest residing at Châtillon-sur-Seine, having had the kindness to take me to his house, so that I might study in the college in that place.

"When I had made some progress in Latin, my uncle wished me to learn plain chant, under one of my class who was a musician. This fellow persuaded me to leave Châtillon and follow him to Beaune, where we were to study under the Fathers of the Oratory. As I did not wish to undertake this journey without funds, I stole about a hundred sous from my uncle while he was in the church. With this we took flight.

"We travelled by by-ways to Dijon, whence we made our way to Beaune. There we put up with a townsman, but as my finances were short, I wrote to ask my mother to have the goodness to supply me with money and clothes, so that I might pursue my studies at Beaune, where I hoped to make more rapid progress than at Châtillon. The letter fell into my father's hands, and he answered me that he would send me nothing; that I must return; and that he would make peace with my uncle for me.

"This reply filled me with dismay. To return to my uncle was to expose myself to be pointed at as a thief, and yet to stay any longer at Beaune was out of the question. So I resolved to run around the world as a vagabond, rather than bear the shame my rascality deserved. I started from Beaune with the intention of going to Rome, though I had not a sou or a change. I travelled alone for half a day; then I fell in with two young men of Lorraine, who saluted me and asked me whither I was going. "To Rome," quoth I, "to gain the pardons." They applauded my design, and entertained me with the object of their own journey to Lyons.

"Meanwhile I was thinking what was to become of me, and what I was to live on, if I continued my journey. Begging was in my ideas too degrading, I could not bring myself to work for my living, and there was little chance of my doing it, for I was unaccustomed to labor and knew no trade. Fortunately, my two Lorrainers, who were no better stocked with money than I was, began to beg from door to door in the first town we came to. Who was dumfounded to see them ply this trade? Myself, who, after some deliberation, concluded to imitate them rather than starve, so powerfully had their example made easy what had previously appeared impossible. Such was my apprenticeship as a beggar, but as I was only a beginner at the trade, I gained but a wretched livelihood. However, I flattered myself that on reaching a city so large as Lyons, some good fortune would turn up. But, alas! I was astonished to find myself arrested by the sentinels, who let my companions pass on account of their passports, and detained me because I had none.

"I did not know what was to become of me, or even where I was to get shelter. I saw many large buildings, but I durst not ask the least corner there to pass the night in. At last, spying a wretched shed opposite a glass furnace, I crept under it. Would to heaven I had then had sense enough to take my sufferings as an expiation of my sins, and united my poverty to that of my Saviour lying in a stable!

"Next morning, seeing at the river-side a boat where people were embarking to cross the Rhone, I begged the boatman to give me a passage out of charity. This he did, because in fact the city paid him to carry beyond the river all the beggars who were refused entrance into the city.

"When I got to the other side, I met a young man who promised to make the tour to Italy with me.

"We had just started off together when we met a priest returning from Rome. He did his best to persuade us to forego our projected pilgrimage and return home. Among other reasons, he told us that our want of passports would prevent our getting entrance into any city on our way. I

asked him whether he had one, and he had no sooner shown it to me than I begged him to allow me to make a copy of it, which I did on the spot, inserting my own name and my companion's instead of his.

"Oh! why did I not then offer to God the hardships of nakedness, fatigue, heat, cold, and the thousand other miseries I suffered on that journey! I should have had the happiness of drawing down upon me the blessings of heaven. Our common Father would not have refused them to me, beholding in me some traits of the poverty and sufferings of his Son, but alas! my pride and other sins, which rendered me more like the devil than I was to our Lord by my poverty, were great obstacles to grace in me. Yet, O my God! thou hadst thy views in permitting me to commit fault on fault, folly on folly! Thou didst deign to set me free from all inordinate love to my parents, which, had I remained always with them, would have prevented my consecrating myself entirely to thee. Thou didst design that when I grew up the remembrance of my trials should make me sympathize with more love and gratitude in the sufferings of thy Son.

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"But I should be tedious were I to recount all the faults I committed, and all the miseries that befel me on my way. I shall give only the principal adventures.

"The first that occurs to my mind is that, when in Savoy, I entered the court of our college at Chambéry, where I asked in Latin for alms. One of the fathers was so touched at my wretched state that he gave me supper, and even promised to take me back to Lyons, whither he was about to go, and send me from that point to Châtillon. At first I thanked him as well as I could, and promised to follow him, but as soon as he left me I took flight, my money always terrifying me from the thought of returning to my parents. Was I not out of my senses, and did I not well deserve all the evils that befel me, when I refused such kind offers for my own quiet, and the comfort of my poor family? How deplorable was the blindness of my proud spirit, to choose to face countless dangers and hardships, rather than undergo a wholesome reprimand!

"In a village in Savoy we met a good parish priest, who took us to his house, and, after giving us supper, allowed us to sleep on the bed of his servant, whom he had sent to Chambéry. This gentleman slept in a room over his valet's, which was entered by a ladder, at the top of which was a trap-door, which our host neglected to close properly, so that about midnight a cat pursuing her prey threw it down. The noise was sufficient to awake the priest, who imagined that we were trying to enter his room for no good purpose. So he jumped out of bed and, attired as he was, rushed out on a balcony, crying Murder! murder! murder! at the top of his voice. No less alarmed, I ran up the ladder and reassured him by explaining the innocent cause of all the trouble. Fortunately for us, the neighbors were not awakened by their pastor's voice.

"Here is another adventure where we ran greater risk. In a town in the Valteline we found a French garrison reduced to a very small number of soldiers, so that the officers urged us strongly to enlist. I would have consented to get my bread every day in this manner, in the hunger I suffered, but my wiser comrade would hear nothing of it. All they got from us was our consent to await the arrival of the commissary, who was daily expected. They led us to hope that we should receive the same pay as real soldiers. Meanwhile, they wished to see what figure we would cut on parade. It was easy enough to travesty into a soldier my comrade, who was a big fellow; but as I appeared a mere boy, from my youth and small body, there was some difficulty in finding a sword to suit me. That which they judged best suited to my size had an eel or snake skin scabbard, and for want of belt or baldric they tied it around with an ass' halter. I appeared so ridiculous in this that they resolved to put me to bed as sick when the commissary came. While awaiting that event, we lived on the king's bread, and my comrade was in a constant shiver lest we should be regarded as interlopers or be detained there in spite of ourselves. He made the danger out so great that I yielded to his urging. Bent on pursuing our pilgrimage to Rome, we started one fine morning, but had not travelled more than a mile and a half when we were arrested by some soldiers, who had orders to seize all deserters they found and take them back to their officers. 'Alas!' I cried with tears, 'have I the look of a military man? I am a poor student, who has taken a vow to go to Rome.' So pathetic was my accent that it touched them, and they let us go. If God had not given them compassion for us, what would have become of us? He saved us from another danger after we had entered Italy.

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"Towards nightfall we reached a hostelry by the roadside, where we proposed to sleep, but we counted without our host. We had scarcely eaten our wretched supper, which he made us pay for as dearly as he wished, when, in spite of all our demands that he would at least give us shelter in one of his stables, he barbarously drove us out. It would not have been so bad could we have slept by the light of the stars, but there were none, and the weather, which was overcast, soon poured down on us a drenching rain. Our clothes were all soaked, and, to cap the climax, the road was full of holes and ditches that we did not see, so that we made almost as many tumbles as steps.

"We were well-nigh used up when a gleam of light enabled us to make out a stable. As we crawled towards it, we found a great stack of straw quite near it. We climbed up on it and made a hole in the top to creep in. As we were chilled through, especially our feet, we put them under each other's arm-pits, lying so that my head was opposite my companion's. We were just beginning to get warm when some large dogs, scenting us, came running up barking furiously. At this noise the people ran out of the farm-house and tried to drive us off with stones. This new kind of hail did not suffer us to remain in our quarters, and fear of the dogs prevented our leaving them. I then thought it high time to speak, and my skill in getting up tears served my turn here as it had already done in getting us off when arrested as deserters. So I began to shout out in Latin: *Nos sumus pauperes peregrini*. As the last word is Italian also, it informed these good people who we were. They took pity on us, called off their dogs, and left us to pass the rest of the night in

peace.

"After many hardships and sufferings we reached Ancona. Alas! who can express the wretched condition to which my vagabond life had reduced me! From head to foot, everything about me inspired horror. I was barefooted, having been obliged to throw away my shoes, which were broken and galled me. My shirt was rotting, my tattered clothes swarmed with vermin, my uncombed head was filled with so horrible a disease that it swarmed with worms and matter of most loathsome stench.... It was only at Ancona that I was aware of the extent of this disease, when on scratching it I found a worm on my hand. At the sight of this my consternation was unspeakable. 'Must I, then,' I said to myself, 'in punishment of my villainies, be eaten alive by worms and vermin? I no longer wonder that when I take off my hat before people, they show wonder and horror at the sight. What is to become of me? Am I not a sickening sight to all the world? O sad chastisement of my pride!'

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"After all, I resumed courage as I approached the Holy House of Loretto. Perhaps the Blessed Virgin, who performs so many miracles in this sacred spot in favor of the wretched, will take pity on my misery! Ah! why had I not then the knowledge I subsequently acquired of the wonders wrought by her in that sanctuary in favor of soul and body? I should have had a far different confidence in her power and goodness!

"Although I invoked her coldly enough, she showed me that, independently of our merit and disposition, she is pleased to exercise towards us the duties of a real mother; and as one of these duties is to see to the cleanliness of their children, thou didst regard me in that light, O Blessed Virgin! unworthy as I was and am to be adopted by thee as thy son. Thou didst inspire a young man whom I was never able to discover with the will and power to heal my head. Thou knowest better than I how it was accomplished. Yet I will not omit in token of gratitude to set down what I know.

"On leaving the Holy House of Mary, an unknown person, who seemed to be a young man and who was perhaps an angel, said to me with an air and tone of pity: 'My dear boy, what a wretched head you have! Come, follow me, I will try to apply some remedy.' I followed him: he took me outside the church, behind a large pillar, where no one passed. Having reached this retired spot, he made me sit down, and bade me remove my hat. I obeyed. He cut off all my hair with scissors, rubbed my poor head with a white cloth, and, without my feeling any pain, entirely removed all trace of the disease and its hideous accompaniments. He then put my hat on again. I thanked him for his charity; he left me, and I am yet to see a better physician or experience a more wretched disease.

"If the least lady had done me this service by her lowest valet, should I not render her all possible thanks? And if, after such a charity, she had offered always to serve me in the same way, how should I not feel bound to honor, obey, and love her all my life! Pardon, Queen of angels and of men! pardon me, that after receiving from thee so many marks convincing me that thou hast adopted me as thy son, I have been so ungrateful as for whole years to act more as a slave of Satan than the child of a Virgin Mother. Oh! how good and charitable art thou, since, in spite of the obstacles my sins have raised to thy graces, thou hast never ceased to draw me towards good; till thou hast caused me to be admitted into the holy Society of Jesus, thy Son.

"My comrade and I resumed the road to Rome, after spending three days at Loretto; but God stopped me at Terni, in Umbria, to change my beggar life for a place as valet. I was begging from door to door as usual, when a venerable old man, a doctor of laws, invited me to stay with him to attend him in the house and accompany him to town. I was so weary of my beggar's trade that I readily accepted the citizen's offer to become his lackey; I even did the lowest tasks, for there was nothing that did not seem sweet and honorable compared to the hardships and humiliations which had made me loathe my mendicant life.

"I had been some time at Terni, but as I had not picked up enough Italian to confess in that language, I made my confession in Latin to a father of the Society of Jesus. After my confession, he questioned me as to my studies. I told him that I was in rhetoric when I allowed myself to be led astray. He manifested the regret he felt to see me reduced to so low a condition after starting so well in my education. He urged me to resume my studies; and to facilitate this he proposed, if I chose, to have me received into the college, where I would advance in science and virtue. I took his proposal ill, imagining he wished to make a Jesuit of me; but in the sequel I had every reason to believe that this wise religious merely wished to give me at first the place of a young secular who taught the lowest class in the college. Would to God I had then commenced to do so! How many sins I should have avoided! I did indeed go two days after to see the father and remind him of it, but as I did not know his name, I was stupid enough to ask for 'the father who heard my confession.' The scholars in the college yard to whom I put this question roared at my folly, and that was enough to send me back quicker than I came. However, I asked the doctor whom I served what kind of people the Jesuits were. He answered me carelessly that they received only persons of rank and talent, that their order was less austere than others, and that you could leave it even after taking the vows. These last traits with which he described them did not displease me. I would willingly have entered among them for a time. I was not yet fit for the kingdom of God, as I looked behind me before putting my hand to the plough.

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"As I began to understand Italian, I read devotional books in that language, and among the rest one, *The Lives of the Fathers of the Desert*, inspired me with the desire of becoming a hermit. Thereupon, without consulting any one, I left my master's house with the view of going to bury myself in some wilderness in France after I had visited Rome.

"As I left the city I met my doctor's daughter, and explained my intention to her, so that they

should not be alarmed at my sudden disappearance. After I had travelled a few leagues, I thought I would try whether I could live on herbs like the anchorites. I took some growing wheat, put it in my mouth, chewed it, but could not swallow it, so I fell back on my trade of beggar, which did not prevent my suffering considerably from hunger, even in Rome, for I did not know the religious houses where alms were given at stated days and hours. The novitiate of the Jesuits at St. Andrew's is one of these charitable places, and the only one I knew. Although my would-be vocation to the eremitical life was somewhat shaken, I started from Rome intending to return to France. Retracing the same road I came by, I reached Terni, but not daring to return to my master, I retired to a soap-maker of my acquaintance, where I spent the night. The next morning he told the doctor, who was good enough to invite me back to his service. I at once accepted his offer, renouncing for ever beggary, for which I had now a greater horror than ever.

"My good master had an intimate friend called Il Signore Capitone, who some time after my return to Terni told my doctor that he would like to have me at his house as tutor to his two sons, who were studying at the college of the Society of Jesus. My master consented, and, after speaking to me, sent me to his friend. I was received with open arms, and presented the next day to our fathers, who put me in rhetoric. I was not long studying under them without feeling stimulated to imitate the virtues which I admired in these worthy servants of God. One thing prevented openness with my confessor, and it was that I could not bring myself to acknowledge my low birth, for up to this time I had boasted that my father was a *procureur du roi* (district attorney), and I was ashamed to unsay it or keep on saying it. Several months rolled on in this combat of nature and grace, the latter pressing me to declare my vocation, the former preventing it. However, God, wishing me to be received into the Society, prepared the occasion.

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"A young ecclesiastic paid by the fathers taught one of the lower classes, but, getting tired of it, asked to be relieved. They cast their eyes on me, and promised me the same salary. The gentleman with whom I dwelt consenting, I became regent or teacher. God gave me grace to economize my earnings, and when I had a pretty good sum I divided it between the churches and the poor. I even tried to imitate at least in something the great St. Nicholas, by throwing some money one night into a house where there was a girl in want.

"Our Lord rewarded me well for these liberalities by the great grace he did me by calling me strongly to the religious state. One day among others, while they were celebrating in the church the feast of Blessed Francis Borgia, not then canonized, I was so touched by the sermon of the Jesuit father that, to follow as far as I could the example of the blessed Francis, I made a vow to leave the world and enter religion either among the Jesuits, if they were willing to receive me, or, in case they deemed me unworthy of that favor, among the Capuchins or Recollects."

We will not follow his account of some interior struggles that followed. When the provincial of the order arrived at Terni, the accounts given were so favorable that Chaumonot was received and sent with good letters to the novitiate of St. Andrew's at Rome. "I was twenty-one years old," says he, "when I entered the novitiate May 18, 1632." But he did not finish it there. A nobleman had founded a novitiate at Florence, and young Chaumonot with others was sent there six months after his entrance. The master of novices here, less austere than his former one, encouraged him to reveal the great deception that troubled his conscience.

"One of the first things I asked this second master of novices was that, to punish my pride, he should question me in public as to the condition of my parents, my coming into Italy, and how I had been employed. I hoped thus to expiate to some extent my faults, and especially the falsehood I had uttered to conceal my low birth. He consented. One day, when all the novitiate was assembled, he questioned me on all these points. God gave me grace to practise the humiliation which he had inspired, and I publicly declared who I was, how and why I had left France, and what had been my adventures in Italy. The holy man added to my avowal as I had proposed making it, another act of mortification that I had not counted on. He told me to sing one of my village songs, and for this purpose made me mount on a trunk as my stage. I tried to obey, but the music was not long. My memory could bring up only a dancing tune. I started it. After the first couplet, the father stopped me, crying: 'Shame! what a ridiculous song! If you don't know a better one, never sing again.'"

His joy in the abode of religion was unbounded. To find himself admitted among young men so far superior to him in all that the world esteems, gave him constant occasions for zeal and fervor. Yet his trials were not ended. The health which had stood the hardships of his gipsy life now became so impaired that there was some hesitation whether he should be allowed to take his vows.

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But heaven favored his desires. He returned to Rome, and was thence sent to the college at Fermo, to his intense delight; for it was but a short distance from that Holy House which was to his last breath the one beloved spot of earth to his warm heart, throbbing with love for the Holy Family.

He easily won permission to make a pilgrimage to that shrine; and the young French runaway of former days, a spectacle to excite pity and horror, would not now be recognized in the talented young Italian Jesuit, Calmanotti. His mother tongue even was lost, but a French father at Loretto gave him some books in his native language, and urged him to recover it. After a time it came back, and he could read with ease.

As a teacher, he won the favor of his pupils and his superiors, for he seemed to possess the *donum famæ*, that singular gift which constitutes popularity, and wins its way with men of all nations and places.

While pursuing his theology at Rome, he became acquainted with Father Poncet de la Rivière, a

Parisian Jesuit just completing his divinity course in the Holy City, destined at a later day to be hurried through Northern New York by savage captors and to reach the Mohawk amid torture and suffering.

One day this father placed in the hands of his young and brilliant countryman one of those Jesuit *Relations* our bibliomaniacs now prize so highly. Chaumonot read with wonder and excited interest the narrative of the heroic Brébeuf and his call for religious to labor with him in converting the Indians of New France. To him it was a personal call, and he responded. There were obstacles, but he applied for everything, permission to abridge his course of study, permission to be ordained, permission to start as early as possible for France to catch the ships on their annual voyage.

Yet with all his eagerness and haste, he clung to one spot of Italy. He could not leave it without kneeling once more as a pilgrim in the Santa Casa, and bearing it in his heart of hearts to the New World, till he could erect there a Loretto on the model of that he so revered. His devotion to the Holy Family led him to adopt the name of Joseph and Mary, and to choose for saying his first Mass the Loretto Chapel, erected after the model of the Santa Casa by Cardinal Pallotti.

An unfortunate hiatus in his autobiography prevents our following him through France, and witnessing his meeting with his family and his long farewell. The uncle, we can well believe, readily pardoned the escapade of one who was now showing such devotion and self-sacrifice; while the mother must have pressed to her heart the son now more than ever dear to her.

The Canada fleet sailed from Dieppe, and thither Chaumonot and Poncet bent their way. The fleet and its voyage are historical. As the old chronicle remarks, it bore "a College of Jesuits, a House of Hospital Nuns, and an Ursuline Convent," the last accompanied by Madame de la Peltrie, the foundress and Mother Mary of the Incarnation, as first superior. Of the Hospital Nuns—whose contemplated establishment was endowed by Richelieu's niece, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, and the great cardinal himself—Mary Guenet of St. Ignatius had in chapter been appointed to assume direction. The passage of the ocean was not without its risks. Richelieu's attempt to create a French navy, and his motto, so adroitly alluding to the arms of France:

"Florent quoque lilia pronto"  
(E'en on the waters lilies bloom),

had excited jealousy, and cruisers, privateers of all kinds, were ready to sweep away the cargoes destined for the colonies the far-sighted minister sought to create.

But fearless of this danger the fleet swept out of Dieppe on the 4th of May, 1639, and the convent life, with almost daily Masses, made the flagship vie in its regularity with the time-honored monasteries of the Old World.

But if the danger of hostile cruisers did not alarm them, the feast of the Holy Trinity came with a new peril. Dense fogs hung over the bosom of the ocean while the Masses were offered. Just as they had risen from their adoration, a sailor on the deck shrieked: "Mercy! mercy! we are all lost!" Through the lifting vapors he caught, within two fathoms of the ship's side, the flash and the glitter of ice. While all sank in prayer, offering vows and Masses, and the Ursuline Sister St. Joseph began to chant the Litany of Loretto, the vanishing mist showed them the fearful extent of their danger. The iceberg towered high above their topmast, its summit still wreathed in a cloud of mist, while far and wide it extended over the sea. "You would have called it a city," says Mother Mary of the Incarnation, "and there are cities which are far less extensive than this berg," with turrets and spires, streets and dwellings, as it were of crystal.

The sails were straining, the wind being full in their favor, and the iceberg advancing. All passed in a moment. Captain Bontems' voice rang out, but providentially the man at the wheel, appalled by terror, gave a wrong movement, the wind suddenly changed, and the vessel was saved, as the ice fairly grazed it, and bore away from the magnificent object that so recently sent a thrill through every heart—even the best pilots averring that it was a miracle, as no human skill could have saved them.

Still storms and fogs delayed the ships, and it was not till the 15th of July that they entered the port of Tadoussac on the lower St. Lawrence. Transferred to a fishing-smack, the whole party were here detained several days, but at last on the 1st of August reached the lower town of Quebec.

The gallant Knight of Malta, Huault de Montmagny, Governor-General of Canada, received them at the wharf, and the city made it a general holiday. As the nuns stepped on the American soil which was to be the scene of their labors for God and the Indians, they knelt to kiss the earth. All then proceeded to the church, where a *Te Deum* was chanted.

Father Chaumonot was not to linger long at Quebec. A letter of August 7th announces that he with three other fathers was about to start for the Huron country. His stormy sea voyage of three months was followed by a month's journey over the rivers and lakes and through the vast forests of the New World. On the 10th of September, the six Hurons ran their bark canoe ashore at the end of Lake Tsirorgi, where Father Jerome Lalemant was at the moment in a rude cabin he had recently thrown up.

Chaumonot was on the field of his labor. Strange indeed was all around him. "Our dwellings are of bark, like those of the Indians, with no partitions except for the chapel. For want of table and furniture, we eat on the ground and drink out of bark. Our kitchen and refectory furniture consists of a great wooden dish full of *sagamity*, which I can compare to nothing but the paste

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used for wall paper. Our bed is bark with a thin blanket; sheets we have none, even in sickness; but the greatest inconvenience is the smoke, which, for want of a chimney, fills the whole cabin."

"Our manner of announcing the Word of God to the Indians is not to go up into a pulpit and preach in a public place; we must visit each house separately, and by the fire explain the mysteries of our holy faith to those who choose to listen to it."

The superior soon recognized in the young father—to whom the Hurons gave the name of Oronhiaguehee (the Bearer of Heaven)—a great facility for languages, as well as zeal, courage, and perseverance.

Father Chaumonot began his Huron labors at a critical moment. The mission among the Wyandot tribes, renewed by the great apostle Brébeuf soon after the restoration of Canada to France, had been fruitful in crosses and gave little to encourage the ministers of religion.

Most of these Indians, obdurate in their errors and superstitions, not only turned a deaf ear to the teachings of the missionaries, but, regarding them as powerful sorcerers, attributed to them every misfortune that befel the tribe or any individual. In those wild communities, every one rights his own wrongs, real or imaginary. Hence the fearless Jesuits actually carried their lives in their hands, never free from danger, or without the probability of being tomahawked.

The flotilla that brought up Father Chaumonot and Poncet carried also the deadly small-pox. As it devastated town after town, the missionaries were compelled to bear the responsibility of this new scourge. Their very efforts to reach the sick, to baptize and instruct, were resisted with superstitious terror; they were driven from cabins; and often, on reaching a town, would find every lodge closed against them.

Their crosses were cut down, the crucifix torn from their necks, the tomahawk often menaced their lives while on their errands of mercy or at prayer in their cabins.

It was a position to appall the stoutest heart. Yet Chaumonot entered on his work with alacrity and courage, fit associate for those who had already braved all the risks and perils. None faltered or hesitated.

They took, however, at this time an important step. To enable them to act more independently and give them at all times a place for retreats, as well as a centre of mission work, they established St. Mary's, the first mission settlement in the West. It was on the river Wye, easy of access from all the towns where they had been laboring. From it the fathers, generally two together, proceeded to the towns assigned as their field of labor.

The large fortified town of Ossossane was entrusted to Father Ragueneau, and Chaumonot was named his assistant. Here the opposition and obduracy were such that they had actually driven out the missionaries. The young Jesuit went forth bravely into this hardened field—Ossossane and twelve neighboring towns.

In St. Teresa, as the missionaries styled one of these villages, a young man solicited instruction and seemed to hear it with pleasure. While Father Ragueneau was speaking, another Indian rushed furiously in and ordered the two missionaries to be gone. As Father Ragueneau rose, the young man whom he had been instructing sprang upon him, tore his crucifix violently from his neck, and, brandishing his tomahawk, bade him prepare to die. "I fear not death," said Ragueneau; "you should thank me for what I have just taught you. If you wish to kill me I shall not fly, for death will place me in heaven." His tomahawk was raised, and he dealt the blow. "Father Chaumonot and I thought that we that moment beheld our long-cherished desire gratified," but the blow was averted—how they knew not. As he raised his hatchet again his arm was caught.

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One day the two fathers were passing near a cabin full of sick Hurons, whom they were not permitted to see. A bright little boy ran out and welcomed them with kind words. His danger of taking the epidemic touched them. Father Ragueneau felt impelled not to lose the opportunity which Providence seemed to offer them to baptize him, and he asked our young missionary to baptize him secretly. Father Chaumonot took up a handful of snow, and, melting it in his hand, poured it upon his head. The little fellow smiled, and then, as though he had accomplished his errand, ran back to his death-stricken home. A few days later they heard that he had sunk under the fatal malady.

The next year he was sent to the Arendaenronnon with Father Daniel. As the great object was to learn the language, his experienced companion made him daily visit a certain number of cabins and pick up all the words he could, writing them down. "So great a repugnance had I to making these visits," he tells us, "that every time I entered a cabin I seemed to be going to the torture, so much did I shrink from the raileries to which I was subjected."

After this rude apprenticeship he set out with the great Father Brébeuf to attempt to establish a mission among the Attiwandaronk, a tribe lying on both sides of the Niagara, or, as they called it and one of their towns near the Senecas, Onguiaahra. This tribe, fiercer and more brutal than the Hurons, had hitherto observed a neutrality between them and the Iroquois—a fact which led the French to call them the Neutral Nation. A journey of four days and nights through the woods from Teanastayae on the Huron frontier brought them to Kandoucho, the first of the Neuter towns.

In the beginning they were well received, and all awaited the return of the great chief Tsohahissen from war, there being no one in his absence to treat with them; but gradually pagan Hurons came, and represented the missionaries as great magicians who sought their ruin. Then every door was closed against them, and they often nearly perished at night, deprived of all

shelter. After visiting eighteen towns, they sadly turned back towards Kandoucho, but the snow came on so rapidly that they could not proceed beyond Teotongniaton. There they found a charitable woman who not only welcomed them to her cabin, but during their twenty-five days' stay was their patient and intelligent instructor in her language, enabling them to adapt the dictionary and grammar of the Huron language to that of this nation.

Yet even this good woman could not protect her guests from all injury. A crazy fellow in her cabin spat upon Father Chaumonot, tore his cassock, and kept up such a din that they could not sleep, and tore from their persons any object that took his fancy. [686]

After a stay of four months and a half they finally abandoned this field, and the Neuter Nation rejected its last call, for it was soon after destroyed by the Iroquois.

Still greater suffering awaited him. With the early summer he joined Father Daniel once more. They entered the cabin of a dying woman in the town of St. Michael to baptize her; one of her relatives, incensed at this, awaited them without, and as Father Chaumonot issued forth tore off his hat with one hand, and with the other dealt him a terrible blow with a stone. "I was stunned by the blow," says he, "and the assassin seized his tomahawk to finish me, but Father Daniel wrested it from his hands. I was taken to our host's cabin, where another Indian was my charitable physician. Seeing the large tumor I had on my head, he took another sharp stone to make some incision, through which he endeavored to press out all the extravasated blood, and then bathed the top of my head with cold water, in which some pounded roots were steeped. He took some of this infusion into his mouth and squirted it into the incisions. This treatment was so successful that I was soon well. God was satisfied with my desire of martyrdom, or rather deemed me unworthy to die a victim to the hatred of the first of our sacraments."

Amid such men, with all the horrors of war—for the Iroquois from New York were gradually conquering the land—Chaumonot labored on, suffering in health but undaunted and unappalled, even when, in 1648, Father Daniel perished in his village, and in the following March Father Brébeuf and his young associate Gabriel Lalemant underwent the fearful torture which gave them the highest crown among our martyrs.

A general panic seized the Hurons after this last blow. "At the time of this greatest defeat of the Huron nation," says Father Chaumonot, "I had charge of a town almost entirely Christian. The Iroquois, having attacked the villages about ten miles off, gave our braves a chance to sally out and attack them; but the enemy were in greater force than they supposed, and our men were defeated. Two days after their defeat news came that all our warriors were killed or taken. It was midnight when the intelligence came, and at once every cabin resounded with wailing, sobs, and piteous cries. You could hear nothing but wives bewailing their husbands, mothers mourning for their sons, and relatives lamenting the death or captivity of those nearest to them. Thereupon an old man, justly fearing lest the Iroquois might dash on the town, now deprived of its defenders, began to run through the town crying: 'Fly! fly! let us escape; the hostile army is coming to take us.' [687]

"At this cry I ran out and hastened from cabin to cabin to baptize the catechumens, confess the neophytes, and, arm all with prayer. As I made my round I saw that they were all abandoning the place, to take refuge with a nation about thirty-three miles distant. I followed these poor fugitives with the view of giving them spiritual aid, and as I did not even think of taking any provisions, I made the whole journey without eating or drinking or ever feeling any fatigue. While marching on, I thought only and busied myself only with administering consolation to my flock, instructing some, confessing others, baptizing those who had not yet received that sacrament. As it was still winter, I was forced to administer baptism with snow-water melted in my hands. What showed me clearly that my strength in flight was given me from on high, is that a Frenchman in the party, a man incomparably stronger in constitution than I, almost perished on the way, spent with weariness and overexertion."

He was with the surviving missionaries when they committed to the grave at St. Mary's the bodies of Brébeuf and Lalemant; and when tidings came of Garnier's heroic death, and of Chabanel's disappearance, he accompanied the Hurons who fled to St. Joseph's Island in Lake Huron. There is nothing in the annals of the missions more touching than Father Chaumonot's letters describing the fearful sufferings of the fugitives there.

When they at last resolved to seek a refuge at Quebec with their allies the French, Father Chaumonot bore them company, bidding adieu to the land which for eleven years had been the constant scene of his labors.

No missionary had more thoroughly entered into the Indian character or identified himself with them in thought. To him, therefore, they gave the name which the illustrious Brébeuf had borne, that of Hechon; and he was naturally the one to whose direction they were committed on Isle Orleans.

His labors on the Huron language were now probably completed. He had thoroughly mastered it, and drew up a grammar and dictionary, which continued for years to be the guide, not only for Huron, but for all the kindred Iroquois languages. "It pleased God," he says, "to give my work so much benediction, that there is no turn or subtlety in Huron, nor manner of expression, that I am not acquainted with, or have not, so to say, discovered." This knowledge he attributed as much to prayer as to his natural talent and assiduity.

His grammar was published some years since in the second volume of the *Collections* of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, and is one of the most important of those linguistic treasures which American ethnology owes to the early Catholic missionaries.

Father Chaumonot had scarcely organized his Huron church on Isle Orleans when he was summoned to a new field. The Iroquois, their hands reeking with the blood of Goupil, Jogues, Daniel, Brébeuf, Lalemant, Garnier, asked for missionaries. They began to respect the faith which gave such heroes, able to read the grandeur of Christianity in the virtues of its apostles.

Father le Moyne had led the way to Onondaga. Dablon and Chaumonot followed. In a general assembly of the cantons, Father Chaumonot proclaimed the faith with such eloquence, and in a style so adapted to reach the Indian mind, that the Indians lost their cold indifference, and applauded loudly, while Father Dablon himself listened in wonder to the language of his fellow-missioner. The mission was established. Huron captives formed a nucleus, around which gathered Iroquois converts, warriors and matrons, sachems and orators.

There was no sparing of vice. Amid all the suspicion that lurked in the Indian mind against the motives of the missionaries, and compelled constant discourses and apologies, the fearless missionaries rebuked them for their evil life.

Once, when accusations were made that the blackgowns came to diminish their numbers and blight their race, Father Chaumonot boldly retorted the charge on the men, and showed them that, by their infidelity and harshness to their wives, their divorces, abandoning them, and overtasking their strength, they caused the death of their children, and were forced to adopt captives to fill their cabins. Christian marriage alone, he showed them, could save the race from extermination.

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This advocacy of woman's real rights closed the mouths of his assailants, and so won the women of Onondaga to the cause of Christianity that they wished to render public thanks to the fearless missionary. They gave him a great banquet, to which they came adorned in all their finest ornaments, to dance to the cadence of two native minstrels, while they sang his praises and thanked him for his advocacy.

Strange that alarmed statisticians in this country point now to the same causes as producing the rapid decline in the birth-rate of the Americans as a people, while the church, echoing Chaumonot's sermon of two centuries ago, points to the sacrament of matrimony as the only sure hope for the country.

The Onondaga mission of 1655 is full of beautiful details. Its end was strange and romantic. A plot formed for the destruction of all the French was baffled by a secret flight, so adroitly managed that the Indians believed that the French had become invisible.

Montreal was the next field of our missionary. Here, in 1663, with the aid of Madame d'Ailleboust, Margaret Bourgeoys, foundress of the Congregation Sisters, Mother de Brésoles, of the Hôtel Dieu, and other pious persons, he founded a society which has for its model the Holy House of Nazareth, to which he was so devoted, and which has for two hundred years been the instrument of incalculable good in Canada—one of the mighty aids in maintaining the family faith and family piety—the Society of the Holy Family. Amid our great wants is such a society, to sanctify Christian families, by modelling them on that of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

The remnant of his Huron flock had gathered beneath the fort of Quebec, but before he returned permanently to them he was sent as chaplain to Fort Richelieu, at the mouth of the Sorel. Adapting himself to any life, he labored among those committed to him with his habitual zeal. He soon gained the hearts, not only of the private soldiers, but of the officers; and established among them regular practices of piety. One officer, touched by his words and example, hung up his sword at the altar, and, receiving in due time holy orders, was for many years a devoted missionary in Nova Scotia; while a soldier, formed by Father Chaumonot, devoted himself to the service of the missionaries, and became an excellent teacher.

At last he is with his Hurons, never to leave them. He reared for them the Chapel of Notre Dame de Foye, so called after a celebrated shrine of Mary near Dinan. A copy of the miraculous statue there venerated excited the devotion of his flock, and was the instrument of God's blessings and favors. To commemorate these, the Hurons, through Father Chaumonot, sent to the Old World shrine a wampum belt with the inscription, "*Beata quæ credidisti,*" and this token of Indian homage was laid before the altar of Our Lady with the offerings of kings and princes. Others followed the example, and to this day celebrated shrines in Belgium, France, and Italy preserve the wampum belts sent from the depths of our forests by the converts of our early missionaries.

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Six years later, the wants of the Indians compelled them to select a new site, where unbroken land and fuel were abundant. When it was chosen, Father Chaumonot carried out a long-cherished design, and with the alms of the Children of Mary in Europe and America erected a brick chapel of the exact dimensions and arrangement of the Santa Casa of Loretto. It soon became a renowned pilgrimage for the supernatural favors obtained there. And here in this favored sanctuary the servant of Mary spent nearly a quarter of a century, giving his time to God and his neighbor. He rose at two, spent four or five hours in prayer or contemplation, recited his office, said Mass, preaching almost daily, then attended to the affairs of the mission, instructing some of his colleagues in Huron, catechising children; after a slight repast at noon, he again spent some time in prayer, and visited some cabins to give special instructions. At nightfall, his chapel was filled for evening prayer, and with his private devotions he closed his day.

In 1689, he celebrated at the Cathedral of Quebec the fiftieth anniversary of his first Mass, being the first one who had ever there attained such years of ministry. The Governor and Intendant, with many other persons of distinction, sought the privilege of receiving at the hands of the venerable priest on this day.

At the close of the year 1692, he began to sink under a complication of disorders, and was



conveyed to Quebec. He rallied for a time, but after suffering intense pains, which he bore with unshaken patience and admirable piety, he died the death of a saint. As such, his austerities, his mortifications, his uninterrupted union with God, his zeal and love for his neighbor, had long caused him to be regarded. All gathered around his venerated remains seeking some relic, and many afflicted in soul or body sought his intercession—as documents show, not without effect. His funeral was the most imposing yet seen in Canada. Such was the repute of his sanctity that even Frontenac, the Governor-General, bitter and fanatical in his hostility to the Jesuits, attended, as well as the Bishop of Quebec, who had long revered the aged missionary.

None who beheld his unpromising start in life could have dreamed of such a career or of such a close.

The contents of this book, put forward with all the apparent sanction possible of the sect that employs Mr. Butler, may be looked upon as the quintessence of all that has been or can be said on the subject of missions in Hindostan, by a writer who feels that he has a claim to challenge our attention and command our belief. That it is orthodox in character, according to the notions of his class, cannot be doubted in view of the official position of the author, and the innumerable extracts from the Old and New Testaments, particularly the former, with which its pages are interspersed; quotations the frequency of which, if not reflecting much credit on the reverend doctor by their charity or appositeness, give to the work an air of ponderous learning and holiness that must be highly relished by his brother Methodists. But in justice to the author, it must be said that he does not altogether confine himself to the sacred writers. When the grandeur of the pagan temples or the horrors of Mohammedanism become too great even for his descriptive powers, he freely draws on that profane child of the muses, Tom Moore, whose merits, however, he is careful, in his clerical capacity, to depreciate by assuring us that the author of *Lalla Rookh* "was for a good part of his life a *Romanist*"; an objection which he seems to forget might be urged with equal truthfulness against the majority of the gifted minds of the past eighteen centuries, and even against the inspired penmen of the New Testament and the fathers of the church.

However, aside from the attractions of the work in an artistic point of view, we do no injustice in selecting it as a very favorable specimen of this sort of literature, and, recognizing its author as a tried and approved servant of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we shall proceed to gather from its veritable pages a history of his labors, sufferings, and triumphs in the cause of Protestant Christianity.

India, as our readers are aware, is one of the most densely peopled and, in one sense, highly civilized of Asiatic countries. Its population numbers considerably more than two hundred millions, or about one-sixth of the whole human race, speaking many languages and professing various forms of faith. The Hindoos, the original inhabitants, forming the mass of the people, are polytheists, worshipping according to the *Vedas* and other books considered sacred, their priests being known to the Western world as Brahmins—an hereditary religio-social aristocracy, the most ancient, and at one time considered the most learned, body of men in existence. The Mohammedans, who are said to amount to some twenty-five millions, are the descendants of the conquerors of the eleventh century, and follow more or less strictly the teachings of the Koran. The Brahminical classes or castes, which are numerous, though not enjoying their full immunities since the advent of Europeans on their shores, are still ardently devoted to learning, and indeed, in common with all their countrymen, may be said to develop remarkable mental acuteness and quick perception, though still unfortunately strongly attached to the grossest forms of idolatry. To wean them from these degrading practices, and to introduce in their stead the pure teaching of the Gospel, has been the professed object of the Protestant sects of Europe in sending out crowds of missionaries and innumerable Bibles since the commencement of the century—a work in which some of their brothers in this country have not been behindhand. But American Methodism, until 1856, had no representative in the "land of the Veda," and the Indians up to that time were ignorant of its peculiar and manifold blessings till Dr. Butler was despatched from Boston to enlighten them. He sailed in April, and arrived at Bareilly in the autumn of that year, where, as he tells us, "his appearance caused a great deal of talk and excitement." He was accompanied from Allahabad by a native named Joel, wife and child, and, having his own wife and two of his children with him, he commenced his labors. This Joel, who is frequently mentioned in the book, was, it seems, already converted, and when transferred to Dr. Butler by his spiritual guardians they "playfully intimated that Joel had been trained a Presbyterian, knew the Westminster Catechism, and was sound on the five points of Calvinism, and that they would naturally expect him to continue in the faith even though he was going with a Methodist missionary; but," continues the sly doctor, "I felt assured that these things would regulate themselves hereafter"—and he was right, for, as he tells us in another place, his faithful helper "was destined to become the first native minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India." He became in a manner the corner-stone of the vast edifice that was about to be erected on the ruins of heathenism. [691]

We have often heard the anecdote of lending a congregation, but this is the first instance, within our knowledge, of borrowing, not to use a harsher term, a convert; still, we can sympathize with honest Joel in the confusion of mind he must have experienced in discriminating between the Christianity of John Calvin and that of John Wesley, and his mystification at receiving as the Word of God two different and distinct versions of the same law, not to speak of his trying to expound them to his audience in his capacity of first native pastor. Still, he was a beginning, the nucleus of that great conglomeration of religion and intelligence about to be called into existence by the potent spells of the grand magician. Nor was he long left alone. There was a Christian girl, it seems, named Maria, who had formerly been converted by the Madras Baptists, but whom Dr. Butler speedily reconverted to Methodism. "This precious girl," says the author, "who, of her race and sex in Bareilly, alone loved us for the Gospel's sake, seemed raised up to encourage and aid us in our new mission;" and with this encouragement, and two such followers, he forthwith set about the conversion of Rohilcund, having first secured "a furnished house, and began to study the language."

If there is something absurd in the commencement of a Methodist church with only a Presbyterian and a Baptist, the idea conveyed in the last sentence is excessively ridiculous. Can

we imagine a heaven-appointed minister, filled with holy energy, so eager to christianize the heathen and elevate his mind that he leaves his distant home and two of his (four) children in tears, penetrates into the heart of the enemy's country, and, having made his "comfortable arrangements," established his wife and family, and procured two ready-made helpers, quietly sits down for the first time to learn the language of the highly astute and observant people to whom he is sent to preach, and consequently ignorant of the prejudices and doctrines against which he would have to combat? We are not surprised therefore to hear that for several months after the establishment of the mission Mr. Butler's congregation, as he delights to call it, did not increase perceptibly. Says Dr. Russell, a Protestant and the correspondent of England's leading journal: "So long as a Christian minister can argue with a Moulvie or a pundit with patience and ingenuity, he will be listened to with interest and respect; he will be permitted to expound the Scriptures, and to warn his hearers against the errors of their faith, provided that he refrains from insulting, contemptuous, and irritating language; but if he be a mere ignorant, illiterate zealot, without any qualification (temporally speaking) except a knowledge of Hindostanee and good intentions, he may be exposed to the laughter, scorn, and even abuse of the crowded bazaar in consequence of his manifest inability to meet the subtle objections of his keen and practised opponent. From what I have heard I regret to state my conviction is, that no considerable success, so far as human means are concerned, can be expected from the efforts of those who are like the ancient apostles in all things but their inspiration and heavenly help."<sup>[191]</sup>

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In May, 1857, the Sepoy rebellion, caused to a great extent by the conduct of just such "illiterate zealots" and the criminal neglect of the East India Company, broke out, and the terror extending to Bareilly, the foreign women and children were ordered to be sent to the mountains for safety, Dr. Butler being advised to accompany them. After "prayerfully considering" this message, he resolved not to go, not to abandon his post in the hour of danger; but, with the inconsistency of poor weak human nature, from which even missionaries, it would appear, are not exempt, he tells us that "before going to bed we arranged our clothes for a hasty flight should any alarm be given." As the doctor is an advocate of the superiority of married over single missionaries, we give literally his own account of the domestic scene that followed the warning, which, to say the least, is very complimentary to his amiable spouse:

"As soon as the adjutant had gone, I communicated the message to Mrs. Butler. She received it with calmness, and we retired to our room to pray together for divine direction. After I had concluded my prayer, she began, and I may be excused in saying that such a prayer I think I never heard; a martyr might worthily have uttered it, it was so full of trust in God and calm submission to his will. But when she came to plead for the preservation of 'these innocent little ones,' she broke down completely. We both felt we could die, if such were the will of God; but it seemed too hard for poor human nature to leave these little ones in such dreadful hands or perhaps to see them butchered before our eyes! We knew that all this had been done on Sunday last at Meerut, and we had no reason to expect more mercy from those in whose power we were should they rise and mutiny. But we tried hard to place them and ourselves, and the mission of our beloved church, in the hands of God, and he did calm our minds and enable us to confide in him. On arising from our knees, I asked her what she thought we ought to do? Her reply was that she could *not* see our way clear to leave our post; she thought our going would concede too much to Satan and to these wretched men; that it would rather increase the panic; that it might be difficult to collect again our little congregation if we suspended our services; and, in fact, that we ought to remain and trust in God. I immediately concurred, and wrote word to the commanding officer."

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But all flesh is weak. Notwithstanding the result of this combined appeal for "divine direction," the doctor knew better, and, instead of imitating his wife's brave determination in that trying hour, he hearkened to the counsel of a *Moonshee*, and Methodism, while it retained its missionary, lost its first and, it may be surmised, its only chance of having a martyr. "Being a Mohammedan," he says, "with more worldly wisdom than consistency, and having a pecuniary loss in the suspension of my lessons in the language, his warning had much weight with me. I had then to settle the question raised by the commanding officer whether our resistance to going, under those circumstances, was not more a tempting of, rather than a trusting in, Providence? I hated to leave my post, even for a limited time. Yet to remain looked, as he argued, should an insurrection occur and I become a victim, like throwing away my life without being able to do any good by it; and the Missionary Board would probably have blamed me for not taking advice and acting on the prudence which foreseeth the evil and takes refuge 'till the indignation is overpast.'" Was there ever as prudent an apostle or one so entirely anxious to avoid (after death) the reproach of his superiors by the exhibition of too much courage? Not that he cared for his personal safety, by no means, but the thought of the censure he would have incurred for not having taken more care of his precious life could not be endured. "Still," continues this intrepid contemner of 'wifeless priests,' "had I been *alone*, or could I have induced Mrs. B. to take the children and go without me (a proposition she met by declaring that she would never consent to it, but would cling to her husband and cheerfully share his fate, whatever it might be), I would have remained. But then, to all the preceding reasons, the reflection was added that Mrs. B.'s situation required that if moved at all it must be then, as a little later flight would be impossible, and she and the children and myself must remain and take whatever doom the mutineers chose to give us." What one of the "wifeless priests" would have done amid similar circumstances, those

at all conversant with the history of Catholic missions in every portion of the world—and there is no part of it but has been hallowed by their footsteps—can be at a loss to determine; but then, those short-sighted celibates have never allowed family or other human ties to come between them and their manifest duty to their Master. The result of the lady's sickness, so indelicately introduced, we think, as a cloak for her husband's cowardice and hypocrisy, was, we subsequently learn, the increase of the Methodist "congregation" of India by one member known by the sobriquet of the "mutiny baby," and it is pleasant to consider that, despite the disasters of the times, the conversion of the country was thus progressing, even though slowly.

Moved by all these considerations, the author left Bareilly with his family, and proceeded to the assigned refuge in the mountains, some seventy miles distant, with surprising alacrity, considering that for many days after everything remained quiet in the neighborhood. But what a hegira was that, so full of perils, adventures, and even miracles, performed, of course, by him alone! In his narration of the journey he rises above himself, and becomes almost apocalyptic in style. At one time, when the bearers showed an unwillingness to carry Mrs. B. and the children further, this was his noble device:

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"But in spite of urging, there stood my men. It was an awful moment. For a few minutes my agony was unutterable; I thought I had done all I could, but now everything was on the brink of failure. I saw how 'vain' was the 'help of man,' and I turned aside into the dark jungle, took off my hat, and lifted my heart to God. *If ever I prayed, I prayed then.* I besought God in mercy to influence the hearts of these men, and decide for me in that solemn hour. I reminded him of the mercies that had hitherto followed us, and implored his interference in this emergency. My prayer did not last two minutes, but how much I prayed in that time!"

No wonder that his heart was glad at the result, particularly at the fact that the men not only took up their valuable burden cheerfully, but forgot to ask for their hire when their task was accomplished, which to any one acquainted with that class of men in the East certainly savors of the supernatural. "The divine interposition in the case will appear more manifest," he modestly continues, "when I add that even the 'bucksheesh' for which the bearers were contending they started off without staying to ask for or receive." The ladies who met the party at the first halting-place were astonished, and one of them, Miss Y., asked: "Why, what could have happened to Mrs. Butler's bearers that they started so cheerfully, and arrived here so soon without giving her the least trouble?" "Ah! she knew not," ejaculates the self-contained missionary, "but I knew, there is a God who heareth and answereth prayer!" But let not this remark be misunderstood. That initial lady, if at all in the flesh, was a Christian, and must have believed in the efficacy of prayer. The true meaning is that she did not know what a holy man Dr. Butler really was, and of what special graces he had become the favored recipient. Poor Miss Y., how we commiserate her ignorance!

While the civil war lasted, the refugees remained in the mountains at Nynee Tal, a pleasant summer resort, where, for a rent of \$225, our missionary and family had no difficulty in securing the inevitable "furnished house," and, save an occasional scarcity of milk for the baby, suffered no great inconvenience from want of the necessaries and even luxuries of life. Food was readily and cheaply supplied by the natives, and the Nawab of Rampore, though an infidel, generously furnished them with food and money. Still, in this comfortable shelter, and while his brother missionaries were exposed to all sorts of dangers, our hero was rivalling Nana Sahib in the fierceness of his denunciation and maledictions; for, while the rebellious Peishwa was petitioning his tutelary gods to destroy the English, and send them *en masse* to the infernal regions, the American Christian was invoking the Deity, in all the forms peculiar to Methodist camp-meeting exhorters, to weed out, root and branch, the very people to whom he had been commissioned, and upon whose hospitality and forbearance so many of his co-religionists depended for safety. The utter want of decency and common humanity exhibited by many of the Protestant ministers during and subsequent to the war cannot better be illustrated than by transcribing the following gratuitous account given in this book of a visit to the deposed Emperor of Delhi while *in prison*:

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"A day or two previously, my friend, Rev. J. S. Woodside, missionary of the American Presbyterian Church, was here. He went to see the emperor, and took the opportunity of conversing with him about Christianity. The old man assented to the general excellence of the Gospel, but stoutly declared that it was abrogated by the Koran—as Moses and the law were abolished by Christ and the Gospel—so, he argued, Mohammed and the Koran had superseded Christ and every previous revelation. Brother Woodside calmly but firmly told him that, so far from this being the case, *Mohammed was an impostor and the Koran a lie*, and that, unless he repented and believed in Christ alone, without doubt he must perish in his sins. He then proceeded to enforce upon his bigoted hearer the only Gospel sermon which he had ever heard; and Brother Woodside *was the very man to utter it!*"

Surely this Woodside, who could thus wantonly insult a feeble old man, the fallen monarch of two hundred millions of subjects, heathen though he was, must have been one of the ignorant zealots alluded to by Mr. Russell; and the writer who could mention him with unctuous satisfaction runs the risk of being considered little better.

For nearly a year the missionary toils of Dr. Butler were suspended; but when all danger was passed, he returned to his former scene of action, or rather inaction, this time reinforced by two "brothers" from America, who, having been lately ordained, knew as little of the language, religion, and disposition of the natives as he did on his arrival. The reunion took place at Agra, and the trio, with their respective families, of course, proceeded to Nynee Tal, "as we could there best devote ourselves," says the author, "to the acquisition of the language, and be ready to

descend to Bareilly and our other stations, where God had prepared our way, after the reoccupation of Rohilcund by the English Government”—rather a strange precursor, we should suppose, for the servants of the Prince of Peace; but tastes, particularly Methodist tastes, cannot always be accounted for. The “Church in India” also received at this time another valuable member (number four) in the person of a small boy, the orphan of a deceased sepoy officer, who had been found on the battle-field by Lieutenant Gowan, and “made over”—to use his own expression to the superintendent—by that officer. “No man in the East or in America,” observes the matter-of-fact missionary, “has given half as much money to develop our work in India as Colonel Gowan has contributed.... His liberality to our mission work, up to the present, cannot be much less than \$15,000.”

Encouragement also came from other official sources. His next step was taken in the direction of Lucknow, “where he was assured that houses could at once be obtained by the assistance of Sir Robert Montgomery,” Governor of Oude, and thither he bent his steps, “escorted by relays of *sowars* (cavalry), the general considering the precaution necessary.” Of the subsequent history of the missions established in that city, Meradabad, near Nynnee Tal, and the old one at Bareilly, the book before us relates little. War, famine, and pestilence, the three great scourges of mankind, seem to have been more effectual proselytizing agencies than the Bible and preaching. The first child in the orphanage established at the latter place was, as we have seen, a waif from the rebellion, and when, in 1860, a dreadful famine occurred in Northern India, “so decided and quick was the calamity, that before the English Government ascertained its extent, and could originate public works to arrest its severity, large numbers of the people had died of want,” and their children were left an easy prey to whoever cared to snatch them up. This specious excuse for the government brings to our mind the history of another famine which happened some years previously nearer home, and which the same rulers failed to alleviate even to the extent of affording free transport for the food provided for the sufferers by the generous people of this country. Though in the latter-mentioned case the victims were Catholics, not Hindoos, the advantage sought to be taken of the calamity by a similar class of men was the same. “The idea came to us,” says Dr. Butler, “that this emergency might be turned to good account by our missionaries seizing on the opportunity thus presented,” and it was therefore agreed among them to solicit the bodily possession of three hundred boys and girls. “I wrote,” he continues, “to the Government; they were only too glad to consent and have the children off their hands.” Of course they were, and doubtless if he had asked for as many thousands, he would have got them as readily. Nor was money wanting for the support of these new *protégés*. “Responses came pouring in from schools and individuals in America.... Individuals in India also, and government itself,” says the doctor, “came to our help.” Even the Nawab of Rampore, “a Mohammedan sovereign in the vicinity”—who, by the way, owed his position to the English authorities—was put under contribution to the amount of five hundred dollars. Still it was found difficult to introduce Methodism even among these destitute children; for elsewhere he acknowledges that out of nearly one hundred and fifty girls, only about forty have been “soundly converted.” But no effect whatever could be produced on the children not actually starving, even by the free use of money. Here is his own emphatic acknowledgment of the fact, on page 520:

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“Every effort was made by our missionary ladies to obtain even day-scholars from among the people, but such was then their bitter prejudice against educating girls that they generally treated the proposal with scorn. The ladies of our Bareilly mission made a vigorous effort in that city to obtain even a few scholars. They went from house to house, hired a suitable place in which to hold a school, bought mats and necessary equipments, offered even to *pay the girls* some compensation for the time expended, if they would only attend; but at the end of three months they had only succeeded in inducing two children to come, and one of these was unreliable. At length, tired out, they had to abandon the effort as hopeless, until some change would come over the minds of the people in favor of female education.”

The system adopted towards the adult population was more questionable, though equally unsuccessful. Rohilcund and Oude, the scenes of the labors of the American Methodists, were also, it appears, great recruiting depots for the company’s officers, who, as the term of their sepoys expired, formerly allowed them to return home and enjoy liberal pensions, so that a large portion of the male population of those provinces were actually dependent on the company for the necessaries of life. The failure of the rebellion not only caused the breaking up of the sepoy army, but the innocent were made to suffer with the guilty, for the allowance that was paid to the superannuated soldiers for past services ceased and general destitution prevailed. Of this circumstance, the result of base ingratitude, the worthy missionaries were not slow in taking advantage, hoping that, since prayer and exhortation had failed, the more tangible arguments of meat and dollars might at least partially succeed. Previous to the war the “converted” native held, and as we shall presently see for good reasons, a very unenviable position in the community. According to the author, “he was cut off and proscribed by his friends, looked down upon too often by European officials,” and “refused all employment under government.” But this was all changed by Montgomery, the local ruler of Oude, and Governor-General Lawrence, who were favorable to the encouragement of native Christians. “Other officials,” we are told, “did the same. Merchants and traders also sought them, for they saw they could be trusted. *Their value rose at once.*” “And,” adds Dr. Butler, “the rapid growth of the Christian church in India since that time, and especially of the native ministry, will be fully exhibited in the statistical tables which follow the next chapter.”

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We regret that he has not favored us with the details of this astonishing increase in the number

of the faithful which so closely followed the distribution of government patronage and pecuniary rewards; but to our chagrin the indefatigable and sanguine missionary, whom we have followed from Boston to the Himalayas, prayed with, in spirit, in the "dark jungles," and moaned with in unison over the combined sins of the heathen and the *Romanist*, parts from us abruptly, leaving us the prey of a cruel suspicion that, notwithstanding the generous donations of American friends, the efficient aid of British officials, and, above all, his own sanctified character and wonderful intrepidity, his mission, like so many others undertaken in the same spirit, was, after all, a melancholy failure. In winding up his long history, he tells us:

"The organization of the missions into an annual conference, at the close of 1864, terminated my superintendency, while the toil and care to which body and mind were subject during these scenes, and in such a climate, were so exhausting that release from further service there became indispensable. This release was kindly granted by the bishop and the missionary board."

Now, what were our reverend friend and his co-laborers doing during the six years that followed the establishment of the three missions which still manage to exist in India? Surely a lively and scriptural account of those toils and cares of which he speaks would, particularly when told in his glowing style, be highly interesting to the public. Chapters of his voluminous book are devoted to descriptions of temples and tombs of the past ages, and some hundreds of pages to a detailed account of the massacres, battles and disasters incident to the civil war, but not a line do we find in which may be traced the efficacy of the gospel as preached by such pious expounders, nor is mention made of a single grown-up convert won to Methodism during the whole time, save through the agency of filthy lucre, the root of all evil. For our further information, it is true, he refers us to certain tables with which he supplements his work, but that is small consolation, for, though we believe in the old saying that figures cannot lie, we are satisfied from an examination of the tables referred to that this veracious character does not strictly apply to those who collated them.

From Table I. we gather that the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, in 1872, had no less than eighteen male and nineteen female missionaries of foreign birth in Rohilcund and Oude, and eighty-six native assistants, with church-members, amounting in the aggregate to five hundred and forty-one, so that every fourteen and a half members had one foreign missionary, or, counting the local preachers and exhorters, every *four* converts may now enjoy the sole solicitude of one spiritual guide at least! But in Table II., on the next page, the foreign missionaries are increased to forty-six, or one to every dozen actual Christians, and, taking the entire force of foreign missionaries, native pastors, local preachers, exhorters, and teachers, the whole number of "laborers," more or less dependent on the missionary fund for a livelihood, are reported at the handsome figure of *three hundred and sixty-six*, two laborers for every three members! But if we deduct the number of teachers returned at two hundred and thirty-four in Table II. from the whole number of members, we find that for every *thirty* members who are not laborers, and consequently derive no official benefit from the church connection, there are *twenty-three* who do. Should matters go on as prosperously as they seem to have done for a few years more, we hope to hear that every native convert who is not a pastor, exhorter, or teacher himself will be able to have the sole and separate use of a missionary or an assistant for his own benefit. We expect, also, to find that the exhausting duties of the foreign missionaries in taking charge each of at least one dozen of converts, including the native preachers, exhorters, and teachers aforesaid, will be duly considered by the board, and that reinforcements will be sent to them forthwith. What the eighty-six native pastors and catechists, as returned in Table II., find to do except to preach to each other, we are at a loss to surmise. Perhaps, however, they look after certain individuals classified as probationers and non-communicant adherents, and by the help of which, and the children of the schools, the compiler endeavors to make out a show of figures. The former class he counts at five hundred and twenty, and the latter at seven hundred and thirty-five, which, with nearly twelve hundred children and the helpers, make the sum-total of the officers and rank and file of the church three thousand and sixty-five, "all won for Christ since the rebellion closed." Now, taking these figures as correct in every particular, we arrive at the following curious calculation, to which we respectfully call the attention of the admirers of Protestant, and particularly Methodist, missions. According to their own showing, there is in India one missionary for every *seventy-seven* men, women, and children in the remotest degree connected with the Methodist Church; leaving out the children, there is a foreign missionary for every forty native adults, and taking the *bona-fide* church-members there is one duly commissioned American missionary for every *twelve* converts! Taking the whole number of Christians at three thousand, we find the annual conversions to have averaged two hundred and thirty, which amount being divided by forty-six makes the exact number of *five* persons converted every year by each of our countrymen in India. If we leave out the children who as we have already seen, are simply given away by the authorities,<sup>[192]</sup> we reduce the whole number of yearly gains to one hundred and forty-five, or an average of *three* annual converts for each foreign missionary; but when we only count the actual church-members, we discover that forty-two native persons are actually converted every year by forty-six American missionaries, and this calculation agrees very nearly with the statement of Dr. Butler, who says in a note to the very table to which he calls our attention, "Conversions during last year, 56." How many years, missionaries, native pastors, and catechists would be required at this rate to christianize the two hundred millions of heathens in Hindostan is a problem too difficult for our solution.

So much for the wonderful progress of Methodism in India. Let us now glance for a moment at the *personelle* of the brands thus snatched from the burning.

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The ingenious attempt to make the public believe that any form of Protestantism has at length gained a foothold in Asia is more common than honest, and has been repeatedly exposed and censured by sectarian writers of all classes and degrees, many of whom have lived as missionaries in India, and know the truth by painful experience. A few extracts from their works and speeches will suffice to show at once the deficiencies of the would-be apostles, the character of their neophytes, and the absolute falsity of such statistics as we find in Butler's tables:

"Missionaries have gone out from this country (England) who have dishonored their great cause, and rather confirmed than shaken the superstitions of the people they visited."—Cunningham's *Christianity in India*, p. 147.

"From the want of superintendence, it is painful to observe that the characters of too many of the clergy are by no means creditable to the doctrines they profess, which, together with the unedifying contests that prevail among them even in the pulpit, tend to lower the religion and its followers in the eyes of the natives of every description."—Lord Valentia's *Travels*, vol. i. p. 199.

"A large portion of the sterility of our missions may be attributed to that discord which Christianity (Protestantism) exhibits in the very sight of the unbeliever."—Rev. Dr. Grant's *Brompton Lectures*.

"The numerous missionaries, although they waste years and words, and even money, have converted very few; yet when they have induced one or two apparently to adopt their particular tenets, it is their fashion to make a clamor in the newspapers and by pamphlets, although too frequently they are not sure of their new converts for any length of time."—Mackenna's *Ancient and Modern India*, p. 516.

"Missionaries announcing the conversion of a solitary Hindoo among thousands of unbelievers are themselves frequently members of some straggling sect, and too often the instruments of fanatical bigotry."—*Travels in India and Kashmir*, p. 195.

It is needless to multiply further such sketches of the unfitness of the shepherds, for the reader will easily find them, and generally much more strongly drawn, in any impartial work on British India. Let us, however, take a glance at the moral and social status of the spiritual flocks, whose members, before the arrival of Montgomery and Lawrence, found it so difficult to obtain situations. Captain Hervey, in his *Ten Years in India*, tells us that, whenever a native convert wishes employment as a servant, "he is not taken, because all Christians, with but few exceptions, are looked upon as great vagabonds, drunkards, thieves, and reprobates." A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xii., assures us that "whoever has seen much of Christian Hindoos must perceive that the man who bears that name is very commonly nothing more than a drunken reprobate who conceives himself at liberty to eat or drink anything he pleases." The Baptist "converts," we are assured by Rev. John Bowen, in his *Missionary Incitement*, etc., are accused of wallowing in every crime that "degrades human nature," and deserve the accusation. The Rev. Mr. Schneider, writing from Agra, in Dr. Butler's neighborhood, assures us that the "motives of the Hindoos for embracing Christianity were chiefly the desire of employment and to have their bodily wants provided for." "It is a fact," he adds, "that many new converts have, after their baptism, not adorned their Christian profession, and so have ever proved great offences and stumbling-blocks to the cause of Christ." Of the Baptist converts in the same place, we learn from their *seventieth report* (1862), that "what with members who have left the station, and others (including paid catechists) who have been cut off for immoral conduct, our loss has been heavy; while in the city of Delhi in the same year sixty-six persons were baptized and *seventy-five* excluded from the churches." The author of *India and the Gospel*, a Protestant missionary of Central India, candidly says: "I have met with native Christians who have been baptized, some on the eastern, some on the western coast, and others at some southern stations—lamentable to say, they were not to be known from the heathen but in name." Mr. Marsh declared some years ago in the English House of Commons, speaking of Indian converts generally: "They are drawn from the Chandalahs, or Pariahs, or outcasts—a portion of the population who are shut out from the Hindoo religion, and who, being condemned to the lowest poverty and most sordid occupations, are glad to procure by what the missionaries call conversion whatever pittance they are enabled to dole out for their subsistence." But it appears that the bad character of the Protestant converts has even a more disastrous effect than that produced on the reputation of their sponsors. Mr. David Hopkins, of the Bengal Medical Establishment, in his work on India, asserts, in reply to some overzealous advocate of Protestantism, "the outcasts have indeed joined the missionaries, and have appeared as of their faith; but the conduct of these outcasts has generally proved that they professed what they did not feel, and has considerably influenced the higher orders in their prejudices against Christianity."

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If we proceed still further, we will find from these reiterated complaints of the influence of Protestantism in the East, how much it perverts whatever sense of natural justice may remain in the heathen, and, by appealing to his basest passions, renders him an object of contempt and mistrust even to his less enlightened fellows—for there are few of the Indian population so mentally obtuse as not to recognize the rankest hypocrisy and mendacity, though they be covered with the garb of religion. How far such men as Dr. Butler is justified in claiming three hundred and fifty thousand native *Christians* (Protestants) as the result of sectarian teaching and zeal in India is not easily determined. In 1850, General Briggs noticed that the missionaries reckoned

but one in every six nominal converts as church members; the Rev. Mr. Ward, a missionary, states that of the number of converts of every sort reported to the home societies not one in ten is actually converted.<sup>[193]</sup> A writer in the *United Service Gazette*, who had served as an officer in India in 1856, declared that, though the missionaries reported their disciples by thousands, an omnibus would hold all the sincere native Protestants then in the peninsula, while a later authority, Rev. E. Storrow, in his book on *Indian Missions, etc.*, is not willing to claim more than one-fifth of all the so-called converts as Christians even in his indefinite sense of that term. Following the Storrow method of computation, therefore, and applying it to the doctor's tables, we arrive at the following results: There are at the present day three hundred and fifty thousand men, women, and children in India claimed to belong to the various denominations, seventy thousand of whom Mr. Minturn, in his *From New York to Delhi*, emphatically says "are mostly of the most degraded classes," and no less than two hundred and eighty thousand who disgrace the name of Christianity by debauchery, theft, hypocrisy, and immorality of every sort in its most degrading shapes. Of the former we freely accord to Methodism six hundred, and of the latter four times the number.

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But Dr. Butler has many arrows in his quiver to be discharged against that target of sectarian animosity, *Romanism*, and other claims to public sympathy and patronage broadly set forth in his manifold tables. It is the question of education, and on this his figures assume a prodigious magnitude. The Methodist day-schools in India, he tells us, number one hundred and sixteen, the teachers two hundred and thirty-four, and the pupils four thousand four hundred and sixty-two. If these children were all Protestants, it might indeed be a source of some congratulation to his friends, but unfortunately only a little over a thousand of them attend Sunday-school, and the balance, considerably over three thousand, are being "educated" to stigmatize the Methodists themselves as infidels, and to deny the first principles upon which all religion is founded. That this, though a startling view to some persons, is nevertheless a correct one, we have the most indisputable Protestant evidence, and what applies to the Methodists in particular, is general to all the sects in Hindostan; who, collectively, are said in Table II. to be educating one hundred and thirty-seven thousand children, of whom more than *one hundred thousand* are not brought up in any form of faith known to Christianity. "The colleges of India," says Major H. Bevan, "receive fanatical idolaters, they disgorge only hypocrites."<sup>[194]</sup> The author of *Tropical Sketches* avers, in allusion to the same institutions, "the results have been great intellectual acuteness and total want of moral principle; utter infidelity in religion, etc." According to the Parliamentary reports, out of over seventeen thousand pupils educated at the public expense, only three hundred even professed the religion of the state. At Benares, where there are fourteen missionary schools, not one conversion is reported; and the Rev. Mr. Percival, in his *Land of the Veda*, goes the length of saying that "in almost every part of India the spread of the English language and literature is rapidly altering the phases of the Hindoo mind, giving it a sceptical, infidel cast," while the Rev. Mr. Clarkson goes further, and adds: "Some have argued that the Indians, by receiving an education which undermines their superstitions, are being prepared for the reception of Christianity. We believe that they are being prepared for occupying a position directly antagonistic to it. Several documents from missionaries at Bombay, Poonah, Surat, Calcutta, Delhi, Madras, and Benares *corroborate all that I have stated....* None can doubt that infidelity in its most absolute sense is on the increase. There is no connection between the natives ceasing to be Hindoos and becoming Christians."<sup>[195]</sup> Dr. Grant also gives his testimony of the effects of missionary schools: "It is the universal confession," he says, speaking for his brother missionaries, "that but very few of the children so educated embrace the Christian faith"; and even the orphans, we are told by Count Warren, "when they grow up, all return to the religion of their ancestors." Lastly, the Indian correspondent of the leading organ of public opinion in England thus sums up the whole question:

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"Missionary schools do not make more converts to Christianity than Government schools. A most zealous missionary in India assured me, with tears in his eyes, that, after twenty-five years' experience, he looked upon the conversion of the Hindoos under present circumstances to be hopeless, without the interposition of a miracle."<sup>[196]</sup>

We pause here, for the subject becomes too deeply painful for contemplation, even at a distance. To think that, in this age of boasted civilization and religious progress, one of the fairest portions of the habitable globe, filled with millions and millions of our fellow-men, in many respects at least our equals in natural gifts, should still not only be ignorant of the worship of the true God, but that, through the instrumentality of the ministers of the discordant, jarring Protestant sects, and from their desire to forward their own selfish ends, the natives, instead of being taught the beauties of Christianity, are actually led to deny even the existence of a superior power, and by the miserable examples set before them, are forced to despise and hate the very name of Christ's followers. We arraign Protestantism of this great crime, and we ask the serious attention of every candid man, no matter what may be his religious opinions, to the authorities above cited in support of our indictment. The British Government, through its armed mercenaries and no less corrupt civil officials, have doubtless inflicted dire and manifold cruelties on the Indians, but the evils perpetrated by the sectarian missionaries of this country and Europe on those unfortunate people are beyond all comparison greater, for they are more far-reaching and permanent. Human laws and agencies may strip a conquered nation of its wealth and liberties, but it requires the aid of the missionary and *colporteur* to rob it of even the semblance of religion and morality, and by the means of what is so falsely called "education," to plunge it into the depths of unbelief and complete spiritual degradation. This is what Protestant England is endeavoring, and, as we



have seen, with some success, to do in Hindostan, and in what the generous but easily-duped people of America are endeavoring to rival it. To christianize, in any sense, the Hindoos has been found an impossibility by the well-paid and well-fed sectarian missionaries, so they are now trying to earn their salaries by utterly demoralizing the people they have failed to convert.

They are aided in this by the active countenance of the dominant power, by no less than twenty-seven distinct societies, and have at their disposal unlimited funds; a great portion of which is made up of the annual contributions of the people of the United States. Of the five and a quarter millions subscribed by the various Protestant societies of the world in 1871, considerably over a million and a half of dollars came out of the pockets of Americans, as we learn from Table IV., and doubtless money will continue to flow into the coffers of these organizations as long as they can continue to delude the charitable by false hopes and bombastic reports of missionary successes. We are not of those who are disposed to consider the conversion of souls from a commercial point of view; on the contrary, we are rather in favor even of the lavish expenditure of money, if by that means we can win men to Christ and to the inheritance of his kingdom; but when it becomes an instrument to rob the parent of his child, to convert the heathen not through his mind but his stomach, to bring Christianity into disrepute by sustaining the dissolute and degraded, to pervert the mental gifts of Providence by teaching the heathen that all religion is imposture,<sup>[197]</sup> and by supporting and sustaining thousands of lay and clerical officials who are as destitute of real sympathy for the pagan as they are ignorant of the first principles of Christian charity and responsibility—all of which it has done and is doing in India—we consider that it may justly be asserted that what was meant for a blessing becomes a curse to the donor as well as the recipient.

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Dr. Butler in one of his tables shows that the Catholic Church missions, embracing nearly nine millions of Christians, expend less than a million dollars annually, while those of the Protestant sects, ostensibly counting about a third of that number, cost five and a half times that amount, and would have us believe from this that Protestantism exhibits more vitality and zeal in the cause of religion than does the church. But the contrary is the fact. Unlike the sectarian, whose inducement arises out of and is in proportion to the amount of his salary, the Catholic missionary goes forth into the pagan world, without money, friends, or family encumbrances; he forsakes all comforts and material pleasures to preach Christ crucified; his energy is not of the earth, earthy, his inspiration is from a power higher than that of man, and as his life is one long-continued sermon on temperance, forgiveness, and self-abnegation, his success is always in proportion, not to the money employed, but to the sanctity of the preacher. He does not distribute badly translated and often unreadable copies of the Word of God, "in thirty-seven languages" as claimed for the Protestants by Dr. Butler, to persons who can neither read nor appreciate them; but, living sparingly, dressing humbly, and conforming in all respects his daily practice to his clerical professions, he wins to the standard of Christ the rich as well as the poor, the ignorant *pariah* as well as the learned and disputatious pundit. Even Protestants, missionaries at that, have seen through their prejudices, the uniform success of the Catholic teachers, and while their system does not allow them to imitate their example, they have nevertheless borne unwilling testimony, and therefore more valuable, to the superiority in point of morality and ability of the servants of the church. In India to-day, even Dr. Butler is forced to admit there are close on a million actual practical Catholics, with hundreds of churches, and a ministry of foreign and native priests amounting to seven hundred and seventy-nine, who are supported at an expense to the Society *de Propaganda Fide* of twenty-eight thousand dollars, while their schools, numbering according to the *Catholic Register* of 1869 one thousand, contain over thirty thousand native pupils. Dr. Butler has called our attention to his tables, we have given them serious attention, and have even taken his own figures as thoroughly exact, and we have come to the conclusion that he must either have had a very limited appreciation of the perspicacity of his readers, or recklessness of character in thus exposing the hollowness of Protestant professions of progress, superinduced by the complete failure of himself and his co-laborers to vitalize in the far East the decaying body of Protestantism, which is so fast degenerating into materialism and scepticism in the West.

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There are one or two points more, overlooked in passing, of which we wish to take note. Dr. Butler has included that part of Farther India in his tables, which will help him to swell the number of his converts, and excluded that part of it in which the Catholic religion flourishes. Include the whole, and you add 500,000 to the number of native Catholics in India. Again, he repeats the unmeaning, silly twaddle which we hear without ceasing from writers of the same sort, that Protestant missionaries make real Christians, Catholic missionaries only nominal ones. Methodist religion consists in emotion and excitement, the most unreal of all things. So far as it is worth anything, there is far more sensible devotion, although of a more quiet and sober kind, among Catholics than among any class of Protestants. But this is not the essence of religion. To be a Christian is to believe the revelation and keep the commandments of God. Whoever says that Catholic missionaries do not carefully instruct their converts in the doctrines of the faith and in sound morals, and endeavor to make them both pious and virtuous, is either a slanderer or the dupe of some slanderer. Let every one who wishes to know the truth read the work of Dr. Marshall, and ponder the evidence he has collected. Dr. Butler's effort to weaken its influence, like every other attempt of the same sort, has proved abortive.

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# ON THE MISTY MOUNTAIN.

## ROUTE I.

It was in the by-gone days of the Misty Mountain Stage and Express Company—only a few years ago by actual chronological computation, it is true; but at least a half a century by the change effected in the less than demi-decade which has passed.

Do you know that at times, when I contemplate this change, I can scarcely realize that I have lived long enough to have lived through it? I often feel as if the memory of the things that were is the reflection of experiences in a former state of existence, so different is the *what is* from the *what was*. I feel burdened by great personal antiquity, and cannot help considering myself a sort of Methusalem le Petit. I have seen the great plains spanned by the rail and the wire. The smoking, shrieking steed of steam drinks the waters of the fork of the Misty Mountain, sacred but a year or two ago to the pony of the red man. The journey which occupied weeks to accomplish ten years past is now made in a few hours, and lightning whispers are interchanged between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

My good old Uncle Joe, an old-time leather-dealer in the "Swamp" in New York City—who, a bachelor, had adopted me, an orphan, and, having educated me, had assigned me a desk in the dingy old office with the leathery smell—told me one day, without any previous warning, that he wished me to start without delay for the Stony Sierra to look after some of his business interests in that region. That was my Uncle Joe's way of doing things. His engagements did not permit his leaving New York at the time. Besides, he had crossed the great plains more than twice or thrice, and had had enough of them. But as I had not had any of them, a little, he thought, would do me good, and he proposed to give it me.

My journey to the (then) end of railroad communication was remarkable only for the general railway decadence which, commencing at Chicago, increased "in inverse ratio to the square of the distance from our objective point," as the elegant English of the telegraph would phrase it. The conductor grew familiar with the passengers, who grew fewer. The various characters of the "newspaper boy," the vegetable-ivory notion vender, the "ice-cold lemonade" boy, the candy-seller, the cigar boy, the bookseller, the apple and orange boy, were all performed by one and the same protean youngster. The passengers had dwindled so that it would not pay to invest two boys in that dramatic business. At length, the Thespian youth, tired of playing a dozen different characters to empty cars, threw off all his disguises at once, and subsided into a mere passenger like the rest of us.

A sudden shock brought a slight nap in which I was indulging to a timely end. The train had stopped. The pitiful account of passengers were on their feet, some leaving the car, others looking about them with an expression of interrogative imbecility, when the brakeman shouted out:

"Devil's Landing—end o' track!"

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No danger of taking a wrong train now. So we passengers, four in number, left the car. We concluded a hasty agreement to stick to each other as fellow-men and fellow-passengers, we four waifs washed on the shore of barbarism by the advancing tide of civilization. A fellow-feeling of lost-sheepiness made us wondrous kind to each other.

I accosted a small, dried-up, hard-featured old fellow of eighteen or nineteen:

"Any hotels here?"

Answer (in an intensely contemptuous manner): "No!"

"Any restaurants—eating-houses?"

"Yes, four on 'em: the 'Merik'n House, the Mansh'n House, the Pacific S'loon, and Jack Langford's dug-out."

Finding the old juvenile so communicative, and having more questions to propound, we propitiate him by offering a cigar in recognition of his social and chronological equality, and in proof that we are not "stuck-up snobs from the East." He takes the cigar brusquely without oral signification of acceptance or expression of thanks. He bites the end off wolfishly, and places the cigar as near his ear as possible. We offer him a match. He takes it, puts it into his vest-pocket, saying:

"Guess I'll take a dry smoke."

"Which is the best of the hotels or eating-houses?"

"All doggoned bad."

"Which is the cleanest?"

"All doggoned dirty."

"Which is the cheapest?"

"All doggoned dear."

"Which is the quietest?"

"Doggoned row goin' on in all of 'em most o' the time. Man killed at some one on 'em 'most every night, and a brace or more on dance-nights."

We requested him to direct us to the "American" or the "Mansion House."

"Don't need to go far. That," said he, indicating by a movement of his cigar and his lower jaw a partially finished "balloon-frame" house about thirty yards to the right, "is the 'Merik'n; and that," indicating in like manner a canvas shed to the left, "is the Mansh'n House."

Devil's Landing consisted of about a dozen mushroom edifices and about as many "dug-outs." On reflection, we concluded to try the "American House."

A small space cut off by an unpainted counter served for an office, but no "register" was displayed. The establishment had only very recently been moved up, the official behind the counter informed us, from the last resting-place by the way of runners with the rails.

A look at the "sleeping apartments" was sufficient for me. I determined not to sleep in any of them if I could possibly help it.

I went back to the functionary at the counter, and asked the time of departure of the Misty Mountain coach, and learned that a coach left the same afternoon, and that there was one place vacant. I engaged the seat at once, glad to escape the horrors of a night in the American House and Devil's Landing. My fellow-passengers wished me to wait for the next day's coach, but I declined. When we agreed to stick together, I knew nothing of the American House.

We had dinner. It consisted of very fat and very rusty bacon, putty biscuits, and mud coffee without milk.

"The cows have not come in," said one of the greasy waiters, when I asked for milk.

"The cows never do come home here," whispered a neighbor, evidently an *habitué*.

It was toward the close of August, and the heat was excessive. The sun shone mercilessly on us through the partially glazed and wholly uncurtained windows. Yet we ate and perspired, and perspired and drank mud coffee, with a persistency which astonished me when after thinking on these matters. [707]

The flies were terrible. They swept around the room in buzzing clouds. Some of them were nearly large enough to offer a fair mark for a shot-gun; the smaller ones insinuated themselves everywhere—into your nose, ears, eyes—aye, even into your mouth. They immolated themselves in the frowzy, oily butter; and their remains studded the reeking mass like currants in a pudding.

Such a wonderful effect has the pure prairie air—it doth so whet the edge of appetite—that, though our eyes were shocked, we ate and ate, and our sense of taste was not offended. The meal only cost us two dollars apiece.

After dinner, I lit a fifty-cent Devil's Landing cigar, and walked (literally) around town—a perambulation which did not quite occupy five minutes. As I finished my walk, a shot was fired at the other end of town—that is, within fifteen or twenty rods. Other shots followed. A long-haired, slouched-hatted, and red-legginged individual dashed past on a pretty good horse. Evidently he was the mark at which the firing was directed. As he passed, an armed man or two rushed out of every house and shot at him. The proprietor of the Oriental Saloon came forth, armed with a Henry rifle, and deliberately blazed away at the long-haired fugitive. The latter, finding bullets in front of him, bullets to left of him, bullets behind him, after several miraculous escapes from close shots, had no course open but to turn to right of him, around the corner of the American House, which would afford him some cover. But just as he turned, his horse was hit in the off fore-leg and brought to in a moment. Immediately he was hemmed in by the muzzles of twenty repeating-rifles. He had emptied his six-shooter. Flight was impossible. There was no course but surrender—not even suicide—left. He jumped from his horse, and sat down cross-legged on the ground. He was quickly seized and pinioned. His horse was taken in charge by a citizen. No words were wasted on either side. His lariat of horse-hair furnished a deadly loop, which was placed around his neck. He was marched about a mile to the only tree in sight—an old cottonwood.

While the crowd was going to the tree, the clerk of the American House told me in a few words the history of the long-haired victim. He was a half-breed Choctaw, frequently employed as a scout by the government. There were several of these scouts in the region. They called themselves "wolves," and prided themselves on their destruction of human life. When any of them came into town citizens were sure to be shot at. Their favorite way of leaving town was, having first filled themselves with "fighting whiskey," to dash through at full speed, discharging their revolvers at anything human that chanced to appear in their path. The citizens had determined not to stand this sort of thing any longer. "Johnny Henshaw"—so our "wolf" was called—had been drinking rather freely of late. He had declared his intention of shooting three prominent men of the town, mentioning them by name. Hence the measures about to be taken.

Johnny Henshaw seemed to be about twenty years old—indeed rather under than over that age. There was nothing in his features to show a trace of Indian blood. His hair was light brown, his eyes a soft, light blue, his skin fair, and his cheeks rosy. The expression of his face was gentle and pleasing. It made me heart-sick to look at the young fellow, even though he was a wolf and deserved a wolf's fate, and to think that in the midst of health and strength and youth he was marching to a speedy death. As we came near the fatal tree, I tried to imagine what thoughts were passing in the outlaw's mind by mentally putting myself in his place. The effort made me dizzy and sick. I felt as if I were about to fall senseless. [708]

When we had reached the cottonwood tree, the cortége halted. A wagon was hauled up to the tree, and Johnny caused to mount it. One end of his lariat was made fast to a branch of the tree.

Three or four men jumped on the wagon. Some confusion occurred in properly adjusting the noose about the victim's neck. Johnny pushed the men from him, saying:

"Get out o' here! I'll show ye how a man can die!" And, fixing with his own hands the noose about his neck, he jumped into eternity!

## ROUTE II.

Poor wolf! His time to howl was over.

I felt sick and faint from witnessing the scene, and had to take some of the "fighting whiskey" of Devil's Landing to keep me from fainting. It did so. It was as good—or as bad—as a galvanic shock. I was glad, therefore, when the Misty Mountain coach drove in front of the American Hotel to take up its passengers. The stage had seven inside: a congressman, a divine, an Indian agent, three ladies, and a small boy. The gentlemen looked at me in such a dog-in-the-mangerish fashion when I popped my head in at the door to see what prospect there was of an inside seat, that I immediately withdrew it and took my seat on the box between the driver and the conductor.

"Passengers for the Stony Sierra! All aboard!" And off we go behind six good mules.

The country we travelled through was flat and uninteresting. Not a tree or shrub within the circular boundary of the horizon. Little of life, animal or vegetable, to be seen; only a stray hare—vulgo, jackass rabbit—a prairie-dog, with its sentinel owl, a prairie wolf or coyote, and an occasional hawk.

After a run of nine or ten miles, we stopped at a "dug-out" to change animals. While the change was being effected, a man in a red buggy with a white horse arrived from the west. He was evidently excited, and his horse was covered with foam.

"How d'e do, general? You seem kinder flurried. Anything happened?" asked the stage-driver.

"Well," said the person addressed as "general" (by the way, you could have bought generals there as they buy hobnails) "I have had a pretty sharp run. Ten or fifteen Indians began running me after crossing the Blue Fork. They fired three or four shots at me. Here's the mark of one," he continued, pointing to a bullet-hole in the body of the red buggy. "They came mighty near getting me. And they would have got me were it not for Old Whity here." And he patted the white horse affectionately.

Thus the INDIAN QUESTION, at the very outset, was brought home to the bosoms of the passengers by the Misty Mountain coach. They asked many questions of the "general." The Indian agent—who had never seen an Indian of the wild tribes in his life—made a pretence of experience, and offered a few suggestions. But a few remarks from the stock-tenders at the dug-out stable raised a laugh at his expense, and he "was squelched for the rest of the trip," as the conductor expressed it. [709]

The conductor and the driver looked to their Henry rifles, and hurriedly inventoried the arms in the party. The Indian agent had a double-barrelled shot-gun—both barrels unloaded—no ammunition; the congressman had a diminutive five-shooter which would scarcely have tickled a papoose—five barrels unloaded, one round of cartridges on hand, no reserve ammunition; the divine, the ladies, and the small boy were unarmed; the reader's humble servant had one six-shooter—Colt's navy pattern—with half-a-dozen rounds of ammunition for the same. This weapon he had never yet used. He was not fully enlightened as to the *modus* of loading it. It was in the reader's humble servant's trunk at the bottom of the pile of baggage which towered behind the coach. Of course, he didn't wish to give the conductor or the driver the trouble of changing the luggage. With remarkable good nature, he preferred going out defenceless to troubling these gentlemen. Like most human feelings, however, this one was perhaps not quite pure. It must be owned the idea crossed his mind that it was as well not to introduce the factor of premature explosion into the quantity of danger to which he was about to be exposed.

We changed mules and started. Everybody saw Indians for the first few miles. But the objects appearing as Indians to our excited vision had been so often pronounced by the conductor to be "soap-weeds," "old buffalo carcasses," etc., that the number seen began greatly to diminish. Once we thought there was no doubt about it. They came dashing along in "Indian file," fifteen or twenty in number, directly toward us. I felt "very queer." Here were Indians now, not a doubt about it. I was seized by a sudden desire to have something to shoot with. I mentally resolved, if I got out of this scrape alive, never again to travel unarmed in an Indian country.

"Antelope," remarked the conductor.

Antelope it was; a herd of fifteen or twenty. They crossed the road a few hundred yards in front of us.

We had travelled about five miles without an incident or a sight to break the monotony of the waste around us, when above a rising ground before us the Stars and Stripes, relieved against the sky, gladdened our eyes. How that sight revived us! We remembered that "the home of the brave" was our home; and I think that, if Indians had appeared at that moment, or within five minutes thereafter, we would have received them in heroic attitudes. But they did not appear.

As we ascended the ridge between us and Fort Jones, that post came gradually into view. It looked to us like a collection of very miserable "shanties" dropped down haphazard on the prairie.

A large stone building—the hospital, the conductor informed me—was in course of erection. It seemed larger than all the rest of the post put together. The officers' quarters were such constructions as we have seen inhabited by the squatters on the vacant lots up-town in New York or in "Jackson's Hollow" in Brooklyn. [710]

The "Fort" disappointed me very much. I expected to enter the guarded precincts over a drawbridge and under an arched portcullis. But Fort Jones was destitute of ditch, rampart, or parapet, and unclosed by stockade, palisade, or even by a common board fence. The coach drove up to the sutler's store—there the post-office was established—without let or hindrance from warder or sentinel.

Some half-dozen officers were in the store awaiting the distribution of the mail. The congressman, the Indian agent, and the divine soon discovered who was the officer in command of the fort. They immediately approached him on the subject of an escort.

The officer said he had comparatively few men; his small force was scattered along the stage-road for two hundred miles; he had only twenty men present for duty; but he would try to furnish three or four men. "An officer and a sergeant," he said, "were going up on the coach to see to the defences of the station-guards along the road." The conductor here put in his oar, and said it would be impossible for him to take four men more. This settled the question of an escort. The congressman, the divine, and the Indian agent, having ascertained that they could be accommodated with bed and board at the sutler's, concluded "to stay over for the present."

The conductor and the driver did not seem to regret this determination. The former remarked that this lightening of our load helped us much, and we should now be able "to pull through" in good time.

While we were waiting to have the mail made up, a mounted man came in at full speed with news that a government wagon train had been attacked by Indians on one of the roads leading to the post—that the teams were very much scattered—that some of the mules were already in the hands of the Indians. This caused a flutter among the officers. A company of infantry was ordered at once to the relief of the train.

As we left the fort we could see the infantry going over the rise at a double-quick and in skirmish order.

We stopped for a moment, in rear of the officers' quarters, to take up the officer and the sergeant. The officer's wife and little child came out to see him off. He kissed them both affectionately, and took his seat with us on top of the coach. The sergeant, also, rode on the roof. Both were well armed. Much to my delight, the officer, finding me unarmed, furnished me with a spare musket he had brought with him.

At first, I was rather disappointed in this officer. He was very plainly dressed. He had just enough gold lace about him to indicate his rank, and no more. I had supposed that regular officers always wore epaulets and white kid gloves. However, the lieutenant—for such was our new passenger's rank—was evidently a gentleman. He had a certain quiet, unobtrusive affability which charmed me very much. I was glad he had come. His easy self-possession inspired me with confidence.

"If we meet any Indians, lieutenant," said the conductor, an old hand who had driven stage for ten years along the Great Sandy, "we'll have to do the work from out here; there's nobody below (pointing downwards) to help us."

"Do you think we may be attacked by Indians?" I ventured to ask.

"Think it most probable we shall see some, at the least," answered the officer. "They have shown themselves at several points along the line. The Great Alamos, which we have to pass, is a favorite crossing-place, when they go south in the spring or north in the fall." [711]

"It is about as bad a place for Injuns as there is in the whole route," said the conductor.

"Yes," said George, the driver; "and though I'm a white man, an' agin an Injun all the time, I must say that we owe the badness of that there place to a white man."

"How?" I asked.

"The Great Alamos," answered the driver, "was a great buryin'-place of the Flat Noses. It was quite a large grove once—considerable of a rarity on these here plains. You know," he continued, "that the Flat Noses bury their dead high up in the trees, or, where there are no trees, stick 'em up on trestles made with long poles."

"They bury them in the air instead of in the ground," I said, intending the remark as a sort of semi-joke, at which I designed smiling if any one else smiled, and, if not, to let it go for a serious observation. It was probably not new in either phase to my companions, who took no notice of it. So to break silence, I asked why the Indians of the plains sought these elevated resting-places for their dead.

"To keep 'em from being eaten up by the ki-o-tees."

"Do the ki-o-tees devour the dead of other tribes?" I asked, horrified at the thought.

"The ki-o-tees is the wolves," the conductor explained.

The lieutenant informed me of the orthography of the word—coyote.

About sunset we reached a house built of loose stones, and therefore known as "The Stone Ranch." There were fifteen or twenty men about the ranch—all of them armed.

George pulled up before the door—there was only one, by the bye, and no windows—and exchanged a friendly greeting with Jake, Ike, Ed, *et hoc genus omne*.

“What’s the word?” asked George. “How is hay-cutting comin’ on?”

“We ain’t cut a blade of hay to-day,” said one of the men. “Them cussed Injuns kep’ us corralled here all day.”

“Whew!” whistled George.

“How many were they?” the lieutenant inquired.

“Somewhere’s about thirty or forty.”

“Many guns among ’em?” asked the conductor.

“Some of ’em had rifles; all of ’em as I seen had six-shooters.”

“How long did they remain about?”

“Pretty nigh all day. They kep’ shootin’ at us at long range, and we returnin’ their fire, until about ten minnits before the coach kem.”

“Did yer git any on ’em?”

“Jake thinks as he hit one, and Mac says he saw another fall sure.”

“Well! we must be goin’. Git-e-p!”

“Keep yer eye skinned, George.”

“Hold on to that old skelp o’ yourn!”

“You bet! I’ll freeze to it.”

A mile further on we reached the Great Alamos. Darkness was overcoming the twilight as we struck a deep sandy hollow which extended for five or six miles. A slow walk was the only gait possible here. The road for miles ran close under a ridge about twenty feet in perpendicular height. It seemed to me about as bad an “Indian place” as it was possible to find. My Indian weakness came on again as in the morning. The snail-like pace at which we were compelled to move was almost intolerable. There is some sensation of security, or, rather, some suggestion of escape, in a fast gait when danger is impending. Its source is probably the initial instinct of the human breast when danger first threatens—to run from it. [712]

I consulted my companion, the lieutenant, on the possibilities or probabilities of an attack.

“An attack,” he answered, “is possible. It is very probable that there are Indians watching us now. They may fire into us at any moment, as in our position they have the chance of hurting us without being exposed to hurt themselves; for your Indian always runs from a fair fight. He is only ‘brave’ when he has his enemy at a disadvantage, and sees, or thinks he sees, what is called out here ‘a sure thing.’ It is only their very recent presence, however, that causes me to apprehend trouble, as ordinarily they do not attack at night, and they rarely attack a stage-coach: for the reason that they are sure to get a pretty tough fight. Even if successful, their gain is very small; three or four mules at most, perhaps a gun or two. They do not consider the investment a paying one, as a general thing. In any event,” he concluded, “if I were you, I should take off that white duster. It offers quite a shining mark for them, if they feel like shooting.”

The rapidity with which I followed this friend’s advice must have given him a pleasing proof of my confidence in his counsels.

We had now entered the bed of the Great Alamos. It was quite dark. Silence fell upon us. Every man held his loaded rifle, full-cocked, and finger on trigger—peering into the darkness, and seeking in every sage-bush an Indian contour. Every now and then the conductor’s rifle went up and down with a nervous twitch.

The evening had become quite cold. I had felt it keenly before we reached the Stone Ranch; but as we crept along in the heavy sand, through the darkness, looking every moment for the flash of an Indian rifle, I felt all in a glow. I did not think of cold. No doubt, the reason was that I could think only of Indians, and felt that I was in a pretty warm place.

At last! We are out of the sand. The mules strike a good trot. It is only four miles now to Artesian Wells, and then we shall have supper, I am informed. I feel quite light-hearted over the recent past and the close future. Strange to say, with the decrease of my fear of Indians, the glow subsides and I feel cold again. The strain is over; we begin to talk once more. George, the driver, has won my admiration by his cool and calm attention to his team while we passed through the “bad Injun place.”

“If we’re attacked,” George had said, “you others must do the shootin’. I’ll have all I can do to manage this team.”

George was the beau ideal of a good stage-driver in an Indian country—so the lieutenant told me.

“It is a driver’s duty to attend to his team under fire, as George very properly says, as much as it is a surgeon’s to cure the wounded, when necessary, under like circumstances. It requires a good deal more coolness, and it is much harder for him to watch and control his team while bullets are grazing him, than it would be to throw down the reins and begin firing. It takes all his strength and coolness to manage the excited and terrified animals. Shooting gives needed excitement at such a time, but then the mules run off, the stage is upset, and broken legs or necks and certain capture are the result. George is a good driver, and, had he not one great defect, would be a very [713]

good man."

"What is the defect?" I asked.

"Drinking," whispered the lieutenant.

"He does not look in the least like a drinking man."

"True; yet he is as drunk as he can be now. He has not been sober for years. George is one of your white-faced drinkers. He is always as you see him now. I have been two years on this line, and I have not seen George sober yet. Look at his eyes when we get to supper, and you will see they are not the eyes of a man in his normal condition."

"I heard him refuse a pull at the Indian agent's flask, between Devil's Landing and Fort Jones."

"No doubt. That is George's gnat. He makes it a point never to drink while driving. But he had swallowed his camel before he took the ribbons at Devil's Landing, and he will swallow another when he reaches Artesian Wells, where his route ends. Aye! and keep swallowing camels every time he wakes up during the night, and until he mounts the box for his return trip to-morrow."

"What a fearful life for a man to lead!" I said.

"Yes, indeed," said the lieutenant, "and the ending is still more fearful. George's team will bring him in some fine morning stone-dead on the box, with the ribbons still in his stiffened fingers."

"I can imagine," I answered, "how a man who is excited by strong drink may find pleasure in it, though it may tempt him to break things and get him into many a fight. But I cannot for the life of me imagine why those dead-alive drinkers continue the habit."

"I suppose they can't stop it," said the lieutenant. "They have gone too far to turn back. Death is behind them as well as before."

Our conversation was interrupted by a series of prolonged howls from George:

"Hi-hi-hi-hi," etc., *ad libitum*.

I was very much startled by these vocal efforts. I thought "it was Indians." Next it struck me that George's last fit of *delirium tremens* had commenced, and he was about to become dangerous. My military companion, noticing my astonishment, kindly explained that this was the usual signal to the station-keeper. The drivers commence their howls of warning when they arrive within a mile or so of the station. Their peculiar cry can be heard quite a long way off.

When we were quite near the station, we overtook an ox-wagon with its solitary driver walking by the side of his animals, and giving the talismanic "whoa haws!" and "gees" by which the movements of these clumsy beasts of draught are directed.

"Hallo! Tommy John!" said the driver, bringing his team down to a walk.

"That you, George?"

"What is left of me, my son. Where are you bound for, Tommy?"

"The old Sandy, as usual."

"How far did you come to-day, Tommy?"

"From the Stone Ranch."

"You must have left there mighty early."

"Yes! I started afore daylight. I nooned at the Wala Hole, and watered my stock and cooked my supper at the Great Alamos."

The conductor then informed "Tommy John," whose real name was John Thompson, as I learned, of the state of things at the Stone Ranch when the coach passed there.

"So, friend Tommy," he concluded, "you have got through by a scratch."

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"Oh! pshaw!" said Tommy John, laughing; "Injuns won't hurt me. I've been through the mill too often to be scared."

"Well," said the lieutenant, "as you have been fortunate enough to get thus far safely, you had better remain at the Wells until some government train with an escort comes up."

"That you, lieutenant? How d'e do? Much obliged. But I'm agoin' to Snake Spring before my next stoppage. I want to get on home as soon as I can. It's some time since I've seen the old lady and my half-dozen babies over on the Sandy."

"I tell you, Tommy," said the lieutenant, "you are very foolish to go on from the Wells alone."

"Oh! no Injuns will trouble me, lieutenant. There's nothing to take. The investment wouldn't pay."

"There's your scalp to take," said George, "and I shouldn't wonder if you lost it."

"Don't be afeard about my scalp, George," said Tommy John, good-humoredly. "I have a notion to go after some ha'r myself this trip."

"Good-night!"

"Good-night, my son!"

"Gee!"

"Get aup! ye critters." And off we go, leaving poor Tommy John to pursue his lonely route.

"That thar Tommy," said George, "is one of the kind-heartedest, good-naturedest fellows as travels this road. An' he's churful, too; always in for a joke and a laugh. He's drove team—ox and mule—on this line for nigh on to four year. He never carries no arms, and always travels alone. He's had some mighty close shaves has Tommy, but I shouldn't wonder if they got him yet. He takes too big risks."

"Does it often happen that you have no passengers, George?" I asked.

"Once in a while," said George.

"It seems to me that on those occasions you take as big a risk as your friend Tommy."

"Not by a durned sight," replied George. "I have a good team, and can give a party of Indians a lively run at any time. I have generally a conductor or express-messenger with me, and a good rifle well handled will keep off a power of Indians for awhile. While he amuses them, I keep lightin' out for the next station. Before the company got stingy—when there was a swing-station every dozen miles where you got a fresh team—I could have got away from Injuns all the time, either by runnin' back to the station I had left or pushin' out for the one ahead of me, accordin' to whichever was the nearest. I takes no risk that I ain't obliged to."

"What do you call a 'swing-station'?" I asked.

George looked at me with an expression of mixed pity and contempt, and replied:

"A swing-station is where you changes teams; a home-station is the end of a route, where you gits meals."

It was after midnight when we reached the Artesian Wells. I had found the Sandy Hollow of the Great Alamos a pretty warm place, but after I got out of it I felt cold again, and when I reached the wells I was chilled through. Notwithstanding George's warning cry, everybody was asleep at the station. It took some time to wake the people up, to get a fire kindled, and a meal prepared. I took advantage of the delay to get at my trunk, whence I took my revolver and some woollen clothing. The latter, with the consent of the cook (a male specimen of the culinary tribe), I put on in the kitchen.

The station was out of fire-wood, and was now endeavoring to effect its cooking with the remaining chips of departed logs and the chips of the passing buffalo. It took a long time to get biscuits baked and meat stewed, thus I had a good nap by the not very bright, though very aromatic, fire. The lieutenant, as soon as the door was opened, had thrown his blankets on the floor and himself upon the blankets; and slept the sleep of the brave until he was waked for supper, or breakfast, as you please. [715]

It was about half-past three o'clock in the morning when we started again. The poor ladies and the child had remained in the coach all this time, notwithstanding our efforts to induce them to alight. Nor could they be induced to accept even a cup of tea or coffee. With what a power of endurance these weak, gentle creatures—our sisters—are endowed!

TO BE CONTINUED.

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# DECISION AGAINST THE ST. JAMES' MISSION CLAIM AT VANCOUVER—ITS APPRECIATION.

We reprint, at the request of Bishop Blanchet, the following article on this subject, taken from the *Catholic Sentinel* of May 25. For a further exposition of the attitude assumed by the government towards our struggling missionary church in that region, we refer the reader to the February (1872) number of this magazine:

*Editor Catholic Sentinel:*

The case of the St. James' Mission Claim, which for the last twelve years has been pending in the office of the General Land Department, and that of the Secretary of the Interior, has at last been taken into consideration, and decided, as reported a few weeks since. To Hon. W. H. Smith, Assistant Attorney-General, was given the commission to examine the case and give his opinion. He did so in a document dated January 29 last.

In his report, transmitted to the Department of the Interior, we see that he had to solve these two questions:

1. Who are included within the proviso of the first section of the act of Congress of the 14th of August, 1848, which proviso is in the following language: "That the title to land, not exceeding 640 acres, now occupied as missionary stations among the Indian tribes in said Territory (Oregon Ty.), together with the improvements thereon, be confirmed and established in the several religious societies to which such missionary stations respectively belong"?

2. What is confirmed by said proviso to missionary stations?

The hon. gentleman, after an attentive examination of the first question, says: "I am of opinion that the proviso of the first section of the act of 1848 conferred an immediate title right upon all the societies then within its provisions. Here is a confirmation of title immediately operating *proprio vigore* for the benefit of all who should at that date be within its provisions."

For the construction of the law he refers to the opinion of Attorney-General Bates, May 27, 1864, of Secretary Harlan, and the Commissioner of the General Land Office in his instructions to the Surveyor-General, which opinion has never been anywhere seriously questioned. His final conclusion is: "I am satisfied that on the 14th of August, 1848, there was existing a missionary station of St. James."

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This opinion is so well established by the documentary evidence and the opinion of the gentlemen above quoted that there cannot reasonably be the least doubt in the mind of any candid man as to the existence of the St. James' Mission on the 14th of August, 1848—a fact acknowledged by all, irrespective of party or creed.

Let us now come to the second question, about what is confirmed by the proviso.

Here the hon. gentleman experiences some uneasiness in regard to the words *land now occupied* of the proviso. He knows not exactly what they mean. He is not ready to say whether in *every case* "all the land claimed ought to have been enclosed, cultivated, built upon, or the like." Then he speaks of "stakes or other marks," and says that "for the liberal purposes of the proviso (?) he would give the language the most liberal construction, but knows of no rule so liberal as to hold *land occupied* which has never been included in any inclosure, etc." (He had a little before said he was not ready to require in every case enclosure of the land; it is only a trifling contradiction!) Why should he be so troubled about "enclosure, stakes, etc."? Had he not before his eyes the following rules, given by the Commissioner of the General Land Office to the Surveyor-General in 1853, to direct him?

"1. Such provision is understood to grant 640 acres to each separate and distinct missionary station referred to.

"2. In order to comply with the terms of the grants, ... it will become necessary to cause to be made a special survey of a square mile, which *shall include the land occupied* with the buildings, and improvements in the centre, as nearly as may be."

These rules are undoubtedly plain and clear, and no candid man can deny that the intentions of Congress in granting 640 acres to each missionary station were as well, if not better, known to the commissioner in 1853, as they can now be known after twenty years. He knew that it was not as an alms, but in consideration of the services rendered by the missionaries in laboring to civilize and christianize the Indians, that the grant was made by Congress. The same view has been invariably taken by all his successors in office, by all the occupants of the Department of the Interior, and all the Attorney-Generals

from 1853 to 1872. Accordingly, all cases of missionary stations have been settled whether they were fenced or not. The Methodist Mission at the Dalles in Oregon, received from the government \$20,000 for a portion of its claim, which was not fenced in 1849, and had never been before. The title of the Presbyterian Mission at Walla Walla, and many others which were in the same condition, were readily acknowledged and granted. Should not all these incontrovertible facts have convinced the Hon. Assistant Attorney of the true meaning of the words "the land now occupied"? But they did not.

Yet notwithstanding his apparent disposition "for the charitable purpose of the proviso to give the language the most liberal construction," he cannot go so far as went all the secretaries, the attorney-generals, and the commissioners in office during the course of the twenty previous years. He seems to have been sent to teach them that they all have erred in the interpretation they have given to the proviso, and accordingly he sets himself up as a reformer. Therefore, grounded on his far superior legal acquirements, he hesitates not to say: "I am unable to see how Commissioner Wilson reached the conclusion in his instructions to the Surveyor-General. It is in my opinion an erroneous construction of the proviso." The Hon. Mr. Wilson, as well as all the other hon. gentlemen who approved his construction, will no doubt be much flattered by the compliment.

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The Hon. Assistant Attorney-General continues: "On the 14th day of August, 1848, the mission of St. James was *in actual possession* of a small piece of land upon which had been erected a church, in which the priests there stationed held religious worship. The mission at that date had never asserted any claim whatever" (would the Hudson Bay Company, wrongfully claiming possessory rights to the land, have allowed it?) "had no enclosure, and was therefore only in occupancy of the land covered by the church edifice, and such land as was appendant to it. This it occupied in my opinion as a missionary station among the Indians. The society to which said mission belongs has therefore a vested title in the land upon which the church edifice extends, and as much appurtenant thereto as at the passage of the act was within the enclosure or used for church purposes."

Such, therefore, has been the generosity of the Congress of the United States, in his opinion!

As an acknowledgment of the previous efforts of the missionaries to civilize and christianize the Indians, Congress grants the land covered by the church, and a few feet more. What wonderful liberality! *Obstupescite coeli super hoc!*

This opinion has been submitted to the Hon. Attorney-General Williams, although he has an interest in a portion of the claim. He has written a letter on the subject which may be considered as approving it, from the fact that the Hon. Mr. Cowen, acting Secretary, has declared that he himself concurs in the opinion of the Hon. Mr. Smith. The legists will here please remember that the old axiom, *favores sunt ampliandi*, is no longer in fashion! Hereafter they must say: *Favores sunt restringendi*; and, *odiosa amplianda*, as in the present case.

By such a decision, if it could stand, the first Catholic mission established among the Indians in Washington Territory, the mission which before 1848 incontestably labored more than any other for the civilization of the Indians, would have only a few feet of land, while all other similar missions have received 640 acres, and one \$20,000 for the land occupied by the government for a military post. Why such glaring partiality in the administration? There cannot be any other reason for such a decision but that the land claimed is considered as of too great a value, and that some military officers but already too well known here covet the land in whole or in part. There is no doubt that by their influence they have been in a great measure the cause of this long procrastination on the part of the government in the past, and have in the present contributed their share in the rendering of the foregoing adverse decision.

We have now, Mr. Editor, given a true report of the decision and the ground upon which it is founded. We therefore present it to an enlightened public in order that it may form its opinion upon the merits and demerits of the case, and that it may know that all the religious societies do not stand on the same footing of equality in the eyes of the liberal government of the United States in the year of grace 1872.

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A CATHOLIC.

VANCOUVER, W. T., May 23,

Papers whose motto is "equal justice to all" are requested to reproduce the above.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Ward H. Lamon. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872. Pp. 547.

This newest biography of the late President, in which are related all the incidents of his career "from his birth to his inauguration," is simply one of the multitudinous dull books of the period, the design or necessity of which is far from obvious to any person other than the author and bookseller. Compiled by "an admirer" mainly from materials supplied by a quondam partner of the deceased, it sadly realizes the truthfulness of the old saying that an indiscreet friend is more dangerous than an avowed enemy. We defy any one, no matter how charitable, who may have the patience to wade through its exaggerated accounts of the family, friends, boyhood, and manhood of Mr. Lincoln, not to feel, on closing the book, a tinge of that self-abasement which usually follows association with vulgar and commonplace characters. What has the world got to do with the private history of the "Hanks" family or the disgraceful bar-room and "lick" fights of a semi-barbarous settlement, in which the young man was no doubt but an involuntary and disgusted participant? Then, as to his religious views, though important as an index to his mental and moral qualities, we consider it bad taste and worse judgment to expatiate on his unbelief with all the minuteness and unction which distinguish the long chapter devoted to their discussion. A cloud of witnesses and documents are brought up to prove what?—that he did not frequent churches or meeting-houses, and that the expressions of devotion and reverence in his speeches and public correspondence were used only to gratify his supporters. This may be true or it may not be, but we "hold it not well to be so set down," particularly by a friend. It is generally acknowledged that Lincoln was a temperate and merciful man, a warm friend, patient, if not affectionate, in his family relations, and devotedly attached to his children; but having strong intuitive powers and a keen sense of the ridiculous, he could not help despising and laughing at the narrow-minded and ignorant "hard-shell" Baptist and Methodist preachers of his day and neighborhood. Though by no means of a very profound mind, he was too good a lawyer not to know that there was no logical medium between implicit obedience to an infallible authority and a denial of all revelation. Had he enjoyed in early life the advantages of a proper religious training, there can be little doubt but that, humanly speaking, he would have added to his domestic virtues those cardinal ones which the church inculcates. We are sorry for his own sake that he did not; and we regret, for the honor of the republic whose chief magistrate he once was, that his memory should thus be held up to the reprobation of his and our countrymen, without, so far as we can see, any adequate resulting good.

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THE RUSSIAN CLERGY. Translated from the French of F. Gagarin, S.J. By C. D. Makepeace, M.A. London: Burns & Oates. 1872. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

F. Gagarin is a Russian prince, and, of course, knows what he is writing about. This book is a very curious one, and will make some people open their eyes if they read it.

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THE CHRISTIAN ÆSOP. Ancient Fables teaching Eternal Truths. By W. H. Anderdon, D.D. London: Burns, Oates & Co. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

Dr. Anderdon in this little book teaches us spiritual truths by means of the old and familiar fables that for years have been used to teach the world natural truths; and it is a beautiful thought, for truth cannot be presented in too many ways, and this mingling of the homely lessons of the fables with spiritual instruction gives a peculiar charm to the book that will not be found in other spiritual writings. The many quotations from the Holy Scriptures, too, give it a special interest.

The fables are all beautifully illustrated.

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LIFE OF THE CURE D'ARS. From the French of the Abbé Monnin. New York: P. O'Shea. 1872.

We welcome most kindly a new edition of the charming life of this most wonderful man, and take occasion to recommend it again to all our readers. Mr. O'Shea has purchased the plates from the former publishers, and, we trust, will find a ready sale for his edition.

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LEGENDS OF ST. JOSEPH. Translated by Mrs. Sadlier. D. & J. Sadlier. 1872.

This collection of historical narratives and pious legends makes a pleasing volume, and is published in a pretty style. It is a book likely to be especially interesting to young people, for whom the accomplished authoress has a particular gift of making her instructive and pious writings entertaining.

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SAUNTERINGS. By Charles D. Warner, author of *My Summer in a Garden*. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Time was, in the United States, and within the memory of man too, that to have travelled in Europe entitled the American tourist to set up for a lion in his native town. It was once something to have seen London and Paris, which are now mere American starting-points for the grand tour of to-day. England, France, Germany, and Italy no longer count. Every one has seen them, and even little New York and Boston boys and girls yet at school, or who ought to be there, have their own discussions as to the relative merits of London and Paris, Berlin and Vienna. In short, the old ordinary European tour no longer counts. Its tracks are all beaten until they are dusty, and one must now do Spain, Russia, Palestine, and Egypt, at least, to obtain the smallest capital wherewith to set up as a tourist.

Mr. Warner's *Saunterings* take us among the well-known paths, chatting and gossiping at random concerning what strikes him, and, as the subject-matter is already an old story to every one, it is merely a pleasant way of reviving pleasant reminiscences.

Saving and excepting a few of the usual Protestant misconceptions repeated by the author, most probably without malice, the book makes very agreeable summer reading.

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NOTES ON ENGLAND. By H. Taine. Translated with an Introductory Chapter by W. F. Rae. New York: Holt & Williams.

Mr. Rae's introduction is a well-written chapter. Mr. Taine's notes are the recorded impressions of a traveller in England. They are characteristically vivacious, picturesque, and frequently amusing, with a tendency to be as often wrong as right in the judgments he pronounces. The author discusses all the subjects that usually fall under the observation of an intelligent visitor in a strange country—government, religion, amusements, schools, universities, homes, hospitals, manners, morals, the clubs, the family, etc., etc. Here is a passage which we can commend as being as applicable to the latitude of Washington as that of Greenwich: "In Hyde Park, on Sunday, the exaggeration of the dresses of the ladies or young girls belonging to the wealthy middle class is offensive; bonnets resembling piled-up bunches of rhododendrons, or as white as snow, of extraordinary smallness, with baskets of red flowers or of enormous ribbons; gowns of shiny violet silk with dazzling reflections, or of starched tulle upon an expanse of petticoats stiff with embroidery; immense shawls of black lace, reaching down to the heels; gloves of immaculate whiteness or bright violet; gold chains; golden zones with golden clasps; hair falling over the neck in shining masses. The glare is terrible. They seem to have stepped out of a wardrobe, and to march past to advertise a magazine of novelties—not that even; for they do not know how to show off their dresses."

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INDULGENCES, ABSOLUTIONS, TAX TABLES, ETC. By Rev. T. L. Green, D.D. London: Longmans. 1872.

Some low, dirty fellow in London, named Collette, has been serving up the disgusting mess of lies about the topics designated in the title of Dr. Green's book, of which even the most unscrupulous enemies of the church in this country, who have any regard for their reputation, are ashamed to avail themselves. Dr. Green has exposed him and brought him to deep and inconsolable grief without difficulty, and in an able and lively manner.

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DIVINE LIFE OF THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN MARY. Being an Abridgment of the Mystical City of God. By Mary of Jesus of Agreda. By F. B. A. De Cæsare, N.M.C., Cons. Sac. Cong. Index. Translated from the French of the Abbé J. A. Boullan, D.D. Philadelphia: Cunningham. 1872. With the imprimatur of the Bishop of Philadelphia.

At length we have this celebrated and remarkable book in English. The abridgment is even preferable to the original, which is tediously prolix in style. Among many Catholic books recently published in very attractive style, this one is among the most tasteful and beautiful. The work itself is both edifying and delightful to those who have the spirit of Catholic devotion.

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THE MERCHANT OF ANTWERP. A Tale from the Flemish of Hendrick Conscience. Translated by Revin Lyle. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1872.

The merits of Hendrick Conscience as a natural, graceful, and original writer of fiction are so generally recognized, that it is almost needless to say we welcome the appearance of this book with great satisfaction. In design it is artistic, in moral unexceptionable, and its characters have the rare merit of being few, distinctly drawn, and lifelike. The book itself is well and neatly

bound, and the paper is excellent, but here its mechanical attractions, we regret to be obliged to say, end. The type, the printing, and the ink are simply execrable; and the presswork seems to have been done on one of those old-fashioned cylinder presses now generally devoted to "striking off" street ballads and play-bills.

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THE WITCH OF ROSENBERG. A drama in three acts. By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. New York: P. O'Shea.

Long and favorably known, this charming drama requires no eulogy from our pen. We merely note the appearance of this new edition to chronicle the change of proprietorship from Kelly, Piet & Co. to the present publisher.

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## THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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VOL. XV., No. 90.—SEPTEMBER, 1872.

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## INTELLECTUAL CENTRES.

A thought struck us the other day—a thought that was half a memory—of the interest we should feel in Geneva at the present moment were we to be there as long as the Treaty arbitration lasts. This led us to reflect upon Geneva as we knew it—one of the most delightful, intellectual, and interesting places we ever came across. Thought, like art, has its centres, its headquarters, and, like politics, its changes of dynasties and capitals. In these centres, a person might live undisturbedly a whole generation, and, never stirring ten miles beyond the city gates, not miss any one novelty, person, discovery, or theory worth hearing or seeing. All great personages, whether of royal birth or, what is more important, of intellectual fame, will sooner or later pass through this favored place; all new modes of thought, from theology to unbelief, from Spiritism to Darwinism, will find there a ready field of battle.

Of these centres of thought in modern times, Geneva is not the least. We can speak from experience of the quiet, unpretending old town, standing, in the pride of its antiquity and of its superior taste, aloof from the more frivolous Parisian suburb that commercial enterprise has caused to grow up beside it on the opposite side of the Rhone. It has a population of *savants* and *dilettanti*; its *salons* are "blue-stocking," and its young men not mere butterflies, but men with a work to do or perchance already begun. Music has a home there, too—grave, classical, instrumental music, such as you can fancy the *délassement* of a nation of sages should be. Conversation is hardly brilliant among the Genevese (though the use of the French language renders it far from heavy), but it is solid, and words are put for ideas, not strung together to hide nonsense. Theatres are feebly patronized, and are left to the summer visitors of foreign countries, whose exclusive society creates another Geneva by the side of the old historical town—a Geneva that has nothing Genevese about it but the name. Lectures are very prominent, almost as much so as in America, and they are generally upon scientific subjects. Men of fortune give a course of them free, for the enlightenment of the humbler classes, and young men of good family and position spend their time in literary trials, hunting up references and studying abstruse systems of forgotten philosophy. To be uneducated in Geneva brands a man with a worse mark than to be poor among mercantile communities. Frivolity in man or woman is equivalent to dishonor. There is little display in Genevese society—a simplicity far more republican than anything America can point to reigns in domestic affairs; and the people do not court nor take any pains to allure the *pot-pourri* of foreign princes, merchants, gentlemen, and gamblers that fill the gay quays on the modern side of the river. It is told of one of the highest civil dignitaries of Geneva in the last century—a man of good descent and comfortable means—that he received the envoy of the King of France (it was before the French Revolution), on some diplomatic mission, with one maid-servant holding a lantern. The guest having alighted from his state-coach, and groped his way into the modest house, inquired in surprise: "*Mais, monsieur, où sont vos gens?*" ("But, sir, where is your household?") "*Mes gens!*" repeated the Genevese, with undismayed good-nature; "*c'est Jeanne!*" ("My household consists of Jane!") The French magnifico, whose only idea of power lay in profuse display, and who counted his lackeys by the score, was dumfounded at these Spartan barbarians, whose chief unblushingly declared that a kitchen-maid was all his retinue! Yet the chief was probably a *savant*, while the Frenchman at best was most likely nothing more than a wit. The writer of this article, eager to see something of the home-life of the Genevese, succeeded in making a few acquaintances among these most exclusive of literati. On one occasion we were dining at the primitive hour of five with a charming family, the De la Rives, people of the most polished manners, quick perceptions, and inexhaustible fund of interesting conversation. The meal was plain and frugal, well cooked, yet without a trace of art—what one might have expected at a farmer's or tradesman's table; but what in the most modest of gentlemen's houses in France, England, or Germany would have been an impossibility. The governess and the little children dined with us, the former joining heartily and cleverly in the conversation, which never by any chance fell upon trivialities. The knives and forks were not changed throughout dinner, to our great perplexity; and for the purpose of keeping them from soiling the table during the change of plates, there were provided little glass rests, like thick, short bars. These quaint details seemed quite matters of course, and, strange to say, there was nothing vulgar or repulsive about them, the *personnel* of the hosts being enough to stamp all belonging to them with the hall-mark of true and unostentatious refinement. There was no dressing for this family dinner, as there would have been in England, nor, indeed, is there much dressing at all among the Genevese women. To tell the truth, they are rather what our fastidious taste would call dowdy in their toilette and appearance; but then, what a solid background of true and deep education lies behind their exterior carelessness! It is the same with their parties, which are rather like family gatherings, and where the old-fashioned habit is still kept up of having the tea served on a large table, round which the guests unceremoniously seat themselves. Men of mark in the literary world are there; inventors of machines that have changed the destiny of commerce, and originated or obliterated this or that trade; botanists who have inherited their talent with their fathers' name and experience; women who have written treatises that men of science read with approval—and all of them so unaffectedly enjoying themselves, all of them so truly refined and so childlike in their simple manners. Looking at this kind of assemblage, is it wonderful that it should have made its native city a capital of the world of thought? Bad men as well as good pass through it; Mazzinist and International fraternize and plot; Legitimist and Catholic meet, and hold congresses; outsiders from another continent, as at this moment, agree to settle their disputes on its neutral soil. All philosophies, from De Maistre and Cousin down to Darwin and Renan, find their exponents there; their upholders lecture there; their theories are more closely looked into if they start from there. The church is more active at Geneva than almost anywhere in Europe; unbelief is more rampant and more unblushing; dissent more

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earnest, and, if blinded, yet more sincere. Thirty or forty years ago, a body of Genevese ministers of the "National Church" did what no other Protestant body corresponding in numbers and influence has ever done in modern times—they voluntarily gave up their benefices, and threw themselves with their families, utterly destitute, on the generosity of such among their flocks as would follow their conscience. And why? Because the National Church was becoming more and more Socinian, and dechristianizing the population of Geneva. These dissenters, headed by the Malan family, persevered in their sacrifice, and succeeded in founding a "Free Church," which is now very prosperous, and counts among its members all the best people of the town. Outside the Catholic Church, it would be difficult to find a parallel to this act of renunciation for the sake of principle. Speaking of Geneva from a religious point of view, we do not know but what we might most decidedly call it a centre of active religion, since its bishop, Mgr. Mermillod, is one of its best known and most distinguished native citizens, and the church under his guidance is making rapid conquests in the former stronghold of Calvinism; but this is beside our subject, which is simply to reckon Geneva as first and foremost in the present tournament of restless intellect.

Rome naturally suggests itself as another of these centres. We put it second in the intellectual scale and in the wide sense in which we are speaking, although in religion it stands more than first, that is, perfectly unequalled. Still, when Byron called it "city of the soul," he made that delicate shade of a distinction that marked it as a spiritual capital more than an intellectual centre. For the spirit of Rome is too calm for agitation, too conservative for creation. Yet in a secondary sense to volcanic Geneva, and in a contrasting sense too, Rome is a wonderful rendezvous of the talent and thought of Europe. A life spent in Rome would include a sight of almost all the distinguished men and women of both hemispheres. Unbelievers go to Rome to scoff, and often remain to pray; curious idlers go to see the old man of the Vatican, and often stay to ask his blessing; antiquarians find enough work for a lifetime in digging up a few square feet of ground; artists have a range of subjects before them so vast that, if they had a thousand lives to live, they could not exhaust it; men of science go to meet their kin and discuss things in quiet congresses, which it is impossible to end otherwise than peaceably, for the curious and unique charm of Rome is its subtle power of harmonizing the minds of its guests with the traditions of its own mysterious existence. It has a faculty of spiritual alchemy, and changes the visitor for the time being into a different creature. All its lessons seem to be taught in silence, and for argument it has but little sympathy. Intrinsically, it is a centre of love; accidentally, a centre of thought. Men with wearied hearts are its "chosen few," for its power is rather recuperative than creative. It is most difficult to say what we mean, and yet not to seem to speak in disparagement of this wonderful "city of the soul"; and perhaps a description of its society, though that would be the easiest way to make our meaning clear, would be tedious, because so familiar. We all of us seem to know Rome as if each one had been there; and so perhaps after all we may trust to be better understood than we had hoped to be at first. A short walk on the "Pincio" will show us the utmost cosmopolitanism possible; the Polish exile secure while within a few paces of the Russian official; the Anglican minister, with his trained Oxford refinement, calmly discussing with the energetic, passionate, and voluble Italian ecclesiastic; the Mazzinist bowing involuntarily to the cardinal whose generosity raised him from the poor-house; the French philosopher and the German artist; the American sculptor, with his prejudiced yet not unkindly view of Rome; the English convert, enthusiastic and interested; and the languid Italian, taking everything as a matter of course—such are a few of the common types one jostles against every minute. These things, however, are too well known; and from this strange, perplexing city, so dearly loved and so well hated, so prominent in the world's annals that no dark future can obscure her ever-real and ever the same present—this city whose Christian fame overrides even her glorious heathen past of unlimited power and unchecked Cæsarism—we will go forward to the land of those "barbarians" who regenerated Europe and materially helped to build the church. But how changed is the brightest city of that land, Munich, the undoubted centre of the highest intellect, but now also the unhappy cradle of a new perversion of that very intellect!

Though we are less conversant with Munich than with the two foregoing places, we shall yet attempt to say a few words on its influence in modern times.

It is perhaps a more recent focus of thought than any other of the present day, yet it is none the less powerful for that. The Bavarian royal family has preserved for two or three generations the traditions of a modern Medici dynasty; they are the declared champions of talent, the protectors of innovations of any kind. As long as there is genius, originality, vitality, in a thing or idea, no matter what its tendency, good or bad, it is sure of patronage and help. Intensely national in its leanings, Munich aspires to make Germany paramount, to impose her ways of thought upon the world, to mould Europe according to a German standard, and set up in a new Rome of the north a new ideal that might be expressed in these words, *Le génie c'est moi*. If Christianity had not yet appeared, the plan would have been magnificent, and this Roman Empire of absolute intellect a far grander conception than Plato's Republic, but now God has reserved universality as a mark of his church alone; and the power that would tear this badge from her to crown itself therewith, in opposition to her, cannot hope to succeed any better than the great angel of light succeeded in his gigantic rebellion. Still, notwithstanding this blot upon the otherwise fair system of intellectual supremacy of which Munich is the headquarters, the fact of this practical supremacy remains, and is the more felt and the better tested now since Prussia has attempted to establish herself in opposition to it. The story of ancient Greece and Rome is being enacted anew—matter and mind are face to face; and the military machine which is called the North German Empire, and which has proved itself so politically resistless, stands baffled before the more Attic and refined organization of the capital of thought and art. Impossible to transplant to the alien atmosphere of iron-bound Berlin the delicate grace and play of intellect that distinguishes

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Munich; impossible to make philosophy accept the trammels of officialism, or persuade artists to wait the nod of bureaucrats. The intangible charm of cosmopolitan life belongs to the Bavarian city, the freemasonry of intellectual activity vivifies it. Napoleon carried half the marbles of Rome to his palace of the Louvre, and yet he could not make the Louvre a Vatican, and Belshazzar, though he robbed the temple of its golden cups and drank from them at his banquets, could not make himself high-priest of the Hebrew faith.

The world goes to Munich for art, instruction, and artistic models; Germany goes there for philosophical and scientific theories. Foreigners would rather leave Berlin and Vienna unvisited than miss a week at Munich; and a stay among its galleries, libraries, and museums, is part of the education of every travelled man. It has its literary, its fashionable, and its diplomatic circles, and, strangely enough, each of these pronounces it an equally agreeable resort. The cultivated world filters through it all the year round, and, like Geneva and Rome, though perhaps in a lesser degree than either, one might stay there a lifetime and yet see the whole panorama of intellectual Europe unrolled at intervals before one's eyes. Although Munich possesses a learned and important university, it is not to that alone she owes her supremacy, for it is a fact worthy of notice that in our days the sovereignty of thought is more the attribute of an aggregate of independent thinkers, than the exclusive privilege of certain bodies trained in the same traditions, and cast in much the same mould. Whether or no this is an advantage, is a question we need not enter into here; it is beside our subject. We hope subsequently to be able to draw a companion picture of that ancient state of things which made the intellectual centres of the past, both in their growth and in their influence, so widely different from our own. Certain it is, however, that that influence was less ephemeral formerly than now.

From Munich we have not far to go to another of the world's volcanoes, Paris, the modern enigma. Like a witch's cauldron, always seething, never safe, Paris is playing an uninterrupted game of political conjuring. Unlike other cities whose intellect is distinct from their politics, Paris cannot help giving a political tinge to its literary and philosophical creations. Social questions are violently joined to intellectual problems; and *savants* or *beaux-esprits* will eschew a brother philosopher or wit who wears alien colors and belongs to another camp. The talent that rides uppermost in Paris is identified with socialism, and from literary Bohemianism soon lapses into political outlawry. Victor Hugo is its apostle, Alfred de Musset its poet. On the one hand, a frantic, destructive vigor urges it to assert its self-assumed and imperious sovereignty; on the other, a maudlin, opium-like languor soothes its sensuality and bids it revel in momentary luxury. Sybarites are always tyrants; Nero crowned with roses and singing to his lute while Rome was helplessly burning by his orders, is a fit image of modern Paris displaying her world-alluring softness while Europe is in flames through her baneful principles. We speak of Paris in her zenith; but it is to be feared that the spirit which made her the rose-entwined firebrand of the world, will not long be quelled even by her own unparalleled misfortunes. In her deepest humiliation, when the sympathy of the universe was hers, did she not find strength enough to turn on her true friends, and, by her fiendish attempts on law and order, to alienate the shocked and insulted instincts of a world that had been ready to take up arms in her defence? It may be said that *that* Paris was not the real one; yet it is the one that rules—rules *sourdement*, as the French so expressively say, when she is herself ruled by an iron hand, rules through her infidel press, her immoral literature, her unwholesome poetry, her rotten philosophy, her frivolous and heedless society. True it is that in Paris, which proudly calls itself "the capital of the world and the heart of humanity," there are circles of quiet literary men—*coteries* of harmless exiles from other lands; men whose lives are bounded by the Bibliothèque Impériale and the Théâtre Français; and men, too, whose one aim is charity and one ambition, heaven. True, France can boast as many missionaries as communists, as many martyrs as soldiers, almost as many religious as unhung miscreants. But how many Montalemberts, how many Dupanlous, how many Lacordaires, beside the innumerable spawn of Dumases, George Sands, Balzacs, Michelets, Taines, and Renans? No doubt in the records of the Almighty there are to be found in this modern Sodom the ten just men that will save it from spiritual destruction, but we are speaking of it principally in the intellectual sense, and surely, from this point of view, where are its saviors? A centre of intellect it is most undoubtedly and most unfortunately, but a centre such as a powder magazine might be. The streams it pours over Europe's world of thought are lava-streams, scorching the purer air of principle to make way for the poisonous gases of self-indulgence. If Paris were sovereign, peace would be no more, and truth would leave the earth, dismayed. The very opposite, of Rome, its spirit is one of fever, catching even to the calmest pulse of a law-abiding and metaphysical northerner—a spirit that broods over one like the blast of a furnace, and bewilders like the breath of a coming simoom. We have experienced it ourselves in days long before the last great judgment that has crushed the unhappy city; we have marvelled at its obtrusive activity, so fatiguing to the eye, because, unlike that of London or New York, it denotes only the frivolous search after empty pleasure, not the calm plodding after necessary business; we have wondered at its frothy show, where the greatest display is a sure sign of the worst depravity; we have longed to be out of its unwholesome, oppressive spell, that seemed to paralyze the mind and darken the understanding. To think that this possessed city should be the pioneer of the nineteenth century, and have more influence over the moral destinies of the world than Napoleon ever had over the kingdoms of Europe, or than Bismarck can ever have over the future of Paris itself! What have we done to deserve it? What has brought this Egyptian plague upon us, the Nile of the intellect turned into blood, the fertilizer become poison?

There is a wider difference than the mere width of the Channel between Paris and Oxford. What calm, scholarly, refined associations come to our mind when we name the Alma Mater of so many of England's greatest men! It is like a refreshing ocean breeze after the scorching blast of a

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volcano. We feel at home here. Gladstone, Pusey, Keble, Newman, were sons of this English centre of thought—Stanley for a long time was identified with it, all the intellectual movements of this century sprang from it, and to represent it in Parliament is accounted the highest political honor. All schools of thought have started from it; “High Church,” “Low Church,” and “Broad Church” have all found their headquarters there, and recruits from these several camps have left it to bring their various gifts to that other and wider university over which the Holy Ghost presides everlastingly. If one might use words that must seem a paradox, Oxford, once made and fashioned by the church, has in our days herself influenced the church. We mean that the university has given to the Catholics of England that unrivalled body of priests who stand alone in Europe for their indomitable energy, their self-sacrificing earnestness, and their gentle and truly Christian refinement. Among Protestants, it is only the strict truth to say that Oxford has created the Church of England, and vivifies her now even more than state protection, or the universal adoption extended to her by usage and courtesy among the educated classes. Most truly has Oxford been called the Rome of English Protestantism. It is sad for us to think of the perverted influence of a system essentially Catholic, of traditions and customs that have lost their meaning while they have kept their form, and yet it is also a proud thought to dwell upon, that such as this matchless seat of intellect is, and such as its absolute identification with English national thought and national character makes it certain ever to be, it owes it to the church of Alfred, of Langton, of Scotus—the church of Peter—alone.

We have said that, in modern times, universities as such have less influence than the aggregate of independent thinkers. This, however, hardly applies to England, for the mass of enlightened men in that country forms, practically, the true university. Cambridge, as a seat of equal learning, yet scarcely of equal brilliancy or influence, is of course included. The social and intellectual training of both is the same, the traditions practically so. The whole body of able men in England belongs to either one or the other of these universities, and, never unlearning their modes of thought and unconsciously stamping their impress deeper on each succeeding work undertaken or effort accomplished, therefore never cease to belong to them. England is thus one university, and Oxford is the epitome of educated England. Very national and jealous of foreign irruption is this vast and compact body; its members will taste and examine very closely before an alien theory be admitted among them, but, once admitted, it is adopted with eagerness, nationalized, and so embodied in a thoroughly English shape that its origin becomes undistinguishable. The spirit of Oxford, unlike that of Paris, is the very reverse of cosmopolitan; there is no versatility in its essence, no straining after effect, novelty, nor even domination; it does not care to impose itself on others, and thus it differs ever from the national-minded spirit of Munich, but it vigorously resents anything being imposed upon it. Ideas grow slowly, and systems ripen there before they are tried; a school of thought goes out whole and calm, not upon tentative excursions, but to certain conquest. Foreigners are more curious to see Oxford than they are to examine any other English institution; foreign *savants* look with pride or longing on the rare gift of its honorary degrees. Its buildings are the only palaces known in England, and excel in nobility of architecture every modern public erection and almost every private residence. It keeps up customs of hospitality, of generosity, of courtesy, that seem lost amid the dwarfishness of modern politeness; its grand solemnity of demeanor and stateliness of etiquette shame our puny and impudent code of manners; the freedom of later behavior seems by its side a stunted pollard when compared to the magnificent oak of bygone centuries. Oxford keeps up the ideal among Englishmen, or rather it is the ideal personified. It is a standing protest against the levity of modern and *fast* life—a city of sanctuary for learning, art, ecclesiasticism, æsthetics, philosophy, and taste. Those who have lived all their lives in it as fellow-tutors or professors, love it to idolatry; those who have gone forth to their several professions and been knocked about by the vicissitudes of the world, love it as the Garden of Eden of their lost peace; those who have left it for the Catholic Church, love it with the most mournful and deepest of loves, even as Gregory loved the fair-haired heathen boys that were Angles, but whom he longed to see angels. The greatest mind in England—John Henry Newman—loves it with this sorrowful love, which has prevented him from ever seeing it again since he severed himself from it, and suffered more in this severing than the loss of friends or the wilful misconception of enemies; and in his room at Edgbaston, where his retired life is now entirely spent, there hangs a view of the beautiful English university town, with this significant motto in illuminated characters beneath: “Son of man, dost thou think these dry bones shall live?” (Ez. xxxvii. 3).

From Oxford we must cross the Atlantic to find our last intellectual centre in this age. It is the youngest, though not the least vigorous, and it stands alone on the Western continent, where it has not inaptly been called—as Edinburgh once was—the Modern Athens. Boston is also more or less the product of a university, but here, as elsewhere, the taint is on the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Infidelity and cynicism make their home there in the midst of the luxuriant growth of intellect. Pride of mind has ended in riot of soul, and amid the intoxicating creations of its own strong vitality, the genius of New England has spiritually lost its way. But humanly speaking, what a fair field of intellect is here displayed! It is through Boston that America is best known to Europe. Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, are household words wherever the English language is spoken; and the dignified history of New England, no less than her weird and fascinating literature, is as interestingly familiar to English as to American minds. Boston is New England crystallized, the representative city of America, the channel of communication between the Old and the New World, the crucible of every new theory and the test the successful passing of which is, as it were, a “degree” in itself. Boston stands forth as the champion of science against commerce, and the breakwater which strives to save America from the imputation—thrown on England by the French—of being “a nation of shopkeepers.” The West, with its gigantic future roughly mapped out, and its raw material inconveniently spread over the whole

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land, looks with uneasy and half-dismayed contempt at the scholarly capital of New England; the North, with its sleek prosperity and organized system of elegant life, steals a look askance, in which envy is but thinly concealed behind an affectation of patronage. Of the South we cannot speak, since its naturally true instincts of appreciation and intellectual discernment have been cruelly and rudely shaken by the great convulsion whose effects will long remain but too prominent; but if ever there rises a rival, friendly yet altogether dissimilar, to the New England Athens, it will be in the gifted South, among the descendants of the cavaliers, that we shall turn to look for it. Such a one there should be, for this vast continent, in whose bosom the whole of Europe would lie like an island, must have more than one species of intellectual life, and ought to have more than one acknowledged exponent of it. In the South we should find the ardor of Paris, the ambition of Munich, and the refinement of Oxford, mingled and harmonized; and let us trust that in the lands discovered by Catholic missionaries, and colonized by Catholic gentlemen, we might at least escape the ban that clings to the older centres of intellectual life in Europe, the revolutionary and antichristian tendencies of France, and the unhappy heresies of England and Germany.

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## OLD BOOKS.

For out of old fields, as men sayth,  
Cometh all this new corn from yere to yere,  
And out of old books, in good faith  
Cometh all this new lore that men lere.  
—*Chaucer.*

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# DANTE'S PURGATORIO.

## CANTO THIRD.

(For Cantos I. and II. of this Translation, see CATHOLIC WORLD for November, 1870, and January, 1872.)

Though round the plain their quick flight scattered them,  
Bent for that Hill where reason turns our tread,<sup>[198]</sup>  
My faithful mate close at my garment's hem  
I kept: how *could* I without him have sped?  
Who else had o'er that mountain marshalled me?  
He seemed, methought, as inly touched with shame:  
O noble conscience, void of stain, to thee  
How sharp a morsel is the smallest blame!  
Soon as his feet the hurried movement checked  
Which every action's dignity destroys,  
My mind, till now restrained and circumspect,  
Expanded with new strength, as 'twere of joy's.  
My face I fixed upon that Hill to gaze  
Towards highest heaven which springeth from the wave.

The sun behind me redly flamed; its rays  
Broke by the shadow which my figure gave.  
When I perceived before me that the ground  
Was darkened only by myself, in dread  
Of being there deserted, I looked round  
And fronting me in full, my Comfort said:  
"Why this distrust? believ'st thou not that I  
Am with thee still, thy leader to the last?  
'Tis evening now already where on high  
My body lies, which once a shadow cast,  
Buried at Naples, from Brundusium brought.  
Now, if no shade before me meet thy sight  
It need wake no more wonder in thy thought  
Than why one heaven checks not another's light.  
Omnipotence to such forms hath assigned  
The power of suffering torments—cold and heat—  
But *how*, reveals not to created kind.  
He is but mad who hopes this incomplete  
Reason of ours may track the Infinite way  
Which of three persons holds the substance one.  
Rest, human race! contented when you say  
Simply because: could ye the whole have known  
No need had been for Mary to have borne;  
And ye have seen in hopeless longing those  
Who now to all eternity must mourn  
Desire for which they vainly sought repose.  
Of Aristotle and of Plato now  
I speak, and many others": he remained  
Silent at this, and stood with bended brow  
And troubled look: meantime the Hill we gained.  
We found the cliff here sloping so steep down  
That nimblest legs had there been useless quite.  
The wildest way betwixt Turbìa's town  
And Lèrici, the roughest, were a flight  
Compared with this, of open, easy stairs.  
"Who knows," my Master said—and stayed his pace—  
"Where this Hill slopeth, so that one who wears  
No wings may climb it?" Then his earnest face  
Directed closely to the ground as if  
Making in mind a study of the way.  
Meantime I gazed up round about the cliff,  
And on the left hand came to my survey  
A band of spirits, moving on towards us,  
That seemed not moving for they came so slow.  
"Lift up thine eyes"—I to the Master thus—  
"If of thyself thou art not certain, lo!  
Yon souls our footsteps may direct perchance."  
Thereat he looked, then frankly made reply:  
"Go we tow'rds *them*—so gently they advance—  
And thou, my sweet son! keep thy hope up high."

That people seemed as far, when we had gone  
 A thousand steps, I say, or thereabout,  
 As a good flinger might have cast a stone;  
 When all at once, like one who goes in doubt  
 And stops to look, their moderate march they checked  
 And close to that high bank's hard masses drew.  
 "O ye peace-parted! O ye spirits elect!  
 Ev'n by that peace which waits for each of you  
 As I believe"—thus Virgil them bespake:  
 "Inform us where this mountain slopeth so  
 That its ascent we may essay to make;  
*For they mourn Time's loss most, the most who know."*

Like lambs that issue from their fold—one—two—  
 Then three at once (the rest all standing shy,  
 With eye and nostril to the ground)—then do  
 Just what the foremost doth, unknowing why,  
 And crowd upon her back if she but stand,  
 Quiet and simple creatures, thus the head  
 I saw move towards us of that happy band,  
 Modest in face, and of a comely tread.

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Soon as their leaders noticed that the light  
 On my right side lay broken at my feet,  
 So that my shadow reached the rocky height,  
 They stopped and drew a little in retreat.  
 And all the others following, though they knew  
 Not why they did so, did the very same.  
 "Without your question I confess to you  
 That here you see a living human frame:  
 Hence on the ground the sunlight thus is riven:  
 Marvel not at it, but believe ye all  
 Not without virtue by the Most High given  
 This man hath come to scale your Mountain's wall."  
 My Master thus, and thus that gracious band:  
 "Turn then and join us, and before us go":  
 And while some beckoned us with bended hand  
 One called—"Whoe'er thou art there journeying so,  
 Turn! Think—hast ever looked on me before?"  
 I turned and gazed upon the one who spoke.  
 Handsome and blond, he looked high-born, but o'er  
 One brow appeared the severance of a stroke.  
 When I had humbly answered him that ne'er  
 Had I beheld him—"Look!" he said, and high  
 Up on his breast showed me a wound he bare;  
 Then added smilingly, "Manfred am I,  
 The Empress Constance' grandson: in such name  
 Do I entreat, when back thou shalt have gone,  
 To my fair daughter hie, of whose womb came  
 Sicily's boast and Aragon's renown,  
 And tell her this—if aught but truth be said  
 That after two stabs—each of power to kill—  
 I gave my soul back weeping ere it fled  
 To Him who pardoneth of His own free will  
 My sins were horrible: but large embrace  
 Infinite Goodness hath whose arms will ope  
 For every child who turneth back to Grace;  
 And if Cosenza's bishop, by the Pope  
 Clement set on to hound me to the last,  
 That page of Holy Writ had better read,  
 My bones had still been sheltered from the blast  
 Near Benevento, by the bridge's head,  
 Under their load of stones: but now without  
 The realm they lie, by Verde's river—bare—  
 For winds and rains to beat and blow about,  
 Dragged with quenched candles and with curses there.

Yet not by their poor malediction can  
 Souls be so lost but that Eternal Love  
 May be brought back while hope hath life in man.  
 'Tis true that one who sets himself above  
 The Holy Church, and dies beneath its ban

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(Even though he had repented at the last),  
Outside this Mount must unadmitted rove  
Thirty times longer than the term had been  
Of his presumptuous contumacy past,  
Unless good prayers a shorter penance win.  
See now what power thou hast to make me glad:  
Report of me to my good Constance bear,  
How thou saw'st me, and what I've told thee add;  
For much it profits us what they do there."

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## ON MUSIC.

Harmony and melody—which have an equal share in the effects produced by sound—find their original type, it may be, in the double nature of the universe, and of human destiny considered socially and individually. Harmony, like the external world and its moving masses, presents us with various parts, linked together and arranged so as to subserve one and the same end. Regular and measured in its movement as the celestial orbs, no deviation is allowable even in its boldest flight. An almighty will seems to have bound it to magnificence and grandeur, restricting its freedom to the latitude of the laws whose expression it is. But melody is thoroughly moral, and consequently free. It is the heart's utterance, and follows and renders its emotions faithfully. When brilliant, it recalls our joys; when sweet and lingering, it portrays our rare and delicious intervals of repose. It sighs for our disquietudes and sways beneath our sorrows, like a friend who shares them. Would it reproduce the sad and vague yearnings which by turns agitate and soothe the soul of man?—its songs are as dreamy as his chimeras. Melody is but one thought at a time, but—mobile and rapid—it renders all thoughts in succession and tells the tale of a complete destiny. Harmony, with its grand effects, seems made to appeal to assembled men; melody, to transport the memory in solitude. Words may of course be adapted to a piece of pure harmony; but they are only accessory. When melody is associated with human speech, they rival one another in charm and in power. Speech is, indeed, the heart's expression; but melody remains its accent.—*Madame Swetchine.*

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# FLEURANGE.

BY MRS. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, WITH PERMISSION.

## PART SECOND THE TRIAL.

### XXVIII.

More than twenty-four hours had elapsed. Fleurange was already far away, and the incidents of the preceding days only seemed like a succession of troubled dreams. The conversation she heard on the terrace between the count and his mother, that which she herself had with the latter, her interview with George at San Miniato, the mysterious bouquet in the evening, and the sudden reappearance of Felix the next day—all these remembrances came back, one by one, but were all effaced by that of the farewell which succeeded them.

Yes, she had bidden him adieu for ever; whereas he smilingly said, "A rivederla!" and his mother, giving her hand graciously to her young *protégée*, continued to the last to play her part in this drama of two characters, which she and Fleurange alone understood.

The young girl also sustained hers without exhibiting any weakness; but in kissing the princess' hand she gave to the words "Addio, principéssa!" an accent the latter fully comprehended the meaning of. She embraced her in return with involuntary tenderness, and even with an emotion that might have been considered surprising for so short an absence. George observed it, and felt more reassured than ever. Therefore, after Fleurange's departure, what he felt was not so much sadness, as the need of some distraction powerful enough to relieve the insupportable *ennui* caused by her absence.

As to her, alone with Julian in the coupé of the vetturino, while Clara, her child, and a young Italian waiting-maid occupied the interior, she could not give herself up to the thoughts that were suffocating her. She must still continue the effort of concealment, and assume a cheerfulness she was far from feeling, which was more antipathic to her nature than anything else. She was to turn off to Santa Maria at the small village of Passignano, where they expected to arrive on the morning of the third day, and she did not intend announcing to the Steinbergs her intention of accompanying them to Germany till they stopped at the monastery on their way back from Perugia. By that time all her plans for the future would be more definitely arranged. There were some vague intentions floating in her mind as well as some irresolution, which she scarcely comprehended herself. She wished for the penetrating eye of her maternal friend to aid her in deciphering the confused condition of her mind and soul. Until then she was resolved to remain silent. [735]

Her conversation with Julian dwelt principally on their unexpected meeting with their unhappy cousin.

"After serious reflection," said Steinberg, "it seems to me impossible to do anything without running the risk of injuring the unfortunate man."

"It appears he is now leading a respectable life," said Fleurange.

"Yes; and for that very reason it is important to him that the past should not be made public. As Count George avails himself of his services, he must, I suppose, have had good recommendations."

Fleurange made no reply. She did not venture to say she had often heard George reproached for his indifference to the position or reputation of many he employed in his collections, or the researches in which he was interested. "What have I to do with their private lives," he would sometimes say, "in the kind of work I require of them? If they are intelligent and capable, that is sufficient. When I have an inscription to be copied, or a passage in a manuscript to be transcribed, I rather employ a capable rogue than an honest blockhead."

Without knowing precisely why, this connection between Felix and George inspired Fleurange with involuntary terror, and, much as she wished it, she could not put the latter on his guard without betraying Felix's real name and position. In short, the fatal remembrances connected with the cousin were now changed into a painful presentiment which added a darker shade to the sadness she sought to conceal.

After a long silence she resumed: "The Marquis Adelardi seemed to know the person who was with Felix the evening we met him?"

"Yes; and to have a poor opinion of him."

"Did you question him afterwards on the subject?"

"I was desirous of doing so, and in the course of that evening at the princess' I tried to introduce the subject. But he appeared to answer with repugnance. I was also cautious in my questions, so I was able to obtain very little information."

Julian stopped, but after a moment's reflection continued:

"The Marquis Adelardi, from what I learned at Bologna, was once connected with a conspiracy."



"Conspiracy!"—exclaimed Fleurange with alarm. "The excellent and agreeable marquis? What are you saying, Julian?"

Julian smiled. "Come, Gabrielle, you need not be so frightened. I do not mean to imply he is a criminal, but I think that during one period of his life he was connected with some revolutionary agitation in Italy, and was brought in contact with more than one suspicious character, and Felix's companion was probably one of them."

The conversation was not prolonged, and Fleurange remained silent for a time. Julian's last words added a new fear to all the painful impressions—some definite and others vague—which already weighed on her mind and heart. She pitied Felix, but she was more afraid of him. She now regarded his strange billet as a bold attempt to frighten her or excite her interest—an irresistible temptation to aim at effect, which he yielded to at the risk of being discovered. George's connection with this bold and restless spirit filled her with greater anxiety than ever. It seemed at last as if so many things at once had never weighed upon her young heart, and that clouds were gathering on all sides around her.

At Passignano she left her travelling companions, and took a small vehicle for the monastery. All the dresses and ornaments the princess had added to her modest wardrobe were left in Barbara's care during her supposed short absence, and the only luggage she brought with her from Florence was a small valise. This was at once deposited beside the driver, and, as soon as the young girl was seated, the calèche immediately started off. [736]

The road gradually ascended, but this was only perceptible from the increasing beauty of the prospect which became more and more extensive. Afar off lay Lake Thrasimene, gleaming in the sun like a brilliant sheet of silver; nearer, a small stream, whose name, after twenty-two centuries, still recalls the memorable battle that ensanguined its waters, wound through the plain where it was fought.<sup>[199]</sup> It is stated in history that, during that famous day, neither the Romans nor Hannibal's soldiers noticed the earthquake which rocked the ground beneath their feet. It might have trembled anew, and our poor Fleurange would perhaps have been equally insensible, so greatly absorbed was she in a struggle of another kind—between her will to do right and the violent inclinations of her heart.

She was now completely alone for the first time for a long period, and seemed to have regained her liberty of thought. Freed from the necessity of struggling against the softening emotions that would have enfeebled her courage, she could now yield without restraint to the pleasure of living over the past six months of her life. She leaned her weary head back, closed her eyes, and allowed her memory to recall all those dear but vain remembrances. She saw him once more whom she never expected to behold again; she listened anew to the voice she would hear no more; she allowed herself to tell him all she had so often repressed. It was a prolonged and dangerous dream, followed by a sorrowful awakening. And it profoundly troubled the peace of her soul, which, with her firmness, she had preserved only by a constant effort during the period of trial her youth had just passed through. "And it is ended!—ended!" she exclaimed, with a cry almost of despair, hiding her face in her hands. "I shall never behold him again!"

Suddenly she heard the mellow sound of a distant bell which revived a whole world of past impressions. She hastily raised her head and looked around. She was passing through a grove of acacias that shaded the winding road. Beyond were some large pines and a few rustic dwellings. Passing by one of them, she heard a voice exclaim, "Evviva la Signorina!"—and further on: "La Madonna vi accompagna!" Shortly after she passed under a half-ruined arcade which looked like a vestige of antiquity. The bell was still ringing, but its sound was more distinct, for they were approaching the chapel.

"What, so soon!" she cried, clasping her hands. "Have we arrived?"

At the end of the avenue the carriage turned to the left, passed by the chapel, and at length stopped before a small gate-way of sculptured stone, surmounted by a statue of our Saviour, at whose feet the following words in relief were distinctly legible: VENITE AD ME OMNES QUI LABORATIS ET ONERATI ESTIS, ET EGO REFICIAM VOS. [737]

Fleurange sprang from the carriage and eagerly rang. The gate opened: a soft expression of surprise and welcome greeted her. She replied with a smile, but did not stop, for at the farther end of the cloister she perceived her whom she sought.

It was noon: the children were just being dismissed from school, and Madre Maddalena stood looking at them as they went out, now and then saying some kind word. Fleurange, suddenly appearing in their midst, threw the little procession into disorder. Mother Maddalena, astonished, looked reprovingly towards the person who had unexpectedly disturbed the order of the time and place. She looked again—again hesitated—then at length her arms opened with an exclamation of joy:

"Fior angela mia!—Dear lamb returned to the fold!"

And the returned wanderer, falling into the arms of her mother, forgot in a moment all the fatigue, the dangers, the sufferings she had endured on the way, and all the thorns that had left their traces on her wounded feet.

## XXIX.

The chapel was dim, cool, and filled with the odor of the fresh flowers on the altar and the incense used at the morning service. The nun and the young girl knelt for a few moments to offer

up thanks to God as the preliminary obligation of their reunion, and invoke the Friend above all others who is not only the great *I am*, but LOVE itself. Fleurange soon rose up at a sign from the mother, and followed her into a well-known apartment on the ground floor called the garden parlor.

Like all convent parlors, it had no other furniture but a square table in the middle of the room, some straw-bottomed chairs ranged around, a book-case with a large crucifix on the top, and a statue of the holy Madonna on the other side, at the foot of which stood a vase full of flowers. What distinguished this parlor from all others of the kind was the view through the broad arched window on one side, and on the other through the open garden door. The beautiful landscape we have already described, bounded on the distant horizon by the sublime but graceful outline of the mountains, had in the foreground an abundance of flowers more carefully cultivated than is usually the case in convent gardens. At the right, the eye caught a glimpse of the arches of the cloister, and on the left the dense shade of a small grove of orange-trees now in bloom, beyond which was an orchard with vines interlacing the fruit-trees, and a carefully cultivated vegetable garden—the principal resource of the convent larder. Some doves were flying between the cloister and the garden, and during the hours of conventual silence there was no other sound within the peaceful enclosure but the noise of their cooing. But at recreation time the cloister, as well as the garden, resounded with the voices and laughter of the children, and Mother Maddalena's parlor was not always as quiet as when she ushered Fleurange into it.

The door was scarcely closed when the nun took the young girl's face between her hands, and attentively examined it, as if she would read the depths of her soul.

Mother Maddalena was about fifty years of age at this time. She had been uncommonly beautiful in her youth, and there was still a regularity and nobleness in her time-worn features which were set off by the white bandeau and guimpe that encircled her face like a frame to a picture. A long black veil fell in deep folds nearly to the ground. Her black eyes were uncommonly large and mild, and had an extraordinary expression sometimes seen in eyes devoid of any other beauty, and is exclusively peculiar to those which reflect that mysterious and ineffable joy which Bossuet calls "*incompatible*," and says, to be tasted, "*il faut qu'elle soit goûté seule*." Such was the look, full of divine joy and superhuman peace, now fastened on Fleurange, whose limpid eyes did not avoid the scrutiny, but remained fastened on those of the Madre. Only her pale face flushed and then grew paler than before.

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"Poor child! poor child!" said Mother Maddalena at length after a long and silent examination. "Alas! how much she has suffered.—But no evil has tarnished her heart." With her right hand she made the sign of the cross on Fleurange's pure brow, and then pressed her lips to the same spot, adding, with a smile of satisfaction: "The Angel Gabriel, to whom I confided her at parting, has restored her to me, like a faithful guardian whose inspirations have been obeyed."

Whether Fleurange now lost her customary self-control, or did not try to conceal her feelings in Mother Maddalena's presence, while the latter stood looking at her silently, she burst into tears.

"Yes, I understand," said the mother—"a great effort was required to overcome the natural tendencies of the heart, to act and to speak without the relief of weeping!—But my poor child succeeded, and is weary from the exertion—" She continued in a softer tone: "But it is the weary and heavy laden that have the promise of finding rest, and it is in this house especially that this rest awaits those who ask it of him who has promised it, and who alone can give it!—Come," continued she in a firmer tone, after allowing Fleurange to weep some time in silence—"come, my dear Gabrielle, lift up your heart—the heart so susceptible of pain! Try to rise a little above your sufferings—sufferings which enfold the germ of so great a joy!" murmured she to herself, "whereas the joys of the world contain the germ of so much suffering!—Come, my child, come with me."

The last words were uttered in a tone of mild authority. Fleurange unhesitatingly rose, and followed her across the garden, now exposed to the ardor of the sun's rays, into the small grove where the foliage was so dense that it was cool at mid-day. A flight of steps led to a little oratory in this peaceful solitude, where the pupils assembled towards sunset for prayers; but now it was entirely empty.

Mother Maddalena seated herself on a bench in front of the oratory, and Fleurange took a place near her.

"Now tell me, not only what I already know, but what I am still ignorant of."

It was hardly necessary to articulate these words, for Fleurange had not come with the intention of concealing a single thought. She therefore began her account, and, at the mother's request, went back to the very day she left the monastery with her father. She gave an account of her travels in Italy, with all her first impressions: her residence at Paris, and all her sufferings there; her life in Germany, with all its pleasures: then the ruin of her family and their separation; and, finally, of Florence—Florence with all its emotions, its joys, its dangers, its acute pains, and its fearful temptations.

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For the first time in her life she uttered Count George's name without hesitating, and related without any reticence or circumlocution all his name revived—everything! from the wild dreams that preceded their first interview to the reverie of the present day from which the convent bell roused her. She related everything simply, clearly, firmly, and in a tone which, as she proceeded, revealed more and more clearly to the ear attentively listening that her rectitude of soul was not changed or its vigor enfeebled.

Clearness of perception and energy of action were the two germs, as we have already said, that

induced Madre Maddalena to believe, if sown in the heart and watered by the dews of divine grace, without which all our perceptions become dim and all strength fails, would enable this child, in spite of her youth, her beauty, and all the tendencies of a tender heart and an ardent temperament, to walk with a firm and sure step in the path of life.

She now saw her hopes realized, and thanked God for it. But she looked, nevertheless, with inexpressible compassion at Fleurange's youthful face. Life was still so long before her, and from the very beginning the combat had been so arduous! It is true, her courage had thereby been tempered, but the day of rest was yet so far off! so many storms might yet rise, so many perils gather around her! From the safe port that sheltered her own life, she looked off over the sea of the world, on which floated this frail bark, praying in her heart to Him who commandeth the ocean and ruleth the storm to snatch her from the threatening waves and land her safely on the shore.

"I was not deceived," said she, when the account was ended. "No, my child, you have not mistaken the path of duty, but have courageously followed its leadings. I could not be otherwise than satisfied with you. Fleurange, I give you my blessing, and God will bless you also."

Saying these simple words, she softly laid her hand on the young girl's head. This act, and the words accompanying it, increased the sensation of inexpressible comfort and solace, which was the natural effect of the complete unburdening of her mind. A divine peace, as it were, descended upon her, and enveloped her as a garment.

"Oh! madre mia!" she exclaimed, "let me abide here with you—never leave you again, nor this peaceful asylum!"

Mother Maddalena smiled, and was about to reply when the bell gave four strokes.

"We will talk about this another time," said she. "The bell calls me away now, and I must leave you. We shall see each other again at the evening hour of recreation. I suppose you have not forgotten the way to your room. And you still remember the rule, I hope, and how the day here is divided. The bell rings at the same hours as before. Nothing is changed here."

### XXX.

It would not be easy for those who have never had this sweet experience, to realize the effect of being suddenly transported from the affairs and pleasures of the world, with all its cares and sorrows, to such an atmosphere as now surrounded Fleurange.

But if every one does not feel the need of pausing thus on the way through life, we cannot understand the astonishment and ironical disdain with which some, unwilling to make the trial, speak of these temporary retreats from the world, so customary in former times, and somewhat so in ours. Do they find life, then, always so pleasant and easy to bear? Does joy succeed so surely to joy in the happy succession of their days? and have these days so assured a duration that it would be useless to regulate their course or reflect on their end? Or have these persons such perfect control over their thoughts that no distraction ever disturbs their equilibrium, and the need of pausing for reflection and rest is never felt? We do not know. But what seems indubitable to us is that, for a great number, this rest is as refreshing as pure water and a shady spot of repose to the weary and thirsty traveller. And there is no doubt that our poor heroine belonged to this number. And this is why, in leaving Madre Maddalena, she returned to the chapel instead of going up to her room, and there, in the profound silence of the sanctuary, passed a whole hour in tasting the sweetness of an unburdened heart, and the sense of divine security which does not depend solely on the temporary shelter of the body, but on that deeper feeling of a permanent shelter of the soul which nothing earthly can affect.

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If we consider all the sufferings this young girl had so recently passed through—if we remember that the enthralling influences of love had surrounded without tarnishing her, but still not without lending a disenchantment to every other but the object of her love, we shall not find it very surprising that in this spot, at this hour, she should have thought of cutting short her worldly life, and, without going any further in search of happiness, henceforth impossible, or a destiny that must ever remain imperfect, of devoting herself to the highest of all aims—that whose object is God alone, and the welfare of those whom he loved most while on earth—children and the poor.

Even at Florence, during the period of so much anguish, the cloister of Santa Maria appeared like a refuge, and more than once the idea of never leaving it had occurred to her then, as well as while listening to Madre Maddalena. But now the idea became more decided, and took possession of her imagination with an intensity stronger than ever before. She welcomed it, and gave herself up to it with a kind of pious intoxication. She tasted beforehand the bitter pleasure of sacrifice; she accepted with interior transport the perspective of absolute renunciation of all the joys of life; and when at length she brought her long meditation to an end, and prepared to leave the chapel, it seemed to her as if she had just received a supernatural inspiration.

She would have sought an interview with Mother Maddalena at once, but she knew it was a time when she was occupied in the school-room, after which she devoted a whole hour, towards the close of the day, to the poor who from far and near came to consult her about their affairs or relate their sorrows. The morning was given to the distribution of food, medicine, and assistance of all kinds of material wants, and the evening was consecrated to the exercise of charity under another form, the recipients of which were often more numerous than the others.

Fleurange was not unaware of this, and she decided to remain quietly in her room without

attempting to see the superior again till after supper. But when, at the close of school, she saw two nuns taking the children to the oratory in the grove of orange-trees, she went down to join in the prayers that ended their day. The vine blossoms in the orchard united their sweet and delicate odor to that of the orange-trees, and, when this little perfumed grove resounded with the hymns of the children, it seemed as if all nature united with them in offering heaven the incense of praise. Prayers over, Fleurange joined the nuns and their pupils, and for awhile it seemed as if the peaceful days of her childhood had returned. Then came the silence of the refectory. But when supper at length was ended, she went in pursuit of Madre Maddalena. She knew she should not find her in her parlor, but on the terrace over the cloister which commanded a view of the country around. It was there she loved to remain in fine weather till the very close of day. [741]

What Fleurange was so eager to say we know already. To think aloud was natural to her, and required no effort with Madre Maddalena especially. Besides, she only wished to resume the conversation interrupted in the morning, and make known all she had thought, and felt, and resolved upon during the time she passed in the chapel.

Mother Maddalena stood with her arms folded, and listened this time without interrupting her. Standing thus motionless in this place, at this evening hour, the noble outlines of her countenance and the long folds of her robe clearly defined against the blue mountains in the distance, and the violet heavens above, she might easily have been taken for one of the visions of that country which have been depicted for us and all generations. The illusion would not have been dispelled by the aspect of her who, seated on the low wall of the terrace, was talking with her eyes raised, and with an expression and attitude perfectly adapted to one of those young saints often represented by the inspired artist before the divine and majestic form of the Mother of God.

"Well, my dear mother, what do you say?" asked Fleurange, after waiting a long time, and seeing the Madre looking at her and gently shaking her head without any other reply.

"Before answering you," replied she at last, "let me ask this question: Do you think it allowable to consecrate one's self to God in the religious life without a vocation?"

"Assuredly not."

"And do you know what a vocation is?" said she very slowly.

Fleurange hesitated. "I thought I knew, but you ask in such a way as to make me feel now I do not."

"I am going to tell you: a vocation," said the Madre, as her eyes lit up with an expression Fleurange had never seen before—"a vocation to the religious life is to love God more than we love any creature in the world, however dear; it is to be unable to give anything or any person on earth a love comparable to that; to feel the tendency of all our faculties incline us towards him alone; finally," pursued she, while her eyes seemed looking beyond the visible heavens on which they were fastened, "it is the full persuasion, even in this life, that he is *all*—our all—in the past, the present, and the future; in this world and in another, for ever, and to the exclusion of everything besides!—"

Fleurange, accustomed to Madre Maddalena's habitual simplicity of language, looked at her with surprise, and was speechless for a moment, struck by her tone and her unusual expression, no less than the words she had just uttered. A deep blush suffused the young girl's cheeks and mounted to her forehead. [742]

"My dear mother," said she at length, casting down her eyes, "doubtless it is not given to all to feel such love for God; especially to love him thus to the utter exclusion of all else here below; but," she continued with emotion, "is not the voluntary sacrifice of all the affections and joys of the world a holocaust likewise worthy of being offered him?"

Mother Maddalena's eyes resumed their usual expression of mildness: "Yes, assuredly, my poor child. I did not wish to insinuate a doubt as to that. How could I, in this house, open to all who suffer, and where among our sisters—and not the least holy—are several who have brought hearts crushed by the sorrows of life? But still, that is not the irresistible call of God which we consider a genuine vocation. And what I wish you to understand, my dear Gabrielle, is this: if I know you—and who knows you as well?—you are one of those whom God would have called thus, had it been his will your life should be consecrated to him in the cloister. It is not for one like you to vow yourself to him through discouragement or disgust of the world, or because its happiness has lost its enchantment. The struggle has been severe, I know, but on that account would you have it ended? No. Gabrielle, on the contrary, you must resume your strength to continue the contest."

Tears came into Fleurange's eyes, and she bent down her head with an expression of sadness.

"Oh! my poor child," resumed the mother, "it would be much easier for me to tell you to remain and never leave us again! It would be sweeter for me to preserve you thus from all the sufferings that yet await you. But believe me, the day will come when you will rejoice you were not spared these sufferings; and you will acknowledge that she who is now speaking to you knew you better than you knew yourself."

The stars were now beginning to appear in the dim azure of the heavens, and the last gleams of daylight were fading away. It was the hour of the Ave Maria. The bell soon announced it, and they said the familiar prayer together before going down to the cloister.

After this conversation, Fleurange resolved not to reconsider the subject, but to renounce for ever the thought she had clung to for a moment with so much ardor. This submission, the effect of her simplicity and decision of character, did not prevent her from feeling it would require a great effort to begin a new life once more. And life would seem new to her, even in the Old Mansion, for she was no longer the same. An abyss separated her from the peaceful, happy days she passed there. But the Old Mansion was now like a dream that had vanished, and it was to an unknown place she was to direct her steps. The friends who would welcome her were certainly dear, and sometimes the thought of seeing them again made her heart beat with joy; but this feeling was frequently overpowered by stronger and more recent remembrances, and, in spite of all her efforts, regret—a continual, poignant regret—made her indifferent to everything except this great sacrifice, which would have been a sublime consolation, but which henceforth she was forbidden to think of. [743]

The days did not pass, however, one by one, without infusing into her soul the benefit of retirement. It seemed to her as if the past and the future were suspended.

Recollections and anticipations ceased to preoccupy her, and, as if in a bark equally remote from these two shores—too far off to hear a sound from either side—she allowed herself to be rocked on the waves as on the ocean in serene weather, giving herself up to the calmness and silence of her present life, with no other feeling but the infinite peace that surrounded her, and seeing nothing above her but the ever smiling heavens! Such days cannot last, but they do not pass away without leaving some trace, were it only a remembrance full, not of regret, but of encouragement. The momentary sense of exquisite sweetness soon evaporates; but its strengthening influences remain, and develop in the soul that has tasted it once—even for an instant in life!

It was necessary, however, to begin to think of her departure, and of some pretext to offer the princess which would not appear like an arrangement. For this she awaited the return of the Steinbergs. Though it would be painful to reveal to them the real motive of her decision, she preferred to do it rather than give them also an imaginary reason.

But a sad, unforeseen event occurred which spared her any concealment or such an act of frankness. She had been at the convent about ten days when she was informed that the travellers had arrived an hour before at a neighboring inn, and her cousin was waiting in the garden parlor to see her. The sight of Clara's charming face always afforded her pleasure, and it was now increased by the satisfaction of presenting to Madre Maddalena one of the daughters of Ludwig Dornthal, whose opportune appearance in her life was regarded by the mother as a striking proof of the intervention of the glorious archangel whom she had given her as a protector, and Clara Steinberg's arrival at the convent had been anticipated as a *fiesta*.

But this festival was destined to be saddened. Fleurange was to learn sad news from the letters awaiting her cousin at Santa Maria. The young girl's friend—so faithful and ready to aid her—the excellent Dr. Leblanc, was no more! He had sunk under the effects of an accident met with while taking a drive with Professor Dornthal in the environs of Heidelberg.

When Madre Maddalena appeared, she found the two cousins in tears, and her sweet smile of welcome was changed into anxious inquiries. Some moments were necessary for the explanations she asked for, and it was only after her soothing words and the peace that emanated from her presence had somewhat calmed Fleurange's agitation that she had courage enough to open a letter from Clement containing the details of the cruel accident that had cost her old friend his life—the friend to whom her thoughts had so often turned during her recent perplexities, and who was taken from her in the very hour of her life when his aid and advice seemed most essential.

Clement wrote: "In returning from a drive to Stift-Neuburg, the carriage was upset and broken, and they were thrown violently to the ground. At first my father seemed the more injured of the two. He was entirely unconscious, and did not recover his senses for some hours. We are now, however, relieved from nearly all anxiety concerning him. His friend, whose senses never left him for a moment, declared from the first he had received some grave, internal injury from which he could not recover. Nevertheless, he prescribed all the necessary remedies himself, but at the same time made all his arrangements with admirable firmness: wrote to his sister, sent for a priest, and this at a time when we did not think him in danger. But on the third day his anticipations were verified—his case grew more serious. His poor sister had just arrived the day before yesterday, when he died in her arms.—" [744]

"Dear cousin," Clement continued, "I have one request to make before I close, and this not in my own name, but on the part of my mother: Return, Gabrielle; if possible, return at once; at all events come soon. The sacrifice you imposed on yourself is no longer necessary, and your presence here is indispensable. My poor father is continually asking for you, and cannot be made to understand your absence. No wish to convince you, my dear cousin, would make me think deception excusable. You may believe me, then, when I repeat that the aid you so generously afforded us is now superfluous. You can without any scruple return home—your home, unless, which God forbid! your own choice leads you to prefer another. Poor Mademoiselle Josephine has but one wish—to see you again. She says it is the only consolation she looks forward to. Hilda is now with us; it is unnecessary to say she desires your return, and equally so to tell you *your brothers* beg and expect it.—"

Fleurange no longer needed a pretext. She would neither be obliged to reveal nor conceal

anything—everything was arranged for her by the overruling force of circumstances, and her letter to the Princess Catherine became all at once easy to write. It was despatched that very day, and as soon as the sun began to gild the mountain-tops the next day but one, Madre Maddalena for the second time saw the child she so truly loved cross the threshold of her convent home to encounter once more the dangers of the world.

Would she again return?—return like the dove, beaten by the tempest, who has found no rest for the sole of her foot, to take refuge once more in this asylum of peace? Or was she gone to return no more? and would she now find the world smiling, and its freshness renewed, and her pathway smoothed before her and strewn with flowers? She did not seek to know. Mother Maddalena, as we are aware, did not consider such anticipations very important. She only hoped her feet might be guided by light from on high, and her courage in pursuing life's journey unflinching. She asked no more.

Besides, the ardor of the sun has its dangers as well as the storm, and the clearness of the soul's heaven may be obscured in pleasant as well as in tempestuous weather. Let us, therefore, leave to God the appointment of every incident of our lives, and be solely solicitous of fulfilling our course well, without being anxious as to the way.

"And then—the way is short, however long it may seem, and it leads to that true life where we shall for ever live together, dear Gabrielle—where all your poor heart has vainly wished, sought, and hoped for here below will be given in full measure, pressed down, and running over; where all it has suffered here will bear no comparison with the radiant joys of eternal life! God is faithful. Let us wait. And what is it to wait—to wait thus, with sure faith in his promises for eternal reunion with God?" [745]

Such were the last words of Mother Maddalena. She gave her blessing to Fleurange, who knelt to receive it, closed the convent gate behind her, and ascended to the terrace to follow her as long as she could with her eyes. Then she went down to the chapel, and there on her knees tenderly wept and prayed for her. For there is no affection equal to that of such large hearts expanded and filled with the love of God. And we shall be convinced of this if we recall the excessive devotedness of which they are capable—and they alone—through love for the most unknown of their brethren. Then we shall see what such hearts are to the objects of their affection, that they are kindled with a flame which purifies and tempers all that is noble and worthy of being developed, but prompt to extinguish and consume all that is frail, frivolous, impure, and of no permanent value.

### XXXIII.

The Princess Catherine, in an elegant morning *négligé*, was alone with the Marquis Adelardi in her small salon when a letter was brought her on a silver salver. She glanced at the address.

"Ah! from Gabrielle," she exclaimed. "The very letter I was expecting to-day."

She opened it and hastily ran over its contents. "Very well done, very," she said. "Nothing could be more natural. She hit upon the very best thing to say. It would be impossible for me to refuse without cruelty, as George himself would acknowledge. Here, Adelardi," continued she, throwing him the letter, "read it. It must be owned that this Gabrielle is reliable and true to her word. Moreover, she has a good deal of wit."

Adelardi attentively read the letter.

"What you have just remarked, princess, is very true, but this time circumstances have favored you. This letter was not written for the occasion; it is sincere from beginning to end. This young girl can keep a secret, but is incapable of prevarication. This is not the kind of a letter she would have written, if the contents were not absolutely true."

"Do you think so?" said the princess. "It is of no consequence, however, as to that, though it would simplify everything still more. But in that case—Ah! *ciel!* let me look at the letter again."

She now read it entirely through, instead of merely glancing at the contents.

"But in that case I have lost my physician—and the only one who ever understood my case. This, *par exemple!* is a real misfortune. If he had had time, at least, to answer my last letter, and tell me what springs I should go to this year! Whom shall I consult now? May is nearly gone, and next month I ought to be there. Really, I am unlucky!"

"What do you expect, princess?" said the marquis in a tone imperceptibly ironical. "One cannot always have good luck. On the other hand, you have just had your very wish!"

"I acknowledge it, and, to come back to Gabrielle, I must confess I have no reason to be otherwise than satisfied with her. Yes, we have had a lucky escape, Adelardi. But I can hardly forgive her for the fears she caused me, and the anxiety I still have.—What of George since yesterday? What humor will he be in for the news I have for him?—But what are you brooding over, Adelardi? You make me uneasy with your look of anxiety. I hope you do not think he is in danger of any new folly?" [746]

"What kind of folly?"

"You know very well—the only one to be dreaded at present. Are we to have another of the scenes we have already witnessed?—Will he elude us, and follow her?—Or—how shall I express it?—will he, by way of diversion, do worse, and go from Scylla into Charybdis? One never knows what to expect from him."

"Well, princess, I acknowledge I wish I were sure this young girl, in sacrificing herself—for you do not imagine, I suppose, that she is indifferent to George's attractions—"

"It does not seem very probable," said the princess; "but I hope you do not imagine I take into consideration the effect George would naturally produce when he takes pains to captivate a young girl of twenty, and especially one in Gabrielle's position."

Adelardi made no reply, but his face, already grave, grew still darker.

"Once more, Adelardi, what is the matter? One would really think you in love with her yourself."

"By no means, though I fancy she might, in her turn, easily captivate anybody. Nevertheless, I have used all my efforts to withdraw George from the charm I fully saw the danger of before you. But to return to what I was saying: I wish I felt sure of never regretting the time when this noble girl's influence seemed so formidable."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, princess, I assure you I wish she were here to-day, that the charm of her presence might retain him every evening in this salon, from which, without speaking to her, or scarcely looking at her, he could not tear himself away when she was present. You see how different it is already, now she is gone; and why? Because these days, that seem so long, and the evenings so dreary and vacant, have revived a passion as dangerous to him as play or love. Pardon me, princess, I know his affection for you and his friendship for me; but we are both aware he cannot endure *ennui*, and should not be astonished that Gabrielle's absence has left a void in his existence whose effect produces the greatest, the most intolerable *ennui* in the world. I feel it myself, and, were it not for the absorbing interests that preoccupy you, you yourself would endure with ill grace the sudden disappearance of this ravishing creature, the very sight of whom—"

"Come, come, Adelardi, be calm, or I shall again say—"

"No, princess, I am not in love with her, you may rest assured; but as for George, I doubt this moment if it were not better for him to be, and remain so, whatever might be the result, rather than—"

"Well, do finish; you terrify me to death."

"Rather than be again seized with this mania for politics—a passion fatal to him, you know, and which may lead to the greatest imprudence."

The princess became thoughtful.

"Yes, I am indeed aware of it. I know it but too well; but since his return I have found him so much calmer on this subject that it has not worried me."

"It was because he was taken up with something else; but, owing to an encounter which unfortunately coincided with Gabrielle's departure, and diverted his attention at the very moment he had absolute need of distraction, he is now so absorbed and led away that I truly regret, instead of her indefinite absence, we cannot announce the immediate return of her who, better than any one else—perhaps the only one in the world—could really save him from this new danger." [747]

"Thank you, my dear friend. That, *par exemple*, is a regret I can hardly sympathize in."

"I venture to say, moreover," said Adelardi, "that, sure of the future as he believes himself to be, thanks to your admirable diplomacy, we shall find him much more resigned to this news than might have been supposed."

"I really hope so," replied the princess, smiling, "especially as another fancy has taken possession of his mind, as to which, I must confess, I do not feel very anxious at present. '*Un' alla volta per Carità!*'—We had to rally to the weakest point first; the enemy was at hand, and that enemy—love! Every means had to be used to rout him. Now the subject of politics is threatening to engross him. We will take that in hand later. The only thing that seems to me of real importance at present is to efface as fully as possible the remembrance of this beautiful Fleurange, for, among other discoveries, I find that to be Gabrielle's real name. To this end I even welcome politics as an ally to be accepted for a time for certain reasons, but to be turned upon as an enemy the moment its services are no longer required."

At this moment a servant appeared to ask the princess' wishes respecting a picture just brought. She left the room a moment, and returned laughing.

"Guess what picture it was?" said she.

"Probably some new acquisition; some wonderful discovery you have made in your rounds, like that picture by Cigoli you got thrown into the bargain the other day when you bought the frame it was in."

"By no means; this is a modern picture representing Cordelia at the feet of her father, and the original—"

"Come, princess, are you in earnest? Has George really given you that picture?"

"Given?" said the princess, her eyes twinkling as she played with her long necklace of pearls. "No; at least that was not his intention. But could he refuse to lend a picture that affords me so much pleasure during the absence of—*Cordelia*? It was the whim of an invalid suddenly deprived of her nurse! which, with some persistence on my part, could not be refused! and after giving, moreover, such a proof of indulgence to him and of condescension towards her!—"

"Ah! princess, what a consummate diplomatist you are!"

"To be serious," said she, "do you know I had never noticed this resemblance at all, having seen the picture only once, then I did not examine it particularly, and I had never seen Gabrielle? You know George's cabinet is a sanctuary I rarely invade, and, besides, the picture has had a curtain over it the past year."

"And what inspired you with the idea of looking at it now?"

"He himself by the delightful tale he related to me the other evening."

"And where have you hung it now?"

"In my dressing-room, where he never steps his foot," replied the princess with a peal of laughter.

Marquis Adelardi, as we are aware, had deplored George's infatuation as much as the princess herself, but he now felt dissatisfied with her and himself, and he soon left her to go in search of his friend. He felt anxious about him, for he knew he was tempted by a dangerous curiosity and was unwilling to lose sight of him. They had made arrangements to meet and dine together at a kind of casino then popular, and he hoped to retain him the remainder of the evening. But arriving at the place of rendezvous he did not find him as he expected. George was gone, but had left a note which drew from Adelardi an energetic exclamation of disappointment. The note ran thus: "Once is not a habit. I have accepted Lasko's invitation for this evening. Dini will accompany me. But be easy, I am not going under my own name, and shall not be known by any one."

[748]

"Lasko!" muttered the marquis, stamping his foot. "That is his name now! Confound him! why is he not still in the dungeons of Spielberg—the only place fit for him!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## THE PAPACY.

That such a power should live and breathe, doth seem  
A thought from which men fain would be relieved,  
A grandeur not to be endured, a dream  
Darkening the soul, though it be unbeliev'd.  
August conception! far above king, law,  
Or popular right; how calmly dost thou draw  
Under thine awful shadow mortal pain,  
And joy not mortal! Witness of a need  
Deep laid in man, and therefore pierced in vain,  
As though thou wert no form that thou shouldst bleed!  
While such a power there lives in old man's shape,  
Such and so dread, should not his mighty will  
And supernatural presence, Godlike, fill  
The air we breathe, and leave us no escape?

—*Faber*

# THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES:

## A RETROSPECT—CONCLUDED.

The inveterate hostility of the Florida Indians to the whites was further illustrated a few years later, when a vessel bound from Vera Cruz to Spain struck upon their shores, and the survivors, three hundred in number, including five Dominican religious, endeavored to escape through that territory to Mexico. They were so unrelentingly pursued by the natives, and suffered so many hardships on the route besides, that only one reached Tampico alive to tell the story of their fate. Father John Ferrer, however, one of the Dominicans, and a most holy man, who had predicted this fate of himself before he had even set sail from Vera Cruz, was captured by the Indians west of the Rio del Norte. If the remainder of his prediction held equally good, he must have survived among them in good health for several years; but nothing was ever heard of him afterwards. The bearer of these tidings, and the sole representative of the thousand souls who had set forth from Vera Cruz a few months before, was the Dominican lay-brother, Mark de Mena, whose escape, though he had been terribly wounded, and left to die on the road, was truly marvellous.

Such persistent barbarity needed a check, and Don Tristan de Luna was sent in 1559 to subdue the country. The expedition under his command numbered fifteen hundred men in thirteen vessels: missionaries, as usual, accompanied him. Again they were Dominicans, six in number. Again, also, storms and shipwrecks on those difficult shores played their part, and many lives were lost, among them one of the Dominicans. The aggressive character of the expedition was doubtless seriously affected by this early mishap, for but one portion of the survivors settled down at Pensacola Bay, calling their colony the mission of Santa Cruz, while the remainder, attended by two of the fathers, accompanied Don Tristan into "Coosa," the territory of the Creeks. Don Tristan was kindly received by these Indians, formed an alliance with them, marched with them against their enemies, the Natchez tribe, and remained with them about two years. In this interval, however, the zeal of the two missionaries was rewarded only by the baptism of a few dying infants and adults. Don Tristan returned to Pensacola Bay, where the new governor arrived from Mexico shortly after, with eight more Dominicans. When the governor beheld how little had been accomplished, and heard the discouraging accounts of the missionaries besides, he resolved to abandon Florida, and to take the whole party back with him to Mexico. Don Tristan, however, persisted in remaining, and Father Dominic de Salazar, one of those who had been with him among the Creeks, together with Matthew, a lay-brother, and a few men besides, shared his solitude. But this courageous persistence was not destined to be crowned with any permanent result, for the Viceroy of Mexico despatched a vessel to the little colony with peremptory orders for all its members to return. Thus Florida was again left without the succors of a Christian mission. Father Dominic ended his life of zeal and labor as Bishop of Manila, in the Philippines. [750]

At last, Pedro Melendez de Aviles, the first naval commander of his day, received from Philip II., together with the title of Adelantado of Florida, the command of a fleet of 34 vessels, conveying 2,646 men. Melendez had also a personal interest in this expedition, inasmuch as he hoped to recover a son, who, having been shipwrecked on the Florida coast, might still be alive and in the hands of the Indians, or have been captured by French cruisers, France and Spain being then at enmity with one another. He carried missionaries with him, chiefly Franciscans and Jesuits. The usual storms and shipwrecks intervened, and one vessel was captured by French cruisers, so that only a small force came to anchor off the mouth of the St. John's River. Here a French fleet was found already riding, and a fort had been erected on shore. Melendez pursued the French vessel to sea, was in turn pursued by them, entered St. Augustine's River while the French were wrecked outside, attacked their fort, and put all to the sword—a proceeding which the usages of war at that time might have palliated, but could never justify.

St. Augustine, the oldest of our American cities, was now (1565) founded by Melendez, and detachments were sent out to throw up forts along the coast. At his solicitation, St. Francis Borgia, then General of the Society of Jesus, sent three other Jesuits, one of whom, F. Peter Martinez, the superior, was killed by the natives, into whose hands he fell in consequence of having been shipwrecked. Others of the Society were afterwards sent, and the mission was erected into a vice-province, with F. John Baptist Segura as superior. It is impossible, in reading Mr. Shea's *History of the Missions*, to follow the exact order of events. Suffice it to say—not to linger upon details at this point—that many Indian youths were taken to Havana and instructed by Father John Roger and Brother Villareal, the two companions of Father Martinez; that the vice-provincial and the other Jesuits sent with him were stationed at various points within the thus extensive limits comprehended as Florida; that missions were established among the Creeks and among another tribe superior to them (and supposed to have been the Cherokees), all of which were most meagre in result; that the Pope St. Pius V. addressed a letter (1569) to the governor of Florida, urging the repression of scandals among the whites, so that no obstruction should be offered to the work of conversion among the Indians; and that, finally, the working force of the Society was most seriously reduced, first, by the loss of Father Martinez, already mentioned, next by that of Brother Baez, who died from the effects of the climate, at his station on Amelia Island, and subsequently by the massacre in Virginia (or possibly Maryland) of Fathers Segura and Quiros, with four lay-brothers, at the instigation of a pretended Indian convert who had inveigled them thither. Father Segura's party on this occasion included also several Indian youths who had been educated in Havana, and of these only one escaped with his life. From him the details of the martyrdom of his companions were gathered. Thus as early as 1570 was the region bordering on the Chesapeake, which was then called St. Mary's Bay, sanctified by the [751]

blood of its martyrs.

The loss of so many valuable members in a field so sterile of fruit forced the Jesuits, in a manner, to abandon it, "to abandon it as they had abandoned no other, without being driven from it," remarks Shea, and in the following year the survivors were recalled to the more inviting field of Mexico. In 1572, Melendez, who had visited Spain meanwhile, set out thence to make pursuit for the murderers of Father Segura and his companions. He captured eight of them, and these, under the instructions of Father Roger, who accompanied Melendez, embraced Christianity before their execution and died in the best dispositions. The apostate "chief of Axican," who had promoted the massacre, had escaped to the woods and could not be taken. Melendez, on his return to Spain, was appointed to command the great Armada, which Philip was then preparing for the invasion of England, but he died before its completion. After his death, the northern limits of Spanish colonization in Florida were gradually pushed south to the line of St. Mary's River.

The missions of Florida were now left entirely to the Franciscans, whose headquarters were at the convent of St. Helena, at St. Augustine, the venerable walls of which are still standing. Besides some who arrived in 1573, twelve Franciscans were sent thither in 1592. The accession of so considerable a number enabled the father guardian of St. Helena's to station missionaries at various points where, from information received, there was a prospect of some success; and indeed, for the first time in the history of the missions of Florida, villages of Christian neophytes began to be formed. For the Yemassee, Father Francis de Pareja, a native of Mexico, drew up in their language his abridgment of Christian doctrine, the first work in any of our Indian languages that was ever issued from the press. The missions made peaceful progress for two years, when, in 1597, a sudden outbreak of Indian fickleness and perfidy occurred which spread havoc far and wide among them. Father Peter de Corpa, whose mission of Tolemato occupied the present site of the cemetery at St. Augustine, had found himself obliged to administer a public rebuke to the cacique's son, who, from having been a fervent convert, fell at last into most vicious courses. The latter, filled with resentment, appealed to the national and religious prejudices of his followers, and, assembling a body of them, rushed to the chapel of Father Corpa, and slew him while he was on his knees before the altar.

Thence they repaired to the mission of Father Blas Rodriguez at Topoqui, and, warning him of his fate, bade him prepare for death. He entreated that he might be allowed first to say Mass, and by a strange condescension his murderers quietly awaited the termination of the holy sacrifice, and then despatched him as he knelt to make his thanksgiving. Fathers Badajoz and Aunon at Guale or Amelia Island were the next victims; but the latter, made aware of their approach and of their designs, had time to say Mass and communicate his companion. Then followed the massacre of Father Francis de Velascola, the most distinguished of the missionaries, at Asao. The assailants met with a repulse at St. Peter's Isle, the seat of another mission, against which they had advanced with a flotilla of forty war-canoes; but before attacking this point they had fallen upon the mission of Father Francis de Avila at Ospa. He fled, was captured, grievously wounded, and was condemned to die. They finally concluded to sell him into a heathen village as a slave, and here for a whole year he was compelled to perform the most menial offices. At the end of this time his task-masters, growing weary of him, resolved to put him to death. He was fastened to a stake, the fagots were piled around him, and he was offered his life on condition that he should renounce his God and marry into their tribe. Spurning the proposal, he looked to receive the martyr's crown, but on the demand of an old woman he was released, and given to her that she might exchange him against her son who was held a prisoner at St. Augustine. The exchange was effected, and the father was restored, but so changed in appearance from the effects of his hardships that he was not recognized by his friends.

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The missions were now reduced to a feeble state indeed, and the governor of Florida applied himself to their restoration, in conjunction with the Bishop of Cuba, who visited the colony for the purpose. They began to revive from the year 1601, and in a few years the increase was very rapid, no less than forty-three Franciscans being sent thither in the three years 1612, 1613, and 1615, who aided in establishing on the coast and in the interior as many as twenty convents or residences. During the hundred years of peace that followed the revival of the missions under the Franciscans, towns of converts grew up along the Appalachicola, Flint, and other rivers; and the Appalaches, Creeks, Cherokees, Atimucas, and Yemassee responded to the cares bestowed upon them. Pensacola was founded in 1693.

At last, however, the encroachments of the colonists of Carolina began to grow serious. Under the auspices of the English government, a body of colonists heterogeneous in character, but of one mind in their hatred of the Spaniards and their religion, had been drawn to the shores claimed by the latter as belonging to Florida. They were composed of immigrants from Old and New England and the Low Countries, of French Huguenots, Scotch, and others. Charleston was founded by them in 1680, and they penetrated the country in various directions. They gained over the Yemassee from the Spanish; and in conjunction with them plundered and destroyed the mission of St. Catharine's, as early as 1684. All the stations between the Altamaha and Savannah rivers, now a portion of Georgia, were broken up, and the Indians were killed, or captured and carried off by hundreds, the survivors taking refuge in the peninsula.

In 1702, the animosities of the European war of the Spanish succession extended hither, and war aggravated the hostility of the English colonists. In that year they made an attack on St. Augustine, but without capturing its fort, and fell upon the "Indian converts of the Spanish priests," on Flint River, killing or capturing six hundred of them; and all captives of the English at this time suffered the hard fate of being sold as slaves in Charleston and other ports. The principal mission of the Appalaches at St. Mark's was destroyed, and three Franciscans taken

there were put to a cruel death. This tribe, in fact, was reduced within four years from seven thousand to four hundred. The Atimucas on the Appalachicola were invaded, and driven east of the St. John's River. In short, ruin and desolation were spread on every side.

In 1730, the Yemassee turned upon their recent allies, the English, and were joined by the Creeks, Cherokees, and other tribes. They were defeated, as the Tuscaroras had been the year before; but while the latter were driven north and united themselves with the Five Nations, the former were compelled to take refuge in the peninsula. The treaty of Utrecht, the same year, at the close of the war of the Spanish succession, while it contracted the limits of the Spanish possessions in Florida, had also its effect in lessening the acts of hostility from which they had suffered. But the missions remained a mere shadow of what they had formerly been, and Spain was too feeble to guarantee the complete protection even of those that subsisted. Finally, the cession of Florida to England by the treaty of Paris in 1763 proved the death-blow of all of them. Most of the Spanish settlers left, and the Franciscans departed with them. England restored the country to Spain twenty years after; but, meanwhile, the Christian Indians had been expelled from the two towns they occupied under the walls of St. Augustine, and deprived of the soil they had cultivated and the church they had erected. They became Seminoles, which in their language signifies "wanderers." Under Catholic influence, they had become a quiet, orderly, industrious race, living side by side with the Spaniards in peace and comfort. The English drove them back into barbarism and paganism. Even in their everglades they were not left in peace, for the government of the United States, which acquired Florida by purchase in 1821, expelled them from their wretched patrimony, but at a cost to the country of a thousand lives and fifteen millions of dollars. Its troops have, ever since the acquisition of Florida, made use of the ancient convent of St. Helena, at St. Augustine, as barracks. A remnant of the Indians is still left, and measures have been recently taken by the Bishop of St. Augustine, whose see was erected only in 1870, to revive the faith among them. [753]

As in Florida, so in New Mexico, the missionaries were chiefly if not entirely Franciscans. We have already referred to the expedition of Coronado, and to the two missionaries, F. Padillo, and the lay-brother, his companion, who were left behind at their own request, and who became the first martyrs of the missions of New Mexico (1541). Little inducement presented itself for sending new missionaries in the field, but in 1581 the solicitations of a pious lay-brother, Augustin Rodriguez, engaged in the Mexican missions, caused the formation of a party consisting of Fathers Francis Lopez and John de Santa Maria, and himself, attended by ten soldiers and six Mexican Indians. After proceeding seven hundred miles, they found themselves among the tribe of Tehuas, who, unlike the Indians of the plains, lived in houses and dressed in cotton mantles. The soldiers now persisted in returning, but their departure seemed a less serious misfortune since the mission gave promise of success. So much so, indeed, that F. de Santa Maria was despatched to Mexico for auxiliaries, but on the third day out was surprised and killed by roving Indians. In an attack made on the Tehuas by their enemies not long after, F. Lopez fell by the hand of the assailants. Brother Rodriguez, left alone, subsequently fell a victim to his zeal in inveighing against the vices of those for whose conversion he was laboring; growing weary of his reproaches, they put him to death. Two other Franciscans in attendance on a subsequent expedition suffered the fate of martyrs, and thus the foundations of the New Mexican missions were laid in blood. [754]

In 1597, Juan de Oñate led a colony to the Northern Rio Grande. Several Franciscans accompanied him, and the first Spanish post in this region, that of San Gabriel, was established. After a year, the commander sent a favorable report by the hands of two fathers and a lay-brother, who were returning to Mexico to solicit additional missionaries. One of the three, F. Christopher Salazar, died on the way, and was buried in the wilderness. The missionaries asked for were sent, five or six at one time, and six at another. So great was the success subsequently achieved that by the year 1608 eight thousand of the Indians of New Mexico had been baptized, and many of them were taught to read and write, before the Puritans set foot in New England (1620).

A report made to the crown in 1626 enumerates twenty-seven missions that had been established up to that time, six convents or residences, and four sumptuous churches built. Many of these missions and residences, and three of the churches (those at Santa Fé, Pecos, and Jemez), are recognizable in the account of the diocese furnished in *Sadliers' Catholic Almanac* for 1872. One of the missions was among the Zuñi, over against whose town of Cibola Friar Mark had planted his prophetic cross in 1539. The missionary at this post, F. John Letrado, lost his life in endeavoring to evangelize a neighboring tribe. F. Martin de Arbide perished in a like attempt.

Heaven itself seemed to come to the assistance of the missionaries by a miraculous intervention, [200] for a tribe which none of the fathers had previously met or visited was found fully instructed in Christian doctrine.

Some reverses occurred, owing to causes not clearly stated by Mr. Shea. They were probably due to the persistent hostility of the pagan portion of the population. In 1680, great devastations were committed by them, many missionaries were killed, and some churches destroyed which were never after rebuilt; but a period of comparative peace succeeded, which was disturbed finally only by the incursions of the Apaches. A mission was established among the latter in 1733, but without fruit. Nine years afterwards, some converts were made among the Moquis and Navojoes. A report among the United States Executive documents of 1854—and which corresponds with the statements published by Villaseñor, so long ago as 1748—bears testimony to the happy moral and industrial condition of the Christian Indians of New Mexico. The Puebla Indians, as they are now called, number in the diocese of Santa Fé 12,000.

The history of the missions of Texas need not greatly prolong our narrative. Shortly after the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi by La Salle in 1691, who made no permanent settlement in Texas, the Spanish authorities sent thither a number of Franciscans. By them, eight missions were established, which prospered until a failure occurred in the crops which the Indians had been taught to raise. The cattle with which the missions had been stocked died at the same time, and moreover the soldiers, of whom there was a small guard at each post, had rendered themselves obnoxious to the natives. In consequence, the missions fell into decay. Their restoration began in 1717, and by 1746 they embraced posts among five different tribes. Visits were also made to the Osages and Missouris, in one of which expeditions a father lost his life and another was long retained as a prisoner.

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The missions subsisted and flourished until 1812, when they were suppressed by the Spanish government. Even then, the Indians, though deprived of spiritual succor, remained faithful to the religious teachings they had received. Father Diaz was sent to them by the Bishop of Monterey, in 1832, and after laboring for a year at Nacogdoches, was killed by wandering Indians. Soon after this the whites began to pour into Texas, and by 1836 grew powerful enough to declare and to maintain the independence of the state. The demoralization and dispersion of the Indians followed, as a natural consequence. Father Timon, afterwards Bishop of Buffalo, was appointed in 1840 Prefect Apostolic of Texas, and, despatching thither Father Odin as Vice-Prefect, followed him shortly after. By an act of justice, of which modern governments rarely afford so striking an example, the old ecclesiastical property was restored to the church by the Texan legislature. Father Odin was made bishop in 1842, and his see became the diocese of Galveston in 1847, two years after the annexation of Texas to the United States. The biography of this eminent prelate (who subsequently became Archbishop of New Orleans), in Clarke's *Deceased Bishops*, furnishes much interesting matter regarding the history of the church in Texas. The report of the diocese for 1871 supplies no information in regard to the Indian population, if indeed any Christians are still to be found among them within the limits of the state. Many relics remain of the churches, aqueducts, and other public works erected by the Franciscans and their neophytes during the prosperous period of the missions.

The first expedition to any portion of California, which was accompanied by missionaries, was that under Vizcaino, in 1596, to the peninsula, but no permanent footing was made at the time. In 1601, three Carmelite fathers visited that portion now included in the United States, and made a temporary stay, and no more, at what are now Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco. The Jesuits began their missions south of the Gila in 1642, and gradually extended them north, until, in 1697, they had entered the limits of our present territory. The success characteristic of their missions everywhere—for their failure in Florida was something abnormal—followed them here. All was proceeding well, when that extensive conspiracy arose in Europe against the Society which the history of the age subsequently shows to have been directed quite as much against the church as against the Jesuits. The King of Spain, having been drawn into the plot as other sovereigns were, ordered the Jesuits to be torn in a single day from all their missions throughout his wide domains. On the 3d of February, 1768, every Jesuit was carried off from California a prisoner. Accused of no crime, condemned without a trial, the missionaries were dragged from amid their neophytes, who in grief and consternation deplored their loss.

Spain was, however, not yet prepared to cut loose entirely from her religious traditions, and she sent Franciscans to take the place of the banished Jesuits. The vessel that landed the latter at San Blas returned to California with twelve Franciscans, at the head of whom was Father Junipero Serra, an experienced Indian missionary. After placing priests at the vacated missions, Father Serra went on to found others, San Ferdinand, San Bonaventura, and San Diego being established in 1769, that at Monterey in 1770—at the news of which foundations all the bells in the city of Mexico were rung—San Gabriel the same year, St. Anthony of Padua in 1771, San Luis Obispo in 1772, San Juan Capistrano in 1774, San Francisco in 1776, Santa Clara in 1777. In this interval many more of the sons of St. Francis came to join in the labors of their brethren, or to replace those who were worn out with toil. At Monterey, in 1771, when the feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated with a pomp such as the wilderness had never before seen, twelve priests joined in the sacred procession. The Dominicans, moreover, applied for a share in the work of the missions, and in 1774 were assigned to all those stations formerly served by the Jesuits, the Franciscans retaining only those that had been founded by themselves, except San Ferdinand, which was also given to the Dominicans. As the missions thus transferred were chiefly in Old California (the peninsula), their history does not enter within the scope of this narrative.

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In 1775, the mission at San Diego was attacked by a large force of pagan Indians, led on by two apostates of their own race. Father Louis Jayme, one of the two priests stationed here, was awakened by the flames, and, supposing the fire to be accidental, came to the door with his usual salutation, "Love God, my children." He was immediately seized, dragged off, pierced with arrows, and hacked to death by blows with swords made of hardened wood. The other father happily escaped. When Father Serra heard what had occurred, he exclaimed, "Thank God, that field is watered," rebuilt the mission, after some opposition from the civil authorities, and went on with his labors in founding others. Father Crespi, the principal assistant of Father Serra, died in 1782, after a missionary career of thirty years, of which fourteen had been spent in California. Father Serra himself expired two years after. Although seventy-one years of age at the time of his death, his zeal was undiminished and his faculties were unimpaired. Under his administration, as Prefect Apostolic of California, ten new missions had been established, and ten thousand Indians baptized. Yet death found him busy with plans of still other foundations.

By a Papal Bull of June 16th, 1774, the power of administering confirmation was granted to the

prefect apostolic. This privilege was of course shared by Father Serra's successors in the same office. The first of these was Father Palou, under whom the following new missions were founded: Santa Barbara in 1786, La Purisima Concepcion, near San Luis Obispo, in 1787, Santa Cruz near Branciforte, and Nuestra Señora de Soledad, near Monterey, in 1791. Father Palou then returned to Mexico, where he became superior of the convent of San Fernando. He was succeeded as prefect by Father Lazven, who remained in office until his death in 1803. In the interval, Father Lazven founded three great missions, San José, San Miguel, and San Fernando, all in the year 1797. San Luis, Rey de Francia, was founded in the following year. St. Louis of France was thus honored in this remote wilderness at a time when the nation over which he had ruled rejected alike his faith, his institutions, and his family. The celebrated Father Peyri, whose portrait is given in Mr. Shea's *History of the Missions*, superintended the foundation of this greatest of the Californian reductions. In front of the church, which is ninety feet in length, of stone, and rises at one end in a beautiful tower and dome (says Mr. Shea), "extends a colonnade not without architectural beauty, and nearly five hundred feet long, while in depth it is almost of equal proportions." Three thousand five hundred Indian converts were soon gathered together, occupying twenty ranches around this abode of peace and plenty.

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Father Mariano Payeras succeeded Father Lazven as prefect, and founded the mission of Santa Inez in 1804. At this time Spain became unable, amid the distractions which arose from the French Revolution—for which she herself had assisted in preparing the way by the share she took in the persecution of the Jesuits—to extend the aid which new foundations required, and, therefore, none were made. The missions already in existence were not affected to any great extent by the difficulties of the mother country, for they were self-supporting. In 1817, however, it became possible to found the mission of San Rafael, and this proved to be the last foundation under Spanish auspices. Others were projected, but the power of Spain in the western world was already tottering to its fall. In 1821, Iturbide's short-lived empire replaced the authority of the Spanish crown in Mexico, and two years after, Santa Anna's successful revolt changed the empire into a republic. Father Sanchez was now prefect, and in 1823 established the mission of San Francisco Solano, the first and last erected under Mexican rule.

Echandia, the governor sent out by the Mexican authorities, arrived in California in 1824. Then began the robbery and destruction of the missions, the first step in which was the substitution of government agents in the temporal rule of the missions for that of the fathers, who had always exercised this authority to the great advantage of the Indians, and without drawing thence any profit for themselves, since they were both by habit of life and by religious vow poor men. Father Peyri was driven from his mission of San Luis Rey which he had founded more than thirty years before, and had directed ever since with admirable skill; nor could the tears and entreaties of his neophytes move the stony-hearted governor to retain him. At this populous mission, many of the Indians had been taught the trades, and were blacksmiths, carpenters, and mechanics in various departments; they also owned sixty thousand head of cattle, and raised thirteen thousand bushels of grain yearly. At San Luis Obispo, Father Martinez had in like manner formed his flock to industry; they wove and dyed ordinary cloth and fine cotton fabrics, and could have always maintained a state of prosperity and happiness had their possessions and their beloved director been left to them, but the former were wrecked, and the latter was brutally expelled.

Five other fathers were driven from their missions, and a regular system of robbery commenced: ranch after ranch was taken, cattle were swept off, and the minds of the Indians were endeavored to be poisoned against the missionaries by Echandia, through wilful representations, so that in one case they attempted to take the life of a priest. Other missionaries, after having spent thirty or forty years in civilizing the Indians, and raising them to a state of comfort and plenty, found themselves obliged, by the ill-treatment they suffered, to leave the country. The prefect, Father Sanchez, was the special object of this persecution on the part of Echandia, and died of grief in 1831, consoled only by the momentary peace which reigned at the time under Echandia's successor, Don Manuel Victoria, who during the few months he was in office restored the missions so far as he was able; but after his removal the pillage progressed as before.

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Father Francisco Garcia Diego was appointed prefect in 1832, and arrived in California in January of the following year, taking up his residence at Santa Clara. The number of missionaries was now so reduced that Father Garcia found it necessary to take with him ten fathers to recruit their ranks. The new prefect did what he could to ward off the ruin which threatened the missions, but they were doomed, and the decree of secularization passed by the Mexican Congress in 1834 and enforced in 1837 only completed their destruction. Thus, this wretched republic, which is and always has been unable amidst the contentions of its rival chiefs, with their ever recurring *pronunciamentos*, to preserve domestic peace, and which has suffered the great public works erected in Mexico by the crown to fall into decay, carried spiritual and temporal ruin to the fair regions which had been consecrated to religion and peace, to industry and innocence, and overthrew the noblest monuments which the zeal and the faith of Spain had bequeathed to her colonies.

Father Garcia's heart was wrung with anguish at the spectacle of desolation which surrounded him, and to which, with all his efforts, he was able to interpose only a feeble barrier. He repaired to Mexico to intercede with the government in behalf of his oppressed and helpless people. Through his influence the law of secularization was repealed, and an act passed restoring the property of the missions. But the reparation came too late; the plunderers were in full possession of their ill-gotten property, and no power could wrest it from them. Meanwhile, a severe illness at the capital, and the affairs of his order in Zacatecas, retained him in Mexico, where, in 1840, he received notice of his appointment to the bishopric of the Californias. He was consecrated in the

same year, but was unable to take possession of his diocese until December, 1841.

On arriving at San Diego, he found the mission and the church in ruins. At San Gabriel, where extensive vineyards had been in full bearing, and to protect which the father was in negotiation with an American house for iron fences, even the vines were pulled up. This mission had loaded ships with its products, which were despatched regularly to San Blas and Lima. Amid its ruins, a traveller (Dufлот de Mofras) describes in 1842 seeing the missionary Father Estenega seated in a field before a large table, with his sleeves rolled up kneading clay and teaching his Indians to make bricks. San Luis Obispo was in the same condition, and Father Abella, the oldest missionary in the country, whom La Perouse had seen here in 1787, still survived in 1842. His only bed was a hide, his only food dried beef, and he divided among his poor and plundered Indians the alms he received. At San José, Father Gonzalez, prefect of the northern missions, subsisted on the scanty rations furnished him by the officials. La Soledad, from having been an earthly paradise, was now a wilderness of ruin and desolation. Its missionary, Father Serra, of whom an American says "it was a happiness indeed to have known him," had died of hunger and wretchedness in 1838 on the spot where thousands had enjoyed his hospitality. He expired in the arms of the Indians whom he had spent thirty years in instructing and protecting, falling at the foot of the altar just as he had begun Mass. At San Francisco Solano, everything had been destroyed, and the materials of the mission-house and chapel sacrilegiously used in building the palace of Don Mariano Vallejo. Santa Barbara still possessed its missions, the residence of the devoted prefect of the southern missions, Father Narcisso Duran, and at San Fernando, Santa Clara, and Santa Inez (where Bishop Garcia afterwards erected a seminary) the missionaries had succeeded in saving much. Everywhere else, ruin and desolation had overtaken the missions.

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The Indian population of the missions was reduced from 30,650 to 4,450, their cattle dwindled from 424,000 to 28,000, and their other stock in proportion, for they had owned 62,500 horses and 321,500 sheep besides. They had raised annually 122,500 bushels of wheat and corn.

Their agriculture was now destroyed, and they themselves were mostly scattered and demoralized. "Bishop Garcia Diego y Moreno," says Mr. Clarke in his *Lives of Deceased Bishops*, "stood in the midst of desolation, and but for his apostolic zeal and robust courage would have despaired." He saved what he could of the missions, and rescued many souls from crime and barbarism; he made long, difficult journeys throughout his devastated diocese, and addressed the most moving appeals to the Mexican government. At last, after wearing himself out with labors that were far from fruitless, and which certainly stayed for a time the progress of disintegration, he retired to Santa Barbara to die, and there peacefully gave up his soul to God, April 13, 1846.

Thirteen missionaries still survived amidst the relics of the great works of charity and beneficence they had created or sustained, when in 1848 the soil of Upper California changed owners, and became attached to the domains of the United States. A new population overran the land, and the Indians of the missions have entirely disappeared. What is worse, they have been driven by the hostility of the Americans to the mountains, and provoked into acts of reprisal, the result of which will be that at no distant day the career of plunder and outrage of which they have been the victims, will be crowned by their total extermination.

We shall give in a note an account collated from Mr. Shea's *History of the Catholic Missions in the United States*, of the manner of living followed in the mission establishments of California, by the Indians, under the direction of the fathers.

In the history of the missions of Maryland we are presented with a remarkable example of the influence of pure bigotry in arresting the most beneficent ministrations of religion towards both the white and Indian races. Under the mild and paternal administration of Lord Baltimore, the settlement, made so auspiciously on the feast of the Annunciation, March 25, 1634, soon attached to it the native tribes; for they were fairly dealt with, and were paid for whatever lands were required of them. Father Andrew White, an English Jesuit, and a confessor of the faith—for he had suffered exile abroad and imprisonment at home on account of it—was the spiritual director of the mission. Although fifty-five years of age, he had no sooner landed than he applied himself to the study of the Indian tongue. He and his companions then established themselves at the more advanced posts, prepared catechisms, etc., in the Indian language, and made good progress in the conversion of the natives, the principal chief and his family being the first to demand baptism.

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In 1644, Claiborne, the persecuting agent of the persecuting colony of Virginia, swooped down upon the peaceful settlements of Maryland, and among other outrages carried off the Jesuits as prisoners to England. Father White was never able to return, but Father Fisher and others did after three years, and resumed the work of the missions. The rise of the Puritan party in 1652 after the usurpation of Cromwell, and the subsequent accession to power of the Anglicans, who in 1692 made their religion the state church, effectually extinguished the Indian missions. What became of the poor Indians, we know not; but, judging from what this class of religionists have done elsewhere, their fate must have been first to be robbed, then demoralized, and finally to be exiled or exterminated.

Thenceforward, not only were the Catholics who had planted the colony and who had invited thither the persecuted of other colonies to share with themselves in all the privileges of government and of perfect freedom of religion—not only were the Catholics deprived of all share in the administration of public affairs, but their religion was proscribed and their priests were hunted down. Grasping and domineering as the Puritans have shown themselves to be everywhere, never did they or their Anglican abettors display a blacker ingratitude than in their transactions on the soil of Maryland, where those who bestowed upon them an exceptional

religious liberty were excluded from all share in its benefits.

The faith, though persecuted, was kept alive among the whites by the Maryland Jesuits, who continued to adhere to their flocks. Nor did the suppression of their Society in 1773 dissolve this bond, for by an association among themselves they retained their missions; and as their property was not confiscated here as was everywhere done in Europe, they retained that also. In 1805, Bishop Carroll, himself an ex-Jesuit, obtained from the superior in Russia, where the Society still subsisted, the privilege of affiliation with it for the late members of the order in Maryland. The bishop then confirmed them in the possession of their missions, and thus the Society resumed its footing in Maryland nine years before it had been restored all over the world by Pius VII. Among the young men who joined it in 1806 was the now venerable Father McElroy, who, in his ninetieth year, retains the zeal and energy of younger days. The Jesuit province of Missouri was, as before stated, an offshoot from that of Maryland, and some fathers of the western province are still living who made their novitiate in Maryland. Bishop Vandeveld, of Chicago, and subsequently of Natchez, where he died in 1855, was one of these. The present Vicar Apostolic of Kansas, a Jesuit from Missouri, perpetuates amidst his Indians the traditions of the mother province.

The old Catholic families of Maryland, sustained and encouraged by their pastors, and preserving the faith amidst obloquy and disfranchisement, have contributed their full share to the distinguished laity of their country, to the ranks of the religious of various orders, male and female, the secular clergy, and the episcopate. Their honorable record is too full to admit of a reference to individuals, were this even the place for it; but we might recall, among prelates, the names of Archbishops Carroll and Neale of Baltimore, and Bishops Fenwick of Boston, Fenwick of Cincinnati, and Miles of Nashville. Archbishop Eccleston of Baltimore, although a Marylander by birth, was of Protestant family, and was himself a convert. Bishop Chanche of Natchez was also a Marylander, but the child of refugees from San Domingo. The sees of Wheeling, Natchez, Chicago, and North Carolina are filled by sons of Maryland, the descendants of a later immigration. Even in colonizing other states, the faithful children of Maryland formed a nucleus of Catholicity, as in Kentucky, wherever they went. By a happy dispensation, this colony, grown into a diocese, and governed by a scion of one of these old families, the late eminent and beloved Spalding—gave him back to the archiepiscopal chair of his ancestral state.

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In later, as in former times, Maryland has been the "land of the sanctuary" for the oppressed of other lands, and the trials and triumphs in which her own children have borne part have been shared by the strangers who have taken refuge within her borders. When, in 1770, a solitary Jesuit from Whitemarsh in Lower Maryland visited Baltimore, then an insignificant settlement, and so poorly provided as to Catholic worship that the priest brought his own altar-furniture, and had to say Mass in a private house, a large part of the flock in attendance was composed of Acadians who had been cruelly transported from their homes by the British government. Still later, the French Revolution threw upon her shores those devoted clergymen whose virtues and whose labors have shed so much honor on the church of their adopted country. The institutions of religion and of learning which they founded in Maryland have educated for civil life or for the church men who have attained the highest eminence in one or the other. The founders of or the preceptors in these institutions have filled sees in various portions of the country—Dubois at New York, David at Bardstown, Flaget at Louisville, Dubourg at New Orleans, Maréchal at Baltimore, and Bruté at Vincennes, all now deceased, besides the present Bishop of St. Augustine, among living prelates. St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore has seen advanced to the mitre, from among her Levites, Bishops Reynolds of Charleston, O'Reilly of Hartford, and Portier of Mobile; while Mount St. Mary's, the "mother of bishops," has given to the American hierarchy from among hers, Archbishop Hughes of New York, Bishops Quarter of Chicago, Gartland of Savannah, Carrell of Covington, Young of Erie, and the living archbishops of New York and Cincinnati—probably others.

The subsequent revolution in San Domingo drove hither also whites who escaped with little more than life, and blacks whose fidelity to their masters and to their religion withstood the shock of those terrible times. Among the former were the parents of Bishop Chanche; also, young Joubert, who, after becoming a priest, devoted himself to the blacks, that he might overcome his horror for the race that had massacred his parents; in furtherance of this lofty act of self-renunciation, he formed a community of religious women of color, whose first members were creoles of San Domingo. The Oblate Sisters of Providence still flourish, and impart the blessings of secular and religious education to the young of their sex and color. Finally—for we must hasten to a close—it is a noticeable fact that New England, which sent forth its Puritan colonists to harass the Marylanders and persecute the Jesuits, is now a portion of the Jesuit province of Maryland.

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The great length to which this paper has expanded will preclude the possibility of giving any space to the history of the missions of France in Louisiana, and those extending from Canada into what is now New York and into the regions west of that state. This omission will be the more pardonable inasmuch as the history of the French missions is better known to Catholic readers than much of our other remote ecclesiastical history. There is one page, however, in these annals, touching the Christian settlements on our northeastern border, that we cannot pass over without notice. The town in the British Provinces now known as Annapolis was the point where Catholicity made its first foothold in any portion of the region north of us, at least the first since the time of the Northmen. Here, in 1608, two Jesuit missionaries arrived, who in 1613 were to be the pioneers of the Abnaki mission in Maine. The Recollects, a branch of the Franciscans, began their labors in Quebec in 1615. Other religious men, and some communities of pious women, came to their assistance. Notwithstanding wars between the various tribes, in the course of



which the once powerful Hurons were almost annihilated, the missionaries had gathered together, by 1685, a number of Christian villages of Indians on the St. Lawrence, of which three still exist. Thence, missionaries were sent to the shores of Lake Superior, to the tribes south of the lakes, to Arkansas, and to the lower Mississippi. The heroic lives, the sufferings, and the death of Jogues, Brébeuf, and Lalemant, and so many other holy men who consecrated their lives to these missions, are almost familiar themes.

Of the Abnaki mission referred to above, and which was established on Mount Desert Island at the mouth of the Penobscot, nothing remained after a few years except a solitary cross guarding the grave of a French lay-brother, who died from wounds received in an attack made on the mission by the English from Virginia. The fathers were carried off by them on this occasion, and narrowly escaped being put to death by the authorities of Virginia. Thus, as Mr. Shea remarks, the first Abnaki mission was crushed in its very cradle by men who founded a colony in which the Gospel was never announced to the aborigines.

In 1642, an Abnaki who had been rescued from death by a Christian Indian, in one of the forays made by the pagan Iroquois on their neighbors, extolled the virtues of the Christians so highly on his return home that his people sent for black-gowns. Father Druillettes was sent to them in 1646, and the wonderful change effected by him in the few months of his stay excited even the admiration of the English, whose countrymen in Massachusetts were at this time enacting cruel laws against the religion and the order to which F. Druillettes belonged. In 1650, he returned to the Abnakis, and was received by them at Norridgewock, their principal village, amidst volleys of firearms, and with every demonstration of delight. A banquet was spread in every cabin, and he was forced to visit all.

"We have thee at last," they cried; "thou art our father, our patriarch, our countryman. Thou livest like us, thou dwellest with us, thou art an Abnaki like us. Thou bringest back joy to all the country. We had thought of leaving this land to seek thee, for many have died in thy absence. We were losing all hopes of reaching heaven. Those whom thou didst instruct performed all that they had learned, but their heart was weary, for it sought and could not find thee." [763]

At the same time that Druillettes was planting the faith among the Abnakis—who have preserved to this day the precious legacy bequeathed to them—Rev. John Eliot of Roxbury, certainly a well-meaning man and a credit to the times and to the people among whom he lived, was endeavoring to christianize the Indians of Massachusetts—an attempt which the cruelty and rapacity of his countrymen would have rendered abortive, even if his barren theology had been able to affect anything in their behalf. So Drake, the Indian historian, admits that even among Eliot's nominal disciples there was not the least probability that one-fourth of them were sincere believers in Christianity. Eliot himself said, before his death, "There is a dark cloud upon the work of the Gospel among the poor Indians." In King Philip's war even the Indian ministers threw off all disguise and took up arms against their white Christian neighbors. This last struggle against their destroyers resulted in a total ruin of the Indians. The Puritan, imagining himself the chosen of God, and regarding the Indians as Amalekites and Canaanites whom he was to exterminate out of the promised land, fell upon them with fire and sword.

Even the innocent son of King Philip, the last of the family of Massasoit, was sold into slavery to Bermuda by the men whose children have since lifted the finger of scorn at the population of the South, among whom England forced the institution that lately perished amid the throes of civil war—forced it by the aid, in part, of the vessels and the means of the pious fathers of New England. Father Druillettes, strange to say, visited Eliot, by whom he was hospitably received and entertained, and who invited him to pass the winter under his roof. But this visit to New England was probably one of business, and the father was soon with his beloved Indians again.

Father Rale was among the successors of Druillettes. An expedition of New Englanders destroyed his church and village in 1705, but the cession of the territory to England by France in 1713 restored temporary peace to the Abnaki mission. A deputation of their chiefs therefore visited Boston, and called upon the governor to solicit means for the rebuilding of their church. As Protestantism is always ready to interfere with religious enterprises which it could never itself have succeeded in, this exponent of the religion of New England offered to rebuild their church at his own expense if they would dismiss their missionary and take a minister of his own choice. The reply of the indignant spokesman of the Indians is worth quoting:

"When you first came here," said he, "you saw me long before the French governors, but neither your predecessors nor your ministers ever spoke to me of prayer or the Great Spirit. They saw my furs, my beaver and moose skins, and of this alone they thought; these alone they sought, and so eagerly that I have been unable to supply them with enough. When I had much, they were my friends, and only then. One day my canoe missed the route; I lost my path, and wandered a long way at random, until at last I landed near Quebec, in a great village of the Algonquins, where the black-gowns were teaching. Scarcely had I arrived, when one of them came to see me. I was loaded with furs, but the black-gown of France disdained to look at them; he spoke to me of the Great Spirit, of heaven, of hell, of the prayer which is the only way to reach heaven. I heard him with pleasure, and was so delighted by his words that I remained in the village near him. At last the prayer pleased me, and I asked to be instructed: I solicited baptism, and received it. Then I returned to the lodges of my tribe, and related all that had happened. All envied my happiness, and wished to partake it; they too went to the black-gown to be baptized. Thus have the French acted. Had you spoken to me of the prayer as soon as we met, I should now be so unhappy as to pray like you, for I could not have told whether your prayer was good or bad. Now I hold to the prayer of the French; I agree to it; I shall be faithful to it, even until the earth is burned and destroyed. Keep your men, your gold, and your minister: I will go to my French father." [764]

In the unsettled condition of the boundaries, the New Englanders continued to make incursions upon the territory of the Abnakis. In one of these expeditions, Father Rale barely escaped capture, but his celebrated Abnaki dictionary was pounced upon and carried off, and now forms one of the treasures of the library of Harvard University. In 1724, he fell a victim to the persistence of his enemies. Notwithstanding these cruelties, the Abnakis, in the war of the Revolution, took part in the defence of the soil against England with the people who had desolated their home and put to death their beloved pastor. Orono, the Penobscot chief, bore a commission throughout the Revolution, and distinguished himself during the war as much by his bravery as by his attachment to his religion, never consenting to frequent Protestant places of worship.

These sketches, grown so much more lengthy than we had expected, and yet restrained with difficulty within their present bounds, must now close. May they be read with the attention the *subject* deserves, and thus serve to awaken the honest pride of our fellow-Catholics in the past history of their church on the soil of the United States. May our men of culture, stimulated by the appeal that shall be made to them by the reading classes, spread far and wide the affecting story of the church's triumphs and reverses in our land, with all the glorious details of the lives and deaths of its heroes and martyrs! May this history grow to be a familiar one to the generation that is rising and the generations that shall succeed it. We love our country, and none dare question our love but they who would have the statute-books bristle with laws against us such as the genius of our institutions forbids and the fathers of the Republic rejected. Let us show our love for it by mingling the memories of all that is dear to us in the career of our religion with all that is noble and inspiring in the civil history of our land, our fair heritage of political and religious freedom.

### NOTE.

THE MISSION ESTABLISHMENTS OF CALIFORNIA.—The plan of the early missionaries in Florida and New Mexico had been to form the converts into villages near the Spanish settlements, in which they were trained to the usages of civilized life. In the numerous Christian villages thus spread over the country, all civil functions were exercised by the chiefs, the missionaries confining themselves to those of a spiritual nature only. The progress of the Indians under this system was slower than was desirable, and experience led to an improvement in the manner of conducting the missions that were subsequently established in New Mexico and California. In the latter, the missionary went in the first place attended by a small guard, with a colony of Indian converts, herds of cattle, and a plentiful supply of agricultural and other implements. Chiefly through the converted Indians, the surrounding natives were drawn to the mission. The next step was to proceed to the erection of the mission building, a rectangular structure eighty or ninety yards square, with a court-yard in the centre, which was adorned with trees and fountains. The church and the pastor's residence occupied one side, and galleries surrounded the court, opening upon the rooms of the missionaries, stewards, and travellers, the shops, schools, store-rooms, infirmaries, and the granary.

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A part of the buildings entirely separated from the rest, and called the monastery, was reserved for the Indian girls, where they were taught by native women to spin and weave, and received such other instruction as was suited to their sex. The boys learned trades, and those who excelled were promoted to the rank of chiefs, thus giving a dignity to labor which impelled all to embrace it. Once in the mission, the native was instructed in Christianity, and constrained to labor. Many of the missionaries being skilled in mechanical art, the Indians were formed to every trade, and the surplus products of their industry were exported yearly in exchange for necessary European goods. The Indians were apportioned into sections, each under a chief who led his party to church or to labor, and who was not backward in enforcing promptness. Against this the Indian at first rebelled: but, as all his wants were satisfied, he soon became attached to his manner of life, and would draw others of his countrymen in, whom he easily persuaded to submit to the routine.

Many learned Spanish thoroughly, and all acquired a knowledge of the Christian religion, which they faithfully practised. Thus they gained two great benefits—peace and comfort in this life, and means of attaining happiness in the next. Those who visited the missions were amazed to see that with such petty resources—most frequently without the aid of white mechanics—the missionaries accomplished so much, not only in agriculture, but in architecture and mechanics; in mills, machines, bridges, roads, and canals for irrigation; and accomplished it all by transforming hostile and indolent savages into laborious carpenters, masons, coopers, saddlers, shoemakers, weavers, stone-cutters, brickmakers, and lime-burners. Around the mission building arose the houses of the Indians and of a few white settlers; at various distances were ranches or hamlets, each with its chapel. In a little building near the mission-house was a picket of five horsemen, who were at once soldiers and couriers.

The regulations of the mission were uniform. At daybreak, the *Angelus* summoned all to the church for prayers and Mass, after which they went to breakfast. Then all joined their respective bands, and proceeded to their regular labors. At eleven, they returned to dine, and rested till two, when labor recommenced, and continued until the ringing of the *Angelus* bell, an hour before sunset. After prayers and beads, they supped, and spent the evening in innocent amusements. Their food was the fresh beef and mutton plentifully supplied by their herds and flocks, cakes of wheat and Indian corn, peas, beans, and such vegetables as they chose to raise. The missionaries themselves, bound by vows of poverty, received only food and clothing. The Indians of a mission were not all of the same tribe, but perfect harmony prevailed, and when the season of work was

over, many paid visits to their countrymen, and seldom returned alone. Sometimes a zealous Christian would visit his own tribe as an apostle, to announce the happiness which was attainable under the mild rule of the Gospel. In this way the missions constantly received new accessions, for the good missionaries had the art of making labor attractive. All the men and women in the mission were, moreover, well and completely dressed.

It will be seen that this discipline was strict, and the Spanish government, at the time of the forcible withdrawal of the Jesuits, wished to bring odium upon them in connection with this system of administration of their origination. The Franciscans, however, who succeeded the Jesuits, continued the method of their predecessors, convinced of its expediency. An attempt on the part of the government to alter it, in the establishment of a mission near the mouth of the Colorado, on its own principles, a few years after the expulsion of the Jesuits, only resulted in cruel outrages upon the Indians by those who were placed in the temporal administration in lieu of the Franciscans. These outrages provoked rebellion, and led to the massacre of the civil functionaries, and of the religious as well. The government did not repeat the experiment.

Forbes, the author of a work on California, after commending the labors of the California Jesuits, says of their successors, "The best and most unequivocal proof of the good conduct of the Franciscan fathers is to be found in the unbounded affection and devotion invariably shown towards them by their Indian subjects. They venerate them not merely as friends and fathers, but with a degree of devotedness approaching to adoration." He adds, "Experience has shown how infinitely more successful the Catholic missionaries have been than the Protestant." These and many other testimonies from unprejudiced sources might be given to show the state of happiness in which the Indians formerly lived. An American traveller, Bartlett, who in 1854 visited the mission of San Gabriel, to which at one time five thousand Indians were attached, says, "Humanity cannot refrain from wishing that the dilapidated mission of San Gabriel should be renovated and its broken walls be rebuilt, its roofless houses be covered, and its deserted halls be again filled with its ancient industrious, happy, and contented population."

Two classes of persons, therefore—as Marshal remarks in his *History of Catholic Missions*—"have been instrumental in the irreparable injury inflicted on the Indian tribes: Mexicans who had forfeited their birthright as Catholics, and Protestants who had never possessed it. Affecting to follow the precedents of modern European policy, of which the chief maxim seems to be the exclusion of all ecclesiastical influence in the government of human society, the Mexican civil authorities resolved to secularize all the missions. The result has been as in every land where the same experiment has been tried, a swift relapse into barbarism, from which the church alone has saved the world, the immediate decay of material prosperity, and a vast augmentation of human suffering.

"History might have taught the Mexicans to anticipate these inevitable fruits. When England laid her hand on the possessions of the church, which had been for centuries the patrimony of the poor, she took her first step towards her present social condition. Prisons and workhouses became the dismal substitutes for monasteries, and jailers supplanted monks. England has not profited much by the change. The new institutions are at least ten times more costly than the old, and the benefits derived from them have been in inverse proportion. They now receive only prisoners, and disgorge only criminals; while a whole nation of heathen poor, a burden on the present resources of the country and a menace for her future destiny, have sunk down, as even English writers will tell us, to the level of the most degraded tribes of Africa or America, and are as utterly void of religion or of the knowledge of God as the Sioux, the Carib, or the Dahoman."

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# THE PROGRESSIONISTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CONRAD VON BOLANDEN.

## CHAPTER IV. HANS SHUND.

Hans Shund returned home from business in high feather. Something unusual must have happened him, for his behavior was exceptional. Standing before his desk, he mechanically drew various papers from his pockets, and laid them in different drawers and pigeon-holes. The mechanical manner of his behavior was what was exceptional, for usually Hans Shund bestowed particular attention upon certain papers; his soul's life was in those papers. Moreover, on the present occasion, he kept shaking his head as if astonishment would not suffer him to remain quiet. Yet habitually Hans Shund never shook his head, for that proceeding betrays interior emotion, and Shund's neck was as hardened and stiff as his usurer's soul. The other exceptional feature of his behavior was a continuous growling, which at length waxed into a genuine soliloquy. But Hans Shund was never known to talk to himself, for talking to one's self indicates a kindly disposition, whilst Shund had no disposition whatever, as they maintain who knew him; or, if he had ever had one, it had smouldered into a hard, impenetrable crust of slag.

"Strange—remarkably strange!" said he. "Hem! what can it mean? How am I to account for it? Has the usurer undergone a transformation during the night?" And a hideous grin distorted his face. "Am I metamorphosed, am I enchanted, or am I myself an enchanter? Unaccountable, marvellous, unheard of!"

The papers had been locked up in the desk. A secret power urged him up and down the room, and finally into the adjoining sitting-room, where Mrs. Shund, a pale, careworn lady, sat near a sewing-stand, intent on her lonely occupation.

"Wife, queer things have befallen me. Only think, all the city notables have raised their hats to your humble servant, and have saluted me in a friendly, almost an obsequious manner. And this has happened to me to-day—to me, the hated and despised usurer! Isn't that quite amazing? Even the city regent, Schwefel's son, took off his hat, and bowed as if I were some live grandee. How do you explain that prodigy?"

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The careworn woman kept on sewing without raising her head.

"Why don't you answer me, wife? Don't you find that most astonishing?"

"I am incapable of being astonished, since grief and care have so filled my heart that no room is left in it for feelings of any other kind."

"Well, well! what is up again?" asked he, with curiosity.

She drew a letter written in a female hand from one of the drawers of the sewing-stand.

"Read this, villain!"

Hastily snatching the letter, he began to read.

"Hem," growled he indifferently. "The drab complains of being neglected, of not getting any money from me. That should not be a cause of rage for you, I should think. The drab is brazen enough to write to you to reveal my weaknesses, all with the amicable intention of getting up a thundergust in our matrimonial heaven. Do learn sense, wife, and stop noticing my secret enjoyments."

"Fie, villain. Fie upon you, shameless wretch!" cried she, trembling in every limb.

"Listen to me, wife! Above all things, let us not have a scene, an unnecessary row," interrupted he. "You know how fruitless are your censures. Don't pester me with your stale lectures on morals."

"Nearly every month I get a letter of that sort written in the most disreputable purlieu of the town, and addressed to my husband. It is revolting! Am I to keep silent, shameless man—I, your wedded wife? Am I to be silent in presence of such infamous deeds?"

"Rather too pathetic, wife! Save your breath. Don't grieve at the liberties which I take. Try and accustom yourself to pay as little attention to my conduct as I bestow upon yours. When years ago I entered the contract with you vulgarly denominated marriage, I did it with the understanding that I was uniting myself to a subject that was willing to share with me a life free from restraints; I mean, a life free from the odor of so-called hereditary moral considerations and of religious restrictions. Accustom yourself to this view of the matter, rise to my level, enjoy an emancipated existence."

He spoke and left the room. In his office he read the letter over.

"This creature is insatiable!" murmured he to himself. "I shall have to turn her off and enter into less expensive connections. I am talking with myself to-day—queer, very queer!"

A heavy knock was heard at the door.

"Come in!"

A man and woman scantily clad entered the room. The sight of the wretched couple brought a fierce passion into the usurer's countenance. He seemed suddenly transformed into a tiger, bloodthirstily crouching to seize his prey.

"What is the matter, Holt?"

"Mr. Shund," began the man in a dejected tone, "the officer of the law has served the writ upon us: it is to take effect in ten days."

"That is, unless you make payment," interrupted Shund.

"We are not able to pay just now, Mr. Shund, it is impossible. I wished therefore to entreat you very earnestly to have patience with us poor people."

The woman seconded her husband's petition by weeping bitterly, wringing her hands piteously. The usurer shook his head relentlessly.

"Patience, patience, you say. For eight years I have been using patience with you; my patience is exhausted now. There must be limits to everything. There is a limit to patience also. I insist upon your paying." [768]

"Consider, Mr. Shund, I am the father Of eight children. If you insist on payment now and permit the law to take its course, you will ruin a family of ten persons. Surely your conscience will not permit you to do this?"

"Conscience! What do you mean? Do not trouble me with your nonsense. For me, conscience means to have; for you, it means you must. Therefore, pay."

"Mr. Shund, you know it is yourself that have reduced us to this wretched condition!"

"You don't say I did! How so?"

"May I remind you, Mr. Shund, may I remind you of all the circumstances by which this was brought about? How it happened that from a man of means I have been brought to poverty?"

"Go on, dearest Holt—go on; it will be interesting to me!" The usurer settled himself comfortably to hear the summary of his successful villanies from the mouth of the unfortunate man with the same satisfaction with which a tiger regales itself on the tortures of its victim.

"Nine years ago, Mr. Shund, I was not in debt, as you know. I labored and supported my family honestly, without any extraordinary exertion. A field was for sale next to my field at the Rothenbush. You came at the time—it is now upwards of eight years, and said in a friendly way, 'Holt, my good man, buy that field. It lies next to yours, and you ought not to let the chance slip.' I wanted the field, but had no money. This I told you. You encouraged me, saying, 'Holt, my good man, I will let you have the money—on interest, of course; for I am a man doing business, and I make my living off my money. I will never push you for the amount. You may pay it whenever and in what way you wish. Suit yourself.' You gave me this encouragement at the time. You loaned me nine hundred and fifty florins—in the note, however, you wrote one thousand and fifty, and, besides, at five per cent. For three years I paid interest on one thousand and fifty, although you had loaned me only nine hundred and fifty. All of a sudden—I was just in trouble at the time, for one of my draught-cattle had been crippled, and the harvest had turned out poorly, you came and demanded your money. I had none. 'I am sorry,' said you, 'I need my money, and could put it out at much higher interest.' I begged and begged. You threatened to sue me. Finally, after much begging, you proposed that I should sell you the field, for which three years previous I had paid nine hundred and fifty florins, for seven hundred florins, alleging that land was no longer as valuable as it had been. You were willing to rent me the field at a high rate. And to enable me to get along, you offered to lend me another thousand, but drew up a note for eleven hundred florins at ten per cent., because, as you pretended, money was now bringing ten per cent. since the law regulating interest had been abrogated. For a long while I objected to the proposal, but found myself forced at last to yield because you threatened to attach my effects. From this time I began to go downhill, I could no longer meet expenses, my family was large, and I had to work for you to pay up the interest and rent. But for some time back I had been unable to do as I wished. I could not even sell any of my own property; for you were holding me fast, and I was obliged to mortgage everything to you for a merely nominal price. My cottage, my barn, my garden, and the field in front of my house—worth at least two thousand florins—I had to give you a mortgage upon for one thousand. The rest of my immovable property, fields and meadows, you took. Nothing was left to me but the little hut and what adjoined it. With respects, Mr. Shund, you had long since sucked the very marrow from my bones, next you put the rope about my neck, and now you are about to hang me." [769]

"Hang you? Ha-ha! That's good, Holt! You are in fine humor," cried the usurer, after hearing with a relish the simple account of his atrocious deeds. "I have no hankering for your neck. Pay up, Holt, pay up, that is all I want. Pay me over the trifle of a thousand florins and the interest, and the house with everything pertaining to it shall be yours. But if you cannot pay up, it will have to be sold at auction, so that I may get my money."

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Shund, be merciful," entreated the wife. "We have saved up the interest with much trouble; every farthing of it you are to receive. For God's sake, do not drive us from our home, Mr. Shund, we will gladly toil for you day and night. Take pity, Mr. Shund, do take pity on my poor children!"

"Stop your whining. Pay up, money alone has any value in my estimation—pay, all the rest is fudge. Pay up!"

"God knows, Mr. Shund," sobbed the woman, wringing her hands, "I would give my heart's blood to keep my poor children out of misery—with my life I would be willing to pay you. Oh! do have some commiseration, do be merciful! Almighty God will requite you for it."

"Almighty God, nonsense! Don't mention such stuff to me. Stupid palaver like that might go down with some bigoted fool, but it will not affect a man of enlightenment. Pay up, and there's an end of it!"

"Is it your determination then, Mr. Shund, to cast us out mercilessly under the open sky?" inquired the countryman with deep earnestness.

"I only want what belongs to me. Pay over the thousand florins with the interest, and we shall be quits. That's my position, you may go."

In feeling words the woman once more appealed to Hans Shund. He remained indifferent to her pleading, and smiled scornfully whenever she adduced religious considerations to support her petition. Suddenly Holt took her by the arm and drew her towards the door.

"Say no more, wife, say no more, but come away. You could more easily soften stones than a man who has no conscience and does not believe in God."

"There you have spoken the truth," sneered Shund.

"You sneer, Mr. Shund," and the man's eyes glared. "Do you know to whom you owe it that your head is not broken?"

"What sort of language is that?"

"It is the language of a father driven to despair. I tell you"—and the countryman raised his clenched fists—"it is to the good God that you are indebted for your life; for, if I believed as little in an almighty and just God as you, with this pair of strong hands I would wring your neck. Yes, stare at me! With these hands I would strangle Shund, who has brought want upon my children and misery upon me. Come away, wife, come away. He is resolved to reduce us to beggary as he has done to so many others. Do your worst, Mr. Shund, but there above we shall have a reckoning with each other."

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He dragged his wife out of the room, and went away without saluting, but casting a terrible scowl back upon Hans Shund.

For a long while the usurer sat thoughtfully, impressed by the ominous scowl and threat, which were not empty ones, for rage and despair swept like a rack over the man's countenance. Mr. Shund felt distinctly that but for the God of Christians he would have been murdered by the infuriated man. He discovered, moreover, that religious belief is to be recommended as a safeguard against the fury of the mob. On the other hand, he found this belief repugnant to a usurer's conscience and a hindrance to the free enjoyment of life. Hans Shund thus sat making reflections on religion, and endeavoring to drown the echo which Holt's summons before the supreme tribunal had awakened in a secret recess of his soul, when hasty steps resounded from the front yard and the door was suddenly burst open. Hans' agent rushed in breathless, sank upon the nearest chair, and, opening his mouth widely, gasped for breath.

"What is the matter, Braun?" inquired Shund in surprise. "What has happened?"

Braun flung his arms about, rolled his eyes wildly, and labored to get breath, like a person that is being smothered.

"Get your breath, you fool!" growled the usurer. "What business had you running like a maniac? Something very extraordinary must be the matter, is it not?"

Braun assented with violent nodding.

"Anything terrible?" asked he further.

More nodding from Braun. The usurer began to feel uneasy. Many a nefarious deed stuck to his hands, but not one that had not been committed with all possible caution and secured against any afterclaps of the law. Yet might he not for once have been off his guard? "What has been detected? Speak!" urged the conscience-stricken villain anxiously.

"Mr. Shund, you are to be—in this place—"

"Arrested?" suggested the other, appalled, as the agent's breath failed him again.

"No—mayor!"

Shund straightened himself, and raised his hands to feel his ears.

"I am surely in possession of my hearing! Are you gone mad, fellow?"

"Mr. Shund, you are to be mayor and member of the legislature. It is a settled fact!"

"Indeed, 'tis quite a settled fact that you have lost your wits. It is a pity, poor devil! You once were useful, now you are insane; quite a loss for me! Where am I to get another bloodhound as good as you? Your scent was keen, you drove many a nice bit of game into my nets. Hem—so many instances of insanity in these enlightened times of ours are really something peculiar. Braun, dearest Braun, have you really lost your mind entirely? Completely deranged?"

"I am not insane, Mr. Shund. I have been assured from various sources that you are to be elected mayor and delegate to the legislative assembly."

"Well, then, various persons have been running a rig upon you."

"Running a rig upon me, Mr. Shund? Bamboozle me—me who understand and have practised bamboozling others for so long?"

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"Still, I maintain that people have been playing off a hoax on you—and what an outrageous hoax

it is, too!"

"I believe a hoax? Just listen to me. I have never been more clear-headed than I am to-day. Acquaintances and strangers in different quarters of the town have assured me that it is a fixed fact that you are to be mayor of this city and member of the legislative assembly. Now, were it a hoax, would you not have to presuppose that both acquaintances and strangers conspired to make a fool of me? Yet such a supposition is most improbable."

"Your reasoning is correct, Braun. Still, such a conspiracy must really have been gotten up. *I* mayor of this city? *I*? Reflect for an instant, Braun. You know what an enviable reputation *I* bear throughout the city. Many persons would go a hundred paces out of their direction to avoid me, specially they who owe or have owed me anything. Moreover, who appoints the mayor? The men who give the keynote, the leaders of the town. Now, these men would consider themselves defiled by the slightest contact with the outlawed usurer—which, of course, is very unjust and inconsistent on the part of those gentlemen—for my views are the same as theirs."

"Spite of all that, I put faith in the report, Mr. Shund. Schwefel's bookkeeper also, when I met him, smiled significantly, and even raised his hat."

"Hold on, Braun, hold! The deuce—it just now occurs to me—you might not be so much mistaken after all. Strange things have happened to me also. Gentlemen who are intimate with our city magnates have saluted me and nodded to me quite confidentially. I was unable to solve this riddle, now it's clear. Braun, you are right, your information is perfectly true." And Mr. Shund rubbed his hands.

"Don't forget, Mr. Shund, that I first brought you the astounding intelligence, the joyful tidings, the information on which the very best sort of speculations may be based."

"You shall be recompensed, Braun! Go over to the sign of the Bear, and drink a bottle of the best, and I will pay for it."

"At a thaler a bottle?"

"That quality isn't good for the health, my dear fellow! You may drink a bottle at forty-eight kreutzers on my credit. But no—I don't wish to occasion you an injury, nor do I wish to see you disgraced. You shall not acquire the name of a toper in my employ. You may therefore call for a pint glass at twelve kreutzers a glass. Go, now, and leave me to myself."

When the agent was gone, Hans Shund rushed about the room as if out of his mind.

"Don't tell me that miracles no longer occur!" cried he. "*I*, the discharged treasurer—*I*, the thief, usurer, and profligate, at the mere sight of whom every young miss and respectable lady turn up their noses a thousand paces off—*I* am chosen to be mayor and assemblyman! How has this come to pass? Where lie the secret springs of this astonishing event?" And he laid his finger against his nose in a brown study. "Here it is—yes, here! The thinkers of progress have at length discovered that a man who from small beginnings has risen to an independent fortune, whose shrewdness and energy have amassed enormous sums, ought to be placed at the head of the city administration in order to convert the tide of public debt into a tide of prosperity. Yes, herein lies the secret. Nor are the gentlemen entirely mistaken. There are ways and means of making plus out of minus, of converting stones into money. But the gentlemen have taken the liberty of disposing of me without my previous knowledge and consent. I have not even been asked. Quite natural, of course. Who asks a dog for permission to stroke him? This is, I own, an unpleasant aftertaste. Hem, suppose I were too proud to accept, suppose I wanted to bestow my abilities and energies on my own personal interests. Come, now, old Hans, don't be sensitive! Pride, self-respect, character, sense of honor, and such things are valuable only when they bring emolument. Now, the mayor of a great city has it in his power to direct many a measure eminently to his own interest."

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Another knock was heard at the door, and the usurer, taken by surprise, saw before him the leader Erdblatt.

"Have you been informed of a fact that is very flattering to you?" began the tobacco manufacturer.

"Not the slightest intimation of a fact of that nature has reached me," answered Shund with reserve.

"Then I am very happy to be the first to give you the news," assured Erdblatt. "It has been decided to promote you at the next election to the office of mayor and of delegate to the legislative assembly."

A malignant smile flitted athwart Shund's face. He shook his sandy head in feigned astonishment, and fixed upon the other a look that was the next thing to a sneer.

"There are almost as many marvels in your announcement as words. You speak of a decision and of a fact which, however, without my humble co-operation, are hardly practicable. I thought all along that the disposition of my person belonged to myself. How could anything be resolved upon or become a fact in which I myself happen to have the casting vote?"

"Your cordial correspondence with the flattering intention of your fellow-citizens was presumed upon; moreover, you were to be agreeably surprised," explained the progressionist leader.

"That, sir, was a very violent presumption! I am a free citizen, and am at liberty to dispose of my time and faculties as I please. In the capacity of mayor, I should find myself trammelled and no longer independent on account of the office. Moreover, a weighty responsibility would then rest

upon my shoulders, especially in the present deplorable circumstances of the administration. Could I prevail on myself to accept the proffered situation, it would become my duty to attempt a thorough reform in the thoughtless and extravagant management of city affairs. You certainly cannot fail to perceive that a reformer in this department would be the aim of dangerous machinations. And lastly, sir, why is it that I individually have been selected for appointments which are universally regarded as honorable distinctions in public life? I repeat, why are they to be conferred upon me in particular who cannot flatter myself with enjoying very high favor among the people of this city?" And there glistened something like revengeful triumph in Shund's feline eyes. "When you will have given a satisfactory solution to these reflections and questions, it may become possible for me to think of assenting to your proposal."

Erdblatt had not anticipated a reception of this nature, and for a moment he sat nonplussed.

"I ask your pardon, Mr. Shund, you have taken the words fact and decision in too positive a sense. What is a decided fact is that the leaders of progress assign the honorable positions mentioned to you. Of course it rests with you to accept or decline them. The motive of our decision was, if you will pardon my candor, your distinguished talent for economizing. It is plain to us that a man of your abilities and thorough knowledge of local circumstances could by prudent management and, by eliminating unnecessary expenditure, do much towards relieving the deplorable condition of the city budget. We thought, moreover, that your well-known philanthropy would not refuse the sacrifices of personal exertion and unremitting activity for the public good. Finally, as regards the disrespect to which you have alluded, I assure you I knew nothing of it. The stupid and mad rabble may perhaps have cast stones at you, but can or will you hold respectable men responsible for their deeds? Progress has ever proudly counted you in its ranks. We have always found you living according to the principles of progress, despising the impotent yelping of a religiously besotted mob. Be pleased to consider the tendered honors as amends for the insults of intolerant fanatics in this city."

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"Your explanation, sir, is satisfactory. I shall accept. I am particularly pleased to know that my conduct and principles are in perfect accord with the spirit of progress. I am touched by the flattering recognition of my greatly misconstrued position."

The leader bowed graciously.

"There now remains for me the pleasant duty," said he, "of requesting you to honor with your presence a meeting of influential men who are to assemble this evening in Mr. Schwefel's drawing-room. Particulars are to be discussed there. The ultramontanes and democrats are turbulent beyond all anticipation. We shall have to proceed with the greatest caution about the delegate elections."

"I shall be there without fail, sir! Now that I have made up my mind to devote my experience to the interests of city and state, I cheerfully enter into every measure which it lies in my power to further."

"As you are out for the first time as candidate for the assembly," said Erdblatt, "a declaration of your political creed addressed to a meeting of the constituents would not fail of a good effect."

"Agreed, sir! I shall take pleasure in making known my views in a public speech."

Erdblatt rose, and Mr. Hans Shund was condescending enough to reach the mighty chieftain his hand as the latter took his leave.

## CHAPTER V. ELECTIONEERING.

The four millions of the balcony are at present standing before two suits of male apparel of the kind worn by the working class, contemplating them with an interest one would scarcely expect from millionaires in materials of so ordinary a quality. Spread out on the elegant and costly table cover are two blouses of striped gray at fifteen kreutzers a yard. There are, besides, two pairs of trousers of a texture well adapted to the temperature of the month of July. There are also two neckties, sold at fairs for six kreutzers apiece. And, lastly, two cheap caps with long broad peaks. These suits were intended to serve as disguises for Seraphin and Carl on this evening, for the banker did not consider it becoming gentlemen to visit electioneering meetings, dressed in a costume in which they might be recognized. As Greifmann's face was familiar to every street-boy, he had provided himself with a false beard of sandy hue to complete his *incognito*. For Seraphin this last adjunct was unnecessary, for he was a stranger, and he was thus left free to exhibit his innocent countenance unmasked for the gratification of curious starers.

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"This will be a pleasant change from the monotony of a banking house existence," said the banker gleefully. "I enjoy this masquerade: it enables me to mingle without constraint among the unconstrained. You are going to see marvellous things to-night, friend Seraphin. If your organs of hearing are not very sound, I advise you to provide yourself with some cotton, so that the drums of your ears may not be endangered from the noise of the election skirmish."

"Your caution is far from inspiring confidence," said Louise with some humor. "I charge it upon your soul that you bring back Mr. Gerlach safe and sound, for I too am responsible for our guest."

"And I, it seems, am less near to you than the guest, for you feel no anxiety about me," said the brother archly.

"Eight o'clock—it is our time."



He pulled the bell. A servant carried off the suits to the gentlemen's rooms.

"May I beseech the men in blouses for the honor of a visit before they go?"

"You shall have an opportunity to admire us," said Carl. The transformation of the young men was more rapidly effected than the self-satisfied mustering of Louise before the large mirror which reflected her elegant form entire. She laughingly welcomed her brother in his sandy beard, and fixed a look of surprise upon Seraphin, whose innocent person appeared to great advantage in the simple costume.

"Impossible to recognize you," decided the young lady. "You, brother Redbeard, look for all the world like a cattle dealer."

"The gracious lady has hit it exactly," said the banker with an assumed voice. "I am a horse jockey, bent on euchreing this young gentleman out of a splendid pair of horses."

"Friend Seraphin is most lovely," said she in an undertone. "How well the country costume becomes him!" And her sparkling eyes darted expressive glances at the subject of her compliments.

For the first time she had called him friend, and the word friend made him more happy than titles and honors that a prince might have bestowed. He felt his soul kindle at the sight of the lovely being whose delicate and bewitching coquetry the inexperienced youth failed to detect, but the influence of which he was surely undergoing. His cheeks glowed still more highly, and he became uneasy and embarrassed.

"Your indulgent criticism is encouraging, Miss Louise," replied he.

"I have merely told the truth," replied she.

"But our hands—what are we to do with our hands?" interposed Carl. "Soft white hands like these do not belong to drovers. First of all, away with diamonds and rubies. Gold rings and precious stones are not in keeping with blouses. Nor will it do, in hot weather like this, to bring gloves to our aid—that's too bad! What *are* we to do?"

"Nobody will notice our hands," thought Seraphin.

"My good fellow, you do not understand the situation. We are on the eve of the election. Everybody is out electioneering. Whoever to-day visits a public place must expect to be hailed by a thousand eyes, stared at, criticised, estimated, appraised, and weighed. The deuce take these hands! Good advice would really be worth something in this instance."

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"To a powerful imagination like your own," added Louise playfully. She disappeared for a moment and then returned with a washbowl. Pouring the contents of her inkstand into the water, she laughingly pointed them to the dark mass.

"Dip your precious hands in here, and you will make them correspond with your blouses in color and appearance."

"How ingenious she is!" cried Carl, following her direction.

"Most assuredly nothing comes up to the ingenuity of women. We are beautifully tattooed, our hands are horrible! We must give the stuff time to dry. Had I only thought of it sooner, Louise, you should have accompanied us disguised as a drover's daughter, and have drunk a bumper of wine with us. The adventure might have proved useful to you, and served as an addition to the sum of your experiences in life."

"I will content myself with looking on from a distance," answered she gaily. "The extraordinary progressionist movement that is going on to-day might make it a difficult task even for a drover's daughter to keep her footing."

The two millionaires sallied forth, Carl making tremendous strides. Seraphin followed mechanically, the potent charm of her parting glances hovering around him.

"We shall first steer for the sign of the 'Green Hat,'" said Greifmann. "There you will hear a full orchestra of progressionist music, especially trumpets and drums, playing flourishes on Hans Shund. 'The Green Hat' is the largest beer cellar in the town, and the proprietor ranks among the leaders next after housebuilder Sand. All the representatives of the city *régime* gather to-day at the establishment of Mr. Belladonna—that's the name of the gentleman of the 'Green Hat.' Besides the leaders, there will be upward of a thousand citizens, big and small, to hold a preliminary celebration of election day. There will also be 'wild men' on hand," proceeded Carl, explaining. "These are citizens who in a manner float about like atoms in the bright atmosphere of the times without being incorporated in any brilliant body of progress. The main object of the leaders this evening is to secure these so-called 'wild men' in favor of their ticket for the city council. Glib-tongued agents will be employed to spread their nets to catch the floating atoms—to tame these savages by means of smart witticisms. When, at length, a prize is captured and the tide of favorable votes runs high, it is towed into the safe haven of agreement with the majority. Resistance would turn out a serious matter for a mechanic, trader, shopkeeper, or any man whose position condemns him to obtain his livelihood from others. Opposition to progress dooms every man that is in a dependent condition to certain ruin. For these reasons I have no misgivings about being able to convince you that elections are a folly wherever the banner of progress waves triumphant."

"The conviction with which you threaten me would be anything but gratifying, for I abhor every form of terrorism," rejoined Seraphin.

"Very well, my good fellow! But we must accustom ourselves to take things as they are and not as they ought to be. Therefore, my youthful Telemachus, you are under everlasting obligations to me, your experienced Mentor, for procuring you an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the world, and constraining you to think less well of men than your generous heart would incline you to do."

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They had reached the outskirts of the city. A distant roaring, resembling the sound of shallow waters falling, struck upon the ears of the maskers. The noise grew more distinct as they advanced, and finally swelled into the brawling and hum of many voices. Passing through a wide gate-way, the millionaires entered a square ornamented with maple-trees. Under the trees, stretching away into the distance, were long rows of tables lit up by gaslights, and densely crowded with men drinking beer and talking noisily. The middle of the square was occupied by a rotunda elevated on columns, with a zinc roof, and bestuck in the barbarous taste of the age with a profusion of tin figures and plaster-of-paris ornaments. Beneath the rotunda, around a circular table, sat the leaders and chieftains of progress, conspicuous to all, and with a flood of light from numerous large gas-burners streaming upon them. Between Sand and Schwefel was throned Hans Shund, extravagantly dressed, and proving by his manner that he was quite at his ease. Nothing in his deportment indicated that he had so suddenly risen from general contempt to universal homage. Mr. Shund frequently monopolized the conversation, and, when this was the case, the company listened to his sententious words with breathless attention and many marks of approbation.

Mentor Greifmann conducted his ward to a retired corner, into which the rays of light, intercepted by low branches, penetrated but faintly, and from which a good view of the whole scene could be enjoyed.

"Do you observe Hans there under the baldachin surrounded by his vassals?" roused Carl into his companion's ear. "Even you will be made to feel that progress can lay claim to a touching spirit of magnanimity and forgiveness. It is disposed to raise the degraded from the dust. The man who only yesterday was engaged in shoving a car, sweeping streets, or even worse, to-day may preside over the great council, provided only he has the luck to secure the good graces of the princes of progress. Hans Shund, thief, usurer, and nightwalker, is a most striking illustration of my assertion."

"What particularly disgusts and incenses me," replied the double millionaire gravely, "is that, under the *régime* of progress, they who are degraded, immoral, and criminal, may rise to power without any reformation of conduct and principles."

"What you say is so much philosophy, my dear fellow, and philosophy is an antique, obsolete kind of thing that has no weight in times when continents are being cut asunder and threads of iron laid around the globe. Moreover, such has ever been the state of things. In the dark ages, also, criminals attained to power. Just think of those bloody monarchs who trifled with human heads, and whose ministers, for the sake of a patch of territory, stirred up horrible wars. Compared with such monsters, Hans Shund is spotless innocence."

"Quite right, sir," rejoined the landholder, with a smile. "Those bloody kings and their satanic ministers were monsters—but only—and I beg you to mark this well—only when judged by principles which modern progress sneers at as stupid morality and senseless dogma. I even find that those princely monsters and their conscienceless ministers shared the species of enlightenment that prides itself on repudiating all positive religion and moral obligations."

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"Thunder and lightning, Seraphin! were not you sitting bodily before me, I should believe I was actually listening to a Jesuit. But be quiet! It will not do to attract notice. Ah! splendid. There you see some of the 'wild men,'" continued he, pointing to a table opposite. "The fellow with the bald head and fox's face is an agent, a salaried bellwether, a polished electioneer. He has the 'wild men' already half-tamed. Watch how cleverly he will decoy them into the progressionist camp. Let us listen to what he has to say; it will amuse you, and add to your knowledge of the developments of progress."

"We want men for the city council," spoke he of the bald head, "that are accurately and thoroughly informed upon the condition and circumstances of the city. Of what use would blockheads be but to fuss and grope about blindly? What need have we of fellows whose stupidity would compromise the public welfare? The men we want in our city council must understand what measures the social, commercial, and industrial interests of a city of thirty thousand inhabitants require in order that the greatest good of the largest portion of the community may be secured. Nor is this enough," proceeded he with increasing enthusiasm. "Besides knowledge, experience, and judgment, they must also be gifted with the necessary amount of energy to carry out whatever orders the council has thought fit to pass. They must be resolute enough to break down every obstacle that stands in the way of the public good. Now, who are the men to render these services? None but independent men who by their position need have no regard to others placed above them—free-spirited and sensible men, who have a heart for the people. Now, gentlemen, have you any objections to urge against my views?"

"None, Mr. Spitzkopf! Your views are perfectly sound," lauded a semi-barbarian. "We have read exactly what you have been telling us in the evening paper."

"Of course, of course!" cried Mr. Spitzkopf. "My views are so evidently correct that a thinking man cannot help stumbling upon them. None but the slaves of priests, the wily brood of Jesuits, refuse to accept these views," thundered the orator with the bald head. "And why do they refuse to accept them? Because they are hostile to enlightenment, opposed to the common good,

opposed to the prosperity of mankind, in a word, because they are the bitter enemies of progress. But take my word for it, gentlemen, our city contains but a small number of these creatures of darkness, and those few are spotted," emphasized he threateningly. "Therefore, gentlemen," proceeded he insinuatingly, "I am convinced, and every man of intelligence shares my conviction, that Mr. Shund is eminently fitted for the city council—eminently! He would be a splendid acquisition in behalf of the public interests! He understands our local concerns thoroughly, possesses the experience of many years, is conversant with business, knows what industrial pursuits and social life require, and, what is better still, he maintains an independent standing to which he unites a rare degree of activity. Were it possible to prevail on Mr. Shund to take upon himself the cares of the mayoralty, the deficit of the city treasury would soon be wiped out. We would all have reason to consider ourselves fortunate in seeing the interests of our city confided to such a man."

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The "wild men" looked perplexed.

"Right enough, Mr. Spitzkopf," explained a timid coppersmith. "Shund is a clever, well-informed man. Nobody denies this. But do you know that it is a question whether, besides his clever head, he also possesses a conscience in behalf of the commonwealth?"

"The most enlarged sort of a conscience, gentlemen—the warmest kind of a heart!" exclaimed the bald man in a convincing tone. "Don't listen to stories that circulate concerning Shund. There is not a word of truth in them. They are sheer misconstructions—inventions of the priests and of their helots."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Spitzkopf, they are not all inventions," opposed the coppersmith. "In the street where I live, Shund keeps up a certain connection that would not be proper for any decent person, not to say for a married man."

"And does that scandalize you?" exclaimed the bald-headed agent merrily. "Mr. Shund is a jovial fellow, he enjoys life, and is rich. Mr. Shund will not permit religious rigorism to put restraints upon his enjoyments. His liberal and independent spirit scorns to lead a miserable existence under the rod of priestly bigotry. And, mark ye, gentlemen, this is just what recommends him to all who are not priest-ridden or leagued with the hirelings of Rome," concluded the electioneer, casting a sharp look upon the coppersmith.

"But I am a Lutheran, Mr. Spitzkopf," protested the coppersmith.

"There are hypocrites among the Lutherans who are even worse than the Romish Jesuits," retorted the man with the bald head. "Consider, gentlemen, that the leading men of our city have, in consideration of his abilities, concluded to place Mr. Shund in the position which he ought to occupy. Are you going, on to-morrow, to vote against the decision of the leading men? Are you actually going to make yourselves guilty of such an absurdity? You may, of course, if you wish, for every citizen is free to do as he pleases. But the men of influence are also at liberty to do as they please. I will explain my meaning more fully. You, gentlemen, are, all of you, mechanics—shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths, carpenters, etc. From whom do you get your living? Do you get it from the handful of hypocrites and men of darkness? No; you get your living from the liberals, for they are the moneyed men, the men of power and authority. It is they who scatter money among the people. You obtain employment, you get bread and meat, from the liberals. And now to whom, do you think, will the liberals give employment? They will give it to such as hold their views, and not—mark my word—to such as are opposed to them. The man, therefore, that is prepared recklessly to ruin his business has only to vote against Mr. Shund."

"That will do the business, that will fetch them," said Greifmann. "Just look how dumfounded the poor savages appear!"

"It is brutal terrorism!" protested Seraphin indignantly.

"But don't misunderstand me, Mr. Spitzkopf! I am neither a hypocritical devotee nor a Jesuit!" exclaimed the coppersmith deprecatingly. "If Shund is good enough for them," pointing to the leaders under the rotunda, "he is good enough for me."

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"For me, too!" exclaimed a tailor.

"There isn't a worthier man than Shund," declared a shopkeeper.

"And not a cleverer," said a carpenter.

"And none more demoralized," lauded a joiner, unconscious of the import of his encomium.

"That's so, and therefore I am satisfied with him," assured a shoemaker.

"So am I—so am I," chorussed the others eagerly.

"That is sensible, gentlemen," approved the bald man. "Just keep in harmony with liberalism and progress, and you will never be the worse for it, gentlemen. Above all, beware of reaction—do not fall back into the immoral morasses of the middle ages. Let us guard the light and liberty of our beautiful age. Vote for these men," and he produced a package of printed tickets, "and you will enjoy the delightful consciousness of having disposed of your vote in the interests of the common good."

Spitzkopf distributed the tickets on which were the names of the councilmen elect. At the head of the list appeared in large characters the name of Mr. Hans Shund.

"The curtain falls, the farce is ended," said Greifmann. "What you have here heard and seen has been repeated at every table where 'wild men' chanced to make their appearance. Everywhere the same arguments, the same grounds of conviction."

Seraphin had become quite grave, and cast his eyes to the ground in silence.

"By Jove, the rogue is going to try his hand on us!" said Carl, nudging the thoughtful young man. "The bald-headed fellow has spied us, and is getting ready to bag a couple of what he takes to be 'wild men.' Come, let us be off."

They left the beer cellar and took the direction of the city.

"Now let us descend a little lower, to what I might call the amphibia of society," said Greifmann. "We are going to visit a place where masons, sawyers, cobblers, laborers, and other small fry are in the habit of slaking their thirst. You will there find going on the same sort of electioneering, or, as you call it, the same sort of terrorism, only in a rougher style. There beer-jugs occasionally go flying about, and bloody heads and rough-and-tumble, fights may be witnessed."

"I have no stomach for fisticuffs and whizzing beer-mugs," said Gerlach.

"Never mind, come along. I have undertaken to initiate you into the mysteries of elections, and you are to get a correct idea of the life action of a cultivated state."

They entered an obscure alley where a fetid, sultry atmosphere assailed them. Greifmann stopped before a lofty house, and pointed to a transparency on which a brimming beer-tankard was represented. A wild tumult was audible through the windows, through which the cry of "Shund!" rose at times like the swell of a great wave from the midst of corrupted waters. As they were passing the doorway a dense fog of tobacco smoke mingled with divers filthy odors assailed their nostrils. Seraphin, who was accustomed to inhaling the pure atmosphere of the country, showed an inclination to retreat, and had already half-way faced about when his companion seized and held him. "Courage, my friend! wade into the slough boldly," cried he into the struggling youth's ear. "Hereafter, when you will be riding through woodland and meadows, the recollection of this subterranean den will enable you to appreciate the pure atmosphere of the country twice as well. Look at those sodden faces and swollen heads. Those fellows are literally wallowing and seething in beer, and they feel as comfortable as ten thousand cannibals. It is really a joy to be among men who are natural."

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The millionaires, having with no little difficulty succeeded in finding seats, were accosted by a female waiter.

"Do the gentlemen wish to have election beer?"

"No," replied Gerlach.

His abrupt tone in declining excited the surprise of the fellows who sat next to them. Several of them stared at the landholder.

"So you don't want any election beer?" cried a fellow who was pretty well fired.

"Why not? May be it isn't good enough for you?"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" replied the banker hastily. "You see, Mr. Shund"—

"That's good! You call me Shund," interrupted the fellow with a coarse laugh. "My name isn't Shund—my name is Koenig—yes, Koenig—with all due respect to you."

"Well, Mr. Koenig—you see, Mr. Koenig, we decline drinking election beer because we are not entitled to it—we do not belong to this place."

"Ah, yes—well, that's honest!" lauded Koenig. "Being that you are a couple of honest fellows, you must partake of some of the good things of our feast. I say, Kate," cried he to the female waiter, "bring these gentlemen some of the election sausages."

Greifmann, perceiving that Seraphin was about putting in a protest, nudged him.

"What feast are you celebrating to-day?" inquired the banker.

"That I will explain to you. We are to have an election here to-morrow; these men on the ticket, you see, are to be elected." And he drew forth one of Spitzkopf's tickets. "Every one of us has received a ticket like this, and we are all going to vote according to the ticket—of course, you know, we don't do it for nothing. To-day and to-morrow, what we eat and drink is free of charge. And if Satan's own grandmother were on the ticket, I would vote for her."

"The first one on the list is Mr. Hans Shund. What sort of a man is he?" asked Seraphin. "No doubt he is the most honorable and most respectable man in the place!"

"Ha! ha! that's funny! The most honorable man in the place! Really you make me laugh. Never mind, however, I don't mean to be impolite. You are a stranger hereabout, and cannot, of course, be expected to know anything of it. Shund, you see, was formerly—that, is a couple of days ago—Shund was a man of whom nobody knew any good. For my part, I wouldn't just like to be sticking in Shund's hide. Well, that's the way things are: you know it won't do to babble it all just as it is. But you understand me. To make a long story short, since day before yesterday Shund is the honestest man in the world. Our men of money have made him that, you know," giving a sly wink. "What the men of money do, is well done, of course, for the proverb says, 'Whose bread I eat, his song I sing.'"

"Shut your mouth, Koenig! What stuff is that you are talking there?" said another fellow roughly. "Hans Shund is a free-spirited, clever, first-class, distinguished man. Taken altogether, he is a liberal man. For this reason he will be elected councilman to-morrow, then mayor of the city, and finally member of the assembly."

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"That's so, that's so, my partner is right," confirmed Koenig. "But listen, Flachsen, you will agree

that formerly—you know, formerly—he was an arrant scoundrel.”

“Why was he? Why?” inquired Flachsen.

“Why? Ha, ha! I say, Flachsen, go to Shund’s wife, she can tell you best. Go to those whom he has reduced to beggary, for instance, to Holt over there. They all can tell you what Shund is, or rather what he has been. But don’t get mad, brother Flachsen! Spite of all that, I shall vote for Shund. That’s settled.” And he poured the contents of his beer-pot down his throat.

“As you gentlemen are strangers, I will undertake to explain this business for you,” said Flachsen, who evidently was an agent for the lower classes, and who did his best to put on an appearance of learning by affecting high-sounding words of foreign origin.

“Shund is quite a rational man, learned and full of intelligence. But the priests have calumniated him horribly because he will not howl with them. For this reason we intend to elect him, not for the sake of the free beer. When Shund will have been elected, a system of economy will be inaugurated, taxes will be removed, and the encyclical letter with which the Pope has tried to stultify the people, together with the syllabus, will be sent to the dogs. And in the legislative assembly the liberal-minded Shund will manage to have the priests excluded from the schools, and we will have none but secular schools. In short, the dismal rule of the priesthood that would like to keep the people in leading-strings will be put an end to, and liberal views will control our affairs. As for Shund’s doings outside of legitimate wedlock, that is one of the boons of liberty—it is a right of humanity; and when Koenig lets loose against Shund’s money speculations, he is only talking so much bigoted nonsense.”

Flachsen’s apologetic discourse was interrupted by a row that took place at the next table. There sat a victim of Shund’s usury, the land-cultivator Holt. He drank no beer, but wine, to dispel gloomy thoughts and the temptations of desperation. It had cost him no ordinary struggle to listen quietly to eulogies passed on Shund. He had maintained silence, and had at times smiled a very peculiar smile. His bruised heart must have suffered a fearful contraction as he heard men sounding the praises of a wretch whom he knew to be wicked and devoid of conscience. For a long time he succeeded in restraining himself. But the wine he had drunk at last fanned his smouldering passion into a hot flame of rage, and, clenching his fist, he struck the table violently.

“The fellow whom you extol is a scoundrel!” cried he.

“Who is a scoundrel?” roared several voices.

“Your man, your councilman, your mayor, is a scoundrel! Shund is a scoundrel!” cried the ruined countryman passionately.

“And you, Holt, are a fool!”

“You are drunk, Holt!”

“Holt is an ass,” maintained Flachsen. “He cannot read, otherwise he would have seen in the *Evening Gazette* that Shund is a man of honor, a friend of the people, a progressive man, a liberal man, a brilliant genius, a despiser of religion, a death-dealer to superstition, a—a—I don’t remember what all besides. Had you read all that in the evening paper, you fool, you wouldn’t presume to open your foul mouth against a man of honor like Hans Shund. Yes, stare; if you had read the evening paper, you would have seen the enumeration of the great qualities and deeds of Hans Shund in black and white.”

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“The evening paper, indeed!” cried Holt contemptuously. “Does the evening paper also mention how Shund brought about the ruin of the father of a family of eight children?”

“What’s that you say, you dog?” yelled a furious fellow. “That’s a lie against Shund!”

“Easy, Graeulich, easy,” replied Holt to the last speaker, who was about to set upon him. “It is not a lie, for I am the man whom Shund has strangled with his usurer’s clutches. He has reduced me to beggary—me and my wife and my children.”

Graeulich lowered his fists, for Holt spoke so convincingly, and the anguish in his face appealed so touchingly, that the man’s fury was in an instant changed to sympathy. Holt had stood up. He related at length the wily and unscrupulous proceedings through which he had been brought to ruin. The company listened to his story, many nodded in token of sympathy, for everybody was acquainted with the ways of the hero of the day.

“That’s the way Shund has made a beggar of me,” concluded Holt. “And I am not the only one, you know it well. If, then, I call Shund a usurer, a scoundrel, a villain, you cannot help agreeing with me.”

Flachsen noticed with alarm that the feeling of the company was becoming hostile to his cause. He approached the table, where he was met by perplexed looks from his aids.

“Don’t you perceive,” cried he, “that Holt is a hireling of the priests? Will you permit yourselves to be imposed upon by this salaried slave? Hear me, you scapegrace, you rascal, you ass, listen to what I have to tell you! Hans Shund is the lion of the day—the greatest man of this century! Hans Shund is greater than Bismarck, sharper than Napoleon. Out of nothing God made the universe: from nothing Hans Shund has got to be a rich man. Shund has a mouthpiece that moves like a mill-wheel on which entire streams fall. In the assembly Shund will talk down all opposition. He will talk even better than that fellow Voelk, over in Bavaria, who is merely a lawyer, but talks upon everything, even things he knows nothing about. And do you, lousy beggar, presume to malign a man of this kind? If you open that filthy mouth of yours once more, I will stop it for you with paving-stones.”

"Hold, Flachsen, hold! *I* am not the man that is paid; you are the one that is paid," retorted the countryman indignantly. "My mouth has not been honey-fed like yours. Nor do I drink your election beer or eat your election sausages. But with my last breath I will maintain that Shund is a scoundrel, a usurer, a villain."

"Out with the fellow!" cried Flachsen. "He has insulted us all, for we have all been drinking election beer. Out with the helot of the priests!"

The progressionist mob fell upon the unhappy man, throttled him, beat him, and drove him into the street.

"Let us leave this den of cutthroats," said Gerlach, rising.

Outside they found Holt leaning against a wall, wiping the blood from his face. Seraphin approached him. "Are you badly hurt, my good man?" asked he kindly. The wounded man, looking up, saw a noble countenance before him, and, whilst he continued to gaze hard at Seraphin's fine features, tears began to roll from his eyes. [783]

"O God! O God!" sighed he, and then relapsed into silence. But in the tone of his words could be noticed the terrible agony he was suffering.

"Is the wound deep—is it dangerous?" asked the young man.

"No, sir, no! The wound on my forehead is nothing—signifies nothing; but in here," pointing to his breast—"in here are care, anxiety, despair. I am thankful, sir, for your sympathy; it is soothing. But you may go your way; the blows signify nothing."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## THE SPANIARDS AT HOME.

There is something very pleasant in waking some morning in a strange country, with strange faces around us, a strange language ringing in our ears, strange costumes, strange institutions, strange everything—something, we fancy, half akin to what Byron felt when he woke one morning to find himself famous. It is pleasant to step from New York to Cadiz, from the heart of the New World into an historic city, that was as historic before our nation was born as it is to-day; that has not cared to march overmuch with the age, yet has never drifted backward, and still stands there, as it did long ago, the “white-walled Cadiz,” rising sheer out of the waters, with its long, straight streets and tall houses sleeping by the golden bay.

It is pleasant, we say, to find ourselves here breathing awhile from the heat of the strife that beats over there for ever and knows no rest; to open our eyes upon “something new and strange”; to miss for once the eternal stages and the rumble and the jingle of the cars, and the multiplicity of signs, and names, and glaring advertisements, crowding in upon us at all times and in all places.

It is not unpleasant even to miss our dames for awhile with their exaggeration of wealth and extravagance, resting our eyes instead on the modest black robes, nunlike in simplicity, crowned by the bewitching mantilla of the beauties whom Byron sang.

As you look into the street, the feeling grows upon you that you are gazing on a moving panorama pencilled by the old Spanish painters. There pass the blooming señorita, fresh as a rosebud, side by side with the duenna, yellow and puckered: how they resemble *la Joven* and *la Vieja* of Goya. That little beggar-boy, with those beautiful black eyes and a carnation in the olive cheek, sprawling in his picturesque rags on the pavement, is surely a brother to that of Murillo, so studiously engaged in performing an operation on his person more necessary than elegant. Here saunters a lazy soldier smoking his cigarette; there an old *padre* totters with bended head hidden under the large hat, snuff-box in hand, and an old calf-skin volume under his arm; he has just stepped out of his gilded frame. The trappings of the mules, the brown faces and merry eye of the muleteer, were known to us long ago on canvas. Nor are there wanting those pale ascetic countenances where religion, and intellect, and inspiration are so marvellously blended: you see them in the pulpit and on the altar, in the cloister and the convent walls. In our last article,<sup>[201]</sup> we ventured to assert that the Spaniards were the purest race in Europe; and not the meanest proof of the truth of this assertion might be furnished by their paintings. Those who pride themselves on the blue blood that runs in their veins have their galleries filled with portraits of the family, where you may trace the same lineaments handed down from sire to son for generations, which no change of time or costume can efface. The Spanish painters have furnished us with the portraits of their nation, and a beggar to-day might point with pride to his progenitor on the canvas of Murillo.

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How different is the life here from ours!

There are only two meals, unless you choose to take what the Spaniards call “lonch.” On rising, the boy brings you your bath, and, if you care for it, as you are sure to do, a cup of coffee. If you have business to transact, you go to your office: if not, you take a book or a newspaper, and saunter into the garden, while the morning is fresh and a thousand delicious odors are around you. At half-past ten or eleven the household meet at breakfast, when you pay your respects to the “señorita,” the dear little lady, as the servants entitle your hostess, and inquire if she has passed the night well. The breakfast is similar to the French *dejeuner*: a variety of courses, with perhaps some delicious fruits, and a cup of *café con leche* at the end. While we are breakfasting, a friend or relative of the family may enter, and, as he sits and jokes, he produces his cigarette, ignites and smokes away as only a Spaniard can, with an ease and a grace and a thorough enjoyment that are enviable. This may startle our lady readers, but remember we are in Spain; the dining-room is spacious and lofty, the windows open, and the pure clear air flower-scented, or, if in season, loaded with the breath of the orange blossom, gains rather than loses by the transient odor so faintly discerned of the delicious Havana leaf. The breakfast ended, your host hands a cigar around to each of the gentlemen: the ladies remain to chat them out, and then everybody goes about his business. And here let us answer once for all a ridiculous question that has often been put to us. Ladies when speaking of their Spanish sisters are apt to say: “Oh! yes, I know they are very charming and graceful, and the mantilla is a love of a costume, and so becoming to a dark complexion; but tell me, now, is it not true that—they smoke?” The astonishment of a Spanish gentleman on being asked by every foreigner he meets if his wife and daughters—for to such the question really reduces itself—indulge in “the weed,” is just as great as our own would be on a similar query being put to us regarding our ladies.

We meet again at dinner at six or seven o'clock. Your host may possess a French cook—we beg his pardon—artiste; if not, you will have a Spanish dinner unflavored, since we must confess it, by the too fragrant garlic, which is confined to the mountaineers up in the Basque Provinces. You have some dishes cooked in oil, and it is so pure and good that you very soon get to like it. There is genuine “Vino de Jerez” on the table, undoctored for the market, clear as amber, ambrosial as nectar, delicious in bouquet and flavor. You will be astonished at the Spaniards taking so little of it; many never touch it at all. They prefer claret or pure water, the climate not admitting of stronger drinks. “*Borracho*,” drunkard, in Spain, as in most southern countries of Europe, is the vilest title you can give a man. There are splendid olives and rare fruits, preserved, or as they dropped from the hand of nature. More friends may call during dinner, ladies, perhaps, this time, and your hostess never disturbs herself with the thought that they have come to see what is on

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the table. "Señor don Rafael, beso a Usted la mano," says the lady to her visitor—"I kiss my hand to you." "Beso a Usted los pies, señorita," responds the cavalier with a bow—"I kiss your feet, my dear lady." Dinner over, cigars are again produced, and we all adjourn to the *patio*, it being too warm for music or cards. The elders assemble and discuss the funds, or times, or the state of the country. Politics are very rife at present, and the fire and animation of the speakers, the variation of their tones, the free and striking gesture—for with a Spaniard the whole body speaks—are a pleasing novelty to us, accustomed to a tamer mode of conversation. The ladies nestle together, and are deep in the mysteries best known to themselves. The younger gentlemen gradually detach themselves from their elders, and leave the country to go to ruin, while they indulge in less momentous but far more interesting topics with the ladies, and give vent to their Andalusian wit.

The *patio* is a feature in a Spanish house. It is a species of court, large or small, according to the dimensions of the mansion, paved with flags or marble, with perhaps a fountain playing in the middle and cooling the atmosphere; in the marble basin silver and gold fish leap, and a few rare plants freshen around it. High overhead is a roof of glass, where a canvas screen keeps out the sun when his rays are too powerful. The house, generally of two stories in the south, but very lofty, is built around this quadrangle, the upper floor reaching partly over it, supported by pillars, sometimes richly wrought and adorned. Paintings or engravings relieve the bare white walls. On the one side a doorway, with a little convent grating to peer from, completely shuts out the view of the street; on the other, an iron gate opens to the garden, where you see the yellowing oranges clustering bright in their dark-leaved recesses, and brilliant flowers and odor-bearing shrubs gladden the eye and soothe the senses. From the *patio* we proceed to the *Alameda* or *paseo*—park or promenade as we should call them. Here all the world assembles, seated in groups, sauntering up and down in little bands, small knots standing a little aloof to discuss some grave topic—nobody alone. Laughter resounds on all sides—laughter and the Castilian tongue everywhere: ringing out in music from the mouths of the dames, swelling and falling and adapting itself to every changing emotion in the very emotional breasts of those men, rippling over and enchanting our ears in the tiny mouths of these children. To a stranger the scene is bewitching; the softness of the air and the perfume that lingers on it; the animation in the countenances and gestures of all; the grace of the ladies' costume, the ever-fluttering fan which only a Spanish woman knows how to use; the sallies of wit in tones that mock the best comedian; a free-heartedness and union among all, springing undoubtedly from the religion which makes all men brethren. At the very entrance of the *Alameda* there is probably a tiny chapel of the *Virgen Santissima*, with ever-burning light, where men and women pause to drop a prayer as they go to and from their diversion. Imagine such a thing in Central Park!

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We are in Andalusia, and of all the lovely spots in this lovely land we think it bears off the palm. Columbus, when the glories of the Antilles burst upon him after that dreary and momentous voyage, compared the climate more than once to an April day in Andalusia. Everything it produces is of the best—corn, wine, fruits, cattle. The bread is the most delicious and whitest we have ever tasted or seen. The nights are most lovely. The sky deep and clear; all the stars of heaven seem to cluster above us, and the moon shines with a startling brilliancy on the white houses of the sleeping town, on the brown cathedral that towers above all, on the dark thick clustering leaves of the orange-trees, on the silent streets, narrow and straggling, showing every stone and pebble on the one side with minute distinctness, while the other is buried in mysterious shadow. Not a sound is heard save the cry of the *sereno* calling out the hour as he passes his lonely rounds.

The Andalusian is the embodiment of his climate. A child of the sun, of the clear free air, with wealth in his fields and the great ocean smiling all around his coast, where the ships of all nations come to lade and unlade, he yearns for the freedom which strangers hold so carelessly, and is ready to fight and to die for it. So Andalusia is the hotbed of revolution. As the Biscayan is famed for his unyielding nature, the Gallego for his stupidity, so is the Andalusian for his wit. He speaks rapidly and with many gestures, clipping his words—a grave sin against the sonorous Castilian. He is handsome, quick, fiery, with a keen eye for ridicule, but a good nature that can never resist a joke even if it be at his own expense. People say that he derives his comely form and graceful extremities from the Moors, but he would not thank you to tell him so. The Andalusian is worthy of such a partner, if she does not surpass him. If he is a Republican, she is a Carlina, for Don Carlos with her means religion, and religion means everything. Byron has painted her, and very faithfully. His remarks on the state of the country might be written to-day. He moralizes over the barbarity of the bull-fights, too. They are dying out now in exact proportion as man-fights are gaining ground with us. Of the two, we must say we infinitely prefer the bull-fight. It is amusing to hear Englishmen and Americans virtuously indignant on the immorality and barbarism of such an exhibition, as they bury themselves next moment in a three-column description of the latest feat of the *fancy*, or the glorious contest for hours between two miserable dogs or wretched cocks. We are lovers of fair play, manliness, and good-fellowship. We do things in an honest, straightforward fashion, and the hand that shakes another's preparatory to the combat quite takes the sting from the blow that maims his fellow-man for life or beats that life out of him. So we look on and applaud and make our bets on the contest, and curse the wretch who has lost his own miserable life and our money.

But we are straying into civilization; let us go back to barbarism and Andalusia. The vineyards are decidedly unpicturesque; the vines low, the soil yellow. But the life at vintage season is

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"Full of the warm South,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth."



The agricultural laborers are very well paid in Spain, getting as much as one dollar a day or even more. The work is terrible; out the whole day under a burning sun, delving and cutting and trenching a dusty soil, with a pick instead of a spade to penetrate below the upper stratum of dust. They are tall wiry fellows, most of them from the mountains, brown as the soil, and sinewy, with dark eyes and crisp, close-cut black hair. A quarter of an hour spent in merely looking on overpowers us; but they seem made for the sun. The food that supports them under such toil is composed chiefly of a single dish called *gazpacho*, and *gazpacho* merits special mention. Fill a large bowl with water and vinegar, we do not know the exact proportions, but there is a great deal of vinegar, and, so far as we recollect, oil is added. A quantity of bread is thrown in to soak, and some herbs, with, perhaps, a slight flavor of garlic; and there you have *gazpacho*, the staple food of these men in the hot months. You eat a small piece of some light meat and a salad before it; a piece of toast fried in oil is not bad; drink a glass of water or two after; light the never-failing cigarette, and you are cool and refreshed. It may not seem a very delicate diet to us; but when the *Levante*, the hot desert wind laden with the finest of the burning sands, comes choking the atmosphere, and penetrating every crevice with a furnace heat all the day and all the night, burning the blood in the veins till it reaches fever-heat, and leaving you weak and utterly prostrate, "with just strength enough to thank God that breathing is an involuntary action"—as a gentleman aptly described to me the effects of the *sirocco*, the Italian equivalent—then place before a man in such a state of lassitude a steaming joint of roast beef with the heavy incidentals, and he will turn from it with disgust. At such moments the *gazpacho* seems the most delicious dish under the sun. The houses and furniture of these laborers are the neatest and cleanest in the world. The same feeling runs through high and low in Spain; their houses are models of freshness and purity. And Jacobo or Perico turns out on the Sunday in linen fine as his master's, in jacket of velvet with buttons or bells of gold, a crimson scarf round his waist, and patent-leather shoes shining on his feet. He can joke and chat with his master with an easy freedom that never passes beyond the bounds of respect and never sinks into servility. As you pass him on the road alone or with any number of his companions, they all lift their *sombreros* with an inborn grace, and a genial *buenos dias* or *buenas tardes, señor*. But the new order is trying, and with some success, to change all that; though a stranger still meets in Spain with that rare yet most Christian thing, unbought courtesy.

The Gallego is the very opposite of the Andaluz—a rude, simple mountaineer, he is the hewer of wood and drawer of water to his countrymen. He is honest and open as the day, with a childlike affection for his master, and is particularly happy at a blunder. Rare are the stories told in Andalusia of the Gallegos. We give two, rather as indicating the estimation in which they are held than as happy specimens of the Andalusian *broma*. [788]

When the post was first introduced into Spain, the postmaster of a small town in the north was astonished, one day, by a Gallego bursting in on him with the query, delivered in stentorian tones:

"Is there a letter here for me from my father?"

"I do not know, sir; who is your father?"

This was too much for the Gallego; the idea of anybody in this world being unacquainted with his parent was so overpowering that, not being able to restrain his feelings, he rushed from the spot, and was not heard of for some time afterwards. Meanwhile, a letter arrived directed in a style of calligraphy that might have done credit to Mr. Weller, Senior, addressed

To my Son  
At San Juan.

Having sufficiently recovered from the violent shock given to his feelings, the Gallego once more presented himself at the post-office with the same question, "Is there a letter here from my father?"

"Oh! yes," said the official, immediately producing the mysteriously addressed missive; "here, this is from your father. Take this one," and delivered it without the slightest doubt as to the accuracy of its destination.

Another, on finding himself for the first time in a city, as he stood gaping and wondering at the sights around him, suddenly heard a shrill voice cry out, "I don't want to go to school; the master beats me."

He looked around for the child, but the only object that met his gaze was a parrot, mowing and chattering in a cage, and bobbing, wriggling, and looking at the Gallego with its cunning old eye forty different ways at once.

"I don't want to go to school; the master beats me."

The bewildered Gallego stared, and pondered, and, after a deep consultation with himself, came to the conclusion that the voice must proceed from the cage; from the strange specimen of humanity before him, so marvellously resembling a bird; but a bird talking the purest Castilian, though with something of a sharp accent, was a clear impossibility. His simple, good-nature was hurt at the idea of having wronged a fellow-creature even in his thoughts. So turning he excused himself: "Pardon me, child; I thought it was a bird."

Of all traits in the national character, their universal civility astonishes an American or Englishman, accustomed as we are to the every-man-for-himself principle; yet how few we meet who do not consider the Spaniards as a treacherous, revengeful, and bloodthirsty race! Our own statistics, we fear, would furnish but a sorry set-off against theirs for crime in every phase; and

particularly for the most cowardly, brutal, and premeditated assaults and assassinations, ending too often with the escape of the culprit. The quarrels in Spain between man and man arise generally from some love affair or political difference, very rarely from money. Two peasants are drinking in a tavern, the wine excites their fiery blood; one has lost his *novia*, the other has won her; a blow or an insult is given; they draw their knives, and adjourn to fight—"just like gentlemen." It is, in fact, a duel, which common-sense has not yet been able to laugh out of Spain. No pecuniary damages, won by the cold arguments that sway a court of law, can heal the wound of honor in the chivalrous breast of the Spaniard; and not a few examples have we lately had of lives lost in this way. One was most tragic in its end as in all its bearings; I allude to the duel between Don Enrique de Bourbon and Montpensier. And surely never was presented on the stage a scene more dramatic or striking. Don Enrique was by profession a naval officer, high in the service of his royal relative, Queen Isabella, a young, gallant, and efficient sailor, with a promising future opening before him. He was happy in the love of a lady destined as all understood to be his; when suddenly Montpensier stepped in and won her, scarcely by force of personal attractions, for he was already well advanced in years; but the marriage was a closer link to the throne. Don Enrique vowed the death of the man who had crossed his life at the threshold. But his schemes of vengeance were baffled; an order came to quit the country, ostensibly for having joined in conspiracy against the throne. Deprived at once of his love, his command, and his country, life was closed to him. From his retirement he sent challenge after challenge to Montpensier, and vilified him even in the public press, as he could not force a response from him; but to no purpose. Montpensier, high in favor at court, secure in possession and in power, could safely affect to despise the ravings of a madman. By-and-by came the revolution which drove Isabella out. Now was Don Enrique's chance, and he hastened to seize it. As expulsion under the queen's reign was a virtue in the eyes of the new government, he applied for restoration to his country and his rank in the navy. The first request was granted, the second denied; as the government had proclaimed an end to the Bourbon race, no member of that race could take rank under them, unless he renounced his title. Here again he traced the hand of Montpensier. If he could have nothing else, at least he would have revenge, being now in the same city with the man who had crossed him at every step of his career. He sent his last challenge, publishing it at the same time in the press, enumerating the occasions on which he had sent similar messages, which had ever been met by the silence of fear. He heaped insults upon him, apostrophizing him as a "pastillero frances," a fellow ready to soil his hands with the pettiest and meanest intrigue. Montpensier was at the time a candidate for the Spanish throne; for the kingship of a people in whose eyes honor was ever dearer than life; further silence would ruin his prospects; so at last he was forced out of his reserve, and, in a letter that sounded well, accepted the challenge as one which a man of honor could not pass over in silence, disclaiming at the same time any antagonism to its author personally; if there was any justice in what he said, it was the result of accident; in fact, leaving people to understand that he never troubled his head about the man. They met on a cold gray morning, and the chances of success leaned decidedly on the side of Don Enrique. A young, bold man, to whom deadly weapons had been playthings from his infancy, he was urged on by a life of hate to slay the man who had blighted that life and darkened its promising opening; his opponent was a middle-aged man, near-sighted, who bore the reputation of a *littérateur* rather than a fighter. Both felt that perhaps a crown as well as a life hung on the trigger. Scarce was the word given to fire when the bullet of Don Enrique brushed his foe, and Montpensier's lost itself in the air. A second shot, and they still stood face to face uninjured. "Està afinando"—"He is getting closer," whispered the prince to his second, as he took the last pistol from his hand. The words are remarkable as expressing the coolness of the man, whose eye took in everything at such a moment, and perhaps something more. At the next discharge, the bullet of the man who, whether designedly or not, had met him and beaten him at all points, pierced his breast; he sprang into the air, fell forward, and rolled contorted on the ground, a corpse—a theme for novelist as well as moralist: it looked like fatality.

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But from such sad scenes we are happy to turn to others more worthy of our attention and more characteristic of the nation at large. The thing that of all others cannot fail to strike the visitor is the intense religion displayed everywhere. "Ay, Maria!" "Por Dios!"—"For God's sake"—"Ay, Dios mio," are the expressions that buzz around our ears all day. The holy name is a household word with them, pronounced at all times and on all occasions, but with a reverence that never shocks. When they wish something done, they say "Dios quiere"—"God grant it"; when they bid you good-by, "Adios—Vaya Usted con Dios—Queda Usted con Dios—Que Dios te guarda"—"Go with God—Rest with God—May God guard thee." They speak of the blessed sacrament as "Su Majestad"—"his majesty," of the Blessed Virgin always as "la Santissima Virgen"—"the most Holy Virgin." The graveyard is "el campo santo"—"the holy field": so like the old Catholic "God's acre" that Longfellow loves. When they wish to express intense horror of a thing, they make the sign of the cross on their foreheads, lips, and breast, and then in the air, as though to place that invincible sign between them and the object of their abhorrence. The vast majority of the towns and villages are named after the saints, and each one has its special patron as well as the patron of the district. And that intense faith in intercessory prayer to some special saint which holy writers urge us to cultivate is born in them. On the festival of Good Friday throughout Spain, the municipality and gentlemen of the towns walk dressed in evening costume side by side with the poor. Not a vehicle is to be seen in the street: all the world is there to watch and pray. The new government, Prim's, gave the order for coaches to run as usual on Good Friday, in outrage of a custom immemorial in the nation, and an honor to them as to all Christendom of whatever creed. But the coachmen as well as their masters proved better Christians than their rulers; and on the day in question not a conveyance was to be seen, save a solitary coach, which the populace immediately seized, compelling its occupant to descend, who proved to be a scared member of

the diplomatic body. The celebration of Holy Week in Seville attracts the world thither.

The modern churches in Spain, particularly in Madrid, though for the most part spacious and lofty, do not impress one with their beauty. To those accustomed to associate their ideas of religion with the Gothic style of architecture, the altars will not be pleasing. Spiral pillars wriggle to the roof, inwrought and gorgeously painted. The vases are filled with silver and gold filigree work wrought to imitate flowers. There are many figures, small or large, of *el niño Jesu*, or *la Santissima Virgen*, or the saints, not always displaying the most finished art, decked out with a costume of sober black or gorgeous color and texture, glittering with gold and precious stones and ornaments of choice and antique workmanship. Little thanksgiving offerings surround them. Such things as these look like superstition to the cold eye of a man to whom faith is folly and reverence ignorance. But there is something powerful in the simple, earnest belief of the people who pray before them, and are content to be thus reminded of the great and good God and Virgin Mother, who are willing to receive the offerings of the meanest; a reverend familiarity with God is thus created which those people bear about with them. These men and women go into the church *to pray*: their very costume is befitting the sanctuary; and there is very little of that newspaper religion which some of our weekly journals piously advocate by so carefully announcing "where the best dresses and prettiest faces are to be seen." On the walls hang magnificent paintings. The treasures of Murillo are in the cathedral of Seville. They were placed there by his own hand, having been painted for their several positions that the light might fall on them in such or such a manner. And it is not unpleasant to think of the sun rising and falling day after day as though in obedience to the great master who has passed away, bringing out their beauties faithfully in accordance with his wish. The construction of the cathedral itself is a triumph of architecture. Not a stone has shifted from its place since it was first laid there: there is no sinking or rising in the floor: and to-day you may pass your cane over the surface and not a joint offers the slightest obstruction.

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The very names of the people are taken from religion and the mysteries of religion in the same spirit with which they named their discoveries after Santa Cruz, San Domingo, San José, Trinidad. Among men's Christian and surnames we continually find Jesu, Jesu Maria, Juan de Dios, Santa Cruz, Salvador; among the women, Concepcion, Dolores—a sweet name after the Mother of Sorrows, Maria de los Angeles, and the like.

The very streets and the public places are christened in the same way; and the ships baptized and launched with religious ceremonies, a custom that prevails also in France.

They preserve the old gospel use of the word woman. That is the title by which the husband addresses his wife as often as any other. She calls him *hijo*, son, or *hombre*, man. "*Hija de mi alma*," daughter of my soul, is also very common. Ceremony is only employed with strangers; *tu*, thou, is the form in which intimate friends are always addressed. After becoming acquainted, you call the lady of the house and her daughters, whether grown up or young, by their maiden names simply. It is amusing to hear little ones who can scarcely lisp address each as *señor* and *señora*.

They have a fair supply of newspapers, and very able ones, in Spain; though, as usual, those that enjoy the widest circulation at present are devoted to the dissemination of false principles. They are cried out in the streets not by newsboys as with us, but principally by old blind men, who stand in the most public places with a tablet of the latest news on their breasts, and having got their lesson by rote spout away untiringly.

The club is becoming a very favorite institution, and is, in fact, the stronghold and rendezvous of political parties. There is a very famous one in Madrid, which numbers among its members such men as Castelar, Moret, and others. They meet sometimes for public discussion; and those great orators rise there to propound their theories as earnestly as in the Cortes.

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They have a code of intercourse worthy of imitation. When a Spanish family takes up its quarters at a hotel or in a new place, the neighbors, though perfect strangers, call, leave their cards, and go away. If their acquaintance is desired, they are waited upon and conversation ensues; if not, the stranger simply returns his card in the same manner as the other was received; and no slight or grievance is felt or intended.

The amusements are various. Apart from the opera, theatre, and those common to all nations, they are very fond of an indoor game called *volante*, which is simply battledoor and shuttlecock; ladies and gentlemen play at it together. There is also a very favorite game of cards, *tresillo*, to which we have no equivalent. The climate compels the Spanish women to lead a more indoor life than with us. The men are fond of riding, hunting, and shooting. They sit as erect on horseback as statues; and the army officers are very fond of displaying the motions rather than the speed of their steeds. Mules are in great demand; for the roads in Spain, except in the neighborhood of the great towns, are very bad; mere bridle-paths most of them. Seated in a vehicle that would be a treasure in an art museum for antiquity, construction, and shape, with a team of six or eight of these animals to jolt you anywhere, is a position more than pleasant. The jingle of the little bells with which the harness is adorned, the cracking of the driver's whip, the tones in which he endeavors to animate the vicious brutes, now cajoling them in accents that might win the heart of a maiden, again pouring forth a volley of imprecations on their heads and tails and pedigree, as though they were human, is a study. You can never trust these animals, and it is always the safer plan to give their hoofs what a sailor would call sea-room. An archbishop, passing along the streets one day, suddenly came upon a string of them, and as suddenly crossed to the other side of the street. "O Señor Arzobispo," said the muleteer, "you need not be frightened. These are harmless *animalitos*."

"Yes, I know they are harmless," replied his grace, "and that is the reason I cross here; if they

were not, I should go to the next street."

This fact of the roads being so bad and the intercommunication so deficient, coupled with tales of brigandage, gives strangers the idea that travelling in Spain is very insecure. We might pass from end to end of the land, unknown and unarmed, with far greater safety than during a five minutes' walk through many a street in New York or London after nightfall. We had an instance of brigandage and its treatment in Spain during Prim's *régime*, a time when the country was as convulsed as at present. Encouraged, no doubt, by the lamentable success of a similar exploit in Greece, some miscreants carried off a merchant from Gibraltar, and demanded a round ransom as the forfeit of his life. Prim, without a moment's hesitation as to the nice question of treating with brigands, or a thought of where the ransom was to come from, paid it, and sent four of the civil guard to follow up the robbers, which they did so successfully that they shot them all and retook their booty. We have not heard of brigandage since in Spain, notwithstanding the highly touched pictures presented, the other day, of an attack on a railway train, accompanied by smoke and powder, and brigands in the stage costume of centuries back. [793]

This civil guard is an excellent institution. The body is recruited from the best ranks of the soldiery. It is a distinction to be admitted among them, which engenders an *esprit de corps* that makes them the terror of the wrong-doer and the right arm of order. We ourselves might take a lesson from the incident mentioned above, if we are to credit the reports of the Lowery gang.

They have but one great line of railroad in Spain, which runs through the country from north to south. The train creeps along at a steady thirty miles an hour, without a moment's variation. To a stranger, wishing to catch a glimpse of the country, this is highly advantageous; as he is not whirled away at a rate that presents to his anxious eye trees, houses, mountains, streams, in a phrenzied panorama. For our present notions of commerce it may be too slow, and a man in a hurry feels half inclined to get out and walk; but as a set-off against this, the Spaniards pride themselves on not having had a single accident accompanied by loss of life since the railroad was first started. You are rolled through the fertile plains and swelling uplands of Andalusia, rich in corn and wine and oil; through fields, and orange and olive groves, dotted with white towns and modest villages, where the church-tower ever soars above all as a landmark. You pass Seville; and as its associations crowd upon you, fain would you linger amid the gay society of the lovely city smiling amid its groves and gardens; dreaming day by day in *las delicias*; lost amid the treasures of art that make every boy in the street an efficient critic, so accustomed is his eye to the beautiful and the true. Famous spots and historic cities greet you as you go. The Escorial looms up, a white, silent palace with deserted windows, standing out in startling relief from a semi-circle of bare mountains. Not a soul was to be seen around it; the monks had been just expelled; not a sound to break the painful silence that seemed to emanate from the gloomy pile. It stood there as the great king left it, a type of himself, out of the world in a grandeur of isolation; a something that ought to have passed away, unknown in these days. Had a troop of cavaliers with pennon and plume and glistening mail shone out a moment on the mountain-side, it would have seemed in keeping with the place rather than strange. There is almost a contrast between the ages as our little engine puffs and snorts and fumes, fretting to "go ahead" and leave it, staring out of its silent windows, unmoved, untouched by the age, which busies itself with things and not with ideas.

Before arriving at Madrid, where the train stops for a few hours, we pass through Aranjuez, the beautiful summer-palace of the late queen; with its woods and magnificent vistas and lengthening avenues, full of lovely recesses and places of cool shade. At last we are in the heart of the kingdom.

Madrid, though not very large, is a brilliant city. Its *prado* where fashion saunters is beautifully laid out. It has a splendid museum, many churches, though none of them remarkable for beauty, and the vast palace of royalty, rich in furniture and objects of art. The houses and public buildings are lofty, the hotels many and excellent. Fountains spout in the open squares; crowds are buzzing through the streets or discussing at the *cafés*, for politics absorb the life in Madrid. The weather is treacherous, and many are carried off in a few hours by a *pulmonia*, for, as their proverb says, "The air of Madrid will not cause a leaf to flutter from the tree, but will kill a man." Though the sky is clear and blue, and the sun shines out royally, a breeze comes down from the neighboring *sierras*, frost-laden, that pierces you through and through, and searches all your bones, and the very marrow in them; there is death in its breath. For all that, the Madrileños live a very gay life; retiring to rest generally at the small hours, and rising when they please. In the summer the city is empty, even the shopkeepers flit; for the heat is then intolerable, and they wander to San Sebastian or the south of France, or to their own watering-places, which are numerous and inferior to none. [794]

As the train bears us further north, the scene ever varying grows more and more deserted. You close the curtains of the carriage to keep out the heat during the day, while at night you may wake amid frost and snow. The villagers and mountaineers crowd to the carriage windows at every station; old men, and dark-eyed boys, and graceful girls, with fruits and wines, and water, and milk. "Quien quiere agua? Agua fresca? Quien quiere leche? Agua como la nieve!"—"Who wants water—cool water? Who wants milk? Water cool as snow," is the shrill cry from many throats on all sides. "Señorito, un quartito por el amor de Dios"—"A farthing, my dear little sir, for the love of God." "Teno lastima de, un pobrescito, señorito mio, y Dios te lo pagara"—"Have pity on a poor little one, and God will repay thee," snivels an old beggar in pitiful rags. If you listened to him for five minutes, he would treat you to a sermon on the evil of poverty and the eternal rewards of generosity, that would rival the most eloquent of preachers and charm the money out of your pockets.

Through the Pyrenees, the scenery grows wilder still and more picturesque; the construction of the railway here is a marvel of skill and enterprise. You are shot through tunnels bored through the solid rock, numbers of them of considerable length. You skirt dizzy precipices with scarce a straw between you and the dim hollows or ominous pools that sleep hundreds of feet below. Quaint little hamlets with quaint people are perched on mountain-tops or buried in pastoral nooks far away down. Tiny streamlets start out of the mountain and accompany you as you go. You can trace them as they tumble and fall, and lose themselves, and reappear with gathering volume and widening channel, till you cross them on a bridge lower down, and find them broad and powerful rivers, turning mills and humming onward to the sea. This is a great district for paper mills; you see them on every side. San Sebastian is up here, with its beautiful villas and pleasant strand at the foot of the mountain, skirted by a town increasing in wealth and importance every year. The favorite promenade is called the *Paseo de las Conchas*, "The Walk of the Shells," a very beautiful one. It is becoming a very favorite and fashionable resort during the summer months; so much so that gamblers tried to obtain permission from the government to establish here the gambling-tables which have been banished from their own Baden Baden. Fine hotels are springing up, and there is no summer residence in Europe that would better repay a visit than this, uniting as it does the air of the sea and the mountains, where you may turn from the strand to the most pastoral of scenery, from the conventionalities of life to the rude simplicity of the Basque mountaineer.

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This brings us to the frontier, and here we stop, with the consciousness of having thrown but a very fleeting glance over so vast a field, with its mines of historic wealth and troublous problems of to-day. Our object has been to display in their truer colors a people as little understood as it is studiously misrepresented by a host of writers, who forget that the pen is the handmaiden of truth.

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## AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Every summer the fashionable world must go to the baths, must drink the waters, must be refreshed after the arduous winter campaign of dining and wining, of dancing and talking, of matinées and soirées. In America, we recover our strength at Saratoga and Newport, hunt in the Adirondacks, freeze on top of the White Mountains, listen to the roar of Niagara, drink sulphur at Sharon and the Virginia Springs, and shortly, when the magnificent National Park, at the headwaters of the Yellowstone, is fenced in, we will go to sleep in a palace-car in New York, and wake up at the foot or on the top of the Rocky Mountains. I believe the park, so generously voted to a grateful country by our patriotic Congress, is in that charming vicinity.

Human nature is the same everywhere; old Europe and young America live, think, talk, have their being, in one and the same way. London and Paris, Berlin and Vienna, get tired and worn out just like Washington and New York, Boston and New Orleans. People must travel, people must have somewhere to go. Some go to Brighton, some go to Boulogne-sur-Mer, some to Ostend; lately, it is very fashionable to go to Norway, the lakes are so blue, the trees are so green, nature is so grand and beautiful; and if the trip is only continued to Lapland, the midnight sun can be seen to the greatest advantage.

But for its being a little too near Spain and its weekly—that is to say, daily—revolutions, Biarritz is charming; so is Vichy, so is Wiesbaden, so is Spa, so is Hombourg, so is Aix-la-Chapelle, where there are the hottest of hot sulphur springs, as hot as when Charlemagne loved to bathe and drink; and loved the place so well that he made it the capital of his dominions north of the Alps, raised it to the rank of second city of his empire, and built the noble cathedral which Leo III. was kind enough to come all the way from Rome to consecrate.

And in 804, when Leo III. dedicated it, according to the wish of Charlemagne, to the Blessed Virgin, in the presence of many cardinals, of 363 bishops, and numerous princes, travelling was not made easy as nowadays. There was no tunnel through Mont Cenis, but people climbed up and slid down mountains as best they could, forded rivers, and jogged along on horses or mules, or any other beast of burden that could be made to answer the purpose. Of course, society was the same then as now; there were good and bad men and women, just as now; but, judging by what we see and read of the past, there was a strong living faith, that was fonder of building up than of pulling down. [796]

Charlemagne could invite the Pope to visit him, and consecrate his cathedral; he could look the Pope honestly in the eyes, and ask his blessing. Strong, mighty, powerful, he was an humble, obedient son of the church; his strength and might and power were used in support, in defence of that glorious Mother Church to whom he owed all that was good and great in his life.

He gave to the Pope, that he might be independent of all human control; he did not steal and insult, as a present reigning sovereign delights in doing; he did not, like a modern emperor of the French, use religion as an instrument for gaining popularity—send soldiers to Rome one day, and order them back the next, make a convention in September with a robber-king, and in October hurry off Frenchmen to retrieve the day at Mentana; but he believed and acted up to his belief. He had his faults, as all men have, but he was true to his principles, and, like all true men, died in the peace of God.

For him there was no Sedan, no Waterloo, but a glorious tomb in his own grand cathedral, and grand it is—an octagon in the Byzantine style, surrounded by numerous chapels. The rotunda is supported by pillars of polished Ravenna marble, presented by Leo III., dividing the galleries into arcades. The church was commenced in 796, and finished in 804; the works were superintended by Eginhard, the biographer of Charlemagne.

All that Rome and Ravenna could furnish of most beautiful in marble was employed in the decoration. The dome was surmounted by a globe of massive gold, the doors and balustrades were of bronze, the vases and ornaments of unparalleled magnificence. The railings of the eight arcades of the triforium, cast in bronze of four different patterns, and the doors, adorned with lions' heads of the same material, which no longer occupy their original position, but are attached to a porch of the seventeenth century, convey a perfect idea of the state of art in the eighth century. On the right of the porch is the figure of a she-wolf, which has served as a foundation for many popular legends, but the real origin is unknown.

The arches of the gallery are adorned with thirty-two pillars of marble, granite, and porphyry, brought by Charlemagne from the Exarch's palace at Ravenna and from Rome. The finest of these, removed by the French in 1794, were brought back in 1815, and have been repolished and replaced at the expense of the Emperor of Germany. The interior of the dome was originally adorned with mosaics, remains of which may still be seen. The cathedral was pillaged by the Normans in 881, restored by Otho III. in 983, but in all essential respects is still the church of Charlemagne.

Eastward of the old apse, Otho III. built a chapel, in which he was buried; both of these were pulled down in the fourteenth century, when the present choir, which has preserved the plan of Otho's chapel, was erected; and his tomb is exactly beneath the present high altar. The choir is Gothic, one hundred and fourteen feet high; nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the octagon nave and the Gothic choir—so totally unlike, and still harmonizing. It is the Christian religion subduing and dominating the proud Roman Empire. [797]

Thirty-seven emperors and eleven empresses have been crowned in this cathedral, from 831 to 1531. Ferdinand I., brother of Charles V., was the last. Since then, they were crowned at

Frankfort, where the election was held. From the centre of the dome hangs a massive Gothic lustre, presented by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in souvenir of his coronation. The bases of the circles are engraved with groups, representing the Annunciation, Nativity, Adoration of the Magi, Crucifixion, Three Marys at the Tomb, Ascension, Descent of the Holy Ghost, and the Last Judgment. The lustre is suspended by four chains, richly chased, and united in a brass plate, on the lower side of which is engraved a figure of St. Michael.

Immediately beneath the lustre a large slab of marble bears the simple inscription, *Carolo Magno*, which covered the vault where once reposed the remains of Charlemagne. The vault below was opened by Otho III. in 997, and again by Frederick in 1165. Charlemagne, who died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 814, did not designate his burial-place, but it was thought there could be no more appropriate spot than the magnificent church which he had built in his chosen city.

His body was found seated on a throne as if alive, clothed in the imperial robes; his crown on his head, his manuscript of the Gospels on his knees, his sword, Joyeuse, was placed by his side, and his pilgrim's pouch, which he always wore on his journeys to Rome, was suspended to his girdle. His sceptre and shield, which were of gold, and had been blessed by Leo III., were at his feet. Over all was thrown the imperial mantle, and above was erected a superb triumphal arch, on which was this epitaph:

"Ici repose le corps de Charles, grand et orthodoxe empereur, qui étendit glorieusement le royaume des Francs, et le gouverna heureusement pendant 47 ans."

The body of Charlemagne was enshrined by order of Frederick, and the throne of white marble on which he was seated is now kept in the upper gallery of the nave, directly facing the choir; the other relics were carefully preserved, and used in the coronation of succeeding emperors of Germany. Towards the end of the last century, at the approach of the French army, they were removed to Paderborn, and returned in 1804, but not complete, as the Emperor of Germany had kept three articles which were regarded as indispensable at a coronation.

These articles were a shrine, enclosing some of the earth watered by the blood of the proto-martyr St. Stephen; the book of Gospels, found on the knees of Charlemagne, which is written on bluish bark, in characters of gold. It was with the hand on this book, and upon the shrine of St. Stephen, that the emperor made his coronation oath. The third article was the sword of Charlemagne, Joyeuse, a present from Haroun-al-Raschid, which was the sword of coronation. It was presented to the emperor by the Elector of Trèves, who invested him with it with these words: "Accipe gladium per manus Episcoporum." At the words, "Accingere gladio tuo," the Elector of Saxe placed it in the scabbard, and, assisted by the Elector of Cologne, girded it around the new emperor.

The emperor was by right a canon of the chapter of the cathedral, whose members obtained from Gregory V., when he visited Aix-la-Chapelle in 997, the title of cardinal-priests. In the ages of faith, the imperial dignity was semi-priestly; the emperor was considered as having charge of souls. Before the emblems of sovereign dignity were placed in his hands, he swore, with his hand upon the Gospels, fidelity to the church which had just consecrated him.

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The archbishop gave him the sword "to combat the enemies of Christ"—the imperial purple symbolized "the zeal with which he should endeavor to consolidate in the empire the reign of faith and of peace"—and with the sceptre he was exhorted to become "the father of his people, the protector of the ministers of God, the defender of the widow and the orphan." And, last of all, to seal the alliance contracted with the Holy Church, he received a portion of the sacred Host, consecrated in the pontifical Mass, the other half of which was consumed by the priest of God.

After the election of the emperor at Frankfort, the electors and the emperor elect proceeded to Aix-la-Chapelle, where the coronation took place. The emperor heard Mass in the choir of the cathedral, surrounded by his court; the people were in the nave—the octagon, built by Charlemagne; after the Mass, he was conducted up the staircase, temporarily erected from directly beneath the lustre in the centre, to the throne of Charlemagne. The electors and their suites occupied the arcades in the gallery; and there, surrounded by priests, princes, and people, the Christian emperor swore to maintain the laws of God and man.

Before signing the act of his election, the emperor confirmed all the privileges given by his predecessors to the Cathedral of Notre Dame; and then the cortège proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, where the coronation banquet was held in the splendid hall, so beautifully restored by the King of Prussia—we beg pardon, Emperor of Germany. The Cathedral of Notre Dame was formerly exempt from ordinary episcopal jurisdiction, and from its foundation was directly under the Holy See, which privilege was confirmed in 1157 by Pope Adrian IV.

Aix-la-Chapelle is very old; it was known to the Romans under the name of Aquis Granum, and is said to have been founded in the second century. Remains of Roman baths have been discovered near the cathedral and the *Elisenbrunnen*. Burnt by the Huns in 451, it was rebuilt, and became a favorite residence of the Frankish kings. Here was Charlemagne born, April 2, 742, and here he died, January 28, 814. In 881, the town was sacked by the Normans, and at the end of the tenth century restored and enlarged by Otho III., who died here in 1002. Charlemagne surrounded the city with a wall, pierced by ten gates, which Frederick Barbarossa rebuilt and strengthened in 1187.

The good old city has seen stormy days, as in 1198 it was besieged by Otho of Brunswick, and in 1247 by William of Holland, to whom it surrendered after a siege of six months. During the middle ages, it attained great wealth by its manufacture of cloth; agencies for the sale of which were established at Venice and Antwerp in the fourteenth century. Many diets of the empire were

held here; and three times, in 1668, 1748, and 1818, the diplomats of Europe met in the Hôtel de Ville to settle terms of peace and heal the wounds of war. The conferences of the congress were held in the *Krönungsaal*, a spacious saloon occupying the whole of the third floor; the former banqueting-hall after the coronations.

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The Hôtel de Ville was erected on the site of the palace of the Frankish kings, in which Charlemagne was born, and the famous banqueting-hall has been adorned with splendid frescoes, done by the best artists of the Düsseldorf school, depicting scenes in the life of Charlemagne. They were painted at the command of the Emperor of Germany, and the nine frescoes represent: The Destruction of the Saxon Idols; The Battle of Cordova; The Baptism of Witikind; A Diet of the Empire; The Coronation of Charlemagne; The Coronation of his son Louis; The Taking of Pavia; The Opening of the Tomb of Charlemagne; The Foundation of the Cathedral.

Since the time of the Romans, Aix-la-Chapelle has been celebrated as a watering-place; and modern Europe fully appreciates the delicious baths and bubbling springs. Every seven years the Exposition of the Great Relics takes place; and then the pilgrims, drawn by faith, are added to the thousands of votaries at the shrine of fashion who annually flock to the dear old city.

The four Great Relics, which are exposed every seven years, from the 10th to the 24th of July, are: The dress of the Blessed Virgin; The swaddling-clothes of the Infant Jesus at Bethlehem; The cloth that encircled the loins of our dear Lord on the cross; The cloth in which the head of St. John the Baptist was enveloped after his decapitation. Charlemagne obtained these relics from Rome, Constantinople, and Jerusalem. His intimate relations with the Popes Adrian, who died in 795, and Leo III., are well known: his influence was unbounded with the Byzantine emperors, who sent ambassadors with the relics as presents; and in the East he had control over the holy places in Palestine. These sovereigns, who contributed to enrich his church of Notre Dame with treasures from their own sanctuaries, would not have dared incur the wrath of the great warrior by sending him false relics.

In 408, the Empress Pulcheria, the sister of Theodosius and wife of Marcian, built churches to contain the swaddling-clothes of the Infant Jesus and the cincture of the Blessed Virgin. The septennial exposition dates from the ninth century; and since then, historical testimony abounds, public facts attest, without interruption to our day, the authenticity of the relics venerated at Aix-la-Chapelle. Among the lesser relics are the *cingulum* or leathern belt of our Lord, the extremities of which are united and stamped with the seal of Constantine; a piece of the cord with which the hands of our Lord were bound during his Passion; a piece of the sponge which was dipped in vinegar and gall and presented to our Lord on the cross; and a rib of St. Stephen, the first martyr.

The last exposition was in 1867, and the crowds that assisted bore witness to the living faith that makes the people of the Rhenish Provinces such admirable Catholics. Aix-la-Chapelle looked beautifully; from the high towers and dome of the cathedral, from every church and house, from the spires of the Hôtel de Ville, the banners and flags were flying. The black and white flag of Prussia, the red-and-white and blue-and-white banners of the churches, mingled with the Papal colors.

Sixty thousand pilgrims came every day afoot to Aix; every avenue leading to the cathedral was crowded, people standing in close file waiting their turn to enter. But in those serried ranks there was no noise, no confusion; profound, earnest devotion attested their faith and piety. The Rosary was recited in bands; a man's voice would say alone the "Hail Mary," and the "Holy Mary, Mother of God" was taken up by all. From 1 to 8 P.M. the cathedral was opened for the procession of pilgrims, but it was impossible to think of entering during that time, as it was an affair of hours.

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After 8 P.M., the canons allowed a few, some hundreds, to enter by a private door; and then we first saw the interior of the superb old cathedral. We passed along through the arches and vaults of the basement story, ascended and descended staircases, and finally reached a vestibule, leading directly to the octagon, the centre of the cathedral. The grated doors were closed, as the pilgrims were still in the body of the church; in the dim light, we could see the glimmer of tapers in the choir; and the voices of the kneeling crowd reciting the litanies rose to heaven, the very incense of prayer.

Soon the doors were opened, and the favored ones passed slowly through. How grand and majestic the cathedral looked! The octagon in darkness, the choir illuminated. In single file, we made the tour around the relics; then all knelt down—the priests who were strangers in the stalls of the clergy, the laity outside. The canons walked in procession, each holding one of the precious relics, which we were allowed to kiss. After all was over, we looked around; we were kneeling in the superb choir, said to be the highest in Europe—higher than the choir in the cathedral of Cologne, which is lower than the nave. As we gazed upwards, and beheld the grand arches which rose so high above our heads, our thoughts were raised to heaven, and made us glorify God, who gives power to man to conceive and execute such works. The stained-glass windows are exquisite, and in the dim, religious light all looked bewilderingly beautiful.

The next morning, at 10 A.M., we took our position in front of the cathedral, where benches were erected temporarily to accommodate those who preferred sitting to standing. The crowds were reverentially silent and recollected, reciting the Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The relics were exposed from five points. When the priests appeared in the tower opposite us, the brass band in the gallery which connects the towers broke forth in grand harmony; the people singing as one voice the superb German choral music. It was overpowering! High up in the old gallery the canons holding the precious relics, the cross glittering, the light blazing around them, the splendid music resounding in triumph in the open air! The ages of faith are not past, as we all



felt that day at Aix.

At 12 M. we joined the procession waiting for the doors of the cathedral to open, that we might enter the golden chamber. This was a select crowd, as we had to pay two francs for a card. The Prussian cavalry rode up and down to keep the ranks straight; and after we had been jammed outside, we received a final mash inside, and, by the time we were jelly, we shoved ourselves into the golden treasury, where a canon explained everything in German and French; then the procession passed again through the choir, around the octagon, and out another door.

The last day of the exposition was distinguished by a procession in the streets: the first that had taken place since the French Revolution. It was very solemn and grand; the Great Relics were borne in their superb shrines by the canons of the cathedral, the Archbishop of Cologne carried the reliquary containing the *cingulum* of our Lord, the Bishop of Luxembourg the cincture of the Blessed Virgin. [801]

Of course these great crowds, with the usual amount of dust and dirt, rather fatigued us, even though we were immensely impressed; so we sought the refreshing waters, and continued our meditations in the Kaiserbad; or, rather, we would commence our morning devotions by making ourselves comfortable. The Kaiserbad is the finest in Europe; long corridors, arched roofs lighted from above, encaustic-tiled floors, beautiful dressing-rooms, each one opening into a delicious bath of white marble, into which you descend by six white marble steps into the pure white sulphur water. Twenty minutes is the time advised for well people; invalids stay in an hour sometimes; after the twenty minutes, the attendants brought in hot sheets, in which we were enveloped. It was Elysium—the perfection of material enjoyment.

From the Kaiserbad we adjourned to the cathedral, heard Mass, and then strolled through the *Elisengarten*, the grounds around the spring; the Prussian military band played delightfully every morning, and we listened, drank occasional glasses of hot sulphur water, and then, refreshed and invigorated, were ready for any performance. In the afternoon, people drive to the heights of Louisberg, formerly a great fortress that commanded Aix, famous in the wars of the middle ages, and demolished after some treaty, to keep the peace of Europe.

The view from the height is superb. Aix-la-Chapelle was the favorite resort of Pauline Bonaparte, and Louisberg her pet promenade; so, after her death, the city of Aix erected a monument to her memory. There is also a Belvidere, where they have musical reunions and balls, and people drink coffee and Seltzer water, in which we indulged. After Louisberg, we drove around the old ramparts, visited the beautiful cemetery and the *Burtscheid*, the hottest of the springs, where the water is boiling—cooks an egg in a few seconds.

Besides the cathedral, there are several beautiful churches. The Jesuit church of the Immaculate Conception is very fine, built in the severest Gothic style, of solid stone. In the convent of the Sisters of the Infant Jesus, they make the most magnificent embroideries, one Gothic chasuble, just finished for an English bishop, was worth 15,000 francs; and the benediction veils, stoles, and capes were exquisite.

In the cathedral are preserved some fine chalices and vestments; amongst the latter a chasuble said to have been used by St. Bernard—it is of purple, adorned with pearls; a cape, with small bells attached to the lower edge, worn by Leo III. at the consecration of the church; a set of vestments of cloth-of-gold, ornamented with pearls, presented by Charles V.; and a chasuble, given in 1599 by Isabella, Infanta of Spain. Among the treasures of the cathedral is a manuscript of the Gospels, beautifully written in letters of gold on purple vellum; its binding is covered with plates of silver-gilt, richly enamelled.

In addition to the pious crowd, there was more than the usual influx of fashionable people. We had the pleasure of contemplating the Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia while they stood on the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville. Prince Frederick Charles, the Red Prince, is one of the great Prussian captains, and of course there was immense excitement. The place before the Hôtel de Ville is the vegetable and flower market, and the peasants, in their quaint caps and bonnets, were enchanted either with their royal highnesses or with the soldiers, who strolled among them, and bought up their wares. [802]

Dremel's, the hotel of Aix, was entirely devoted to the Sultan and his suite, who were on their way from Paris to Constantinople, after the Exposition. They were a splendid set of men. In the morning, on our way to the Kaiserbad, we passed Dremel's, and, as they were always lounging around, we had a fine view of them. The Sultan kept himself secluded from the vulgar gaze, and was only seen the morning of his departure. Every one was on hand to see the commander of the faithful; at last, a great lumbering Prussian state carriage appeared, and there was the Sultan leaning back, eyes half-closed, arms folded on his breast, as if he were the sovereign of the world. His impassible face never changed expression; he looked the miserable fatalist he is.

In our German hotel, the Belle Vue, there was no reading-room, no drawing-room; everybody sat in the dining-room, chattering and talking away. Frank, the jolly landlord, made merry with a chosen band of friends, among whom was the Burgomaster, at the end of one table; all smoking, each man's bottle of wine standing before him. A German friend assured us all Germany passed the evening in the same way; the professors at the universities think it absolutely necessary to drink as many bottles of wine in the evening as they have studied hours during the day. We mildly suggested it was not strange that German philosophy was rather cloudy sometimes, as the smoke of the evening might befof the learned professors; but our friend maintained it was healthy for mind and body.

Charming, delightful Aix! It was with regret we left it; we looked with longing eyes at the dome of

the grand cathedral as it receded in the distance, and sighed for the delicious Kaiserbad as we were whirled through the dust and smoke. However, we had the happiness of making one person enjoy what we had so fully appreciated; on our return home we had the pleasure of seeing once again one whose name is dear to the heart of every American Catholic, the late illustrious Archbishop of Baltimore. He was suffering from rheumatism, and we told him such wonderful things of the baths at Aix, he changed his mind, and, instead of going to Paris, went to Aix; with what result, the following charming note will tell:

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, August 4, 1867,  
Hôtel de Belle Vue.

DEAR MADAME: I drop you a few lines, to return my sincere thanks for having so effectually called my attention to the baths and waters of this celebrated city. I find that all you said and promised has been fully realized; and when, hereafter, any one will dare tell me that your amiable sex is accustomed to draw upon its imagination for its facts, or at least to color extravagantly what has proved pleasing, I shall point to your recommendation of these waters as a sufficient refutation, or at any rate a most noted and brilliant exception to the remark.

The baths are all you said, and more; they are really superb, and just what I needed. In fact, I consider it a special providence that I met you in Brussels, or otherwise I should have gone to Paris instead of Aix. Already I am quite relieved, and in another week I expect to be as young and supple as ever. I am at the Belle Vue, but, after taking one bath at the Kaiserbad, I have taken the rest at the Rosebad; the latter are fully equal to the former in sumptuousness, and the attendance is probably better. I expect to return to Paris before or about the 15th inst., and if I can be of any service to you in Europe or America, you may freely command me.

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Though I have not yet taken any excursion to the country, I have visited the relics and curiosities of the grand old cathedral, and also the Hôtel de Ville. This is one of the oldest cities in Europe, and its inhabitants say with pride, "After Rome, Aix-la-Chapelle!" The city with its monuments carries us back a thousand years to the brilliant days of Charlemagne, who was a giant not only morally and intellectually, but physically, for he was over seven feet two inches tall. Best regards and blessing to your family, and compliments to the dean. Yours truly,

M. J. SPALDING,  
Archbishop of Baltimore.

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# AMBROSIA

## A LEGEND OF AUGSBURG.

We were talking of our travels, my friend Archer and I, and of the lessons travelling brings to those who go a little out of Murray's beaten track. And especially, so we were pleased to think, these lessons might be learnt in little out-of-the-way nooks, hidden centres of ignored life, none the less busy for that, and none the less full of exciting life-dramas. I was telling him of Pavia—for my wanderings had led me chiefly through Italy—of the desolate, enchanted look of the wall-enclosed court-yards round the gloomy and picturesque palaces; of the lonely walk on the former ramparts, now planted with fine horse-chestnuts; of the many tapestries of romance I had woven in my mind about the silent-looking houses and the dark-eyed maidens I occasionally met in the streets. It was while Pavia was in Austrian hands that I passed through it, and perhaps the military occupation tended to make the sleepy city still more sombre and dull. Yet what additional elements of romance that circumstance contributed! For it was not impossible that some fair, mild German, with his dreamy sentimentality, yet fresh from college, might have been drawn to feel a holy, wondering love for the bright southern beauty whose childhood had been fostered in indignant hatred of his land and race; and between these two how many complications of pathetic interest might we not imagine, how many shades of feeling and degrees of circumstances might we not conjure up! "But," said Archer, interrupting my fine flow of language about the joys and sorrows of the town of the *Certosa*, "you know Italy, strictly speaking, is rather the land of passion than of romance. Could you think of an Italian 'Gretchen'? The one character most like her, the Cenci, is so different despite the likeness! Religion seems more spiritual in Germany; in Italy they do as the Greeks of old, put their own human feelings into heavenly representatives and then pay homage to them, thinking unconsciously that they are honoring supernatural attributes. There is too much earthliness about their ideal—in fact, I do not believe they have an ideal at all."

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"Come, come," I answered, "you are too hard on the southern temperament. You do not know Italy well enough to speak with authority on the subject. After all, as long as their way of feeling religion does them good, the Italians are quite as well off, spiritually, as your Teutonic ideals. I am not sure but what I prefer warmth and impulse to passive tenderness, however reliable the latter may be throughout a lifetime. But this question of the relative merits of various races will always be an open one, and no one wishes to leave it so more than the church herself, for she wisely sees how much the glory of God gains through this blending of various natures in his service."

"No doubt," answered my enthusiastic Teutomane, "as far as that side of the question is concerned. You have been saying something equivalent to telling me that the orchestra is preferable to a single violin or cornet, while *I* was speaking of the intrinsic merit of each of those individual instruments."

"Well," I said, "now tell me something about the tone of these instruments. You know I have been very little in Germany, and I should be glad to hear something worth hearing, something that one would not find in the guide-book, nor in the volume of self-important nonsense occasionally thrust upon the public by a gushing sister or a city alderman."

"You are very caustic," said my friend with a laugh. "If I must travel so far out of the beaten track to please you, why not plunge at once into a volume of mediæval legends?"

"Is it in print? Because in that case I could see for myself, and therefore would not care to hear it," I answered teasingly.

"It is *not* in print, Sir Doubter, and, what is more, it is not even in manuscript."

I began to feel interested. "A popular tradition, then?" I asked.

"Exactly. It is not worth much, only I happened to see the places mentioned, the quaint house that is standing yet, though very much disguised of course, and the dark street leading to the cathedral. It happened in Augsburg, and the cathedral, as you know, is Protestantized, though still very well kept. I was only in the town for two days, so you may imagine I know little of it beyond what my narrator told me."

"And pray who was your narrator?"

The father of a girl in an old book-stall, where I had stopped attracted by some rare copy of a Catholic work, of which she did not seem to know the value. Equally surprised at seeing the book there and at finding her ignorant of its worth, I asked her how she got it. She lifted up her head, which had been bent on some mysterious turning-point of her knitting, and said smilingly:

"*Mein Herr* is a Catholic, then?"

I answered that I was, and repeated my former question.

"It must have been one of my great-uncle's books," she said, "he was going to be a priest, but he died before being ordained. We were always Catholics."

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"And how came you to keep this stall, child?" I asked, becoming interested.

"It is my father's," she answered quickly; "and he has been ill for two months, so I keep it for him. His uncle left him all his books."

"And is your father so poor, then?"

"Very poor, *mein Herr*," said the girl, with a longing glance at the book I still held in my hand, as if she were thinking of the price a connoisseur might be tempted to give for it. "His father and grandfather were booksellers," she continued, "but not like him; they had large libraries and plenty of men working under them. That was long before I was born, *mein Herr*."

"And I suppose your father got into difficulties. But anything would have paid better than this, my poor child."

"My father would not go to work for any other bookseller, not if he were the king," laughed the girl, more merrily than I thought the case warranted; "and he is a regular student. My mother used to earn money in many ways, teaching, writing, sewing; and I did the housework. She died two years ago, and we have nothing but the book-stall now to keep my sick father and my little crippled brother."

I thought to myself, Why, here is a regular romance; perhaps the inevitable lover of German stories is going to peep out next, from the frank revelations of my new friend. At any rate, let us follow it up. So I said aloud: "If your father is willing to part with this book, I should like to buy it. But I should be very glad to see him and chat with him about it. Do you think he could see me?"

"Oh! yes, of course," answered the girl with a hearty smile; and for the first time I noticed her features and expression. She was not beautiful—I hope you did not expect the romance to be perfect?—but there was a pure, calm steadiness in her look, and an air of unconscious dignity about her that made her striking to the eye. She seemed made for fidelity and helpfulness, and as to external charms, if you admire hair, she simply had superabundant masses of it. German-like, it was put up in broad plaits, tightly coiled round the head, without a shadow of coquettishness, and just as if she thought it no ornament at all. Now I have noticed your Italian girls know how to make a good deal more of their advantages. I have seen poor girls in Venice with as elaborate a coiffure—ringlets, puffs, plaits, and wavings—as any Parisian hair-dresser could exhibit on his waxen models.

"Libels again!" I answered. "I have seen the very contrary at Naples, and there are women there like Grecian statues. Venice is half Eastern, you know. But to go on with your impromptu romance."

Well, when evening came, I went to the address the young girl had given me, and as you may imagine, it was not a palace that I entered. The neighborhood was as commonplace as any in an old German city can be, that is, picturesqueness itself compared with our modern "back slums." Still, through the picturesqueness, there stared the most unmistakable poverty. I went up a good many flights of steep, narrow stairs, with curious balusters that would have driven a dealer in old carving wild with delight, and knocked at a door that I recognized by the rude cross and bit of palm over the archway. There was just such another cross and sprig of green inside the door, and a little holy-water vessel in stamped brass hung at the side nearest the door-handle. There was nothing very peculiar about the room, except that it had an air of freshness and cleanliness, which, considering its sick inmates and its cramped locality, was the more pleasant because it was a surprise. A great German bed, with a feather-bed of traditional height, filled one side of the room, and there was a stove in the middle. The remains of the supper were on a side-table, and a lamp drawn close to the father's arm-chair stood on a centre-table laden with domestic "mending." The little crippled brother sat in a low easy-chair by the stove, which chair was the only luxury in the room: My friend, the young girl, came quickly forward and said:

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"My father is so glad you have come, *mein Herr*."

I sat down beside him, and soon got into conversation with the old scholar. He was still very weak, but seemed to feel better when excited. I found him a thorough bookworm, full of knowledge that, in another man's hands, would have made his fortune. I discovered, or rather forced him to tell me, that in that press (pointing to a common painted chest of drawers) were manuscripts ready to be published, if a publisher could be found to undertake the risk, but the author had no ambition, though he was full to the brim of literary enthusiasm. His researches had lain chiefly among works of mediæval ecclesiastical lore, legends and poems, etc. The emblems borne by the various saints were a favorite subject of his. His uncle's theological collection and the libraries in which he had spent his youth, had furnished him with means to prosecute his studies even after his father's reverses in fortune—the public libraries had done the rest. His wife's help had been very important, and piles of her notes and references lay among his own manuscripts. He spoke with pride of his little crippled son, whom he said he had made as good a scholar as if the poor boy had been to the universities; and as to his daughter, his looks said more than his words, as he gazed at her across the table, she sitting so calmly there amid her heap of "mending," her dark-blue dress reminding me of the coloring of a mediæval virgin martyr in the stained-glass window of some old cathedral. She was more queenly than slender in figure, and neither her face nor her hands were small, though they were perfectly shaped; there was more majesty than grace in her whole air, yet she was thoroughly girl-like. I unconsciously invested her in my mind with royal robes, heavily jewelled, like the Byzantine saints, or with the ample cloak of the brave and learned Portia. Presently she went into a smaller room, opening into the one where we were sitting, and during her absence I ventured to hint to the father that for her sake he should try to make those literary treasures of his more remunerative. He smiled; I asked him if she were already provided for, or if he did not feel it his duty to put by some kind of fortune for her.

"My child is watched over from heaven," he said; "she will never come to harm."

"What is her name?" I asked. I had already ascertained his family name to be Reinhold.

"Ambrosia," he answered.

"Rather an uncommon name," I remarked, well pleased, somehow, that it should be so.

"Yes," said the father, "and I dare say it will interest you to hear the reason why she has that name. She was born on the anniversary of the day that a young girl called Ambrosia came to life here in the sixteenth century. This was how it happened. The troubles of the Reformation were just beginning, and this young girl, who was the burgomaster's daughter, was famous through the town for her holiness and modesty. She was betrothed to a young merchant who had been her playmate in childhood. Did you notice that great building on the corner of the street to the right of the cathedral? That was her father's house; it is a hotel now. Her bridegroom lived two or three streets further off, on a corner too; and under the corner window, which was beautifully carved and painted, stood a wooden image of the Mother of God, with a lamp before it which was never allowed to go out. It began to be whispered about that Engelbrecht, the young lady's betrothed, and a very handsome, dashing young fellow, was rather inclined to the new doctrines which Luther was then preaching all over Germany. Every one wondered how Ambrosia would take this, but no one knew anything positive until it became the talk of the city that one night Engelbrecht and a few companions, heated with wine and singing profane songs, had broken and extinguished the votive lamp before the image under his window, and thrown the image itself into the gutter. The next day it was known that Ambrosia was very ill, and had sent for her lover. He came, and, as he really was very fond of her, the sudden alteration in her looks frightened and subdued him for the moment. She took off the betrothal ring he had put upon her finger, and very gravely and sweetly told him that she could never be his bride on earth, but that she fervently hoped that she had indeed won his soul's final salvation, through the joyful and willing sacrifice of her own life. She said she should die on the day that was fixed for their wedding, but that from the dead she would speak to him yet, and in public. Then a year would go by, and she told him that it was not given to her to know if he would repent or not during that time, but that on the anniversary of her death she would come to life again and walk from her tomb to the cathedral and back; and she summoned him to meet her there. It was her hope that, after that second call, he would surely be won back to God. So when her wedding day came, although she seemed happy and looked only very grave and pale, she called her father and mother and her lover to her, and there, sitting by the window that looked on the cathedral, she passed away without agony, and just as the hour struck which should have seen her a new-made wife. She was not buried for several days, for the scoffers said she was deceiving the people and simulating death. Doctors and priests watched the body for a week, and Mass was said in the room where she lay, surrounded with flowers and tall tapers. Exorcisms were even read over her, but the placid expression of her alabaster face seemed to grow only more heavenly day by day. At last signs of decomposition appeared, as if to make the marvel more certain, and those who had watched the body drew up a legal declaration of her undoubted death. She was brought to the churchyard, the family vault was opened, and the coffin, which was still uncovered, was just going to be finally closed, when she raised herself suddenly to a sitting posture, and, seemingly transfigured into greater beauty than had ever been hers in life, she gazed slowly round the crowd and beckoned to her lover. He stood transfixed, and the people fell back from him and left him face to face with his bride. She only said in a clear, pitying voice that was heard by all, 'Remember, Engelbrecht, thy tryst with me one year from this day. God be with thee until then.'

"She fell slowly backwards into her narrow couch, and when the people had taken courage again, they came hurriedly and closed the coffin in great awe. A year went by, and Engelbrecht, uneasy and remorseful, plunged into worse excesses than ever, went heart and soul, at least outwardly, into the Lutheran movement, and became the head of a band of young men whose dissoluteness was spoken of with disgust by the licentious reformers themselves. The day came, and with it crowds flocked to the grave of Ambrosia. Those who had gone at sunrise found a white-robed figure kneeling there, its face hidden in its hands, and two long plaits of golden hair streaking its drapery. Those who had watched all night and gone there the evening previous after dusk, could tell nothing save that the grave had been the same as ever, but they thought they must have slept for a few minutes before midnight, since they had heard the quarter strike from the cathedral, and had looked at their timepieces directly after, and found it was half an hour *after* midnight. The radiant, silent figure was there then, and an odor as of incense filled the night air. As soon as the cathedral doors were open (it was in June), Ambrosia rose and turned towards the church. Some sceptics who saw the strange procession, rushed at once to the grave, and, hastily disinterring the coffin, found it empty. Crowds joined the procession to the cathedral, which the young girl reached during the first Mass, for the priests still had possession of it then. Every one wondered if her lover would meet her, but no sign of him appeared. Ambrosia looked incomparably more beautiful than in life; her eyes were cast down, and she wore a golden betrothal ring on her finger. She moved like a spirit, yet there was no doubting the reality and substance of her presence. There were many in the crowd who were scoffers and libertines, men whom no virtuous maiden's eye would as much as glance upon, yet even they were silenced, and the marvellous beauty of Ambrosia seemed to have no other effect upon them than one of awe and unconscious restraint. The people followed her in and lined the aisles through which they knew she would walk on leaving the cathedral. She knelt for a moment before the high carved tabernacle, with a lovely miniature spire, quite in a separate corner from the altar—you have seen those tabernacles of ours in old Catholic churches in other parts of Germany, *mein Herr?*—and then she turned slowly back. There was no hurry, no anxiety nor expectancy, in her manner; still Engelbrecht had not been seen. She had come to the middle of the left aisle, still with her eyes persistently cast down, and though the people had all asked her many questions as to their future spiritual fate and that of others dear to them, yet she had never answered a word. Now,

she stopped deliberately, yet never raising her eyes. A sob was heard in the crowd, and the serried masses heaved to and fro as a young man forced his way violently through. It was Engelbrecht, but he was unrecognizable. A cloak covered him from head to foot—evidently a studied disguise—yet what was more unlike him was his agitated, humble manner, the look of passionate self-accusation in his drawn features, and his impetuous disregard for appearances. As Ambrosia stopped, he rushed forward with his arms extended, but some unseen power stayed his progress, and though she was not a foot distant from him, he could not touch her. For the first time she lifted her head, and a look of love, pure as an angel's over a repentant sinner, lighted up her ethereal face and mingled with an expression of deepest gratitude. She pointed to the betrothal ring on her finger, and then glanced upward without uttering one word. This second warning from the world of souls was of too solemn a nature to admit of even the holy yet too human expression that her words had given to the first, but it was unmistakably borne in upon the mind of her lover that as long as he kept true to the faith, he might hope to claim her as his spiritual bride in the kingdom of God. And, as she continued her journey toward her grave, he did not even follow her, but went straight to the Dominican convent and asked for the habit of the order. Those who accompanied Ambrosia to the churchyard could tell nothing as to the manner of her disappearance; all they knew was that they saw her one moment, and the next they saw nothing. Engelbrecht gave all his riches to the church to found a seminary somewhere beyond the bounds of the heretical countries of Germany, for the instruction of missionaries; the foundation eventually became a house of his order. He wished his own dwelling to be used for monastic or hospital purposes, should religion again revive in Augsburg; but his wish was not fulfilled. The house was forfeited to the state, and became successively a warehouse, a barrack, a prison, and a factory. Now, it is a great printing-office, and plenty of lies are coined into money within its walls, through the partisan newspapers that issue from it. You can see the corner window still, with its beautiful carving hardly injured by time, and the empty niche beneath it where the image of the Mother of God once stood. Have you noticed it, *mein Herr*?"

"No," I said, hardly liking to answer, for fear of losing some further detail. "But what of Engelbrecht?"

The old German looked surprised.

"Why, I have told you he became a monk."

"But did he distinguish himself against the reformers?"

"Ah!" said Reinhold, reverentially, "God knows, and his bride, but he left no record for the world to read. No doubt he worked out the will of God."

I was silent, for I was ashamed of myself in the presence of this man, to whom the hidden life of the soul seemed so all-sufficient a history.

Ambrosia, his daughter, had come back long before this story was finished, and was sitting sewing diligently, and listening to it with all her father's pride and personal enthusiasm in the matter.

"So," continued Reinhold, "the day of this wonder was remembered, and among those who remained Catholics, it became a custom to christen girls born on that day by the name of the holy maiden Ambrosia. My child, thank God, was one of them."

After listening to this peculiar and interesting legend, I led the conversation to the book I wished to purchase, and which Ambrosia had brought home with her on purpose. Reinhold knew the value of it perfectly well, and firmly resisted my well-meant attempts to fix a price upon it beyond what even its merits warranted. I was hardly able to indulge in such extravagance, yet *bibliomania* had always been my besetting sin, and I had curtailed our little household in many ways to feed my library. Besides, here was a charity as well-deserved as it seemed well-placed; how else, with my limited means, could I help my poor friends? But my fellow-bookworm was proof against all such artifices, and I was reduced to ask him, point-blank, was there anything which he would allow me to do for him? Without the least show of fussy pride, but with a quiet, manly gratitude that was immeasurably more dignified, he answered at once, his voice shaking as he looked at his little son:

"A very little would make my child's life happy and useful, and, *lieber Herr*, that little I have it not."

"How stupid of me!" I exclaimed. "I might have thought of that myself. Is he to be a scholar, or an artist, or what?" I said, stroking his hair, while his great eyes were fixed hungrily on mine.

"Books are his passion," said his father, "and he knows all our poets by heart. He should have a literary education, I think."

"But," said I, "he could not go alone to the university, and if you do not mind leaving Augsburg, would it not be best for you all to go together? I have some English friends at Bonn, Catholics and rich people; they will do much for your child that I cannot do, though my heart would rejoice to do it, so suppose we start to-morrow?"

Reinhold looked up incredulously. Ambrosia laughed, and the poor little cripple clapped his hands in ecstasy. I watched the girl to see whether a shade of regret denoted ties of a tenderer or more passionate nature than her strong, calm family affections; but there was no sign of anything save quiet joy and a gratitude that in its fulness made me feel quite ashamed. I kept thinking of what could be done for her; whether my English friends at Bonn could or would be kind to her in any practical way, and whether in that case she and her father would ever submit to being provided for by the kindness of strangers. She seemed too self-reliant for that; and although she

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evidently longed for the same education her brother was to have, and had, indeed, already amassed in the intervals of her active work such miscellaneous knowledge as mere reading could give her, yet I felt sure that she would insist on earning her bread and helping to support her father. I decided on introducing the old man to the notice of some great publisher, with whom an arrangement about his manuscripts might perhaps be made; but of this we did not speak just now. I left the room full of our new projects, and spent the early part of the next day in carefully visiting the scenes of Ambrosia's life, death, and marvellous resurrection. In the afternoon I went back to Reinhold's old-fashioned abode, and found everything nearly ready. The books were packed in a curious old chest, which was certainly a quaint contrast to the trunks and valises of modern tourists; this and some of the old furniture, endeared to Reinhold and his daughter by the associations of a lifetime, were to be forwarded to their new destination through the care of the good "Pfarrer" (parish-priest), and a few little necessaries (a very slender amount in the eyes of our "girls of the period," I fancy!) together with the precious manuscripts, were to go with us in a large leather hand-bag, which I volunteered to carry. I asked to be allowed to take charge of the little brother too, as we were too near the railway to need a carriage, but Ambrosia laughingly caught him up, and, with gentle deftness, insisted on carrying him, telling me to give my disengaged arm to her invalid father. As soon as we were seated in the train, Ambrosia began to tell me that she had never been in one before. I asked if she were sorry to leave the old town.

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"Oh! no," she said, "I know I shall go back there one day, when I know more than I do now."

I wondered if there were any hidden meaning in the words. Reinhold and I talked "shop" all the way, till our fellow-passengers must have been bored with our enthusiastic bibliomania. Ambrosia sat chatting gayly to her little brother, whose glee and wonder were sometimes gravely expressed in questions that made our neighbors laugh. When we got to Bonn, and were comfortably settled at a quiet, old-fashioned hotel, absolutely perfect in its appointments, but as unobtrusive of its merits as its gaudy, noisy rivals were shrilly eager about theirs, I set out to find my friends. They were out of town. Without their influence I was powerless, so I had to wait a few days for their return. They took up the matter as warmly as I could have wished, and were particularly anxious to do something for Ambrosia; the difficulty was to find something she would accept. In the meantime, the crippled child was recommended to the college authorities with plenty of guarantees, seen to by the priest, who was my friend's adviser and fellow-worker in all his good schemes, and Reinhold was quietly put in the way of good opportunities for the publication of some of his accumulated writings. The little boy promised well, and I was more anxious about Ambrosia, who wanted to support herself by needlework.

"You see," she said to me, a week after our arrival, "some of the work will be knitting, and I can read as I knit; then I will go to school at night and on Sundays, and pick up what I can, and twice a week I will make time for the singing-class. There is a very good one, and so cheap, attached to our church here, and the master is a really great artist, though he is old and very poor now. He and my father will be friends, I know, so you see I shall be as well off as it is possible."

Nothing could move her from her resolve, and as I had to leave Bonn shortly after, I was obliged to take things as they were. I received monthly bulletins of my little *protégé's* conduct and progress, and sometimes heard from Ambrosia and Reinhold, through their rare but warm letters, though oftener from my friends established at Bonn. After awhile, I heard that the girl had consented to take music lessons twice a week, in the evening, with Miss L., my friend's niece, and sometimes to share her French and Latin lessons. English she already knew. The needlework was not abandoned, however, and Ambrosia, I was told, seemed to gain new energy with each new pursuit she undertook. Reinhold's works were in a fair way of being successfully published, and his circumstances were actually beginning to mend. I never heard of such a lucky venture as that hurriedly made at the Augsburg book-stall! Everything and everybody favored it, and my quiet old sister at home used to make me tell the story over and over again, as we turned over the pages of the book that had been the first *deus ex machinâ* of the romance. She was certainly disappointed in the want of a lover for Ambrosia, and, to console herself, would sometimes so arrange the little we knew as to make it the frame of a possible love-story that we did not, and never might, know.

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A year passed by in this way, when business called me up from my cottage in the Isle of Wight to London. It was May, and the exhibitions were just open. I went to Burlington House, and saw very little that was worth seeing; then to Pall Mall, to some of the minor galleries. The French collection of paintings was pretty upon the whole, but suddenly I came upon a picture that was really striking. An old German town and a cathedral painted to the very life formed a most varied background, upon which a conventional "crowd," that is, a few picturesque groups of burghers and peasants in the costume (accurate to the slightest detail) of the early part of the sixteenth century, was represented, gazing at the central figure, a maiden dressed in white, with two thick cords of golden hair streaking the snowy robe. I looked at once for Mephistopheles and his victim Faust, taking this for a novel and very artistic representation of Goethe's masterpiece; and turning to the catalogue I looked for the name of the painter—"Franz Eichenenthal." But the painting itself was marked "Ambrosia, a Legend of Augsburg," and in a few brief words beneath the story was told as Reinhold had told it to me. Strangely interested, I looked at the white figure; I saw the likeness which had before escaped me; it was Ambrosia's face, her abundant hair, her grand form; the repose, the dignity that I so well remembered were there, but over the whole was thrown an air of etherealized peace and beauty which was a fitting tribute to the entirely spiritual essence of the story. I looked to see if Engelbrecht were anywhere represented, and thought I could discover him in a corner, half hidden by the shadow from a buttress of the cathedral. There was a wonderfully energetic expression about this face, which made me single it

out from the rest as being probably meant for the unhappy lover. There was strength and nobility in the features, and an almost feminine grace in the figure, while the look of horror and remorse struggling with unbelief was in painful contrast with this courtly exterior. Underneath, on the buttress, was carved, in antique characters, the name of the painter, "Franciscus Eichenthal, pinxit." It certainly happened to be the most obvious place for this traditional signature of the artist, yet I could not help fancying, almost hoping, that there was more in it than a mere chance, and that "Engelbrecht" was, in fact, the portrait of the painter himself. Ambrosia's face drew me to it again; the likeness was life itself, yet such as an American authoress describes as "not the man that we are, but the angel that we may be." She says that "as to every leaf and flower there is an ideal to which the growth of the plant is constantly urging, so there is an ideal to every human being, a perfect form in which it might appear, were every defect removed and every characteristic excellence stimulated to the highest point." She likens this to the image of St. Augustine, as his mother, with her spiritual prophetic sight, saw him all through his reckless youth, and then says: "Could a mysterious foresight unveil to us this resurrection form of the friends with whom we daily walk, compassed about with mortal infirmity, we should follow them with faith and reverence, through all the disguises of human faults and weaknesses, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God."<sup>[202]</sup>

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The German artist seemed to have had some such revelation vouchsafed to him concerning Ambrosia. The picture was unspeakably beautiful, and I felt instinctively that in the future it would become literally true. And yet the girl had never before struck me as having so exalted a nature; perhaps it was that she was so utterly unlike the usual ideal of a perfect woman.

I made inquiries as to whether the picture was an "order," or simply a speculation, and learned that it had been the latter, but was now destined for the hall of the "Young Men's Catholic Society" at Augsburg. An English nobleman had been so struck with it abroad that he had induced the artist to have it exhibited in London, and had himself ordered engravings and photographs from it. I felt very much inclined to go in for another extravagance, and have it copied on a reduced scale for my library, but I thought it most prudent to consult my sister first. I went home full of my discovery, and at once wrote to Reinhold for an explanation.

I received a very happy letter from Ambrosia herself in return, telling me of her engagement to the painter Eichenthal, who was an Augsburg man, and had lived for many years quite close to their old home, without either family having the remotest knowledge of each other. At the singing-class these two had met, their fellow-citizenship had first drawn them together, and the old master, whose favorite pupil the artist was, had brought him to see Reinhold. The result was natural, and my sister was innocently enthusiastic over the ending in so pleasant a reality of the romance she had begun in imagination many months before.

There was a quiet wedding at Bonn, and my friend's niece, Ambrosia's companion in her studies, was bridesmaid. My sister and I went over to be present, and the dear old father, now quite strong again, gave his daughter a copy of his first published work for a wedding gift. Next to the dedication leaf, which was addressed to your humble servant, and overflowing with affectionate expressions, there was a cheque for half the proceeds of the work (and the sum was not to be sneered at, I can assure you).

Ambrosia and her husband then went to Rome, where Eichenthal identified himself with the school of Overbeck, and became very popular among the foreign visitors and patrons of art. The Englishman who had taken such a fancy to his picture of the Augsburg legend chanced to come across him again in Rome, and, having succeeded to his father's property, lavishly encouraged his artist friend. A *replica*, full size, of the original "Ambrosia" was painted for his chapel in England, and a large picture, representing a group of the patron saints of his family clustering round the throne of the Virgin and Child, was also ordered. The painter's wife was the model for a St. Catharine of Sienna, and the Englishman himself, a thorough Saxon in build and features, made a magnificent St. Edward the Confessor.

Several years later, the young couple settled in Augsburg, where Eichenthal established a flourishing school of Christian art, and used to give lectures on the subject in the very hall where his first successful work was hung. Ambrosia's brother got on so wonderfully that at twenty he was made professor of belles-lettres at Bonn, and was famous for writing the most beautiful religious poetry that had been known for many years. Ambrosia's children gather round their young crippled uncle in the spacious, old-fashioned house where Reinhold lives with his daughter, and make him repeat wonderful mediæval legends clothed in verse of his own. This is how he spends his vacation. Reinhold is always at his manuscripts, and the same books that used to be his pitiful stock in trade are now the cherished ornaments of his large library. The Christmas-tree gathering in that house is a poem in itself. The children of Ambrosia's friend, the English girl of Bonn, are often there playing with the artist's beautiful boys, for there is no Ambrosia the younger among Eichenthal's children. The best society of Augsburg, Protestant and Catholic alike, delight to honor the successful artist; the musical soirées given in his house are as perfect in their way as each of his own paintings, and never is anything purely worldly allowed to appear under his roof.

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"When I first saw my wife," he says, "I was a Lutheran or rather a so-called philosopher, but since I won her, I vowed to make her my arbiter and my conscience; you see the result. 'Seek first the kingdom of God, and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

"And this is the end?" I said regretfully, as Archer paused.

"Not quite," he answered with a peculiar smile; "the end will not really come till Ambrosia has grown to be the counterpart of her spiritual portrait. But she is growing towards that standard



every day. Would that you and I were, old friend!"

"There is time yet," I said; "let us try."

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## THE CHURCH.

It is of her womb that we are born; our nourishing is from her milk; our quickening from her breath.... She it is who keeps us for God, and appoints unto the kingdom the sons she has borne.... He who leaves the church of Christ attains not to Christ's rewards. He is an alien, an outcast, an enemy. He can no longer have God for a father who has not the church for a mother. If any man was able to escape who remained without the ark of Noah, then will that man escape who is out of doors beyond the church. The Lord warns us, and says: "He who is not with me is against me; and he who gathereth not with me scattereth." ... He who gathereth elsewhere but in the church, scatters the church of Christ.—*St. Cyprian.*

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# THE NECESSITY OF PHILOSOPHY AS A BASIS OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

BY F. RAMIERE, S.J.

FROM THE ETUDES RELIGIEUSES.

CONCLUDED.

## UTILITY OF PHILOSOPHY FOR THE FORMATION OF THE POET AND OF THE ORATOR.

The foregoing considerations have borne us up to those luminous heights where philosophy, poetry, and eloquence, separated in their lower regions, mingle and become one. Would to God that the poets frequented more assiduously these sublime regions! How their inspirations would gain in nobleness as well as in purity; how much ignominy would they spare themselves; how many scandals to society! We should not then see them separate beauty from truth, as they too often do, place all the perfection of art in an empty form, and make their independence consist in placing themselves under the hateful yoke of error and of vice.

Such is the ignoble theory which one is compelled to sustain if he deny that the study of philosophy is of the greatest utility for the poet. Unfortunately, this theory has found in our days only too many defenders. How much more numerous still are those who put it in practice!

It is in vain, I know, for me to endeavor to bring back to a sounder and nobler conception of the most beautiful of all arts those poets who debase it by their very idolatry. But, though they may despise the voice of a Christian, let them listen at least to a pagan—a poet like themselves. It is a disciple of Epicurus, it is Horace who tells them to what a shameful barrenness they condemn themselves in refusing to draw from those sources which philosophy opens up to them.

This great master of the poetic art declares to them plainly enough that “unless they first learn to think well, it is vain for them to hope to write well; that it is from philosophy they must borrow the subjects which it is for poetry to adorn with her rich ornaments; that beauty of style can only be the result of beauty of things; and that a work which contains solid truths under an inelegant form, has far more legitimate titles to real success than verses bare of thought and resonant with trifles.”

“Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.  
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ;  
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur....  
Interdum speciosa locis morataque recte  
Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,  
Valdius oblectat populum meliusque moratur,  
Quam versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.”

If Horace returned among us, he would have no cause to congratulate us on our fidelity in following those precepts, which good sense dictated to him, and which all of us have learned by heart from our childhood. Modern poetry has something far different to do than demand of wisdom the theme of its song. It drinks, generally at least, at fountains of beauty of quite another character; the ideal is nothing to it; the living expression of reality in its every imperfection, of the revolting, of the hideous, such is the task which it imposes on itself; emotion, such its aim—a surprising strangeness of imagery, novelty of expression, peculiarity of character, harshness of pictures, harmony of rhyme replacing harmony of thought—behold its means of success. Behold the merits which an effete society looks for in those whose mission is to amuse it, and to which these easy-going poets sacrifice the most magnificent gifts of the Creator.

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Dante places in one of the circles of his hell a lost one whose crime consisted in having, by vileness of heart, made a great abdication (*Che fece per viltade il gran rifiuto*). It is difficult to recognize this criminal, on whose brow inexorable justice or the political rancor of the Florentine poet branded this burning stigma. But to whom can it be applied more justly than to these kings of poetry whom we see in our own days making themselves slaves of a vile popularity; to these prophets of the natural order, who prostitute to error the power which was given them to embellish truth, and who employ the creative force which makes them participators of the most noble attribute of Almighty God, in order to form the idols which draw away the crowd from the altars of Jehovah? O traitor poets! veritable apostates of genius, what gain is yours in debasing thus the most beautiful of arts! In place of profaning your lyre by songs which awake in hearts nothing but the lowest desires and most guilty passions, would it not be worthier of you to avail yourselves of this irresistible power of seduction which you exercise over your brothers, in drawing them in your train to the pursuit of true beauty? Do you alone fail to perceive the forfeiture which threatens your genius from the moment that it denies to truth the glorious testimony which truth demands of it? Do you not see that the beauty of forms fails you from the time that you seek it outside of the beauty of thoughts? Can you be astonished that your influence over souls is null, when you are pleased to destroy it with your own hands? Is it not you who, in denying the philosophy which would elevate your art to the height of a priesthood, reduce it to nothing more than a frivolous pastime for the idle, unless, indeed, you place it as an incendiary torch in the hands of the factious?

Still less than poetry may eloquence consent to lower its dignity to the botching up of incoherent

images and the nice balancing of periods as empty as they are sonorous. More serious in its aim, more positive in the immediate results which it has in view, it can still less dispense with the assistance of philosophy. Listen to one of its princes, who is at the same time the chief of its lawgivers, while he proclaims loudly this dependence. "Let us lay down in the beginning," says Cicero, in the book *De Oratore*, "that the aid of philosophy is indispensable for the formation of the perfect orator whom we seek. It alone can open up to him an inexhaustible source of great thoughts and developments as large as they are varied. It is to it that Pericles owed, according to the testimony of Plato, his superiority over all his rivals. The lessons of Anaxagoras developed the fecundity of his genius; they taught him, among other things, the great secret of eloquence, the art of discerning the proper incentives for moving the passions and the different faculties of the soul. Plato rendered the same service to Demosthenes. And how," continues Cicero, "how can we without philosophy know the properties of things, whether generic or specific, how can we define them, divide them, discern the true from the false, deduce consequences, refute that which is repugnant, distinguish that which is ambiguous? How can we penetrate into the nature of things, a knowledge of which imparts its chief richness to the discourse? How can we speak pertinently of the moral life, of duties, of virtues, if we have not searched deeply into these truths, aided by the light of philosophy?"

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In these words, Cicero displays admirably the superiority of the philosophic orator over the one who depends for the guarantee of success on the facility of his memory, the wealth of his imagination, or the vehemence of his feeling. Such a one without doubt can carry off triumphs; he may reap the applause of the crowd, and drag the masses in his train. The masses, who live much more by imagination than by intelligence, scarcely perceive the want of depth, and allow themselves to be captivated by the splendor of imagery and the rush of movements. But he who would seek a success more real than passing applause, he who would understand that the aim of eloquence is to render men better, and that imagery and feelings are for it but the instruments destined to make truth triumph—such a man will strive above all to place himself in possession of that truth which he is called upon to communicate to his fellows, to know the nature and extent of the duties whose observance he must inculcate, to acquire, in order to communicate it to them, the true science of good and evil. Besides this, he will study the nature of the souls over whom God destines him to hold sway, by the all-powerful sceptre of speech; he will inquire into the conditions and the requirements of each one of those faculties and passions, which he ought alternately to move like an obedient army, and push forward to the conquest of good and the banishment of evil. When philosophy shall have given him this knowledge, when it shall have arranged it in his mind in luminous order, then the orator will be a priest. He will have nothing more to do than, following the circumstances, to give to each of his teeming thoughts the form which befits it: on whatever subject he has to speak, the great principles will offer themselves, his plan will be all arranged beforehand, the framework of his discourse all laid out; his march will be firm, his divisions clear, his advance irresistible; and, while the orator of imagination will go on groping, without order and without light, contenting himself with flowering the surface of the soul, the philosophic orator will penetrate into the depths of the intellect, and will establish therein, on convictions which cannot be broken down, the motives of which he will avail himself victoriously to persuade the will.

## VI. NECESSITY OF PHILOSOPHY FOR THE FORMATION OF THE THEOLOGIAN.

That we may comprehend in all its extent the utility of philosophy, there remains still to be examined its relation with the divine science—theology. A single glance will suffice to convince us that there is no science with which it should be more intimately bound up than with this queen of sciences, which occupies uncontested the first place in the hierarchy of knowledge. This first rank would have belonged of right to philosophy, had not God thought it good to make us acquainted by his Word with the treasures of his own science. But far from revelation having lowered our reason by adding to its light a higher light; far from philosophy being abased in receiving from the sovereign truth illuminations which of itself it could never have attained, it has on the contrary acquired thereby a wealth and an elevation incomparable; for, in allying itself with the word of God, in uniting its gifts with the gifts of faith, in applying its principles and processes to the dogmas revealed, it has produced a science greater than itself, though born in its bosom—a science divine in its object, like the Word who is its father, although it remains human in form, like the philosophy of which it has this form—the scholastic theology.

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There is, then, between theology and philosophy a connection of dependence, which renders the study of the first of these sciences impossible without the preliminary study of the second. It is not with theology as it is with faith: faith is entirely supernatural, and consequently it cannot depend directly on any natural cause. Thus we have established above that the utility of philosophy for the acquirement and keeping of faith can only be a negative utility.

Theology, on the contrary, supernatural in its object, is natural in its essence, since it consists in the rational analysis of the data of faith. There is, then, nothing repugnant in admitting the very direct and very positive influence which the study of philosophy exercises over its acquisition.

This influence extends itself to every branch of theology—to dogmatic theology first; for this branch of sacred science, as we have shown in a preceding article, borrows from philosophy the processes which it uses, the method which it follows, and the greatest part of the definitions and axioms on which it depends.

God, having made use of human language in order to reveal to us his mysteries, has laid us thereby under an obligation of applying, in a just measure, to the supernatural order the ideas of the natural order expressed by this language. We must therefore analyze with the greatest care those ideas, under pain of comprehending nothing of revelation, and of falling into the most fatal errors; and this analysis ought to be proportionately more delicate when it applies itself to ideas involved in the dogmas of faith, since it ought to discern in those ideas that which is proper to the supernatural order from that which belongs to the universal essence of things.

The study of dogmatic theology is then impossible if it does not depend upon an exact and profound study of metaphysics. There is not a single one of those general notions which the science of metaphysics tries in its crucible that does not show itself again in the different treatises of theology, and present itself before us under all its forms. He who has not beforehand penetrated into the depths of these notions will walk in darkness; he will hesitate and be in constant doubt, and will have no means of protecting himself from the grossest blunders save by imposing on himself the rigorous task of studying philosophy in proportion as he advances in the study of theology.

The same connection which exists between speculative philosophy and dogmatic theology exists between practical philosophy, moral theology, and canon law. Perhaps this latter connection is still more intimate than the former; for in moral questions there is much less of revealed truth than in dogmatic. The moral theologian, then, will apply most often to reason for the principles which ought to guide him. It is therefore by the aid of this torch that he will solve the difficulties which present themselves in the application of those principles. The greatest part of the duties which man has to fulfil, whether towards God, towards his fellows, or himself, pertain to the essential order, and are therefore under the domain of philosophy. To it, in fine, belong those fundamental theories on human actions and conscience which form as it were the pivot of moral theology.

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As for canon law, its study presupposes general notions on law and on the conditions of social authority no less than the study of civil jurisprudence. Natural right is the necessary preamble of both; it establishes the base whereon is founded the legislation of the church as well as of the state; it lays down the general formulas which the positive laws apply to particular cases; it is then to positive right, whether canonical or civil, what algebra is to geometry. He who is possessed of it will have no difficulty in generalizing particular data, and enlarging by simplifying them, as he who ignores it will only acquire a far more imperfect knowledge at the cost of a far greater amount of labor.

These considerations will aid us in comprehending the importance which the church has attached from all time to the teachings of philosophy in her universities, and the efforts she has made to lift it up when she has seen it threatened by a disastrous decline. If we have caught the straight line which connects this teaching with that of sacred science, we shall no longer be astonished at seeing a great Pope publish a bull in order to give to philosophy the favor which the emoluments attached to the study of jurisprudence tended to snatch from it. The church knew that philosophy could not fall without theology falling with it. Would that we could understand it thus, and apply to the restoration of philosophy all the zeal which we ought to have for the resurrection of the high ecclesiastical studies!

It is here—let us understand it well—that we must commence. If you take St. Augustine or St. Thomas as the type of a great theologian, you cannot fail to set upon his brow the aureola of philosophy. A theology which, to the exposition of dogma, did not unite its philosophic analysis, would be nothing more than a catechism; it would have nothing in common with that magnificent science, the materials of which the holy fathers have furnished, and whose majestic edifice the scholastic doctors have built up. Never will the priest be able to fulfil, in all its extent, the function of doctor, unaided by a profound study of philosophy; never, above all, will he be able to defend revealed truth against the attacks of its enemies; for I ask, against what points are these attacks directed to-day above all? Is it not against those truths which belong at once to the natural and supernatural order—to philosophy and theology? And of what arms do our enemies avail themselves to effect a breach in these fundamental dogmas? Are they not almost exclusively those with which a false philosophy supplies them? What shall we do then, we, the defenders of truth? What is our sacred, indispensable duty in the face of these attacks, which day by day tear away one or other of the sheep from the flock of the church? Are we to content ourselves with groaning over the abuse of reason? Shall we give pretext to the ignorant to conclude from our invectives that there is a contradiction between our faith and true philosophy? No; we will mount the breach boldly; we will capture the weapon which our enemy uses in his attack. Our fathers in the faith have taught us how to wield it. Let us demonstrate that true philosophy is on our side, and that our adversaries can only attack our faith by denying their own reason. Thus the ignorant will be enlightened; the wavering minds strengthened; come what may, we shall have done our duty in rendering to the Word of God the testimony which the necessities of the time in which we live demand of us.

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I trust I have said enough to disabuse those of their dangerous error who believe that they glorify theology by vilifying with all their power philosophy. Undoubtedly the philosophy which they pursue with their invective is the philosophy which is separate from faith, the philosophy of doubt, of revolt, that is to say, the very opposite of true philosophy. But to hear them speak, one would say, sometimes, that they recognized no other philosophy than that, and conceded to their adversaries the absurd and insolent pretension which they assume of being the representatives of reason. Thank God, this pretension was never less defensible than in our days; never has revolted reason done better the work of faith by its monstrous excesses, and made more advantageous the

ground of the champions of the cause of God. Never was it more manifest that there are no true defenders of human dignity except the defenders of divine authority. Let us know how to profit by our advantages. All of us who love the church and the doctrine of heaven, whose depository is the church—we who groan under the darkness which gathers round intelligence, and seems to thicken day by day, let us unite our efforts, and employ every influence we possess toward that restoration of true philosophy which is so desirable. Thereby we render a service equally signal to society and to the church: to society, which is being lost, because the love of truth is extinguished in the hearts of men; to the church, the mistress of truth, which has no longer a hold upon souls to whom truth is nothing. Nay, more; to the divine Word himself we render the greatest service he can expect from his creatures, by re-establishing in their integrity the two channels whereby he pours his light into our intelligence—the science of natural and supernatural truths.

We must, in fact, lift ourselves up to the divine Word in order to form an idea of the destination of philosophy, and to appreciate exactly its dignity and importance. Is not he indeed the common source of natural and supernatural truth? Different in their mode of manifesting themselves to us, are they not identical in their beginning? Whence comes it that, in perceiving the essential properties of my soul, the laws of numbers and of figures, I am absolutely certain that all minds which judge rightly must perceive them in the same manner, and that never, at any moment of time or eternity, can they perceive them otherwise? This necessity, this immensity, this eternity, which our intelligence embraces, proves to us manifestly that these essential laws which we perceive in contingent beings are but the reproduction of a necessary and infinite type. It is then the splendor of God, it is his Word, who reveals himself to our reason, by the medium of his creatures, before revealing himself to us by himself. Philosophy is, then, truly a way which God has opened up for us of journeying to him, and should we disdain to enter thereon? Should not we traverse it with the same reverence with which Moses approached the burning bush? And when, guided by Augustine and Thomas, we behold appear before our eyes the great light of the idea of the infinite; when that name Jehovah, He who is, graven in our soul by the hand of God himself, and involved in the idea of being in all our intellectual acts, shall unfold itself little by little and grow in splendor, like the flame of the aurora, and reveal to us at last in their infinite simplicity the multiplicity of the divine attributes and the laws of all creation, shall we not bow ourselves down before him with the prophet and intone a canticle of acts of praise? And should we permit one to speak with contempt of a science whereby God is manifested to us? Let one say all the evil he wishes of that proud philosophy which seeks in the natural light of reason a means of obscuring the supernatural light of faith. Nothing, I acknowledge, is so revolting, nothing so satanic, as this transformation of light into darkness which a systematic incredulity effects in a rebellious intelligence. But, in like manner, nothing is so beautiful, nothing so divine, as the fusion of natural with supernatural light, of philosophy with faith, which is effected in the intellect of a Christian. Read the *Summa* of St. Thomas, the *Confessions* and the other works of St. Augustine, the *Itinerarium of the Soul to God* of St. Bonaventure, and try, if you can, to separate one from another the thoughts and the sentiments which these great doctors have borrowed from faith, from those which they have borrowed from philosophy. This separation you will find impossible—the rays of these two torches are so intersected, united, and mingled in these splendid intellects. Starting from the same focus, after traversing diverse routes, they find themselves reunited in acting together on souls as eager for science as they are docile to the teachings of faith; and together they have worked in the soul to fulfil their common mission, in producing in them the created image of the uncreated Word. This union with the light of faith in the intellect of the Christian is the end to which philosophy aspires, in the same way as faith, penetrating into this intellect, seeks to unite itself therein with science. “Faith seeking understanding.” Oh! how ill do those understand the interests of philosophy who are ever prating of its independence, and who by independence understand an absolute separation between its teachings and those of revelation! How can light tend to separate itself from light? No, not in this separation does the dignity of philosophy consist; it consists, on the contrary, in producing here below in the soul of its true disciples a reflection and an outline of that splendor which the clear vision of the divine essence produces in the intelligence of the blessed, to make them comprehend what they believe in order to make them love it the more.

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## VII.

But it is time to pause. However incomplete may have been the development of the thesis I undertook to prove, I have said enough, I think, to make obvious the capital importance of philosophy, its necessity for the formation of the man and the Christian, of the influential citizen and the defender of the church. Hence I have a right to conclude that the far too narrow corner allotted by us to this study in the framework of a liberal education is a very great misfortune, and constitutes one of the gravest dangers of the actual state of things. A society which neglects to form the intellect of the new generation is evidently a society condemned to an inevitable decay.

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Independently of this common peril, very capable it seems of awakening our solicitude, I have demonstrated that for the unfortunate youth launched into the midst of the *mêlée* of errors without having been prepared by a deep study of truth, there was a danger of disaster, from which he could only escape by miracle. On whom, I ask, falls the responsibility of this disaster, save on those who, with the power and obligation of giving this youth the preparation whose necessity has been pointed out to them, shall have neglected to acquit themselves of this duty?

It is not for me to say more. I know all the excuses that one may justly allege to throw off this terrible responsibility. The masters are hindered by the parents, the parents themselves are

hindered by social necessities. The anti-rational spirit of this age of rationalism is like an impetuous wind which whirls away youth far from serious reflection, and which neutralizes the best directed teaching.

These excuses may quiet our consciences for the past, but they can in no wise lessen our fears for the future. The evil exists in all its gravity, and it is necessary at any cost to remedy it.

The first thing to do is clearly to use all our means of persuasion, in order to make parents and youth themselves comprehend the essential importance of philosophy. It is necessary to accustom them from the earliest period of life to regard this study as the indispensable completion of their education; the most solid guarantee for their future success, the act of emancipation of their manhood, the taking complete possession of their dignity as men, and the most powerful instrument which they are called upon to hold of influencing their fellows. If from the moment of entering upon this laborious career of education, we do not accustom them to consider the science of things as the reward most to be desired of all the labors they undertake in acquiring the science of words, we cannot expect that at the moment when custom authorizes them to reclaim their liberty, they will submit themselves willingly to bear two years longer the yoke of dependence.

Here we have the first thing necessary to do in order to ward off the immense danger with which the decline of philosophy threatens us.

But there is a remedy still more efficacious and still more necessary against this evil. If we wish philosophy to be esteemed and studied, let us render it worthy of the esteem we claim for it, and of the sacrifices at the cost of which it must be acquired. Let us lift it up from its fall; let us prove, not by *a priori* arguments, but by the very reality, that it is worthy of its name. Let it appear in our books and in our hearts no longer as we find it satirically represented in certain ancient pictures, as the combat between a lizard and a scorpion, but like that bee of which the church speaks to us in the beautiful Office of St. Cecilia, which, reserving for the enemies of truth its piercing sting, goes to place in the bottom of the chalice the most odorous essence of all the flowers to compose for it its honey, *quasi apis argumentosa*. Let us acknowledge, then, if philosophy is too neglected and so profoundly despised in our days, it is above all to those who have abused it that it ought to impute its disgrace. Christianity had made philosophy divine, as it made divine everything that it touched. It was a virgin as beautiful as she was pure whose earthly form was surrounded by a halo of heaven. Impure lovers of her human beauty have endeavored to force her to apostasy, in order to be able to make her the toy of their swollen pride. Alas! they have only been too successful. With its divine beauty its very human form has passed away, and nothing is left in their hands save a disfigured corpse. But God has made sciences curable as well as nations. He only waits for us to lift up philosophy from where she lies, and restore her to life and dignity.

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Let us put an end to this senseless and fatal contest which during two centuries reason has waged against faith; let us cease from using against God the most noble gift with which he has endowed our nature; let us cease to oppose light to light, natural to supernatural truth; let us desist from converting the ray which illumines our soul into a veil to hide us from the sun, and taking the waters of the stream made turbid by our pride to trouble the source. Let us, in a word, understand the true conditions of the liberty and greatness of the creature: nothing of itself, it can rise even to the infinite, to the condition of union with it, and of leaning upon its strength.

Let reason understand this law which is so rational, and philosophy by that same law take back the glorious place which God marked out for it; it will remount the throne whence its revolt hurled it, and acquire anew the right of dictating to the other sciences the eternal principles and immutable laws on which the natural order depends.

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# ON THE MISTY MOUNTAIN.

## CONCLUDED.

### ROUTE III.

One does not feel particularly festive starting out in the rain and the dim uncertain light of the hour before day. The best thing to be done under these circumstances is to go to sleep, if you can sleep staging. The "front boot" affords a very comfortable berth, of which the lieutenant took possession. I concluded to go inside, and endeavor to snatch the shaky sleep of a coach. I felt as though I could not keep awake if the road were picketed by hostile redskins. The ladies—bless their kind souls!—sat close to make room. I sank into a corner, and was soon jolted into a sleep.

I was aroused by a sudden stoppage. The day had dawned. I looked out of the stage, and saw a wagon overturned in the road. Seeing the conductor and the lieutenant alight, I alighted. The body of a man lay by the upturned wagon.

"It's poor Tommy!" said the lieutenant.

"I thought the thievin', cowardly devils would git him at last," said the conductor. "Poor old Tommy! It will be an awful blow for his wife and her six poor orphans." [824]

Yes! there lay poor Tommy in the early sunlight—dead, stripped, and scalped. His clothes had been torn from his body, which was gashed in every limb. Every gash, the lieutenant told me, was the sign of a different tribe. The number on poor Tommy's body showed that representatives of seven tribes assisted at his murder. His throat was cut across—the sign of the "Cut-throats." His arms and his thighs were crossed by deep transverse gashes. His abdomen was scored by two long gashes meeting in a point. The lieutenant told me the names of the tribes whose devilish signs—manual were written in the blood and on the flesh of poor "Tommy John," but I have memory only of one in the horrid sight then before me.

The oxen lay with their throats cut and large pieces hacked out of their still quivering flanks. The Indians had taken everything they could use. What they did not take, with savage malignity they had broken into atoms or torn into shreds. A baby's crib and a child's chair which the poor fond father was taking to his little ones on the "Sandy" were broken into very chips.

We remained for some time gazing on this horrid sight. No one spoke. At length the lieutenant and sergeant decently covered the mangled body with a blanket. As we were already behind time, the conductor said he could not take back to the station the body of the murdered man. We concluded to remain by it until the arrival of the stage from the West, which was already due at that point.

It was a sad vigil—fortunately not a prolonged one. The stage from the West arrived. It had no passengers. We wrapped poor Tommy in an additional blanket, and the coach drove off, taking him away for ever on this earth from his "old lady and his half-dozen babies over on the Sandy."

After having examined the "signs" about the place of the murder, the lieutenant and the conductor estimated the number of Indians engaged in the bloody deed at about fifty. Matters became critical. I could not stay inside the stage any longer. I mounted the roof once more, feeling that if I were to be killed by Indians—a fate to which I did not in the least aspire—I wanted to see whence my death-bolt came, and have plenty of room to die in.

The party on top of the stage seemed quite cool, but by no means conversationally inclined. I could see their keen eyes continually making the circuit of the horizon, which traced around us a perfect circle unbroken by mound or shrub.

We reached the Lone Hollow Station, a "swing," twenty-eight miles from Artesian Wells, without seeing any more signs of Indians. Here we found yesterday's Western-bound stage. It had started at the usual time, but when within a mile or so of Cypress Spring, an abandoned intermediate or "swing" station, the driver saw the buildings in flames. With a glass he could discern Indians about the burning structures. He had wisely concluded to turn back to the station he had left, and there we found him. He had no passengers.

Lone Hollow Station was kept by a solitary stock-tender—an old fellow who received "\$75 per month and found," for offering himself as a perpetual candidate for immolation by his red brethren.

When we arrived at the Lone Hollow, I felt an unaccountable buoyancy and a rather humiliating craving for food—animal or vegetable. Fortunately, the old stock-trader had some biscuit and a large panful of dried apples. Tea was soon made, and I ate an immense meal. I was not alone in this, however; the lieutenant, the conductor, in short everybody, ate voraciously, except the women, who still clung to the coach, and could not be prevailed upon to change their position for a moment. The men were all in high spirits, and there seemed to be no more trace of Tommy John's memory than if he had never been. [825]

"How do you find it here now?" asked the lieutenant of the old stock-tender. "Pretty lonely?"

"Well," answered John, "rather. Before they sent away the hosses and tuk to mules, things wuz more sociable-like. I got fond of them hosses, and them hosses got fond of me. But a mule ain't got no feelin' for nobody. You can't trust 'em. They're too tricky. I didn't feel near so lonesome last year. I had a big yellow dog that was the best companion I ever had. But he got poisoned, by eatin' wolf-bait most likely; and now I ain't got nothin' but two small pups, and they ain't no



society for a man."

"I should think not," said the lieutenant.

With an abominable want of *savoir-faire*, I must strike in at this point with the following:

"Being alone here, are you not afraid of Indians?"

The question was one which evidently disturbed the old fellow. I saw it was a sore subject with him, and regretted having touched upon it. It was plain he wished to keep it out of his thoughts.

"The Injuns won't bother me," he said nervously and impatiently, as if hastily thrusting the skeleton out of sight.

The "dug-out" has its skeleton-closet as well as the palace.

"What do you do to pass the time, John?" asked the conductor.

"Well," replied John, "I cook—look after the mules—*promenade* up to the crest of the ridge. When all my work is done, and I want something to keep my mind occupied, I mend old clothes."

Our colloquy was cut short, by the warning cry of "All aboard!"

Both coaches were ready to start. The conductors had concluded to unite their forces. This arrangement gave more room. We divided our party; the lieutenant and I mounted the empty coach, which now took the lead, followed at about fifty yards by the other.

The flash of good spirits which blazed momentarily at the station soon died out. Everybody seemed disposed to silence. We were all busy, straining our eyes, watching for Indians.

Ten miles passed thus without other conversation than monosyllabic remarks. From the top of a "divide," we now looked upon the charred and smouldering relics of Cypress Station. We stopped and reconnoitred carefully before descending. There were no Indians to be seen. Having descended the Hollow in which the station had stood, we found the tracks very fresh. The lieutenant, the sergeant, and the conductor, attended by the writer (through curiosity rather than bravery), alighted and examined the ground. The Indians had destroyed everything they could lay hands on outside of the redoubts or "dug-outs." These they had not dared to enter. The rough "bunks" of undressed timber used by the guards were untouched. In one was found a water-keg, and in the other a woollen blanket, left in the hurry of departure, but which no Indian could have seen and not appropriated to his own use and benefit.

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"The Indians are afraid of those 'dug-outs' even when unoccupied," said the lieutenant. "They do not like to go near them—much less enter them. They fear a trap of some kind. An Indian always strives to keep his lines of retreat open; he wants a good chance to run away. Indians have been known to watch about abandoned stations for days before daring to go within rifle-range of the 'dug-outs.'"

Within four miles of Sandy Station, a spur sweeping semicircularly from a high bluff to the north nearly touches the road on that side, while the great bend of the Big Dryasdust cuts into it on the south. The lowland to the west of the spur is entirely concealed from the view of the traveller. This was a favorite place for Indian ambuscades, and we approached it with great caution. After crossing the bridge the driver said to the conductor:

"Ain't that Mac's pony out yonder?"

"Let's see!" said the conductor, taking the field-glass and adjusting it. "Pull up a minute, Joe! I can't see with this outfit while the coach is moving. Now, then! By the law, sir, that there's Mac's pony! He acts mighty strange, too. He is either lamed or hobbled. No! by gracious! he's not hobbled. He's saddled, too! He's wounded, sir! You may bet your bottom dollar!"

"Drive over to him and see," said the lieutenant.

The coaches were driven to where the pony was on the prairie, about a mile from the road. The lieutenant jumped out.

"Gentlemen!" said he, "this is more Indian work."

And so it was. The pony had one bullet-hole through the near foreshoulder. A second ball had struck it on the lower jaw, and turned a portion of it with the teeth over on the tongue, which was held as in a vice. The poor animal seemed to suffer intensely. It was proposed to shoot it to end its suffering, but the proposition was not agreed to.

"Let's try and prise back his teeth so that he can eat, and he'll find his way back to the station."

With a "king-bolt" for a lever, by the united efforts of four men the teeth with the portion of the lower jaw containing them were turned back, and resumed their natural position with a snap like that of a spring-lock. The poor animal, relieved, at once began grazing.

"Come, gentlemen," said the driver, "get aboard, and let's make for the station. There's been trouble, sure."

When we reached the road again the conductor of our coach said he heard a shot in the direction of the station. The lieutenant said he thought he had heard it, but it might be imagination, our thoughts being occupied by such anticipations. All doubts were soon at an end, however, for we all heard the next shot, and then another and another.

You get within half a mile of Sandy Station before you see it. As soon as we reached the point from which it is visible, we could see that a pretty lively fight was going on between the men at the station and a mounted party on the opposite bank of the stream. The attacking party were

about fifty in number, all mounted, some having remounts which they led. They rode at full speed in single file, at intervals of some paces, in a circle whose circumference at the point opposite to the station nearly reached the stream. Each horseman fired as he reached this point. The party at the station were well covered by the roof of a "dug-out" stable cut in the bank. The attacking party looked more like Mexicans than Indians. They wore wide-brimmed straw hats, and their body-covering was of a dark color.

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The conductor, however, pronounced them Indians.

"They have," said he, "the broad-brimmed straw hats, uniform coats, and six-shooters given them by the Peace Commissioners last spring."

The drivers now dashed on with all the speed of their animals, "to have a little piece of the fight," they said; but, no doubt, also to escape being cut off by a party who were evidently preparing to cross the creek for that purpose. Fortunately, though there was very little water in the stream, it was very wide, and full of soft, wet, treacherous sand. Half a dozen Indians galloped to the bank when they saw us, and rode up and down seeking for a crossing. One of them dashed in, and his pony soon went down to its flanks. Two snap-shots from our stage as we dashed by grazed him pretty closely. A third wounded him and caused him to abandon his pony. He was helped up the bank by the others, put on a spare pony, and, supported by an Indian on either side, was carried at full speed out of range. Luckily for the other Indians, they succeeded in doing this while we were getting out of the stage, which we did as quickly as possible after getting the ladies' coach under the lee of the stable.

We were all anxious, of course, "to get a shot in the fight." I was in a state of intense excitement. I received a pretty lively shock from the unexpected discharge of my gun while I was in the act of cocking it. Its position was fortunately, however, a vertical one. My friends, hearing the fire in the rear, swore, started, turned round, as if each and every one of them had received a bullet. Seeing the source of the firing, and finding nobody hurt, they laughed, but insisted I should henceforth move in advance, as they could not stand such firing as mine. After this little episode, I "got in" a couple of shots; I cannot say with what success, as for the life of me I could not tell where my bullets struck.

There were now on our side ten men and a non-commissioned officer of regular infantry, two or three station men, and our reinforcement of two drivers, two conductors, the lieutenant, the sergeant, and myself. One or two good volleys from our party soon put an end to the circus performances of the "friendly Indians." They scattered and disappeared as if by magic. They sent us their P.P.C. compliments in some stray shots, the flash and smoke revealing whence they came, not an Indian being in sight.

"Now, gentlemen!" said Mr. Bunter, the station-keeper, "I think we can take a bite o' dinner."

The worthy landlady, Mrs. Bunter, furnished a notable instance of the susceptibility and indifference to externals of the lovers of the plains. She was known, I was informed, as the "widow," though her husband, a tall, broad-chested, intelligent-looking man of about thirty-three or thirty-four, was "alive," and probably capable of a good deal of vigorous "kicking." The *sobriquet* had clung to the lady from her very general appearance in the character indicated by it. Her present husband was the fourth or fifth occupant of the position. Notwithstanding the number of her husbands, her terms of wedded bliss were very brief. Widowhood was the rule, connubial felicity the exception. Hence was it that, though married, she was still universally spoken of as "the widow," and some not very intimate acquaintances already knew her as the Widow Bunter. The stalwart husband did not appear to see any unpleasant significance in the title given his fair spouse. He was jovial, and seemed contented.

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"The widow" did the service of the table, and very well served and supplied it was. A good antelope stew, with cabbage and potatoes (luxuries in the then uncultivated world of the plains), good bread and butter, pies, and an excellent cup of tea, made us all feel, as our driver expressed it, "mighty good." Mrs. Bunter evidently made pretensions to personal attractiveness. She was a woman of thirty—perhaps past that proverbially captivating age—very tall, lank, concave-chested, with great projecting teeth and bony, clawlike fingers. Her long, thin visage was thickly coated with rice powder (or flour), which stood out in bold ridges on her high cheek-bones, while pools of rouge shone in the cavities of her hollow cheeks. She had a clear, cold, steady eye, however, which showed that, if she was devoid of heart, as was commonly supposed, she was not without a will of her own. In her time, she had created quite a flutter among the gentlemen of the stage-driving and stock-tending professions. The dread of relicts which embittered the maturer years of the elder Weller had no place in the bold bosoms of the "whips" of the desert. More than one man (not including her four dear departed) had died "for her sake." The shooting of one suitor only had the effect which hanging a British admiral formerly was supposed to have—that of "encouraging the others."

Swift and ample justice was done to the "squarest meal," as the driver termed it, we had upon the road. A very few minutes sufficed us to make a hearty dinner, and we were seated in the porch, pipes were being filled and lighted, preparatory to a discussion of the various incidents of the fight, when the wounded pony we had seen upon the road limped into the station. His master had not been dead more than a few hours, but he was completely forgotten until the arrival of his wounded horse brought him to mind again. So ordinary an event was the killing of a man by Indians, at that time, on the Misty Mountain.

"Where's Mac?" asked the driver.

"In yonder," answered our host, nodding toward the granary.

"Hurt?"

"Killed."

"How?"

"The fust we knew there wuz Injuns around wuz when Mac was attacked. He rode down to the Butte to bring in a horse from the herd. We heard shootin' down that way. Jim and I and the blacksmith took our arms and rode toward the firin'. When we got near the Butte, we seen three our four Injuns circlin' round Mac, whose pony was wounded, firin' at him from all directions. I think he wuz already dead when we first seen him. We made all the haste we could, and druv them from the body, but we wuz too late to stop 'em from playin' some o' their usual tricks. We got the body on to one of the horses, and started back for the station at an easy pace, drivin' in the loose stock afore us. When we'd come within about three-quarters of a mile of the station, we seen the soldiers runnin' towards us with their muskets in their hands and makin' signs to us. I looked back and seen the durned Injuns with twenty or thirty more comin' for us. I hollered to Jim and the smith to light out for the station. We separated, to give the soldiers a chance to git in their fire on 'em, which they did. This staggered 'em somewhat and saved us. They got two of our animals, though!"

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Some one proposed going to the granary to look at poor Mac's remains. The body lay among corn-sacks and miscellaneous stores. Mac was a tall, well-shaped young fellow of twenty-three or twenty-four. He had evidently made the best fight he could. When he left the station, his revolver had but two loads. He fired them both at his savage foes. Bunter said, had it not been for the wounding of his pony, "the Indians would not have got him."

The Indians had raised Mac's entire scalp, slitting it through the centre and turning it down over his face. This sight was not beheld unmoved by even the most hardened frontiersman in the party. Had one of those worthy and humane gentlemen, the Peace Commissioners, unfortunately dropped in at that moment, I fear he might have been the recipient of much personal indignity, if not of serious bodily harm. The presence of a regular officer with the station-guard would have saved him from falling a martyr to his humanitarian convictions. Without the soldiers he might even attain the crown of martyrdom.

"As we're here, boys," said the driver, with a view to economy of time, "let's fix him out like a Christian."

Rough in speech, yet tender in action, they set to work to make ready poor Mac's remains for the grave. His scalp was returned to its proper place and sewed together, his hair combed, and his blood-stained face cleansed of its gory marks. He was shrouded in a pair of soldier's drawers and an under-shirt. Several empty chests in the room were measured, but proved too short for a coffin. A large arms-chest was furnished by the soldiers, which, with a slight addition to its length, supplied the improvised bier on which we laid "poor Mac." Scarcely had these sad offices been performed when the sentinel without shouted:

"Indians in sight!"

There was a rush for the outside. Every man picked up his gun. With the glass the Indians could be seen crossing the stream near where they had murdered MacSorley. The party was increased to a hundred and fifty or two hundred. They moved to the top of the bluff, and remained there for some time, apparently holding a council as to their future movements. The lieutenant, after instructing the commander of the station-guard to wake him as soon as the Indians showed a disposition to move, spread out his blankets, lay down, and fell asleep over a novel. The driver and conductor followed his example; and the latter was soon in the arms of Morpheus. But I could not sleep. I was too much excited by the unusual events I had witnessed during the past twenty-four hours. So I fraternized with the soldiers of the guard, and listened to their opinions on Indian matters, and their tales of Indian adventure.

About sunset the Indians began to move. Unanimity of action was not the result of their council; they separated into two parties, one of which went due east, the other to the northwest, passing in rear of the station, but at the respectful distance of three or four miles from it.

Night fell at last. Sentinels having been properly posted, all who were not on guard, except the lieutenant and the writer, went to bed, or, rather, to a blanket on the floor. I sat up to write some letters by a dirty, sputtering candle on a lame, old table, the only furniture in the room, except a greasy, rickety chair. The lieutenant read his novel by the better light of a civilized candle which, knowing the customs of the region, he had had the good sense to bring with him.

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The savage stillness of night on the plains fell upon the place. No sound was heard save the occasional wailing of the hungry wolves, that thronged around the barn where the dead man lay.

"Confound that horrible noise!" said the lieutenant, at last jumping up and shutting his novel with a bang. "It sets my teeth on edge, and rasps every nerve in my body. Let us go out and smoke in the open air before turning in!"

We lighted our pipes and went forth, turning our steps toward the barn. Half a dozen wolves sat around the building, looking like professional mourners, and moaning their hunger-melancholy moans. We were close to them before they would move. One of them was so hunger-bold that he stood at bay for a moment, and the lieutenant thought it necessary to draw his pistol and cock it. The click was enough for the wolf, who dashed off at once, growling with head still turned towards us, and teeth shining in a parting snarl. After smoking we proceeded upstairs, to a cold, cheerless, unfurnished room, and betook us to our blankets. The wind howled dismally through the unglazed sashes. We sought positions the least exposed to cross-draughts. Spreading our

blankets on the floor, unswept except by the wind, we lay down to such rest as excitement, fatigue, and youth can bring.

We did not rise so early next morning as might be supposed from a calm consideration of our sleeping accommodations. We were up in time for breakfast, however. It was a good one, and we enjoyed it. After its conclusion arrangements were made for the burial of MacSorley. It was decided that he should be buried on the top of a high mound within about a thousand yards of the station.

The funeral *cortége* was neither large nor imposing. It consisted of Mr. Bunter, two or three stage drivers and stock-tenders, the lieutenant, the sergeant, and the writer. The guards, excepting those necessary to protect the station, were out, posted around on commanding eminences to prevent a surprise.

The grave was already dug. The rough substitute for a coffin, drawn to the place of interment on a hayrack, was covered with its earthy bed as tenderly as possible.

Bunter had asked the lieutenant to read prayers at the grave; and the latter had consented. But there was no prayer-book to be found at the station. Bunter requested the lieutenant to improvise a prayer for the dead, when one of the men began shovelling the earth into the grave.

"Hold on, Jack!" said Bunter, "the lieutenant's goin' to say a prayer."

Jack "held on," looking rather astonished at this unusual delay.

The lieutenant threw earth upon the coffin, repeating, with a voice full of emotion, such devotional passages, appropriate to the occasion, as occurred to him, ending with the simple but all-including words of the church: "May God have mercy on his soul!"

Jack, supposing it unnecessary to "hold on" any longer, commenced pitching in the clay with the rather out-of-place energy usually displayed in the performance of that last duty. [831]

"Hold on, Jack!" cried Mr. Bunter a second time, "the lieutenant ain't through yet." And Jack unwillingly ceased his labors for awhile.

"I have finished," said the lieutenant. "I am but a poor hand at public praying; but if I spoke for an hour it would amount to no more than what I have said."

"We don't know whose turn it may be next," said a young driver, feeling it proper to indulge in the hackneyed morality of such occasions—words given forth, perhaps, as mere conversational small change; but their truth was made terribly manifest shortly after. It was the young driver's turn next. A month had not elapsed before he was killed and scalped within a mile of the station. When I passed there at a later period, they recalled what he had said, and showed me his grave by the side of MacSorley's.

#### ROUTE IV.

The Big Sandy Station soon became terribly dull. I felt I would rather risk being scalped than stay there any longer. Learning that some emigrants with their families, two wagons, etc., were about to push westward, and that the lieutenant had determined to go to the next station with them, though they set out against his advice, I concluded to go on with him.

We made an early start next morning. We had two government wagons and some half a dozen men besides the emigrant contingent. When we had reached a point about a mile and a half from Big Sandy Station, the sergeant said to the lieutenant in a low tone:

"Lieutenant, there are Indians on that hill in front of us."

The hill was about fifteen hundred yards distant. The lieutenant called a halt, and examined the redskins through a field-glass.

"They are Indians," he said, "and in pretty strong force," at the same time handing me the glass.

The hillside literally swarmed with mounted Indians, moving incessantly, like ants crawling up and down an ant-hill. The dust of two parties—each about fifty strong, judging by that indication—could be seen rising from a ravine which ran along the base of the hill and across the road over which lay our route. It was also noticed that the dust aforesaid ceased at the road.

The move was evident. They lay in ambuscade to capture us. We got out our arms, but eight or nine weapons in all, the emigrants being unarmed, and began withdrawing slowly to Big Sandy.

The children wept and screamed. The women howled that they *would* be taken by the Indians. They scolded and lamented by turns. The men said nothing. They were not in a talking mood, nor was anybody just then—except the ladies. We effected our retreat in good order, the unarmed men driving the teams, the armed protecting "the movement." Some Indians followed us, just out of range, and one whom I shall always see in my mind's eye, on a white pony, followed on at the same distance until we reached Big Sandy Station once more.

The next day we again got tired of smoking, talking, and reading novels. The lieutenant succeeded in getting a coach, and he and I with three men and the sergeant, all armed this time, started once more for Welcome Spring Station—the next on our route West. [832]

We had a good driver and a splendid team of mules. Arrived at about six miles west of Big Sandy, we saw some Indians, twelve or fifteen, coming toward us from a distance. A judicious use of mule power soon put them out of sight. We had no further trouble until we came within five or six miles of Welcome Station. There, after we had almost entirely dismissed Indian dangers from our

minds, we suddenly discovered three parties in uncomfortably close proximity. They were coming towards us at a good round pace. Two of the parties numbered about fifty each, the third about half that number. The last mentioned was evidently trying to cut us off from the station, while the other two were closing in upon us from the right and left.

The curtains were thrown up. The coach bristled with needle-guns on every side.

"Now GO IT," said the lieutenant.

*And we went it!*

"If the wheels don't take fire," said the driver tremulously, "we may make it!"

On we went!—good Springfield breech-loaders, loaded and cocked, thrust out behind, before, and on each side of the coach. On came the Indians! Rather chary, however, of the breech-loaders, but looking for something to turn up. Their sudden dash had failed. There was now the chance of our being cut off by the third party. The driver plied whip and voice. The mules almost flew to gain the turning-point.

We passed the important point without breaking anything. Then our mules were brought down to a less expeditious, though by no means contemptible pace. The Indians slackened their speed and gave up the job. They still followed us, however, at a respectful distance, until we came in sight of the station.

Welcome Spring Station was a welcome station to us. I felt so happy that I jumped out through the coach window, disdaining the commonplace convenience of a door. What appetites we had! What a dinner we ate! And what a glorious sleep we had on some corn-sacks in the stable!

Our route henceforth lay through a more settled country. No further danger from Indians was to be feared. We enjoyed the ride. The sight of mountains in the distance and soon, of tall pines all around us had a cheering influence on me. The lieutenant, who was in the very best humor, said he was so much accustomed to life on the plains that he had acquired a dislike to wooded countries. Even when on leave of absence in the East, where there was not the ghost of an Indian to be feared, he experienced a feeling of insecurity when in woodland. He wanted to have plenty of elbow room, he said, and to see all around him for miles.

We reached Sierra City without further incident next morning. The lieutenant and I parted, with many kind wishes on both sides and hope of meeting again.

I have not since met my military friend. I have even forgotten his name. My memory never was much better than a waste, and names were the very last things that would take root in it. I hope yet to meet my old Misty Mountain companion. When I do, may he be, at least, a major!

I returned over the same route. All was then quiet on the Misty Mountain. The only change I saw was that two more graves had been made by the side of MacSorley's, on the high mound near the Big Sandy—"killed by Indians."

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Before I made my Misty Mountain trip, I had a boy's usual desire for a soldier's life. That trip was the turning-point in my desires. I have "seen Indians" since, and in my summer vacations have occasionally accompanied scouting parties against the hostile tribes. My further experience completed the change in my tastes. The life of a soldier on the frontier has no charms for me. Fighting Indians is far harder work than fighting a civilized foe. It is continued privation, suffering, and danger. Even success, so difficult of achievement in this species of warfare, is generally repaid, not by glory, but by misrepresentation and ingratitude.

I am content with my old desk in the dingy old office in the leathery old Swamp. The smell of the leather is more grateful to me than the purest of prairie breezes, which, when it plays with your locks, is unpleasantly suggestive, to those acquainted with the usages of Indian warfare.

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## ORLÉANS AND ITS CLERGY.

In the outskirts of Orléans, between the roads leading to Paris and Chartres, stands an antique chapel under the invocation of Notre Dame des Aydes—the remains of a former hospital. Thousands of pilgrims have been here to pray, from age to age: among them the last of the Valois, the indolent Henry III. A small statue of Our Lady of Aid on one of the gables seems to welcome and bless the traveller. To this sacred spot, that for ages had known no other sound but the voice of prayer and praise, and no other smoke but that of holy incense, came the din of war and the smoke of cannon. Around this asylum of peace took place one of the most thrilling scenes of the late war. The battalion of foreign legions held the place for a time under a frightful cannonading on the part of the Prussian forces. M. Arago, the commander, perished gloriously on the field of battle. The thirteen hundred men under him were of all races and climes. The Austrian mingled with the Italian; the negro of the desert with the Polish exile; the Chinese with the Servian prince. Of these, six hundred were killed or wounded; three hundred made prisoners; the remainder escaped to recommence the combat elsewhere. The Germans pressed on, leaving behind them the flaming houses of the faubourgs to record their triumph. They pushed into the very heart of the city—to the statue of Joan of Arc, which must have wept out its very heart of stone at its powerlessness to drive out this new invader—to the steps of the church where the holy maid once worshipped, or, if not the same, to one on the same spot, for the ancient church of Ste. Croix was destroyed by those *Brise-Moutiers*, the Calvinists, and rebuilt by Henry IV.

Among the inhabitants of Orléans, one man of sacred character and European reputation stands out prominently at the time of this invasion—the illustrious Bishop Dupanloup. This eminent prelate has had the unique privilege of displaying his eloquence before a very unusual variety of audiences—at the Sorbonne, the French Academy, the Palais de Justice, the National Assemblies, the pulpit of Notre Dame de Paris, and the Council of the Vatican. He has also pleaded the cause of weakness, justice, and patriotism before an arrogant conqueror. In this time of universal alarm, the Bishop of Orléans proved himself a worthy successor of the bishops in the times of the invasions of the barbarians, around whom gathered the multitude with a feeling of security. Wherever there was severity to be tempered, crime to be denounced, wounded to be rescued, or condemned to be saved, he was brought to interpose. The panic-struck women from the smoking ruins of Châteaudun betook themselves to him. He was a refuge when every other hope failed. The august function of Defensor Civitatis, Defender of the City, which the popular voice once bestowed on the bishops, had come down from the ages of faith. St. Agnan's holy prayers are said to have delivered Orléans from Attila, who besieged it in the fifth century. Hence, every bishop of Orléans, when he took possession of his see, enjoyed for ages the privilege of delivering all prisoners. When the new bishop approached the city, all the prisoners came out in procession with ropes around their necks, and knelt before him to implore release. Then they went back to the city, and heard Mass in the church of St. Yves. At a later hour they assembled in the court of the *évêché* to listen to an address from the bishop, who, from a window, exhorted them to atone for their previous misdeeds by their penitential lives. He then gave them his blessing, a dinner was provided for them, after which they all went where they pleased. This was only one of the results of the moral power of the first bishop of the country. What the popular voice at first bestowed, afterwards merged into political power when the time of peril was past, and the burden accepted as a possible duty to their flock became a source of reproach, as if it were usurped. [834]

Bishop Dupanloup was worthy the old title Defensor Civitatis. He filled the office simply and generously, with a devotedness nothing could exhaust and a firmness nothing could bend. At the second occupation of Orléans, when the Prussians had replaced the Bavarians, the kind of Truce of God that naturally established itself around the servant of the Most High was done away with. The bishop was an object of severity in his turn; he was imprisoned in a corner of his own palace and strictly guarded. Prince Frederick Charles was impolitic. He should have been mindful of a great captain of loftier genius than his—Prince Eugene, whom history honors for honoring Fénelon at Cambrai.

In speaking of the Bishop of Orleans, we must not forget the priests that everywhere, in town as well as hamlet, walked in his noble footsteps. In the engagements at Notre Dame des Aydes and Coulmiers, as well as elsewhere, the priests, both curé and vicar, were at their posts, going to and fro among the wounded, with hands not raised with murderous weapons, but uplifted to bless; not inflicting death, but braving it, and consoling the dying.

The *Moniteur Officiel* at Berlin has reproached the clergy of Orléans for what is really their glory. "At the approach of our troops," says the Prussian journal, "the solitary laborer threw down his spade, seized his musket on the ground beside him, and fired. Every day such opponents were brought to headquarters and shot according to martial law. Priests were often brought with them who had abetted or been actors in some instance of bold resistance." [835]

Such was the touching emulation of all classes in rallying to defence against the invader.

In the Armée du Nord, General Faidherbe also testifies to the same devotedness on the part of the clergy, and mentions with special gratitude the bold stand of the Archbishop of Cambrai, the Bishop of Arras, the hospital sisters at Corbie, and the clergy generally. He especially holds up one brave Dominican monk for admiration—doubtless a disciple of Lacordaire, or one of the companions of the Martyrs of Arcueil—the Père Mercier, "who received four wounds at the battle of Amiens, where he displayed remarkable courage."

The bravery and patriotism of the priesthood is no new thing. How constantly were they evinced

during the middle ages! If their sacred character did not allow them to participate actively in the fray, they were there to animate and encourage, and especially to succor the dying. Among a thousand instances, we read that, at the battle of Neville's Cross, the Prior of Durham, England, and his monks, took the sacred banner of St. Cuthbert, and repaired to a hillock in sight of both armies, hoisted it, knelt around it, and prayed. Other brethren from the belfry of the cathedral sang hymns of praise and triumph, which were heard afar off in a most miraculous manner.

Yes: Orléans has reason to be proud of its clergy, with its hereditary spirit. "The heart of France" has not lost its ancient courage. The service its people rendered the crown in ancient times induced Louis XI. to give it as its arms an open heart, showing the lilies of France within. Above this *blason* is the quatrain

"Orléans, ville de renom,  
De haut pris, de grand' excellence,  
Eut pour blazon le cœur de France  
De Loueys, onzième du nom."

And another poet has said:

"Non potuit regni caput esse Aurelia magni  
Ergo quod superest, corque, animusque fuit"—

Orléans being so-called from the Emperor Aurelian, who enlarged the city towards the end of the third century, and gave it the name of Aurelianum, from which Aurliens, and finally Orléans.

Perhaps Orléanais has had the glorious privilege of suffering more than any other part of France for its country. It has been a battle-field on which some of the most famous personages in history have figured. Cæsar ran over the country as a conqueror; Attila withdrew from it conquered and humiliated; here the Maid of Orléans delivered France; here Francis de Guise died after forcing Charles V. to give up Metz; and here Turenne saved the country threatened by the Fronde. For two centuries the valley of the Loire had not been disturbed by the noise of arms, but Orléans, Coulmiers, Villepion, etc., now testify how the open heart of France has again bled and suffered.

## USE AND ABUSE OF THE STAGE.

We are a very theatrical people. The old unbending Puritan stuff has almost died out amongst us; whether for better or worse, such is the fact. If a Brutus appeared in our midst to-day, he would be dubbed a "rowdy"; a Cato, a decided bore. Where we would not turn to look at them, we rush pell-mell to catch the first glimpse of a prince; even a lord finds a following here that must rather surprise him in a nation where he only expected to meet with the stern virtues of republicanism. We crowd in the same way to see a new "star" in the theatrical firmament, whether that star's radiance consist in a melodious voice, or a dexterous use of the limbs, or a display of physical charms, so artistically concealed that not one of them is missed. So we throng to hear a great preacher or a loud one, provided he is "puffed" enough. Our politics have degenerated into a money-making concern; our religion, almost to a fashion. As it was a fashion in the old days when the Pharisee went up to the temple to pray, and his prayer consisted in thanking God that he was so far above the poor publican, together with a grand recital of his fastings and self-flagellations, and alms given to the poor; as it was a fashion later on, in the time of the Puritans and the Scotch under right John Knox, as Carlyle would call his hero—when the godly sat out their two hours' sermon, and at the end applauded, and begged the preacher to continue, and sat them grimly a two hours more; going their way, comforted at heart, to murder Cavalier and Catholic, and all who wore the mark of the beast and the color of the scarlet woman.

We have touched on religion, for it is inwoven with our theme, the theatre, which sprang from religion, and, could it be made to preach as it has done, would, without lack of amusement or attraction, become a house of prayer, and not, as it now is, a home of corruption. The Greeks used it for a twofold purpose: to lash vice or as a political weapon. And nothing pierced so fatally the thick hide of the low demagogue, Cleon, as the barbed shafts of Aristophanes, scattered with all the great master's skill among the keen-witted and appreciative Athenians. We see a similar instance to-day in the attack by one of the leaders of the modern French drama on a much greater man than Cleon. The *Rabagas* of Sardou has tended to demoralize Gambetta more than the holocaust he sacrificed, in his unwise and inopportune zeal, to the glory of France, as he would claim; in reality to its ruin. It has done more to lower him in the eyes of the people than the terrible logic of events. Why have not we a man to do the like for the *rings* and the political immorality that inundates us; from which we are only just beginning to emerge, without the certainty of not sinking beneath it again?

The stage with the Greeks was, moreover, a preacher. It held up lofty thoughts in language worthy of them. It preached the virtue of self-sacrifice and its nobleness in tones that could not fail to be heard. It did not mock the false with puny laughter and weak travestie; but laid it bare in all its ugliness, cutting deep into it and round about it, probing the soil that it grew in, piercing its thick rind with a weapon whose wound was death. And there stands out that wonderful play of the *Prometheus Vincetus*: the bold story of the god-born man, who, with the insight of the god-nature that was in him, saw the misery of his brethren, and dared to filch the sacred fire from heaven that he might lift them up from their degradation; who suffered on an eternity of woe, with the relentless bird ever gnawing at his vitals; and, as the curtain fell upon the convulsion of nature, foretold, in words indeed prophetic, the fall of Jove and of his false heaven. We read and stand amazed; wondering, now at the grace, now at the terrible power of the words; pitying the great and tameless soul enduring an agony unspeakable for his kind, chained there to the bare rock with the pitiless heavens above him, the starry-curtained night, and the ever-dimpling ocean smiling beneath him. We see Calvary and the Saviour there; and marvel at the boldness of the conception, the magnificence and prophetic truth of its carrying out. From this story of a pagan Greek, told to pagans before Christ came into the world, bearing the fire that he willed only to be kindled, we turn with shame and sickness at heart to the things of this day, of this era of civilization and enlightenment.

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But first let us trace the course of the drama when it fell into Christian hands.

That fierce Northern blast which overthrew for ever the gorgeous fabric of the Roman Empire, withered and blighted everything that could be called intellectual or refined. The civilization, the literature, the very language of Greece and Rome, were extinguished, and the world had to begin its intellectual schooling anew. Then the church stepped in, and moulded those rough elements into a nobler race than that which had been swept away. The Roman had been taught to live for the state; the Christian was taught to live for Christ. The church filled their rugged minds with great ideas and noble purposes; she laid the foundation of a great faith, and on that built up everything. A belief in one Supreme God, in eternal joy for the good, eternal pain for the wicked: such was the doctrine, easily learned, easily understood, which she unceasingly poured into their untutored minds. It was a hard task. There was no press then; there were no newspapers, no telegraph wires flashing thought from world to world in less time than it takes to conceive it. Men were taught by word of mouth. And when we contemplate the magnitude of the work—the education and conversion of an illiterate world—we can only wonder at its success, and see therein the finger of God, guiding and directing his daughter—the one stumbling-block to the march of reason, according to our modern notions.

Then came up those quaint old miracle plays, performed at fairs and festivals, and sometimes even in the cathedrals and churches. They clothed the mysteries of religion in simple language, well adapted for simple minds, and brought home to the crowds assembled great and impressive truths. A relic of them to-day attracts the fashionable world, *ennuyé* of the opera, the conventional stage, and an existence weary of itself and its emptiness. It takes its opera-glasses and scent-bottles and flirtation to the rude rocks of the Tyrol to behold the Ammergau *Passion*



*Play*. It is a novelty. We wonder that no enterprising manager has offered fabulous sums to bring the performers out here to us. They would certainly “draw.” To be sure, he could scarcely transport the Tyrol, but then the scene-painter and machinist could manage that. If the butterflies of fashion can find motive enough to brave the terrors of sea-sickness and flit out thither to behold a novelty, can sit it out without a yawn, and be struck by the reverence of the performance and its effect on the grave mountaineers, surely something far less taxing on our conventional notions, but bearing the germ of a great truth within it, might send the thousands who flock nightly to our theatres home with a thought in their heads and a more earnest feeling in their hearts.

The stage grew with the growth of time and the spread of education, till, at the close of the sixteenth century, we find it at its zenith in Spain and in England. The French and Italians never possessed a *great* stage—a stage, that is, for all time and all nations; the German is of recent growth. At this point the stage was great; was in the broad sense moral, elevating, high. It towered above men, above the times; it educated while it attracted them. In plot, in action, in delineation of character, in thrilling scenes and happy conceptions, the plays of the sixteenth century are unrivalled, while their language makes of them classics. Dr. Arnold of Rugby proposed that the English classics should be made one of the principal studies of boys at school. We wonder what benefit boys would derive from the study of the trash we listen to and applaud in these days—whether it would be better calculated to improve their morals than a close application to the pages of the *Newgate Calendar* or the columns of the *Police News*?

From that period the course of the stage has been a downward one passing from bad to worse, till it has been our fortune, with a solitary exception here and there, to light upon the worst; for the plays of the time of Charles II., bad as they are and revolting, are safer from their very outspokenness than the gilded licentiousness that allures us. We rival them in obscenity, as we fall immeasurably below them in wit. The reason of this decline, at a time when the discovery of the art of printing gave a new impetus to the spread of education, is foreign to our present purpose. With a glance at the past, at what the theatre was, and what it might become, we turn to that which immediately concerns us, the present: what the theatre now is, and why—restricting our remarks principally to New York.

Now the dramatic season has just drawn to a close,<sup>[203]</sup> so it is a fair time to indulge in a retrospect. We believe it has been on the whole what managers might term a fairly good season; that is, people have gone to the theatres, paid their money, and endorsed, by their presence and applause, the various species of entertainments which the managers, in their capacity of public caterers, have provided for them.

Our question is, What have we endorsed? What have been the theatrical “hits” of the season? What are the plays which have brought crowds to the theatre, money to the manager, and delight to the public at large? The answer, looked at soberly and honestly, is startling.

With the exception of the Shakespearian and a few other classical plays at one of the theatres, some transitory pieces got up occasionally for “stars,” and French adaptations, which we shall refer to after, we have not had a single play worthy of the name, worthy of the actors who performed them, worthy, we sincerely hope, of the audiences who witnessed them.

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It may be as well to explain that by actors we mean ladies and gentlemen who are equal to the very difficult position they have taken upon themselves; who can speak pure English in a manner we can all understand—a slight qualification seemingly, yet in these days one of the rarest; who can portray emotions with fidelity; who can forget, first of all, themselves; secondly, the audience, in the character they have assumed. We do not mean those with whom vulgarity passes for wit, coarseness for humor, or a liberal display of the person for all that is needed. The name of the latter class is legion; the individuals who compose the former, exclusive of passing stars, might be almost counted on our fingers.

And now for the performances we have endorsed. The great attractions, the “hits” of the season, beyond *Humpty Dumpty*, which is no play at all, but a display of the antics of the cleverest mime who has appeared on our stage, have been the *Black Crook* and *Lalla Rookh*. These two pieces drew the largest crowds for the longest time; one of them is an old favorite, and vies with *Humpty Dumpty* in duration; the other, but for its untimely end by fire, was as likely to become so, and may yet, for all we know to the contrary. We wish to place this well before the public; the chief theatrical attractions in New York, the commercial capital of our Republic and the New World, during the past year, have been *Humpty Dumpty*, the *Black Crook*, and *Lalla Rookh*!

What are these two latter things? Are they plays? Is there any acting in them at all? Is there a single good thought inculcated, good feeling stirred, good end attained by their presentation? Are they fit to place before a public composed of ladies and gentlemen, of virtuous men and women, above all before the young, the pleasure-seekers, of both sexes?

To all these questions we answer an emphatic no; and we are certain that the managers who got them up would agree with us. Yet all New York—speaking generally—crowded to see them. The expense in producing them was enormous. Actresses, scenery, dresses, machinery, were purchased and brought from over the sea; and all for what? A display of brilliant costumes, or rather an absence of them; crowds of girls set in array, and posturing so as to bring out every turn and play of the limbs. Throughout it was simply a parade of indecency artistically placed upon the stage, with garish lights and intoxicating music to quicken the senses and inflame the passions. The very advertisements in the streets and in the public press set forth as their crowning attraction the crowds of “ladies” and their scanty raiment.

How women with any pretensions to modesty could sit out such an exhibition without a blush—how men could take women for whom they had any respect to witness it, are things we cannot understand. That such things can succeed at all, can succeed so well, can beat everything else from the field, among us, speaks ill for us; speaks ill for our taste, our morality, our civilization. To Protestants and Catholics alike we say: Cry down, with all the power that is in you, public exhibitions that are daily undermining and uprooting the morality of this great nation, which affects, as it must continue to affect more and more day by day, the destiny of the world. They influence the fashions; they fill the public streets with impurity. Their effect is in the very air we breathe, the press we read, the pictures that meet our eyes on every stand. To the recognition and open admiration we display for such performances on the public stage, we owe those lower dens of infamy that corrupt our youth, poison their life, and cause the whole race to degenerate; and the bloody tragedies in real life which have from their frequency almost ceased to create a sensation. They are a blot upon our institutions, a stain upon our morality, a scandal to every decent eye.

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But who is to blame?

The public deplures the depravity of the taste of the age, and carries its opera-glass to the theatre so as not to miss an iota. The manager blames the actor, the actor the author, and the author the manager. Perhaps all are to blame more or less; but undoubtedly the onus of it rests with us who pay for and go to see such things. The manager whom we blame so much objects very properly: The people want to be amused, and we must find something to amuse them. Good plays that are presentable are almost as rare as good actors to interpret them, as an appreciative audience to come and admire them. If the public did not demand such sights, you may be perfectly certain we should not present them. Our interest in the whole matter is merely one of dollars. Love of art, and educating the public taste, and so forth, sound very well in the abstract, but they do not pay. These things are of enormous cost in the scenery, the putting on the stage, the costumes, and, as far as the actors are concerned, to-day we are compelled to pay a higher price for limbs than for genius.

Now, this sounds very plausible, and there is, no doubt, a vast amount of reason in it. Certain it is that, if the public kept away from such exhibitions, the manager would scarcely ruin himself by presenting them to empty houses. But are good plays so scarce, and why?

Shakespeare, we fear, is almost out of the question. We confess, in common with very many, a secret misgiving, almost amounting to horror, at the idea of going to see Desdemona or Banquo doubly murdered. The education of the vast majority of our actors renders them incapable of catching the meaning of the great master's words, far less of interpreting them in a manner to enchain our attention or enthrall our senses: the invariable result when we sit down to read them. We generally find one or two characters ably sustained, and the rest, as a rule, rendered absolutely ridiculous. Notwithstanding, we take it as a very encouraging thing, and a great sign of advancement in intelligence and education, to see in one instance, at least, this class of drama drawing houses the whole year through. The more we have of such plays, the less we shall see of *Black Crooks* and *Lalla Rookhs*. Sheridan, again, and Colman are almost beyond our actors, though they are scarcely a hundred years old. An actor undertaking a character must understand not merely the words he utters, but the *character* he represents, the position it holds in the play, its *bearings* on the others; for our modern actors are too apt to consider that there is only one character in every play, and that their own. The costume, mode of life, look, gait, air, *tout ensemble*, should fit the person to the age in which he lived. Now, how many of those employed to personate the fops, or fools, or men about town of Sheridan, know the age in which those characters lived, the mode of conversation, the walk, "the nice conduct of the clouded cane," the way of passing the time, the affected laugh and pronunciation of certain letters, the ceremony thrown into a bow or a proffer of a pinch of snuff, with a thousand other little things only to be found in a close study of the writers of the time? Yet, without this intimate knowledge, our modern actor must trust to his wig and antique coat and ruffles to give us an idea of Charles Surface or Sir Peter Teasle. Passing regretfully by these, then, we come to the question before us, the drama of to-day, where we atone for lack of genius by sensation; where words give place to "business"; where for a good author we substitute a good carpenter, aided by a good scene-painter; where a conflagration, or a shipwreck, or a cab, drive Shakespeare and the rest off the boards. Wherein lies the excellence of the sensational school of playwrights? Strip them of their drowning scenes, fires, chloroform, and slang phrases, and what have we left? Simply nothing. Not a single conception of a great idea or a great character; no noble purpose to fire the soul; no keen wit to scorch the age and purify while it burns; but in their stead sorry jokes, and the meanest and most ordinary characters speaking bad grammar; with plenty of howling, and climbing, and swimming, and water and fire and limelight, and a stirring song that is not the author's, all interspersed with stray spars of wit floating about here and there in the heterogeneous mass, and turning up at happy places—wit, by the way, which is generally stolen from the French or from some well-known story, all adjusted to slow music, set to magnificent scenery, with mechanism enough to construct a city; and the audience, wheedled there by puff, is amazed and overcome, and, going away, tells its friends that there is not much in it, but the scenery alone is well worth the money.

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This is undoubtedly the English drama of the day, dividing the palm with the anatomical exhibitions we have previously referred to, and almost as prolific of good results to the public. *Eileen Oge*, one of the latest and best plays of this class, was the only one which attracted audiences to that splendid failure, the Grand Opera House.

There is another class of play to which we promised to refer—the modern French school—which

finds its home in one of our theatres, and which, by lavish expenditure, the splendor of costume, excellence of mounting, and general efficiency of the cast, has proved more or less a success. They pass among us as dramas of society. Let us examine the most recent of these "society plays," and see if they are worthy of their name.

*Article 47* runs as follows: A lover, in a moment of jealousy, shoots his mistress, attempting at the time to gain possession of a casket belonging to her. She escapes with life, but that life is dead to her, for her beauty, though not destroyed, is for ever marred. Her love changes to hate. She appears as a witness against her lover on a charge of attempted murder and robbery. He is acquitted of wilful attempt to kill, but condemned to five years at the galleys, and placed for ever, by Article 47 of the penal code, under police surveillance. Both lives are embittered, the one with the consciousness of a wrong done to the woman he loved, but loves no longer; the other from the consciousness of, to her, an irreparable loss sustained, a beauty marred in the dawn of life, and a love contending with hate for the man who once loved her, and whom she still, in her sane moments—for the crash of contending emotions and the brooding over her lost life are goading her to madness—loves. The term of his confinement ended, the lover changes his name, flies to Paris, and hopes thus to escape the surveillance of the police. He enters society again, and falls in love with an old acquaintance who has ever loved him. They are married. In society he meets with the old love. She recognizes him, and, finding that his love is turned to abhorrence, hate again strives for mastery, and she compels him to frequent the *salon* where she is to be seen, and spend a certain time of each day in her society, on pain of disclosing to his wife that he is a convicted felon, and the whole story of her wrong. In a moment of despair he unfolds all to his wife in her presence; they determine to fly. The madness has been working all this time in the other's blood. She retains enough reason to send a message to the prefect of police, disclosing the person and whereabouts of the ex-prisoner. The letter is intercepted, and she finally dies at his feet, still mad, and thinking that he loves her. The play is a powerful one, but revolting. The gradual growth of the madness in the woman is well worked up. But the woman is a fiend, and her fiendishness is the whole point of the play. We have women as bad or worse in plays that are infinitely superior, *Lady Macbeth*, for instance; but the mastermind that conceived that character conceived it aright—laid it bare in all its hideousness, and surrounded it with such moral strength and contrasts that we hate it. The French writer enlists a forced sympathy for his heroine. Everybody is in a chronic state of misery all the way through; the vice of the thing is condoned or glossed over, and the character most to be pitied at the end is the hideous thing that is called a woman. It is a delineation and upholding of a false principle from beginning to end; and, if such is society, we can only pity it. While there are such things as truth, honor, womanly nature, and manly strength among us, such a play should hold no place in our midst; and the writer debases his talents when he can turn them to so much better account. Most French plays of the modern school come to us in this fashion. They are all unhealthy, morbid, false to God and man; and though they are well written, abounding in felicitous repartee, clever tirades against society, witty mockery of characters that go down among us, and in their English dress are stripped of the dangerous *équivoque* and *double entendre*, it is better for us either to let them alone, or so change them that we do not recognize them, as the late Mr. Robertson succeeded in doing. All, or nearly all, of his comedies were originally founded on the French. But he did not reproduce; he adapted. And his plays, the most charming, as they are by far the wittiest and most brilliant, of the day, are always presentable, always enjoyable, though they strike out no great thought, nor, indeed, aim at it, but are clever satires on society as we find it, as it comes and goes. We should very much like to see them produced oftener here. There is only one house which, as a rule, attempts this class of play; and its programme has to be changed so often that it looks very much as though the public did not appreciate its efforts. Yet we have never met with a single person who has witnessed one of Mr. Robertson's plays and would not be very happy to witness another. We think the fault lies chiefly with the company. The rank and file are not adequate. At the Prince of Wales' theatre in London the same company performs still that performed when Mr. Robertson first produced his plays; and each one of them, from first to last, is a thorough actor. We hear a great deal about people, immediately they make a hit, demanding an enormous increase of salary; and, if their demands are not conceded, rushing off to "star it in the provinces." In England it is just the reverse. If actors can obtain a footing at all in London, they abide there. And we cannot but think that, if fair inducements were held out here, a stock company of excellent actors could be organized who might form a school; and the manager would not be compelled to hunt Europe for a name, and spend a small fortune nightly on a single individual, which he might much more judiciously divide among his own staff, and keep his house well filled in spite of all the stars of the firmament.

But good plays are needed as much as good actors; and good plays we shall never have so long as managers can procure gratis the latest London success, which London itself has generally derived from a French source. Managers are cautious of new playwrights, and wisely so. But this caution may be, is carried a little too far. We have a society of our own, and a history of our own. We have already a host of clever and even brilliant writers. We have had a great war and a great convulsion. We have plenty to attack, and plenty to uphold. Our society, political, social, and religious, is scarcely what it might be. There is many a foul thing to sweep away; there is a meeting of many elements in this land of ours; there is a history to look back upon, and a glorious history to build up, if we build rightly. At the same time, there is a licentiousness, outspoken, scornful, and gaining ground day by day, which it is our duty to withstand by every force in our power. There is that aping, too, of the worst imported fashions, that running after wealth and rank, when they come among us, that betokens a wandering from the sturdy ways of our fathers. There is a widespread corruption in the administration of the law, a venality in political life, which it would be well to crush. There is here field enough for the native dramatist, without

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looking abroad for the "cheap and nasty." Could a Sheridan rise up among us now, he would find no lack of subjects for his pen in the extravagance, the contradictions, the licentiousness of this age and this great Republic. At all events, if we must import, let us import the best, and not things which poison our life, and stop our intellectual and natural as well as our moral growth, and make us a laughing-stock to the outer world.

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## HOW I LEARNED LATIN.

When I was young, I travelled a good deal, but travel then was very different from what it is now. My travelling was all obligatory, it was on business, and I sometimes found myself detained in places from which I would gladly have taken a quick departure. It happened once that, during my tour through France, I had to stay a Sunday at Lyons. The stages on Saturday were few, and did not suit me, and of course it was against my principles to travel on the "Sabbath." I had been brought up a very strict Presbyterian, and was very particular, especially in a foreign country, about attending service. I could hardly speak any French, which perhaps you will think strange, since I had business to transact in France, but my business was with English and American houses and their agents. You know, too, in my time young people did not learn French as they do now, any more than young ladies learned to play on the piano. But I was determined I would go to church, and so set about finding out whether there was any English-speaking clergyman in Lyons. I could not find any, and, when I inquired after a church, I was deafened and confused by the number of St. Marys', St. Monicas', St. Vincents', St. Josephs', that were pointed out to me. If it had not been the "Sabbath," I think I should have been tempted to swear at the whole calendar and its Lyons representatives. I asked for a *Protestant* church. "Oh! yes," said one (all the others looked blank), "there is a 'temple' (so they call them in France) in such and such a street," naming it, and giving me directions by which I could not fail to discover it. I started, fearing I should be late. I had heard that the French Protestant religion was not unlike the Presbyterian, but I had never been to one of its churches before, having always been luckily within reach of some church where my own tongue was used. At last I found my "temple," and got in, rather behind time, to be sure. The people were singing. The church—meeting-house, I should say—was bare and whitewashed, large square windows lighted it with a painful exuberance of brightness, the seats were stiff and uncomfortable. I could not understand one word, and thought the voices rather nasal. The congregation sat down and the minister got up. This evidently meant a sermon. I tried hard to fix my mind on some Bible texts I knew by heart, so as to prevent my thoughts from wandering. As the preacher went on, his voice droning into my ear, I caught myself wondering whether I were in the right place after all, and whether his doctrine was the same as mine. I could not tell what he might be saying, but, of course, the hymns must be all right. I took up a hymn-book, and tried to make out from their analogy to some English words what these French words could mean. I could see the name of "Jesus" pretty often, and could make out "Saviour" too, but that was about all. The sermon was very long, and I was hardly quite awake at the end. Then the people sang again, and a harmonium joined in from somewhere. When it was all over, I felt very dissatisfied, and somehow it did not seem to me as if I had been to church at all. I lost my way going back to my hotel, and happened to pass one of the "saints'" multitudinous shrines, just as the Catholic congregation were coming out. An acquaintance of mine, a young Englishman, was among them. He came across the street and shook hands.

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"Why, where have you dropped from?" he said.

"From church," I answered.

"What church?" he asked, rather blankly.

"The Protestant 'temple,' of whatever religion that may be," I said, not in the best of humors. I told him my whole adventure, whereat he seemed very serious.

"My dear fellow," he said at last, "have you not often heard us Catholics abused for all sorts of mummeries, for muttering and mumbling in an unknown tongue, for bowing and scraping, and popping down, suddenly on one knee, and so forth?"

"Of course I have," I said.

"Well, and what do you think of what you saw in the French Presbyterian church, this morning?"

"Think! I simply think it was unintelligible."

"Well, say, quite as unintelligible as our Latin, for instance?"

"Yes, but not for the Frenchmen who were there."

"But if those Frenchmen had been in a Presbyterian church in America, they would have been as badly off as you were this morning. And if both you and they went to a German church, as Calvinistic as you could wish and as like your own in belief, would not you and your French friends be all at sea, as the saying is?"

"Exactly so; but what are you driving at?"

"Only this: that, when you go to the church, and know that the people believe pretty much as you do, you would like, I think, to be able to join in their devotions, and not feel yourself left out in the cold, as if you were a heathen or a Mormon, wouldn't you?"

"Of course; but it can't be helped."

"I tell you it can, my dear fellow. Look at us, millions and millions of Catholics, all believing the same doctrine, all going to the same ceremonies, and taking part in the same devotions, because we have only one language for our services, one language that is spoken in Canton, in San Francisco, in London, in Africa, everywhere where a Catholic altar is put up and a Catholic priest says Mass."

"There is some convenience in that, I'll grant you."

"I tell you, my friend, when I come to a foreign city and find everything strange and feel very

lonely in the hurrying crowd that has not one idea in common with me, I just find out a Catholic church as quick as I can, and hear Mass. See if every worshipper does not become a brother then, and if one's feelings don't change! I take my chair, put it where I like, open my book, and follow the same old prayers that I heard long ago in little poky chapels in England. I feel quite at home."

"Well, it *is* pleasant: but that is not all one wants."

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"But is it not a great deal? What do you think of a religion that meets you everywhere, just the same, dear old familiar faith, never changing among the mandarins of China, the Red Indians of your own territories, the blacks of South Africa, and the traders of London and Birmingham? Don't you call it comfortable, homely, to say the least?"

"Yes, but I suspect it is all sentimentalism: you like the sound of the old words, but you don't really understand them. A baby would like the same cooing it was used to at home, supposing it got lost and picked up somewhere, but there would be no sense in the cooing, for all that."

"But, my dear fellow, we *do* understand our Latin. All of us who can read have the translation of it plainly printed alongside of the text in our books of devotion, and the greater part we are already familiar with on account of its being taken from the Gospels and the Psalms."

"No, really? Is that so indeed?"

"Indeed it is. And, now, what do you think of this? You see the priest 'pop down suddenly on one knee, and pop up again,' as you would put it. Well, he has been saying, 'The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.' Is not that in the Bible, in St. John's Gospel? Of course you are well up in texts, you know where *that* is. And, again, when you see the priest beat his breast three times, and you call out 'Superstition!' do you know what he is saying? 'Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof; but say the word, and my soul shall be healed.' Is not that in the Bible (with the substitution of 'soul' for 'servant'), where the centurion begs our Lord to cure his servant? And so on through the greater part of the Mass. When you see the priest wash his hands, he repeats a whole Psalm, the Twenty-fifth; and at the very beginning, when you see him stand at the foot of the steps, he is also repeating a Psalm, the Forty-third. Further on he repeats the 'Our Father,' and there are other parts of the Mass, whose names would only confuse you, which change according to the ecclesiastical seasons, but are always exclusively composed of Scripture texts, aptly chosen for the different solemnities of the year. So, you see, we know all about what we hear said in Latin."

"Well, you surprise me; all that mumbling seemed to me so childish."

"Do you think these Frenchmen childish when they speak their own tongue, and do their business in it, and their courting, and their literature?"

"Well, no, of course that would be absurd."

"And the Italians, the Germans, the Greeks, the Spaniards, don't they all talk foreign languages, yet you don't think them childish, or call their conversation *mumbling*?"

"No; I simply say I am sorry I cannot understand them."

"Then don't you see that as a Catholic you would be even better off, for though the Latin would be a foreign language, yet you *would* understand it?"

"Certainly, if all you say is true, the Latin is by no means a bad contrivance."

"Do you know that, up to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries at least, most books were written in Latin, no matter to what country the author might belong, and that till even later than that all law business was transacted in Latin all over the civilized world?"

"Was it indeed? Well, I have learnt something this morning, and it is really worth thinking over."

"Come this afternoon to St. Vincent's, and I will show you at Vespers how well every one understands the service."

"All right! agreed."

And so we parted, and in the afternoon my English friend and I went to a Catholic church, and sat down among a crowd of very attentive worshippers, all of whom were reading their prayer-books. My friend opened his, and pointed out the Psalm the choir was singing; it was one I knew very well: "The Lord said to my Lord." The people about us were all French; their books had the same Latin Psalm on one column as my friend's book showed, while the French translation was in the place of the English one which he had on the opposite page. Many of the congregation were singing alternately with the choristers at the altar. My friend sang too; he did not mumble, but said the words distinctly, so that I heard each syllable, though I could not understand the meaning. He gave me his book presently, and chanted by heart. As we came out, there was a group of dark-skinned men, talking eagerly near the door. They were Spaniards; they too seemed quite at home. The next day, I was curious enough to go to Low Mass with my friend; as the ceremony went on, he showed me every word, and made me follow everything, even the introit, collects, gradual, communion, which he looked out for me in a missal he had with him. I was puzzled by all these names then, though they are A B C to me now. My friend had to leave in a day or two, but I had bought a book like his in the meanwhile at an English library, and continued through curiosity to go to the different Catholic services, just to assure myself that the Latin was not gibberish. It struck me as strange that three-quarters of the prayers should be my own Bible texts!

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Well, to make a long story short, I left Lyons soon after, and travelled to many other places,

European and Asiatic. At last one day I was in Canton, in high spirits, for I was to go home soon and be a partner in the firm whose foreign business I had been managing. Sunday came, and I went to church; I was just as anxious as ever about my Sunday duties, but somehow it was not for a Presbyterian church that I was looking. I knew my way very well to *my* church, and my church had a cross on its gable end, and was called "The Church of the Holy Childhood." There were plenty of Chinese there, a few English, a few Americans, and a good many French people. They all had the Latin on one page of their books, and their respective languages on the opposite page. But I did not need to look at my English translation, for I knew the Latin by heart now. I am sorry to say I had distractions, and during one of them I suddenly perceived my old friend of Lyons. When Mass was over, I went to him and called him by name; he stared and did not recognize me; we had never met since, and I had a beard of many years' growth. I told him my name, and asked him if he had forgotten St. Vincent's Church at Lyons? I can tell you we had a good long talk over the past, and he congratulated me heartily, while I thanked him eagerly for the best lesson I ever learned in my life.

And that, boys, was how I learned Latin.

But I have only told you about one reason which our church has for keeping to the Latin tongue; that particular reason struck me most, because it was through that I was converted; but of course, when I came to examine things thoroughly, I learnt all about the other very good reasons assigned by the church for this practice. You know how modern languages are always changing, and how the same word will mean a different thing in two separate centuries; there is the word "prevent," for instance, which now means to hinder, but which formerly was used in the Anglican liturgy in its Latin sense, to succor and to help. Well, it would not do for the dogmas or the rites of the church to be subject to these apparent changes, which would lead most likely to misunderstandings and perhaps heresies, so the church chose to fix her liturgy in a language whose rules and construction undergo no alteration from century to century. You know the law, also, has Latin terms, probably used for the same reason. Then, besides, it is not necessary for the people to be able to join in the absolute words of the Mass and other services, provided they join heartily in the *intention* of the sacrifice and prayers. As I have told you already, the *fact* is that most Catholics do understand the words themselves, and not very imperfectly; still, the *theory* remains that such comprehension (which after all is more a grammatical accomplishment than a devout necessity) is not absolutely required. If it were otherwise, you see, the doctrine of intention would suffer. In the old days, the Hebrews—on whose ritual all non-Catholics claim to take their stand, or by which at least they measure their standard of adequate worship—used to stand outside the temple, where they could neither see nor hear, though they knew that by their presence alone they were participating in the sacrifice and receiving the blessing attached to it. Then, again, we forgot, when as Protestants we used to object to the Latin liturgy, that the Catholic ceremony of Mass is essentially a *sacrifice* offered to God *for* the people, the priest being the sole representative of the people and interceding in their name. Long ago, at the English court of the Plantagenet kings. French was the language universally spoken, while the Saxons, the subjects, adhered to their own tongue. The petitions of the people were offered to the king in the language of the court, that is, French; but the result was identical with that which would have been the consequence had the prayer been in a tongue the people could understand. So in the church it is sufficient for God to hear the petition of his children; they themselves would not be benefited the more for understanding every word of the pleading of the priest. The things that are said *to* us, not *for* us, the sermons and instructions which are to explain God's will and our duty to us, are always in the tongue common to each particular country; and when there is a large foreign settlement in a town, it has a church of its own where such instruction is administered. Look at this large city of New York: have we not German churches and a French church besides our English-speaking churches? The Mass is identically the same in each, but for those who are to be taught the language is varied according to their nationality. And so for all offices which the priests perform toward us, as, for instance, confession. In the great church of which you have all heard, St. Peter's at Rome, there are confessionals where priests of every nation are ever ready to receive and console the sinners of every clime, while above each box is plainly written "For the English," "For the Spaniards," "For the French," "For the Germans," "For the Greeks," "For the Poles," etc., etc. So, you see, the church, after all, is quite as wise as she is loving, and indicates her claim to be our mother in every way. Take my advice, and always look well into things before you condemn them; for, if *I* had done so when a boy, I should have saved myself a great deal of trouble in getting rid of prejudices which every year increased and deepened, till it needed a miracle of the grace of God to strip the tightening garment they were wrapping round my fettered soul.

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## THE HANDKERCHIEF.

If there is one article of the toilette that, more than another, appeals particularly to the imagination, it is certainly the handkerchief. The favored glove that has encased a fair hand is often treasured up by a sentimental admirer; a brodered scarf or a knot of ribbon has been worn by many a gallant knight as the colors of the lady of his choice; the collar encircling some ivory neck is envied to such a degree as to almost warrant the ambition of Winnifred Jenkins: "God he nose what havoc I shall make among the mail sects when I make my first appearance in this killing collar"; but a thousand killing collars bear no comparison to that delicate fabric of muslin and lace which plays as important a part in the flirtations of fashionable life here as the fan among the ladies of Spain. Who could imagine so small a square of cloth—if it be not profanity to apply so common a term to so wondrous a tissue—could be made to express or conceal so much in the hands of its fair owner? Such an expressive toss or whisk could only be the result of the profoundest study. And what a delicate attractive odor it gives out, suggestive of roses, and violets, and all the flora of occidental as well as oriental gallantry. And then the touching *rôle* it plays in the pathetic—it is the recipient of some timely tear—perhaps too, vain coxcomb, a screen for many a yawn. We can never be too sure of what is confided to this bosom companion.

The sacredness imputed to the handkerchief is no modern idea. It came to us from the East, whence sprang religion, science, and romance itself. Ages ago the handkerchief was regarded in Egypt as a kind of amulet. The fair one of later days, who interweaves a thread of her own life into the handkerchief she intends for some favored knight, hopes it may prove like the magic handkerchief given by the Egyptian charmer to Othello's mother, endued with a power to subdue him "entirely to her love."

"There's magic in the web of it:  
A sibyl that had number'd in the world  
The sun to make two hundred compasses  
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:  
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk:  
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful  
Conserved of maidens' hearts."

The handkerchief is the strongest proof of love, not only among the Moors, but among all Eastern nations, says Byron, who approved of Shakespeare's making the jealousy of Othello turn on this point. But poor Desdemona found the inherited talisman she "kissed and talked to" a fatal gift. [850]

Perhaps the handkerchief immortalized by Drummond of Hawthornden, embroidered for him by the beautiful Lesbia to whom he was betrothed, was likewise ominous, for she died "in the fresh April of her years," and the handkerchief she gave him was steeped in tears at her loss.

Calderon says:

"She gave me too a handkerchief—a spell—  
A flattering pledge, my hopes to animate,  
An astrologic favor, fatal prize  
That told too true what tears must wipe these eyes."

The significance of the handkerchief is referred to in Horace Walpole's letters: "Lord Tavistock has flung his handkerchief to Lady Elizabeth Keppel. They all go to Woburn on Thursday, and the ceremony is to be performed as soon as her brother, the bishop, can arrive from Exeter."

Miss Strickland tells us that when Anne Boleyn dropped her handkerchief from the balcony at the feet of Henry Norris, the latter, heated from the part he had just been taking in the jousts, took it up, presumptuously wiped his face with it, and then returned it to the queen on the point of his lance. At this, King Henry changed color, abruptly retired in a fury of jealousy, and gave orders for the arrest of the queen and of all who were suspected of being favored by her. It proved a fatal handkerchief to him also, for he was soon after executed.

The handkerchief may be regarded as one of the great indications of civilization. Though the Celestials have not yet arrived at this climax, and still carry their small sheets of delicate paper as a substitute, but which possess no moral significance whatever, so far as we know, more refined nations have made its use universal. Even the poorest may whip out of his pocket, in these days, not that red cotton flag of abomination that used to offend the sight, but one of pure white linen, betokening a higher state of cultivation.

We are quite well aware that the handkerchief is, notwithstanding, a luxury some of the laboring classes reserve for Sundays and high festivals, which alone should invest the article with a quasi sanctity, associated as it is with religious observances. With what careful deliberation such an one draws it forth from the receptacle devoted to its use! With what a tremulous awkwardness he applies it, as though he were making an unaccustomed experiment; or losing his caution, perhaps he charges with desperation, like Miss Wix, one of whose peculiarities was that she always blew her nose as if it belonged to an enemy! And how carefully it is refolded and returned to the secret depository. What heaps of "wipes" the astonished *Oliver Twist* saw in the Jew's den, and all so badly marked, too, that the stitches had to be picked out!

We cannot help rejoicing over the handkerchief the Artful Dodger drew from Mr. Brownlow's pocket which led to such a change in Oliver's fortunes.



The handkerchief is an important article in many a romance, as well as in real life. Tears more touching than those of Mr. Mantalini have brought it into requisition. If all the handkerchiefs in the world could tell their experience, how many a sad tale they would unfold!—We cannot help regarding Adam and Eve with the deepest commiseration without a handkerchief between them, as hand in hand through Eden they took their solitary way. What bitter tears poor Eve shed!—but those that fell on the ground were turned into roses, and those that dropped into the water were changed into pearls, as ours too will be shown not wholly lost at some future day.

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Many a hero's bleeding wounds have been bound up by the handkerchief of some Sister of Charity on the battle-field, and many such handkerchiefs have been sent as sacred remembrances to dear ones at home, ensanguined like that Orlando sent his Rosalind, but, alas! not always so happy an omen.

The handkerchief has been made a signal of distress from more than one watch-tower besides that we used to linger by in our childhood with fear and trembling, waiting anxiously till Sister Ann's fluttering kerchief brought deliverance to Bluebeard's fearful hold.

We will not pass over the handkerchiefs, or aprons, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, that received a virtue from the very touch of the holy Apostle Paul to heal the sick—the first intimation, perhaps, of the wonder-working scapular; nor of that other handkerchief over which have been shed the tears of the whole Christian world—the *sudarium* of Veronica, sometimes called her veil, and again a napkin (Othello's handkerchief is called a little napkin), which has been enshrined by tradition, and to which artists and poets have paid tribute, Dante himself mentioning it in his *Paradiso*—the handkerchief that wiped the dust and sweat from the face of the Divine Sufferer and bore away the impress of his wondrous face.

To those of our readers who think every article in a magazine of this character should have a direct moral bearing, and can see none in what has just been said, we will mention an important instance of the possible power so humble an article as the handkerchief may exert in the spiritual world. We beg leave to refer them to the noble society so solemnly recommended by the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, for providing the infant negroes in the West Indies with moral pocket-handkerchiefs.

"What's a moral pocket-ankercher?" said Sam. "I never see one o' them articles of furniter."

"Those which combine amusement with instruction, my young friend," replied Mr. Stiggins, "blending select tales with wood-cuts."

"Oh! I know," said Sam, "them as hangs up in the linen-drapers' shops with the beggars' petitions and all that 'ere upon 'em?"

Mr. Stiggins began a third round of toast, and nodded assent.

So do we. And it is not difficult to imagine the budding Othellos contending loudly for their share of the didactic "ankerchers."

"Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain  
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain!"

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LECTURES AND SERMONS. By the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O.P. New York: P. M. Haverty, 5 Barclay Street. 1872. pp. 644.

Mr. Haverty has brought out this eagerly expected volume in splendid style, and, what is better still, in a style which is tasteful and appropriate. The title-page, adorned with the Dominican coat-of-arms, is especially beautiful, and the portrait of F. Burke is both an excellent engraving and a good likeness. We are also pleased to notice that there are but few typographical errors, and, in general, that the care and pains which were due from courtesy and gratitude to the immense labors which the author of these lectures and sermons has performed for our profit and pleasure, have been diligently bestowed in making his first published work worthy of his high character and reputation. The cost of the volume will not, we trust, deter any who can possibly afford it from adding this rich legacy of instructive and eloquent teaching to the Catholics of the United States to their libraries, and thus, at the same time, contributing some trifling offering to the Order with which the author is identified, and which is itself wholly identified with the good of the poor Catholic people of Ireland for seven long centuries of labor and martyrdom. It is much to be desired, however, that as soon as the first costly edition is disposed of, a cheap one should be issued for the vast body of people who cannot afford to buy an expensive book. We hope, however, for the credit of our country, that no publisher will so far forget himself as to publish any such edition without F. Burke's permission and full sanction.

The contents of the volume, which is a large royal octavo, comprise thirty-eight lectures and sermons on a great variety of the most important and interesting topics of the Catholic religion, and Irish history in its relation to religion, although there are sometimes several lectures on the same or very similar topics. Only a few of these were written out for the press by the author, most of them being extemporaneous discourses which were taken down by reporters, and only hastily revised by the father in the short and broken intervals of his incessant labors. It is due to the reporters, however, to say that their work has been performed with the utmost diligence and accuracy, and that they have reproduced, with almost literal fidelity, everything which fell from the lips of the orator—a service to religion and literature for which we tender them our most sincere thanks. F. Burke, with characteristic modesty, apologizes for the publication of his discourses, which, he tells us, he would have prevented if possible. We are very glad that it was not possible, for we have gained in this volume a new and rich casket of real jewels of truth and beauty. It is true that it is necessary to hear F. Burke in order to appreciate and enjoy fully the power of his word, which is emphatically a spoken word, and not a mere written and readable expression of thought in language. His voice, with its baritone richness; his action; his Dominican habit, so beautiful and graceful a dress for a sacred orator in itself, and so sacredly impressive from its associations; and, above all, the magnetic power of his vivid faith and noble enthusiasm for truth and justice, together with the surrounding circumstances of the scene and audience, all enter into the correlation of causes producing the convincing, persuasive, inspiring, and captivating effect of his eloquence. The power of producing the effect which he does produce, and that generally and continually, would prove F. Burke to be an orator of a high order, even if his discourses, written out and read, like those of Massillon and Henry Clay, were incapable of producing a similar effect upon a cultivated reader. But F. Burke's discourses will bear reading, and their publication will enhance instead of diminishing his fame. Their intrinsic merits as products of learning, intellect, and imagination, prove him to be something more than an orator: they prove him to be a theologian, a philosopher, and a poet, although he is all these in subservience to his distinctive and specific character and vocation as a popular preacher and orator. F. Burke is a master of the most profound Catholic theology, a true disciple of St. Thomas. His logical and argumentative ability in proving the Catholic doctrines, especially those relating to the constitution of the church, is equal to that of our best controversialists; he is a scholar and a historian of rich and varied acquisitions, and he has the sentiment of the beautiful in nature and art to a high degree, joined to a happy descriptive faculty which belongs to his oratorical gifts. He has also an abundance of wit and humor.

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But, beyond and above all this, F. Burke is a man of faith; pure, intelligent, uncompromising, Catholic faith and loyalty to the Vicar and the Church of Christ; an apostolic preacher and champion of the truth and law and cause of God. All his gifts are placed in the censer, and made to send up the incense of praise to God; they are laid on the altar and consecrated to our Lord Jesus Christ. The great aim and effort of his sermons and lectures has been to revive and strengthen faith and virtue in the breasts of the people, to arouse their devotion to the Holy See, and enlighten them on the duty of obedience and loyalty to the teaching and the cause of the Holy Father. As an instance of the effect which he has produced on the minds of the people, we may relate an incident which came to our knowledge a few days ago. A longshoreman, who had come to a priest to take the pledge, said to him: "You see, father, that since we heard F. Burke, we have been talking among ourselves a great deal about penance and putting ourselves all right, and so I have just come up to your reverence to begin by taking the pledge." These are the best triumphs of the Catholic priest, and of far more value to him than the applause of listening thousands. There is no one who has such an empire over the hearts of his countrymen at present in New York as F. Burke. We think there is a greater work for him here than anywhere else in the world, and we therefore conclude by expressing the hope that he may remain here to do it.

This long-expected and important book has just appeared. It was known that Chief-Justice Taney had, in his lifetime, selected Mr. Tyler to write his biography, a fact well calculated to prepossess the public favorably towards the author and his work. It inspired, also, the hope that ample materials were placed within his reach, and that he would be peculiarly favored in his labors. But as the Chief-Justice, with characteristic modesty, preserved but little of his own writings, and was in the habit of destroying most of the letters he received, and of retaining no copies of those he wrote, it appears that Mr. Tyler labored under great difficulties in accomplishing his appointed duty. Towards the close of his life, when in his seventy-eighth year, the Chief-Justice was reminded, by seeing his biography in Van Santvoord's *Lives of the Chief-Justices*, that his life would form a part of the history of his country, and he commenced then a *memoir* of himself, ending with the account of his early life and education, which now forms the first and an extremely interesting chapter of Mr. Tyler's *Memoir*. It seems that the author had to rely, beyond this, chiefly upon his own industry and researches. He has done his work well and faithfully, not as an allotted task, but as a labor of love, a tribute of manly friendship. He has collected a vast amount of historical matter relating to the scenes and times in which the Chief-Justice's lot was cast, to the great lawyers and judges of the past, most of whom Judge Taney survived, to the public men and statesmen who have shaped the destiny and made the history of our country for the last fifty years, and to the great constitutional questions which, during that period, have agitated the public mind. In order to vindicate the memory of the eminent jurist, he has, from necessity, introduced into his book issues that are now dead; he does not do this in a partisan or aggressive spirit, but treats them rather historically, and with the view of showing what were Judge Taney's sentiments and what the motives of his action. In the Appendix he gives at length the opinions of the Chief-Justice in the celebrated Dred Scott case, in the cases of Ableman vs. Booth and Kentucky vs. Ohio, both relating to the same subject, and in the noted Merryman *habeas corpus* case, and has done well in doing so, because these remarkable papers are thus brought within the reach of many not in the habit of reading the law-books. Mr. Tyler's style is easy and fluent, though not of a high literary order. The book must prove very interesting and instructive to all connected with the law and the administration of justice. Perhaps the subject has been treated too much from a professional standpoint, and for this reason may not prove as interesting to the general reader as such a theme might have been made.

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There is one respect in which we regard this work with regret. Chief-Justice Taney was a Catholic and his biographer is a Protestant. It was, then, impossible for Mr. Tyler, even with the best intentions, to do full justice to the character of the Chief-Justice, to his interior life, to his Catholic virtues, and, consequently, to the motives which governed his public actions. We find no fault with Mr. Tyler for this, for he has shown an earnest desire to be fair and just, and has done his best in this as in every other respect. But that best does not meet the necessities of the subject. Mr. Tyler, himself a lawyer, was selected to write the life of a great lawyer and judge, and he has performed his work with ability and zeal, but he has performed it as a lawyer—he could not perform it as a Catholic. To the eyes of Catholics the faith and piety of Chief-Justice Taney were more beautiful and more precious than even his transcendent abilities and profound learning. We think they were the glory of his life and the motive power which made him superior to fear and to all human respect. We think they constituted the charm of his public and private life; and had they been handled by a Catholic, and as none but a Catholic can handle them, the work would have been far more valuable. There were points in the Chief-Justice's life as a Catholic which remain to this day undeveloped and unelucidated, and for this reason, while Mr. Tyler's memoir will prove invaluable to the legal profession and general reader, it will disappoint the expectations of his Catholic readers. No Protestant writer could be more free from bigotry than Mr. Tyler, and none could have written Chief-Justice Taney's life as well. We impute no blame; on the contrary, we thank him for the admiration he expresses of the Chief-Justice's religion and piety. But the subject was deeper and more fruitful than any Protestant eye could perceive or pen portray. Notwithstanding this, we can and do earnestly commend the work to all Catholics. It is a noble tribute to one of the purest and greatest men of our age. No one, be his faith or politics what they may, can read it without instruction and improvement. Indeed, no one can fairly read it without conceiving a greater respect for that ancient church of which its hero was so devoted a son.

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Our duty obliges us, however, to add that Catholics should also take warning from his life of the fatal effects flowing from early disobedience to the precepts and counsels of the church, which subsequent penance is frequently unavailing to remove. All the children of the Chief-Justice were Protestants—a sad fact which is its own best comment.

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HISTORICAL SKETCHES. Rise and Progress of Universities, Northmen and Normans in England and Ireland, Mediæval Oxford, Convocation of Canterbury. By John Henry Newman, of the Orator, sometime Fellow of Oriel College. London: Basil Montagu Pickering. 1872. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

Mr. Pickering, who is the very pink of elegant and aristocratic publishers, edits Dr. Newman's works in just the style most suitable to the classic productions of that thoroughly English gentleman and scholar. We cannot give a better or more attractive description of this new volume

in the series of the Newman republications, than by simply copying the table of contents:

"1. Introductory; 2. What is a University? 3. Site of a University; 4. University Life: Athens; 5. Free Trade in Knowledge: The Sophists; 6. Discipline and Influence; 7. Influence: Athenian Schools; 8. Discipline: Macedonian and Roman Schools; 9. Downfall and Refuge of Ancient Civilization: The Lombards; 10. The Tradition of Civilization: The Isles of the North; 11. A Characteristic of the Popes: St. Gregory the Great; 12. Moral of that Characteristic of the Popes: Pius the Ninth; 13. Schools of Charlemagne: Paris; 14. Supply and Demand: The Schoolmen; 15. Professors and Tutors; 16. The Strength and Weakness of Universities: Abelard; 17. The Ancient University of Dublin; 18. Colleges the Corrective of Universities: Oxford; 19. Abuses of the Colleges: Oxford; 20. Universities and Seminaries: L'Ecole des Hautes Etudes."

Every scholar will eagerly desire to read these essays on such interesting topics, handled by the masterly pen of Newman. The subject of universities is one just now of great practical importance, and Dr. Newman's long experience qualifies him in a special manner to write about it. We can only hope that we may not much longer confine ourselves to writing and reading about the matter, but may soon be up and doing, both in England and in the United States.

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(1.) THE DIVINE TEACHER. With a Preface, in Reply to No. 3 of the "English Church Defence Tracts," entitled "Papal Infallibility." By Wm. Humphrey, of the Oblates of St. Charles.

(2.) ANGLICAN MISREPRESENTATIONS: A Reply to "Roman Misquotations." By W. E. Addis, of the Oratory. London: Burns & Oates. 1872. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

The polemical writers of the High Church party have taken to the swamp, like the old moss-troopers, where it is vexatious to follow them. The rehashing of old, stale lies, calumnies, and misrepresentations, interspersed with a good deal of impudent abuse, has become, alas! the tactics of a party once so remarkable for calm reasoning, conscientious adherence to truth, so far as known, and courtesy. It is a sign that their cause is nearly desperate. Meanwhile, they dupe and mislead, or at least perplex and distress, for a time, some very sincere inquirers after truth. It is necessary, therefore, although very vexatious, to chase them out of their morass. Happily, there are some Englishmen who have a talent and a liking for this work. They are cool and quiet, patient and minute, accurate, logical, and clear in their statements and arguments. They enjoy hunting such writers as the Canons Liddon and Bright out of their hiding-places, as much as Grahame of Claverhouse did beating up the quarters of the Covenanters. The two young and chivalrous knights of the faith whose names stand at the head of this notice are of this sort, and their raid has been performed gallantly and well. The essay first on the list, in particular, is an excellent little treatise on Papal Infallibility, which we commend to our readers who like something short and sweet.

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GREAT TRUTHS IN LITTLE WORDS. By the Rev. Father Rawes, O.S.C. Third Edition. London: Burns, Oates & Co. 12mo. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

A well-printed book of modest pretensions, and not devoid of merit, containing in its two hundred and sixty pages thirty chapters on various religious topics, both of controversy and devotion, and a good deal of simple, practical instruction.

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THE OLD GOD: A Narrative for the People. Translated from the German of Conrad von Bolanden. By the Very Rev. Theodore Noethen. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1872.

Some time ago, we published one of Bolanden's longer and more elaborate novels, entitled "Angela," in this magazine. He has written a number of these, and particularly a series of historical romances on the Thirty Years' War, of the first order of merit; all of which we hope to see translated. We are now publishing one of his short popular novels, entitled "The Progressionists," and the present volume is another of the same class. The subject of it is the imprisonment of Pius VII. in France. There are several more of the same series, "The New God," "The Infallibilists," "The Marvel of the Cross," etc. They are very popular in Germany, where they sell at the rate of 85,000 copies of a single story. They are capital for their purpose, and we are glad to see the indefatigable Father Noethen giving them to the public in an English dress.

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THE ORDER AND CEREMONIAL OF THE MOST HOLY AND ADORABLE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS EXPLAINED, ETC., ETC. By Frederick Oakeley, Canon of the Metropolitan Church. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

We take great pleasure in announcing, in behalf of The Catholic Publication Society, a new edition of Canon Oakeley's well-known and admirable little book on the ceremonies of Holy Mass.

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PONTIFICATE OF PIUS IX. By J. F. Maguire, M.P. London: Longmans. 1870. (From the author.)

Mr. Maguire is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as an able and upright member of the British Parliament, representing an Irish constituency, as the editor of one of the best Catholic newspapers in the English language—the *Cork Examiner*—and as the author of several interesting books. The present volume, published two years ago, has just been sent to the editor of this magazine by the author, for which courtesy he will please accept our thanks. It is a revised and enlarged edition of a work already well known and extensively read in this country, under the title "Rome and its Ruler." The author has made many additions to it, and has brought it down to the year 1870, so that its value is, we may say, trebled, so great are the events which have crowded these later years of our glorious Pontiff now happily reigning. It is impossible to exaggerate the value and importance of a work like this. In momentous interest, the topics of which it treats are on a level with those of the Sacred History itself. The means of information for English readers are scanty. Mr. Maguire is a loyal and devout Catholic, an able, well-informed, and conscientious statesman and historian. It is therefore of the utmost consequence that his book should be circulated and read extensively. We trust the demand for it will be such as to induce American publishers to make ample provisions for supplying the American public with this most necessary and valuable work.

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. By Rev. J. Vetromile, D.D. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1872.

This is a volume of quite large size, handsomely printed, and ornamented with a fine portrait of the reverend author, who is an Italian priest, for many years laboring as a missionary among the Indians of the State of Maine. The style is easy, agreeable, and entertaining, and the book is very much like a cosy afternoon chat with an intelligent and travelled gentleman about the scenes and countries he has visited. Reading the description of the pleasant home and delightful circle of friends which the author has left, we can better appreciate the great sacrifice he has made in banishing himself to the Indian settlements of Maine, and we are sure he will make a friend of every reader of his book.

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MEMOIRS OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH IN NEW ENGLAND. By Rev. James Fitton. Boston: P. Donahoe. 1872.

Father Fitton is the oldest priest in New England, having exercised his sacerdotal ministry there during forty-seven years. At the time when, in company with one other young deacon, he was ordained priest by Bishop Fenwick, there were only three other priests in that prelate's diocese, which embraced all New England. Father Fitton is entitled to the reverence and gratitude of all the Catholics of New England, as one who has been an apostolic missionary and a laborious parish priest for almost half a century. He is also worthy of confidence and credence as a competent and truthful witness and annalist of the principal facts and events in the history of the Catholic religion in New England. He has prefaced his history of the church as existing in modern times by an interesting account of the ancient mission in Rhode Island during the residence of the Northmen at Newport, and of the early Indian missions. This is the romantic part of the history. The rest of it is prosaic and commonplace, and yet of great value, and made interesting by the great results which have come from small and humble beginnings. Every priest and layman in New England ought to have this book and read it attentively, and it is worth the perusal of all those out of New England who take an interest in the progress of the Catholic religion in the United States of America.

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HORNEHURST RECTORY. By Sister Mary Frances Clare. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1872.

The appearance of a novel from this distinguished writer will be an agreeable surprise to her numerous admirers in this country, who have read with so much pleasure and profit her graver historical and biographical works. *Hornehurst* is an English tale illustrative of the movement in the ranks of the English Church towards Catholicity, inaugurated some forty years ago by Dr. Newman and the Tractarians. The characters throughout are well drawn, the writer being of course thoroughly acquainted with the expressions, modes of thought, and arguments of the class she portrays.

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The book presents a handsome appearance, and we anticipate for it an extensive patronage, and a permanent place in our Catholic libraries.

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GOING HOME. By Eliza Martin. Philadelphia: Eugene Cummiskey. 1872.

We are glad to see that this novel, which has already appeared serially in a Philadelphia Catholic newspaper, has been published in a more portable and permanent form. It is a work of very considerable merit, combining amusing and exciting incidents with sound instruction; and from its latent power and partially developed dramatic strength we judge that it is not the last nor the ablest of the productions with which the authoress is likely to favor the public. We are sadly in need of books of its refined and humanizing character, for, if our young people must read fiction, they ought to be supplied with the very best attainable in temper and tendency. The plot of the tale is not complicated, the leading characters are well and clearly delineated, the moral obvious, and the scene confined to our own country, not overdrawn. As a whole, its tone is sad, sometimes even painfully so, and in our opinion the contrasts between abject poverty and unlimited affluence, virtue almost superhuman and unmitigated villany—though all drawn with great vigor—are too violent to be thoroughly artistic. A novel should be like a well-finished painting, with a middle distance softening and blending the more prominent lights and shadows of the picture. It might be objected, also, that the physical beauty of Mrs. Martin's heroines, of whom there are three, is too highly colored, too elaborately depicted, for actual life; but as this is a fault which carries with it its own palliation, we presume it will not be considered a very great blemish by most of her readers. For the sake of the authoress, who doubtless has devoted much time and labor to her work, as well as from the respect in which we hold her publisher, we would be glad to be able to extend our praise from the literary qualities of *Going Home* to its mechanical execution, but in common justice we find it impossible to do so. On the contrary, it must be admitted that the paper upon which it is printed, the type, ink, and presswork, are all of the most inferior sort—carelessness or want of ordinary taste, for we cannot attribute it to design, is evident on every page, lessening in no slight degree the unalloyed pleasure one might otherwise feel in reading so interesting a story.

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THE PLEBISCITE. By Erckmann-Chatrion. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872.

This prettily bound and printed book is the combined effort of the authors of the *Conscript* and other tales well known by English translations on this side of the water. Its object is to give, in the form of a tale, a picture of French peasant manners and opinions immediately before and during the late Franco-German war; and to a certain extent it may be considered a success. A vein of irony and sly humor, at which our "volatile neighbors" are such adepts, runs through every page, and, Napoleon III. having been unfortunate, of course it is directed against him and his line of policy. There is nothing, it is said, so successful as success, and, now that the mighty Empire has failed, every good Frenchman with brains enough to write a pamphlet or a song considers that he is perfectly justified in heaping obloquy on everything connected with the late order of things. The authors of the *Plebiscite* are foremost among this army of ingrates, but they go even further than politics, and venture their ridicule on more sacred matters, a step which much greater men than Erckmann-Chatrion have attempted before now, and for which they have repented when too late.

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A BAKER'S DOZEN. Original Humorous Dialogues. By George M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1872.

The dialogues contained in this neat little volume, first appeared in *Oliver Optic's Magazine*. They are well adapted to school exhibitions, etc., and will meet a very general and urgent demand.

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MARION HOWARD; OR, TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS. By F. A. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham.

In the modest preface to this volume, we have the reason for its appearance before the public, which is most praiseworthy—'the dearth of Catholic light literature.' While the majority of readers will seek light reading, it is certainly to be regretted that there is so little that can be read without injury to faith or morals. The author of *Marion Howard* has given us a pleasing story of English life, into which she has skilfully introduced conversations on various Catholic dogmas, which are well sustained, and in which the principles of the faith are given in a form that may attract the attention of numbers who would never look into a controversial work. It is doubtful if Protestants can be persuaded to any great extent to read even the light literature of Catholics, but such a work as *Marion Howard* will bring pleasure and help to many a young Catholic, in need of a pleasing answer to the common objections of Protestants to the Catholic faith. The youth of the church in this country, surrounded by and mingled with those who have a false faith or no faith, should be prepared to meet the assaults they are sure to receive, and books like the one under notice will be a great assistance to them. We surmise that the author is a convert, from the multiplicity and variety of the conversions related in the book. We only wish this were true to life, and that friends would follow each other into the church in such rapid succession. There are carelessly written sentences scattered here and there through the story, but the narrative is interesting to the end, and we find a loving, tender devotion to our mother the church, like a golden thread woven into beautiful thoughts of our holy religion, that could only have been wrought by one who has the eye of faith.

The type is large and clear, and the volume presents an attractive exterior.

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BY THE SEASIDE. By a Member of the Order of Mercy, authoress of "The Life of Catherine McCauley," "Glimpses of Pleasant Homes," etc. New York: P. O'Shea. 1872.

This is a prettily got up book, written by one who has heretofore shown her capacity to interest and benefit the young folk. We are glad to see attractive books of a healthful tone, suited to the rising generation, thus multiplying on our publishers' lists, as a necessary antidote to the baneful literature with which those addressed are frequently assailed. The church is the home of beauty as it is of goodness and truth, and we should not allow those who do not possess either, except in fragments, to excel us in the artistic features of their publications, any more than in what relates to ethical proprieties.

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CHRISTIAN COUNSELS, selected from the Devotional Works of Fénelon. Translated by A. M. James. London: Longmans, Greene & Co. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

Our Protestant friends have, of late years, set to work very industriously in translating Catholic books and in writing original works on Catholic subjects. Besides the Edinburgh edition of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, just completed, and individual and collective lives of the saints we could once enumerate, the English versions of Continental devotional works have increased so rapidly as to alarm those High Churchmen who are averse to any further investigation. Of course we can only augur favorably of such enterprises when undertaken in the right spirit, though we may fear lest formulas be adopted without the necessary accompaniments of faith and obedience. Their "starved imaginations and suppressed devotional instincts," as Dr. Bellows once phrased it, cannot long be satisfied with words only, one would think. The writings of the Archbishop of Cambrai have been too long before the English-speaking public to need any characterization at our hands, and we therefore simply chronicle the appearance of a new edition of the *Christian Counsels* under Protestant auspices. [860]

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PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION. By Michael Müller, C.S.S.R. Boston: P. Donahoe. 1872.

This is Father Müller's contribution to the literature of one of the great questions of the day. It will have attained its end if it awakens Catholics to the importance of the general theme and their duty in its regard; and also enables judicious Protestants to comprehend why we are so solicitous that our children should receive their religious training at the same time that they acquire secular knowledge.

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SIR HUMPHREY'S TRIAL: A Book of Tales, Legends, and Sketches, in Prose and Verse. By Rev. Thomas J. Potter. Boston: P. Donahoe. 1872.

Father Potter seems equally at home in addressing the young and the mature, priests and people; as witness his works on homiletics and those of a miscellaneous character adapted to different ages. He evidently believes that variety is the spice of books as well as of life, as will be seen by the title of the present volume; and readers indisposed to take up a more serious book will find this an agreeable substitute.

*The Catholic Review* of Brooklyn has already established its position among our best weekly papers. Its sound principles, and the tact and liveliness with which it is edited make it well worthy of support. We trust that it will soon attain a sufficient circulation to furnish the means of still further increasing its value and interest, and that it will prove to be permanently successful.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY will publish at an early day a new work, now in preparation, by the author of *The Comedy of Convocation*, entitled *My Clerical Friends*. It will be published with the consent and approval of the author.

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WANTED.—Numbers 494, 501, 502, 504, 505 of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, for which a fair price will be paid. Address the editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, 9 Warren Street, or corner of Ninth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street.

#### BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

From KELLY, PIET & Co., Baltimore: Excelsior; or, Essays on Politeness, Education, and the Means of

Attaining Success in Life. Part I. for Young Gentlemen, by T. E. Howard; Part II. for Young Ladies, by A Lady (R. V. R.) 12mo, pp. 318.—The Gold-Diggers and other Verses. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 12mo, pp. xi., 187.—Dramas: The Witch of Rosenberg.—The Hidden Gem. By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. 12mo, pp. 76, 105.—Lectures by the Most Rev. Henry Edward Manning: The Four Great Evils of the Day; The Fourfold Sovereignty of God; The Grounds of Faith. 18mo, pp. 133, 170, 101.—St. Helena. A Drama for Girls. By Rev. J. A. Bergrath. Paper, 12mo, pp. 43.

From P. DONAHOE, Boston: Devotions for the Ecclesiastical Year. By the author of "Jesus and Jerusalem," etc.

From P. O'SHEA, New York: Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. By Brother Philip. 12mo, pp. ix., 483.—The Profits and Delights of Devotion to Mary. By Rev. J. O'Reilly, D.D. 12mo, pp. 153.—The Crown of Mary. By a Dominican Father. 24mo, pp. 101.—The Agnus Dei: Its Origin and History. 32mo, pp. 78.—Evaline. By P. J. Cohen. 12mo, pp. 225.—Spiritual Retreat of Eight Days: Extracted from the Works of St. Alphonsus Liguori. 12mo, pp. viii., 160.

From SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG & Co., New York: Within and Without. By George MacDonald, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 219.—Easy Experiments in Practical Science. By L. R. C. Cooley, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 85.—Natural Philosophy. By L. R. C. Cooley, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 192.

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## FOOTNOTES:

- [1] *History of English Literature*. By H. A. Taine. Translated by H. Van Laun. With a Preface prepared expressly for this Translation by the author. New York: Holt & Williams. 1871.
- [2] Literal translation of the original falls thus into English rhythm:
- “The field streamed with warriors’ blood,  
When rose at morning tide the glorious star,  
The sun, God’s shining candle, until sank  
The noble creature to its setting.”
- [3] We have here substituted for M. Taine’s translation one that we consider better, and we add the following poetical paraphrase of the passage by Wordsworth:
- “Man’s life is like a sparrow, mighty king.  
That, while at banquet with your chiefs you sit,  
Housed near a blazing fire, is seen to flit,  
Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,  
Here did it enter, there, on hasty wing,  
Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold:  
But whence it came we know not, nor behold  
Whither it goes. Even such, that transient thing,  
The human soul, not utterly unknown,  
While in the body lodged, the warm abode;  
But from what world she came, what woe or weal  
On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown.”
- [4] M. Taine mildly states Milton’s obligations to Cædmon in saying, “One would think he must have had some knowledge of Cædmon from the translation of Junius.” It would be easy to show that some of Milton’s finest descriptions of the fallen angels are taken from Cædmon. Sir F. Palgrave says that there are in Cædmon passages so like the *Paradise Lost* that some of Milton’s lines read like an almost literal translation.
- [5] Version by Mr. Henry Morley.
- [6] “Within Roger Bacon’s mind,” says Dr. Whewell, “was at the same time the Encyclopædia and the Novum Organum of the thirteenth century.”
- [7] Expression of the historian Hallam.
- [8] In his introductory chapter (vol. i. p. 36), M. Taine describes the Berserkirs as fighting pagan maniacs. He coolly makes up his mind that Shakespeare is a lineal descendant of a Berserkir! “With what sadness, madness, waste, such a disposition breaks its bonds, *we shall see in Shakespeare and Byron!*” And yet stupid English biographers and historians are puzzling their brains and burning midnight oil over the question of Shakespeare’s grandfather!
- [9] “Take a seat, Cinna.”
- [10] “A transparent mask, behind which we perceive the face of the poet” (p. 346). Then follows a comparison between Molière and Shakespeare, altogether to the disadvantage of the latter.
- [11] We know of but one English author (of a Diary) with whose appreciation of this tragedy M. Taine would be likely to be pleased. It is that of the distinguished Mr. Samuel Pepys, who, having seen Romeo and Juliet acted in March, 1672, pronounces the play “to be the worst he had ever heard.” “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” is also, in the opinion of Pepys aforesaid, “the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.”
- [12] Published in a small volume. We regret we cannot recall the title of the work and the author’s name.
- [13] An incident has been related to the writer of this article, within a few days, which may serve as a sample of some of the grievances, and these not the worst, of this class of young men. Complaint was made to the head of a large house that the clerks were obliged to stand up during the whole day, and the reply was made that they must keep on standing if they died for it. One more fact which we have heard reported is worth recording: that in certain places, deduction is made from the wages of clerks for Christmas and New-Year’s Day. We cannot help wishing that a New York Douglas Jerrold may start up from behind some counter, or out of some comfortless sleeping-bunk, to do justice to this fruitful theme.
- [14] Sourkrout.
- [15] Sausage.
- [16] Cream-cheese.
- [17] Roast-beef.
- [18] Stewed meat.
- [19] Bed-quilts.
- [20] Bed-linen.
- [21] The hall where lectures are mostly delivered.
- [22] See preface to *Labors of Persiles and Sigismunda: A Romance*, the last work of Cervantes, and left unfinished at his death.
- [23] “May you sleep well!”
- [24] Common sitting-room.

- [25] "Assuredly, sir."
- [26] "Ah! yes."
- [27] "And he puts on the ears of an ass quietly moving along."
- [28] "A Digression in Praise of an Ass."
- [29] "I let down my ears as a young ass of stubborn mind when he has taken a burden too heavy for his back."
- [30] "Since even on festive days, right and the laws allow us to do certain things."
- [31] "Often the driver loads the sides of the slow ass with oil or cheap fruit, and bringing back the wrought stone," etc.
- [32] "No one is so savage that he cannot be tamed if he will lend an ear to instruction."
- [33] Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. ii., "On History," p. 151.
- [34] Vol. i. p. 44, French ed.
- [35] *Eccl. Hist.*, vii. 10.
- [36] *Hist.* ix. 6.
- [37] Allies, *Formation of Christendom*, vol. i. p. 42.
- [38] Allies, *Formation of Christendom*.
- [39] See *Formation of Christendom*, by Mr. Allies.
- [40] Dr. Newman, *Office and Work of Universities*, pp. 161, 162.
- [41] *Œuvres* du R. P. Lacordaire, tome vi. p. 172.
- [42] See Père Lacordaire's *Lettre sur le Saint-Liége*.
- [43] Tosti, *Al Clero Italiano; Prolegom.-alla Storia Universale*, vol. i.
- [44] See *Leroy*, vol. ii. p. 295.
- [45] See Ozanam, *La Civilisation chrét. chez les Francs*, p. 4.
- [46] Origen, *Exhortatio ad Mart.*, *passim*, quoted by Leroy.
- [47] St. Greg. of Nyssa, *Vita Thaum.*, p. 578.
- [48] See the sixth book of Eusebius' *Hist. of the Church*.
- [49] See Darras' *History of the Church*, Amer-edit., p. 262.
- [50] See Eusebius' *History*, book viii. ch. 12, and following.
- [51] *Les Pères Apostoliques*, 20me leçon, p. 433.
- [52] *A Treatise on Acoustics in Connection with Ventilation; and an Account of the Modern and Ancient Methods of Heating and Ventilation*. By Alexander Saeltzer, Architect. New York: D. Van Nostrand, Publisher. 1872.
- [53] *Two Essays on Scripture Miracles and on Ecclesiastical*. By John Henry Newman, formerly Fellow of Oriel College. Second edition. London: Pickering. 1870. New York: Sold by the Catholic Publication Society. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 396.
- [54] *Le Manuscrit de Ma Mère; or, Extracts from the Journal of Madame de Lamartine*. Edited by her Son. Hachette & Co., Paris. 1871.
- [55] See Abbott's *Napoleon*.
- [56] N. B.—Be it observed that what follows is an attempt to translate the untranslatable. Not only the idiomatic proprieties are lost, but the strain of public sentiment and public thinking which the speaker took into account in every remark is changed: and the rhythm defies reproduction, etc.
- [57] Pronounced *Oiseen*.
- [58] "A friend, not of my fortune, but myself."
- [59] *The Last Tournament*. Boston, 1871. J. R. Osgood & Co. *The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet-Laureate*. We have already printed in this magazine a review of Tennyson's poems which aimed to indicate the Catholic aspects of his mind. The following article covers different ground.
- [60] "A vast hope has passed over the earth."
- [61] Children dedicated to the Blessed Virgin wear white and blue.
- [62] In Psalm liv.
- [63] See *Diary of C. Pisano*, fourth part, p. 125.
- [64] *Ai giovani Italiani*, p. 15.
- [65] See *L'Unità Italiana di Milano*, April 14, 1863.
- [66] See *The Republican Federation of the Peoples*.
- [67] See *Il Diritto*, July 31 and August 11, 1863.
- [68] Epist. i. ad Eliod.
- [69] This *nom de plume*, chosen without the knowledge of any other appropriation of the name, was quite significant in the case of the writer, as he at one time took portraits in crayon, though he has since restricted himself to altar pieces in oil.
- [70] St. Luke xviii. 24, etc.
- [71] St. James v. 1.
- [72] St. James i. 9, 10.

- [73] From *Der Katholik*, for January, 1872.
- [74] *Lehrbuch der Philosophie*. Von Dr. Albert Stöckl, ord. Professor der Philosophie an der Akademie Münster. Mainz: F. Kirchheim. 1869.
- [75] Corpus Christi.
- [76] This chapel is built on the site of the ancient *Forum Vetus* of the Romans erected by order of the Emperor Trajan. A part of the chapel is built of the stone that was left of its ruins. It is now, and has been for more than a thousand years, a celebrated pilgrimage.
- [77] Procter.
- [78] Hillard.
- [79] *Donna Cattolica*, ii. p. 74.
- [80] *Lives of the Saints*.
- [81] *Life of St. Radegundes*. By Busslère
- [82] *Donna Cattolica*.
- [83] *Donna Cattolica*, vol. ii. p. 104.
- [84] *Lives of the Saints*.
- [85] *Donna Cattolica*, p. 174.
- [86] *The Iliad of Homer*. Translated by Wm. Cullen Bryant. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.
- [87] "A poem people admire without reading."
- [88] "Ah, monsieur! since reading that book men seem to be fifteen feet high."
- [89] *Travaux sur le Concordat, etc., Rapport du 24 Mars, 1807*.
- [90] *Ibid.*
- [91] *Ibid.*
- [92] *Ibid.*
- [93] *Rapport sur les Fabriques d'Eglise, Juillet, 1806*.
- [94] *Ibid.*
- [95] *Rapport du 24 Mars, 1807*.
- [96] *Rapport du 16 Avril, 1806*.
- [97] *Ibid.*
- [98] *Rapport du 16 Avril, 1806*.
- [99] *Ibid. Rapport du 24, Fructidor an XIII, 11 Sept., 1805*.
- [100] *Ibid.*
- [101] *De la Richesse dans les Sociétés chrétienne*, t. i. p. 498.
- [102] *La Democratie devant l'Enseignement catholique*, p. 107.
- [103] *A History of the Gothic Revival in England*. By Charles L. Eastlake, F.R.I.B.A., Architect. London: Longman & Green.
- [104] This allusion refers to a playful superstition practised in Russia on New Year's Eve. It consists in pouring melted wax into a basin of cold water, and drawing predictions from the figures thus produced.
- [105] "So gentle and so modest doth appear  
My Lady."  
—*Vita Nuova*, Charles Eliot Norton's Translation.
- [106] "She gives the heart a sweetness through the eyes  
Which none can understand who doth not prove."  
—*Ibid.*
- [107] *Donna Cattolica*, p. 295.
- [108] *Lives of the Saints*.
- [109] 2 St. Peter ii. 9-20.
- [110] *Dublin Review*, April, 1872, p. 413. *Month*, March-April, 1872, p. 179. See the entire article of F. O'Reilly, which is admirable.
- [111] In his lecture on *The Prisoner of the Vatican*, at St. Paul's Church, New York.
- [112] God's writ unto our weakness bendeth down,  
And with an inner meaning hands and feet  
On him bestows whose being knows no bounds.  
So holy church an aspect human gives  
To Michael and to Gabriel and him  
Who made Tobias whole.  
Dante's *Paradiso*, iv.
- [113] Cicero (*De Oratore*) says that Phidias, when sculpturing a Jove or Minerva, had no model from whom to copy. But in his own mind he set up a certain wondrous type of beauty which came to him by intuition, and, enwrapped in its contemplation, urged art and hand to produce its likeness. It is precisely "that fixed idea which comes into my mind" that Raphael spoke of.
- [114] Petrarch.

- [115] Lombardy.
- [116] Canova made the observation to Napoleon that the artistic monuments of Rome are religious, or placed under the guardianship of religion. Religion had saved the treasures of antiquity in the time of the barbarians, and multiplied them anew in later days.
- [117] Overbeck's principal work, perhaps, is the great piece in the Frankfort Museum, where he has represented the triumph of religion in art. He himself has explained it in a little book.
- [118] A foreign artist said to me that in his archæological researches he did not stop at Rome, because there there was nothing mediæval. Didron, in his *Archæological Bulletin*, counts here fifty Gothic constructions, and declared that in monuments of the middle ages Rome was no less rich than Rouen, the most Gothic city in France.
- [119] *Chips from a German Workshop*. By Max Müller. New York: Scribner & Co.
- [120] See Kühner's *Gr. Grammar*, translated by Messrs. Edwards and Taylor, London and New York, 1859, § 234 (i.), with regard to the force of the verbal adjective. The word in the Greek text of Tischendorf, *Ed. Sept.*, is γνωστόν.
- [121] "Let him receive the palm who has deserved it."
- [122] Ecclus. xlv. 1, 15.
- [123] "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?... Wait on the Lord, act bravely, let thy heart be strengthened, and wait for the Lord."
- [124] Luke vii. 33.
- [125] St. Francis de Sales, *Introduction*, part iv. chap. 1.
- [126] Acts xxv.
- [127] Prov. xxi. 25.
- [128] *La Divina Commedia, Paradiso, canti i., xxii.*  
 "The glory of him who gives life and motion to all things, penetrates the universe, and shines forth with more splendor in one part, and with less in another.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 "O glorious stars! O light impregnate with powerful virtues! to which I am indebted for all my genius, such as it is."  
 The above rendering is taken from the admirable prose translation of the Rev. E. O'Donnell.
- [129] 2 Cor. xii. 14.
- [130] "Cæsar gained glory for himself, by giving, by raising up, by pardoning."
- [131] "God never denies grace to one who does what he can."
- [132] An old monastic site (alas!), so named from the donor, the Kaiser Charlemagne.
- [133] *Phædri Fabulæ*, Fab. IX., Asinus et Leo Venantes.
- [134] Let us pause to observe that this change in the spirit of legislation marks also the decline of that spirit of bigotry which inspired it in the first place. The spirit of bigotry, however, still survives, though it be less aggressive than formerly. It outlives the melioration of charters, and dies hard. When it shall have reached that stage of feebleness to which the natural generosity of our countrymen will sooner or later reduce it, we may then hope to follow where Canada has led in her laws concerning *education*. The pompous protection now afforded by states and municipalities to their necessarily infidel school will disappear to give way to measures of solicitude for the equal education of all, Catholic and infidel, Protestant and Jew, without injustice to any man's religion or any man's resources. The unfortunate precedent afforded by the theocratic government of New England, and which has been so blindly followed by other states, in assuming to *educate* instead of *aiding* education—even this disorder in our republicanism may be healed, if congress do not meanwhile (as appearances threaten) strengthen the hands of state absolutists by its largesses; or, if it do not, by an act of still greater usurpation than the states have been guilty of, consign the task of popular education to the care of the general government.
- [135] Thus Protestant bigotry probably lost us Canada, as it gained us—must we say it?—the treason of Arnold. The bigotry of Arnold revolted at the alliance with France, because it was an alliance with Catholics. His disgust was heightened by the liberality of feeling which began to be manifested by his countrymen towards Catholics. The co-operation of Catholics, native and foreign, in the cause of our National Independence, was so marked that it may well have embittered a patriot of his calibre, and indeed it infuriated him to that degree that he preferred to sell his country rather than serve a cause which was so largely sustained by those whose religion he hated. Does not Arnold live in successors? To say nothing of others, who were the Know-Nothing patriots who preferred to disgrace the national name by destroying the memorial-stone contributed by Pius IX. to the Washington Monument, rather than that its shaft should preserve the evidence of the respect of a Pope for the memory of our Pater Patriæ?
- [136] Dr. Rock, *Hierurgia*.
- [137] Introd. to *Legends of the Monastic Orders* (p. 25).
- [138] Dr. Rock, *Hierurgia*.
- [139] *Roma Sotterranea*.
- [140] Palmer's *Early Christian Symbolism*.
- [141] See Northcote's *Roma Sotterranea*.

- [142] *Ibid.*
- [143] *Ibid.*
- [144] Perret, *Catacombes de Rome*.
- [145] Palmer's *Early Christian Symbolism*.
- [146] Northcote's *Roma Sotterranea*.
- [147] *Palmer*.
- [148] *Ibid.*
- [149] *Dr. Northcote*.
- [150] Perret, *Catacombes de Rome*, vol. x.
- [151] Palmer's *Early Christian Symbolism*.
- [152] Dr. Northcote's *Roma Sotterranea*.
- [153] Perret, *Catacombes de Rome*.
- [154] Dr. Northcote's *Roma Sott.* p. 123.
- [155] *Sacred and Legendary Art*.
- [156] St. Matt. xviii. 2.
- [157] St. Matt. xxvii. 3.
- [158] Deut. xvi. 10.
- [159] Dr. Challoner.
- [160] Dr. Rock's *Hierurgia*.
- [161] Ps. cxviii. 105.
- [162] Dr. Rock's *Hierurgia*.
- [163] v. 8, viii. 4.
- [164] Dr. Rock, *Hierurgia*.
- [165] 4 Kings ii. 19.
- [166] 1 Kings x. i.
- [167] Levit. ii. 4, 5, 6, 7, 13.
- [168] Cardinal Wiseman, *Four Lectures on Holy Week in Rome*.
- [169] Exodus xii. 22.
- [170] Luke xii. 35.
- [171] Exodus xii. 11.
- [172] 1 Peter iv. 8.
- [173] Book iv., chap. 5.
- [174] St. Luke xxii. 64.
- [175] For the foregoing particulars see Challoner's *Catholic Christian Instructed*.
- [176] Dr. Alemanny, *Life of St. Dominic*.
- [177] Falsely called *rose des Alps* by the French.
- [178] The real "Alpenrose" of the Tyrolese is a strange-looking growth, a starry flower of a dull white, with thick velvety petals, five in number. It grows only in very inaccessible places, and is considered a great prize.
- [179] *Lectures and Essays*, p. 48.
- [180] See Claudian, *De Sexto Consulatu Honorii*, v. 43.
- [181] See Ozanam, *Civil. au 5me Siècle*, p. 82.
- [182] *De Spectaculis*, viii.
- [183] *De Spectaculis*, vii.
- [184] *De Spectaculis*, xvi.
- [185] *Leroy*, vol. ii. p. 450.
- [186] *De Spectaculis*, xii.
- [187] *The Gladiators*, by Whyte Melville, p. 135.
- [188] *The Gladiators*, p. 140.
- [189] Salvianus, *De Gubernatione Mundi*, lib. iii. *passim*.
- [190] *The Land of the Veda*. Being Personal Reminiscences of India, etc. By Rev. William Butler, D.D. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. 1872.
- [191] *The (London) Times*, March 17, 1859.
- [192] Alluding to the famine season, Baron von Schonberg says: "Six hundred children were purchased for eighteen hundred rupees, which certainly was not an exorbitant price."—*Travels in India and Kashmir*, vol. i. p. 193. This was at the rate of a dollar and a half a head.
- [193] *India and the Hindoos*, p. 337.
- [194] *Thirty Years in India*, p. 239.
- [195] *India and the Gospel*, p. 279.
- [196] *The (London) Times*, 1858.

- [197] "They [the pupils of the secular and missionary schools] have no more faith in Jesus Christ than in their own religion. They believe the Jesus of the English and the Krishna of the Hindoos to be alike impostors."—*Six Years in India*, vol. iii. p. 277.
- [198] *Dante* means the Hill of Purgatory, to the ascent of which we are turned no less by the right reason that is in us than by our contrition for an erroneous course, from which we are happily passing.
- [199] This stream is called the Sanguinetto.
- "But a brook hath ta'en—  
—A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain,  
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead  
Made the earth wet, and turned the unwilling waters red."
- [200] Those who are curious on this point are referred to the *Mystic City of God*, by the Ven. Maria de Agreda, a Spanish Carmelite nun.
- [201] CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1872.
- [202] Mrs. Beecher Stowe, *Minister's Wooing*.
- [203] At the time of writing this article.

Transcriber's Notes:

Obvious punctuation errors have been repaired. Common alternate spellings were retained. Hyphenation is not necessarily consistent from author to author, and was retained as written.

It appears that "Sand" was used where "Shund" was meant on page 624, but the text has been left as printed. ([How come you, then, to call Mr. Sand a good-for-nothing scoundrel](#))

"Voltarian" changed to "Voltairian" on page 17. ([you will find under it a Voltairian](#))

Repeated word "the" removed on page 27. ([the diary of the first Mrs. Williams](#))

"Honi" changed to "Honni" on page 32. ([Honni soit qui mal y pense](#))

"Amecan" changed to "American" on page 35. ([An American best understands the American mind.](#))

"felfow" changed to "fellow" on page 41. ([doing good to his fellow-men](#))

"has" changed to "have" on page 50. ([the principles which have always guided them](#))

"Cathoolic" changed to "Catholic" on page 51. ([by which Catholic life](#))

"inpired" changed to "inspired" on page 71. ([Felix had always inspired her](#))

Extra word "to" removed on page 73. ([But their claims are not equal to his](#))

"Marceliinus" changed to "Marcellinus" on page 81. ([Alexander, Marcellinus, and Peter](#))

"migh" changed to "might" on page 105. ([might go on indefinitely](#))

"Castel-Gaudolfo" changed to "Castel-Gandolfo" on page 108. ([the pleasant hamlets of Castel-Gandolfo](#))

"á" changed to "à" on page 138. ([Demander à tes champs leurs antiques ombrages](#))

"Engénie" changed to "Eugénie" on page 138. ([Eugénie de Guérin's library](#))

"orgin" changed to "origin" on page 140. ([origin of the Greek people](#))

"ehurch" changed to "church" on page 142. ([the church honors real reformer](#))

"glace" changed to "glance" on page 161. ([cast an indignant glance on her sister](#))

Repeated word "to" removed on page 185. ([it amounted to any reproach to be a new man](#))

"fel-asleep" changed to "fell asleep" on page 188. ([I fell asleep and actually dreamed](#))

"Gallaic's" changed to "Galliac's" on page 206. ([at Madame de Galliac's](#))

Repeated word "at" removed from page 207. ([They were both sound at heart](#))

"abandantly" changed to "abundantly" on page 234. ([perhaps more abundantly accorded](#))

"step" changed to "stept" on page 247. ([Her bosom heaved, she stept aside](#))

"copmanions" changed to "companions" on page 260. ([Melania and her companions](#))

Extra word "of" removed from page 266. ([the wife of King Ethelbert](#))

"Captains" changed to "Captain" on page 301. ([Captain Cary's way of expressing the fact](#))

"familiar" changed to "familiar" on page 317. ([a familiar swing and freedom](#))

"Elyseés" changed to "Elysées" on page 324. ([drive home by the Champs Elysées](#))

"bétises" changed to "bêtises" on page 326. ([Edgar a fait des bêtises](#))

"formulalation" changed to "formulation" on page 334. ([its precise formulation](#))

"where" changed to "were" on page 367. ([were shamed into less inhuman ways](#))

Extra word "to" remove on age 368. ([she had it placed in a shrine, to which it was carried](#))

"Bulter" changed to "Butler" on page 376. ([After her husband's death, Adelaide, says Butler](#))

"illustrious" changed to "illustrious" on page 379. ([the merits of its illustrious foundress](#))

"surrended" changed to "surrendered" on page 379. ([voluntarily surrendered itself](#))

"seventeeth" changed to "seventeenth" on page 382. ([the beginning of the seventeenth century](#))

"successful" changed to "successful" on page 384. ([more successful than Lord Derby](#))

"ήρωων" changed to "ήρωων" on page 385.

"οἰνοισι" changed to "[οἰωνοισι](#)" on page 385.  
"ψύχας" changed to "[ψυχᾶς](#)" on page 385.  
"προ-ιαψεν" changed to "[προ-ιαψεν](#)" on page 385.  
"Byrant" changed to "Bryant" on page 389. ([reproduced by Mr. Bryant](#))  
"Τρωων" changed to "[Τρωων καιοντων](#)" on page 389.  
"εὐθρονον" changed to "[εὐθρονον](#)" on page 390.  
"Byrant" changed to "Bryant" on page 392. ([Then Mr. Bryant:](#))  
"Byrant" changed to "Bryant" on page 392. ([Voss and Mr. Bryant](#))  
"know" changed to "known" on page on page 431. ([discovery known as](#))  
"because" changed to "because" on page 434. ([because Streichein has lavishly greased their palms](#))  
"dedeprive" changed to "deprive" on page 445. ([combine not only to deprive the building of scale](#))  
"picturesqe" changed to "picturesque" on page 449. ([part of a picturesque whole](#))  
"frequently" changed to "frequently" on page 450. ([frequently supplied the place](#))  
"remaing" changed to "remaining" on page 452. ([the richness of our remaining material](#))  
"cenventionality" changed to "conventionality" on 455. ([An utter absence of conventionality](#))  
"â" changed to "à" on page 459. ([A l'eau! à la lanterne!](#))  
"sufficent" changed to "sufficient" on page 478. ([having sufficient control](#))  
"equilibrium" changed to "equilibrium" on page 544. ([poised in rational equilibrium](#))  
"eradiate" changed to "eradicate" on page 544. ([It seeks to eradicate](#))  
"inflnences" changed to "influences" on page 576. ([correct these literary influences](#))  
"wordly" changed to "worldly" on page 598. ([sagacity as of worldly ambition](#))  
"importanc" changed to "importance" on page 612. ([which gives them their importance](#))  
"sieze" changed to "seize" on page 673. ([seize some unlucky porter](#))  
"beggars" changed to "beggars" on page 676. ([all the beggars who were refused entrance](#))  
"envv" changed to "envy" on page 729. ([envy is but thinly concealed](#))  
"unburbened" changed to "unburdened" on page 740. ([the sweetness of an unburdened heart](#))  
"Adelentado" changed to "Adelantado" on page 750. ([the title of Adelantado of Florida](#))  
Extra word "of" removed from page 754. ([Many of these missions and residences](#))  
"westtern" changed to "western" on page 757. ([the power of Spain in the western world](#))  
"Lallemant" changed to "Lalemant" on page 762. ([Jogues, Brébeuf, and Lalemant](#))  
"Christain" changed to "Christian" on page 763. ([their white Christian neighbors](#))  
Extra word "my" removed on page 772. ([I prevail on myself](#))  
"descending" changed to "descended" on page 825. ([Having descended the Hollow](#))  
"posisition" changed to "position" on page 827. ([fourth or fifth occupant of the position](#))

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